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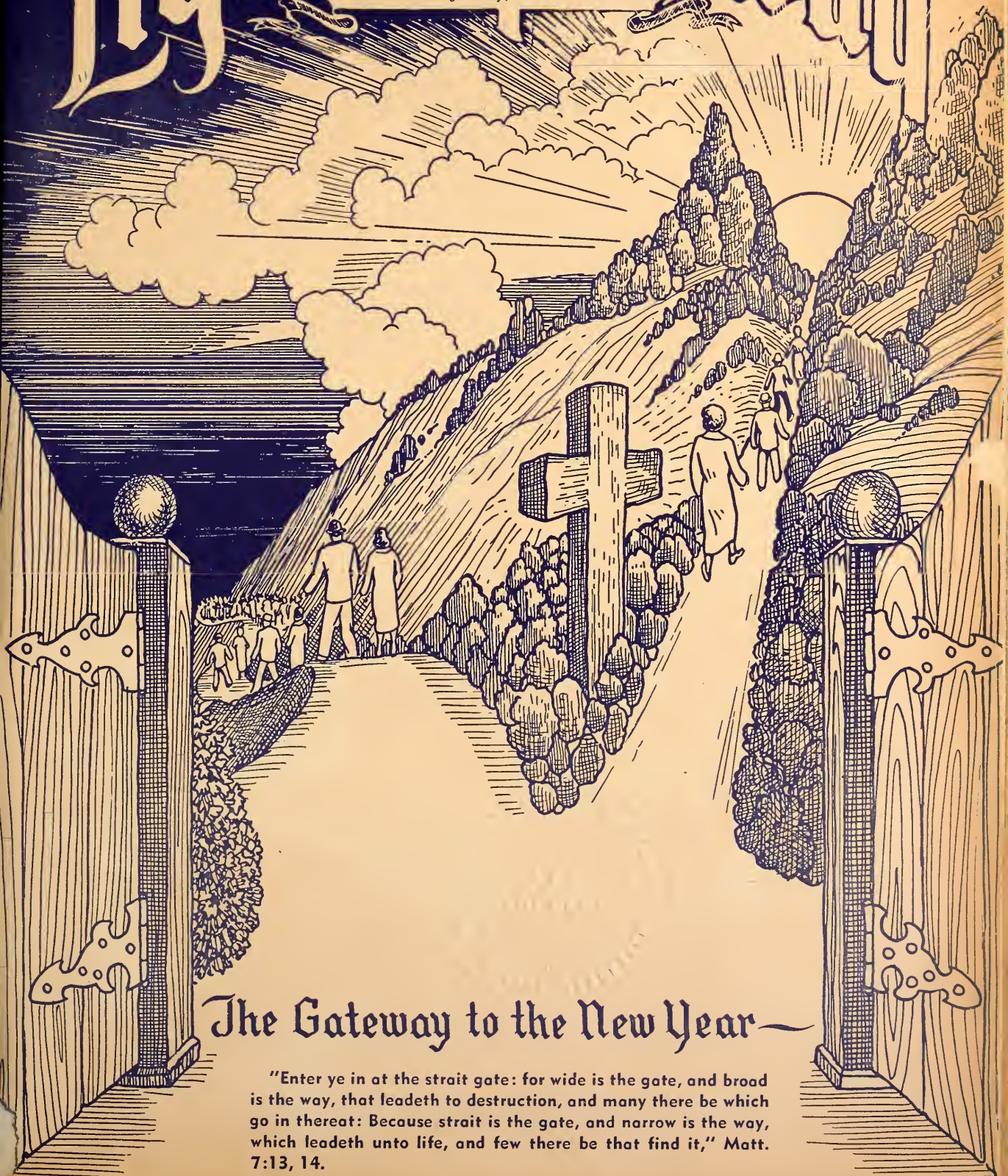


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The Sighted Pathway

Vol. 13 January, 1942 No. 1



The Gateway to the New Year—

"Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it," Matt. 7:13, 14.

The Editor's New Year Message

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

Again the shadow moveth over the dial plate of time and we begin to write the record of another year.

We feel our weakness, as we think of the responsibility of sending out a message to the thousands of young people over this land of ours. Many intelligent, talented boys and girls, who are at the crossroads of life, will read these pages. We are asking God to help us to meet them there with a message from Him that will turn them into the narrow way, as we see on our cover page, which is the only way to that beautiful home of the soul. Just now we have rededicated this hand that holds the pen with which this message shall be written, the mind that plays its part in conveying the message from the heart, and we are expecting Him to do the rest.



Margaret Sangster said, "As the clock strikes the hour that marks the steps from one year to another, we make resolutions and dream dreams. One of the resolutions should be to start out unhampered by the past, but guided by it. And one of the dreams should

be a dream of success and happiness that will be gained at the expense of no one save yourself."

Phillip Brooks has a message for us in these words, "The Old Year says to the New, 'Take this man and show him greater things than I have been able to show him. You must be for him a richer, fuller year of the Lord than I could be.' The New Year responds to the Old, 'I will take him and do for him the best that I can do, but all that I can do for him will be possible only in virtue of the preparation which you have made.'" And so it is, we are the product, not alone of the year just ended, but of all the years our life has numbered.

Dear boys and girls, the gateway to the new year is open to you. On our cover page we can see so clearly the two ways before us. You cannot choose whether or not you will enter. You must enter. You must go on, you cannot loiter around this gateway. Time waits for no man. As you stand looking at the cross, with hands outstretched beaconing, pleading with you to take the narrow way, you must say yes or no to that cross. But remember that the way of the cross leads home.

May we quote from Jean Paul Richter this little story:

It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies on the surface of a clear calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal—the tomb.

Already he had passed sixty of the stages which led to it,

and he had brought from his journey nothing but sorrow and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads—one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; the other leading the wanderer into a deep, dark cave whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony, "O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!" But his father and the days of his youth had both passed away.

He saw wandering lights float away over dark marshes, and then disappear. These were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven and vanish in the darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and labor, were now honored and happy on this New Year's night.

The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, this erring son—the lessons they had taught him, the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward the heaven and his father; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

And his youth did return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly but cry in vain, "O youth, return! Oh give me back my early days!"

You may turn it down and choose the broader way, and enjoy the pleasures of this old world if you want to, but you will never find entrance into that beautiful city Jesus has gone to prepare, except to take the way of the cross. To those who have chosen the way of the cross, God has great things ahead for you.

Henry Vandyke suggests a good New Year thought for us:

(Continued on page 22)

OUR NEW YEAR GREETING

And now the hopeful New Year dawns,
Fling wide the door and let it in!
And may rich blessings with it come,
A reign of righteousness begin.

The Vision

By PAUL HUTCHENS
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(Continued from last issue)

They were alone—Rodney Deland, soloist, returning prodigal, choir director with an aching tooth; and Le Vera Webber, Dr. Thorwald's new dental assistant, the different girl whom last night he had met for the first time and who, when weighed in the balances, had not been found wanting.

So unlike Shera, he had thought last night; and Shera had risen up in his mind and challenged the right of any other girl to receive his consideration. In reply, he had presented only one argument: "I have seen the vision again, Shera, and in it there is no room for worldly things or worldly ambitions, but only for doing His will. If I should attempt to save my life in the way you ask me to, I should lose again that which I am now finding—Fellowship with Christ."

He had awakened this morning with one thought ruling his mind—I am on my way back to the Father's House. Nothing, nothing shall stop me until I get Home, back to Christ and to His fellowship, and into the center of His will. It might be a long, hard road, and he might have to travel alone, but he was on the way. On the way NOW!

Rodney's tightly clenched fists relaxed, he fumbled in his pocket for his watch, glanced at it anxiously. In another half hour he must be in classroom six at the conservatory listening to Professor Zeifer's lecture on Breath.

The doctor would have to be late! If only the tooth did not ache so. . . .

He studied the neat little lady in white as she arranged the magazines on the reading table. He liked her military collar, the black stripe that fringed her nurse's cap; he liked her gray-green eyes, her reddish-brown hair, her decorous manner. He wished he did not have a toothache. . . .

Last night when she had lifted her eyes unto the hills, she had actually seemed to see the hills of the God whom she so evidently loved. Her vocal attack had been perfect. She had caressed the tones as if they were things of beauty—which they were when she sang them. She had made him see the gently rolling hills, sloping higher and higher until they reached the stars.

Riding home with John Nystrom in the latter's luxurious automobile, after the rehearsal, John had said, "Ours is the greatest privilege in the world, Rodney—let me call you that, because—I knew your father so well—"

"You knew my father?"

"We were classmates in college. . . ."

The conversation had continued. "I hope you will forgive me, Rodney, taking such a personal interest in you, but I loved—your father more than any man."

There was a refinement, a depth to Nystrom that Rodney had found irresistible. They were going to be friends. . . . Nystrom's faith was that of a child, his

strength that of a giant.

Nystrom finished his sentence begun a moment before—"Angels cannot tell redemption's story, nor can they sing it in the Glory, for redemption's song is, 'Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood.' Only redeemed sinners can sing that."

Grass, tall grass covering the verse—unbelief hiding the truth . . . Denying the Truth—Him who is the Truth . . .

Rodney arose from the edge of the chair where he had been sitting, crossed to the front window of the dental office, looked four stories down and across the street to where the excavating was being done by the Rockwell Construction Company, to where the huge "unit" was scooping out the hollow tooth of Giant Civilization.

The nurse was in the business office now typing. Every pulse beat made the tooth ache worse. How long before Dr. Thorwald would arrive? He should have gone to another dentist. How long had she been employed here? Surely not for long? She was very pretty, all in white, like an angel. He had never heard an alto more true to tone. Their voices would blend well in a duet, or in an impromptu quartette some night on the old rock back home with mother and Norda singing with them. She had finished typing now, and he could hear her footsteps moving here and there in the office—coming toward the reception room again.

Throb. . .

He turned suddenly. "I really shouldn't wait," he said abruptly—too abruptly, he thought. "I'll be late for class. I believe I'll run down to the drug store.

(Continued on page 31)



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MY NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

I will seek to express beauty in my daily life. I will observe the laws of health and so keep my body strong and beautiful. I will cultivate an appreciation of the beauty of nature and see in it a revelation of God's love and care for me. I will live in daily patience and love toward my family.

I will be true and honorable in my classes, work, and games. I will bring sympathy and reverence into all my friendships.

I will be loyal and thoughtful in my friendship with girls.

I will return, for the chivalry which boys owe to me, the modesty which I owe to them. I will measure my "prince" with the silver yardstick, notched with strength, honor, and purity.

I will seek to gain in my friendship with Jesus Christ by studying more about His life, by talking with Him and letting Him talk with me. As a friend of Christ's, I will be loyal to that organization made up of friends of His—the church. I will endeavor to take my full share of responsibility for bringing God's beautiful Kingdom to the whole world.

Children's Page

WHAT MAKES A MAN

Denny curled one of his little legs under his small body and dropped his rosy cheek into his hand.

"'Course," he said, "there's the old woodbox to fill. Always is an old woodbox to fill when Saturday comes. If Ma only thought so, she could fill it herself and let me do something that'll make me a man. Ben Lee says it's doing stunts and going fishin', and things like that, that makes you a man."

Then suddenly Denny straightened his shoulders. "I'm going to do something toward being a man," he said. "I'd like to ask Pa the best thing to do, 'cause he'd know. I s'pose I might as well go fill that old woodbox."

When he reached the kitchen he found his mother and Aunt Sue there. The very first words that his mother said, were: "Denny, I wish you'd hurry with that wood, and then Aunt Sue wants some peas. You'll have to get them for her, dear."

So, when the woodbox was full, Denny gathered the peas and started back to the house. Aunt Sue started to meet him and smiled as she said, "Mother's half sick, Denny boy. Try to help her as much as you can today."

Denny looked this way and that. Across the field the boys were doing stunts. Beyond the hill Ben and the other boys were fishing. Then he swallowed twice, very hard. But, of course, if she was sick—then he marched up the path to the house.

After the peas were shelled there was a stack of baking dishes to be wiped. He noticed how white his mother was, and he said, "I can wash those dishes as well as wipe 'em, if I am a boy. You go and lie down. I'll stay around and answer the door."

When he caught sight of the look that came into her eyes, it seemed at once as if he were at least two inches taller. The dishes done, he wandered into the garden and weeded a while. "Might as well," he said, "as long as I've got to stay around; then I won't have to do it tonight."

Before he knew it he was whistling. It seemed to him he never felt so good. He had no idea it was five o'clock until he heard someone say, "Mother's been

telling me that our boy is the best thing ever." Looking up he saw his father holding out his hand. "Denny," said he, and something in his voice made Denny wink very fast, "there's my hand to the lad who's on the straight, sure road to becoming a man."—*Unknown.*

Playing Sunday School

Not long since, in one of the schools

the teacher.

"Oh yes" said Mary, "we know she has."

"Mary, what makes you say that Rosa has gone to heaven?"

"O teacher, if you had seen her you would have thought so too."

"Why, what did she do?"

"Oh, the last day she lived, she sang just as long as her breath lasted."

"What did she sing?"

"It was, 'I think when I read that sweet story of old,'" replied Mary, "and 'There is a happy land.' And then she prayed in German for father and mother, and next she prayed for us all."

"What did little Rosa pray about?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, it was something about Jesus Christ; about His precious blood, about His righteousness."

"What Sunday school did little Rosa go to?" for the teacher knew she had never come there.

"Oh, she never went to any Sunday school."

"What day school, then, did she learn these little hymns in?"

"She never went to any day school, ma'am."

"Why, where did she learn these things then?"

"Oh, the little girls who live upstairs in our house used to go to Sunday school, and they would come down into the back yard, and 'play' at Sunday school!"

Thus had little Rosa learned the truths which the Holy Spirit had blessed to her soul.—*Sunlight for the Young.*

Changed

"Mother, may I help you this morning? I do not have to go to school for an hour yet."

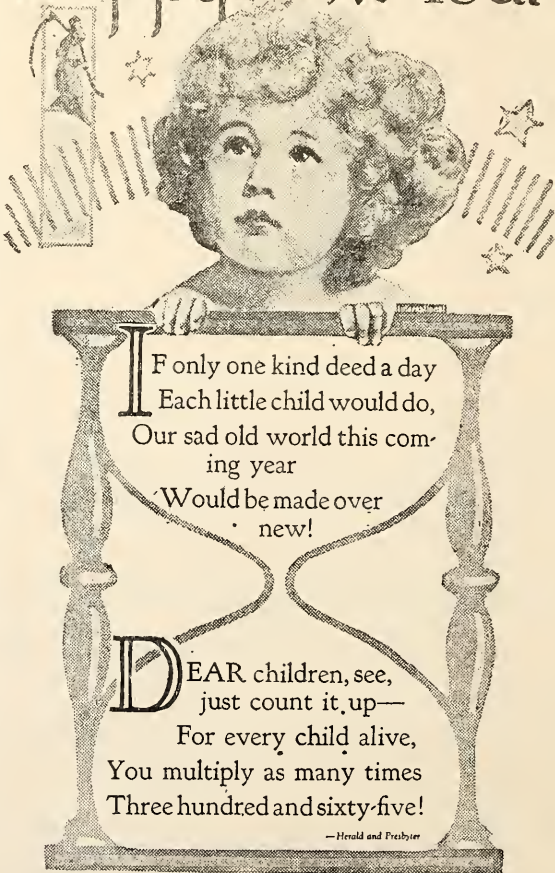
Mother looked surprised and said, "Certainly, Jack, you can help a great deal, but you are generally in such a hurry to get off in the morning that you have no time to help. I am sure I shall be very pleased to have you dry the dishes and sweep the front porch."

Jack helped, and as he did so he went about with a cheerful song; and more than that, he took time to give mother a good-bye kiss, and went off to school as fast as he could. He took time to say good-morning to the people whom he met on his way; and strangest of all, he offered to carry some books for a little girl who was on her way to the same school.

You must be sure that the teachers were surprised at Jack's changed behavior. He was prompt and courteous and

(Continued on page 29)

Happy New Year



in New York, a teacher found Mary, a German girl twelve years old, in tears.

"Why, what is the matter, Mary?"

Little Mary burst into tears again. As soon as she could answer, she said,

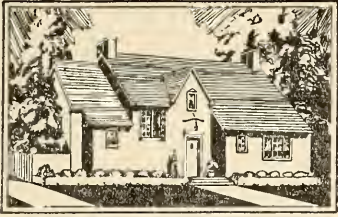
"My little sister Rosa is dead."

"Why, I did not know you had a little sister," said the teacher.

"Oh yes, ma'am; she was a very little girl, only six years old."

"I hope she has gone to heaven," said

Father's & Mother's Page



Home, Sweet Home

WHEN HAL LOST HIS CASE

ROY S. NICHOLSON

Judge White lost himself in deep meditation in the private chamber of the old brown building which stood atop the little hill in the center of the city. This was the place called, by some at least, the old mill house. It was open all the year, and its grist was from flesh and blood and bone. It was the courthouse.

There was reason for sober meditation, for today a score of the noblest and best physical specimens of manhood had stood before the judge, and for their crimes he had passed sentence that would banish them from society for various periods of years. The day's work done; the wheels of justice were silent now, and each footfall of an official, as he closed his day's work and tramped from the Temple of Justice, seemed empty and hollow as it resounded through the corridors.

In the twilight of the evening, Judge White held private conference with himself. The men upon whom he had passed sentence today were already losing themselves among the numbers of prisoners with whom they could be associated. Their names could be exchanged for numbers, and their liberties were taken from

them, and for years they would remain where the walls are high and the days are long.

Face after face came before the judge. One was especially striking. The youth was handsome, and he bore marks of having come from a favorable environment. Why was he there? How had he come to be engulfed in this awful maelstrom of crime? Why had his parents not prevented his taking this course? Was there something that could be found to shed light on this case, and thus save the boy from becoming a confirmed criminal? These questions became so engrossing to the judge that he almost forgot to keep a dinner appointment with a friend at a local hotel.

The face of young Hal Harper haunted the judge, and so he turned the conversation at the table to this youth. The party with whom he was dining took an interest in the case, and suggested that it would be profitable, perhaps, for the judge to make an inquiry into the boy's background and ascertain the facts regarding his past. This reminded the judge that he had always planned to some time do such with some of his most interesting cases. He had never seemed to find time for this line of investigation. He had always left this to the others, while he had shut himself indoors and had attended to the facts of the law.

But of late Judge White had been alarmed at the increasing number of young men who had passed before him for sentence. They were young men whose ages were steadily dropping from the level he had been used to in other days to "the early twenties." To him this was cause for alarm. He felt that a nation's greatest asset was the moral character of its youth,

and if this rate continued the jurist felt some concern for the future welfare of his land.

Next day the records of the young Hal Harper were laid before Judge White. With keen interest he noted all the facts in the case. His age: twenty-two. His home: a small village in an adjoining state. His parents: mother living, father dead. His crime: larceny of an automobile. All the other facts were noted on a piece of paper which the judge filed with others in a small folding pocket and this was placed in the drawer of his desk. He would make a personal investigation when he took his summer vacation. The jurist was not satisfied with passing judgment; he wished to assist young men to readjust themselves to life, if such were at all possible. His concern was to find out how to prevent crime, as well as to ascertain the facts regarding what produced criminals in such numbers.

The window shades of the Harper home on Avenue "A" had been kept closely drawn since that morning when the daily paper from the city had brought the news to this village that Hal Harper had been arrested on the charge of stealing an automobile. In fact, there had been a spell of gloom about the place since Hal's father died; but the gloom had deepened since Hal's arrest and imprisonment. The local weekly had, out of respect to his mother, made only a passing mention of the case. But gossip-mongers had certainly not let the case rest, and his mother had preferred to spend her days alone rather than face the people with their curious comments and questions.

Mrs. Harper was a woman of culture and refinement. She was at one time a leader in the church of which she was a member. Until the death of her husband, she was a social leader. Now—all that had changed. She was seldom seen out of her yard, and her conversations with the neighbors decreased as the days passed and were finally confined to the absolute

(Continued on page 30)

THE EVENING FIRESIDE

George Eplin

A place to bury your doubts and fears,
A place to empty your soul of tears;
A place to dream of the yesteryears
Is the evening fireside.

A place to forget and a place to forgive;
A time to think of the men who live
Without the warmth and friendly love
Of an evening fireside.

'Tis here that old love is reborn again,
And one looks down in the souls of men
Who tasted the bitter cup of sin
For want of a fireside.

The place seems hallowed—and hope and love
Join souls of men with heaven above;
And sympathy broods like a peaceful dove
O'er the evening fireside.

Life's summers may turn to gray and rain,
And tears and sorrow your heart may pain,
But friend, lost hopes will revive again
Round the evening fireside.

Helps for Tempted and Tried

KEEP THE STARS IN SIGHT, LADS

On a wild spot on the coast of Cornwall, I fell in with Will Treherne. He was as sound an "old salt" as ever manned a lifeboat or went aloft in a gale of wind. He was getting to be an old man when I used to see him sitting on the bench, when his day's work was done, and gazing at the evening star. He told us boys such stirring stories of sea life and adventures that we could not put him down as "sentimental," yet the steady gaze he kept on the star inspired us with feelings of mystery and almost made us fancy that he was holding converse with beings millions of miles away.

One evening when the sky was clouded, the wind rising, and the sea hoarsely breaking over the rocks, I ventured to say to him:

"Mr. Treherne, you can't see your old friend tonight."

"What old friend, my boy?" he asked.

"The evening star; you seem so fond of it, I am sure you must miss it."

"Well, my lad, it is the truth that I do miss it. You are too young to understand what the star is to me. If I thought—"

"Now, Mr. Treherne," I broke in, "I know there is a story connected with that star; do tell it to me."

The sailor became silent for a few minutes; then he said, with great reverence:

"I have to thank that star, and the God who made it, for saving my life and saving my soul."

"Do tell me the story, Mr. Treherne," I said eagerly. "I am sure it will be the best you have ever told."

"I am not sure of that," he answered, "for somehow we can not always do our best with what we feel most; but I will tell you the story. Thirty years ago, on just such a night as this, the wind whistling as it does now, with the sea rising, and with as crazy a craft as seamen ever sailed in, I found myself drifting along a dangerous coast.

"Our captain was an experienced one and when he saw what weather we were threatened with, he took his place at the wheel and did his best to keep our courage up. He was in terribly poor health, but his spirits rose above bodily weakness, and he gave orders with a pluck and decision that made men of every one of us. 'Will Treherne,' said he, 'stand by me, if you can be spared; my strength is going. Do you see that star right ahead?' 'Yes, sir.' 'If my strength

should fail, steer right ahead of that, and you are safe. And, oh, remember, Will, that there is another star you must always keep in view, if you are to get safe into port at last.'

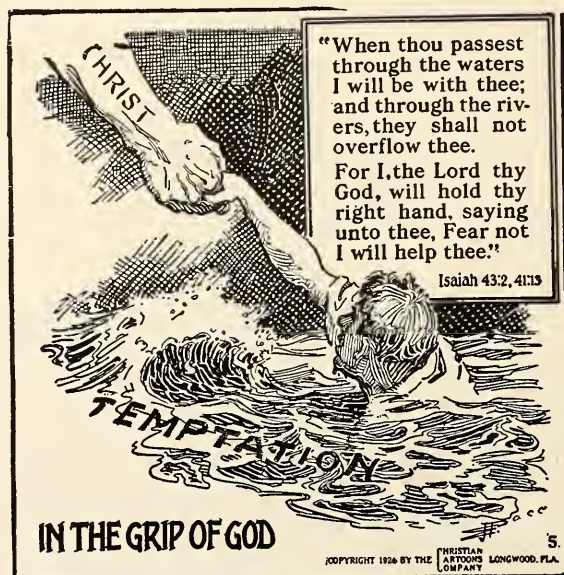
"I knew what he meant; he was pointing me to the Lord Jesus Christ, and he was as good a Christian as he was a captain, and he never lost a chance of saying a word that might steady us youngsters and make us religious. I have heard many a speech since that night in the storm when he told me to keep that star ahead, but none took more hold on me than that one that night, when I lost my truest and best friend."

"Did you lose him that night?" I asked.

"Yes, my lad," the sailor answered sadly. "His hour had come. When he could stand the gale no longer, he shouted as loud as he could, 'Keep the star in sight, my lads, keep the star in sight!' Then he was helped down to the cabin, and I never saw him alive again. I was lashed to the wheel, and though the spray well-nigh blinded me, yet I managed to keep the star in sight as the first officer gave his orders for the working of the ship.

"After two hours of steering through a narrow and dangerous channel, we found ourselves in a friendly sea. The star had guided us aright. When the ship was in safety, and my turn of work was over, I went down to the captain's cabin. A flag was thrown over his body, but his manly, resolute face, which death had not much altered, was visible. I knelt down there and prayed to God to guide me through the storms of life, and I believe I can say that from that night, in spite of many faults and failings, I have kept the star in sight. Now you will know why I am such a stargazer, and if I may give you a bit of counsel, my lad, let me advise you to begin to steer your course by the Star of Bethlehem. Keep your eye

(Continued on page 29)



FAREWELL, OLD YEAR

I do not know, I cannot tell,
What God's kind hand prepares for me.
Nor can my glance pierce thru' the haze
Which covers all my future ways;
But yet I know that o'er it all
Rules He who notes the sparrow's fall.

So at the opening of the year
I banish care and doubt and fear,
And clasping His kind hand, essay
To walk with God from day to day.
Trusting in Him who hath me fed,
Walking with Him who hath me led.

I know not where His hand shall lead,
Thru' desert wastes, o'er flowery mead;
Mid tangled thickets set with thorn,
Mid gloom of night or glow of morn;
But still I know my Father's hand
Will bring me to His goodly land.

A hand Divine has set thy bound.
Farewell, Old Year with goodness crown'd.
Welcome the New Year, which shall bring
Fresh blessings from my God and King.
The Old we leave without a tear,
The New we hail without a fear.—Sel.

The Inner Circle Page

WHY I KNOW THE BIBLE IS THE WORD OF GOD

(Continued from last issue)

THE BEST PEOPLE BELIEVE IT

There are other reasons why I should commend the Bible to you as the veritable Word of God, but as a tenth and final reason I would thus commend it to you because the best men in the world accept it as such. You say, "Do you mean to assert that the men who believe in the Bible are better than the men who do not?"

I most certainly do, sir. I do not mean to say there are no good men who reject the Bible. I do not mean to say that there are no good men outside of the Church, men who are as good and sometimes better than some men inside of it. But I do mean to say this: If you will get the people in the Church on one side of you and the people of the world on the other side and then shut your eyes and draw out fifty or a hundred or five hundred from each crowd, when it comes to law-abiding citizenship and decency and honesty and honor in general and all the finer points that go to make up a character that God approves and the world respects, the Church crowd will outshine the other crowd like the blazing sun outshines the pale-faced moon; although one of the Church crowd may be a hypocrite, if you can get any comfort out of that!

Yes sir, the best men in the world accept the Bible as the Word of God. You know this is true, so much so that when you see a man reading his Bible you instinctively take it for granted that he is a good man.

If you went into a saloon and threw down a Bible on the bar and asked for a drink, or went into a gambling joint and threw down a Bible on the "green cloth" and told them to start the game, you know what the proprietor would say to you.

He would say, "What is the book you have there?"

And you would say, "It is the Bible."

He would say, "Do you believe in it?"

And you would say, "I do."

And what do you suppose he would say?

He would say, "Telephone the asylum, boys; he's bug-house."

But you go into a saloon, or into a gambling den or into a house of prostitution and throw down a copy of Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," or any other

infidel book that assails the Word of God, and not a question would be asked. But the Bible and those sorts of things do not go together.

Years ago a young infidel was traveling with his uncle in the West. This uncle was a banker and they were a bit nervous about their safety when they found out they had to stay all night in a rough cabin by the wayside, whose only occupant was a rough-looking man of some years, dressed in a bearskin suit. They agreed that the young man should sit with his pistol and watch until midnight and then awaken his uncle who would watch until morning. Pretty soon the young man peeped through a crack and saw the old man in the other room reach up to take something down from the shelf.

He thought he was going after his pistol and he said to himself, "Here's where the trouble begins."

But instead of a pistol it was a Bible the old man took down, and after reading in it awhile, he knelt down and commenced to pray, and the young infidel began to pull off his coat and get ready for his bed.

And his uncle said, "Look here, I thought you were going to sit up and watch."

And the young man said, "I was, Uncle, but me for the bed! There's nothing to fear as long as the only other person in the house is an old man in the room with a Bible in his hand."

He knew, even though he was an infidel, that there was no use of sitting up, pistol in hand, to watch all night in a cabin that was hallowed by the Word of God and consecrated by the voice of prayer. Say, do you think Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" or Bob Ingersoll's infidel lectures would have done for that young man's fears what the Bible did?



No sir, there is no mistake about what we said, the best men in the world believe in the Bible as the very Word of God. And I will go even further than that and say, the better a man is the more he believes in it as such.

John R. Mott was a big enough man in President Wilson's mind to be asked by him to become the Minister to China for this Republic. He has travelled repeatedly this world over, and he has this to say, "The most noble and unselfish lives which I encountered in the different nations, when I came to know them long enough, I discovered were the lives which yielded the largest obedience to the pages of this Book."

I was down in Atlanta and they had a moral house-cleaning time. They bought a farm and an old homestead and about thirty girls from the Red Light district accepted shelter there. They needed a superintendent and a Miss Appleyard, a beautiful, cultured young woman from one of the Southland's best homes, volunteered; and she came and laid her pure, strong and sweet life down alongside the soiled and wilted lives of these unfortunate victims of sin. In her devotion to the work she bore more than her share, and I read a little while ago that she had made the sacrifice complete in death.

Say, do you suppose she believed in the Bible? You show me any one who has ever done a thing like that who didn't believe in it.

Who are the people who are down in the haunts of sin and in the slums of the city pouring out their lives to bring the fallen back to the place of hope? People who believe in the Bible.

Who are the folks who have gone out from the comforts of home and the yearning arms of loved ones to toil and sacrifice and die in the midst of foreign squalor and filth and wretchedness in order to bring the loathsome leper back to health and the heathen in general to the place of hope in God? They are the folks who believe this Bible is the Word of God.

Show me the individual who has a holy regard for the Lord's Day for any other reason than the mere necessities of human nature and I will show you someone every time who believes in the Bible. Take me to the purest, holiest and most spotlessly white and spiritual soul in all this land, and I will show you nine times out of ten a soul that draws its inspiration for that life out of this Book. And when I see a soul like that believing in a Book like this, it recommends the Book to me with a mighty big argument in its favor, and I would like to know more about a book that will make a life like that.

And when one knows that this is the case, and knows it has done something like

(Continued on page 29)

Christian, Is Your Torch Held Aloft?

DR. PAUL J. QUILLIAN at the Des Plaines Methodist Campground, Des Plaines, Ill.

I believe a reverent use of the imagination is very helpful. As we study Matthew 5:14-16, let us picture the scene on the mountainside as I shall describe it. Jesus and His disciples had gone out from the city in search of a quiet place where they would be alone. Finally, on the hilltop, they came to a little opening in the trees where they had met many times before, and where the neighboring peasants had been accustomed to come and sit at the feet of this marvelous Teacher. There Jesus sat down with His disciples and soon after lunch He began to talk. As He spoke there slipped into the crowd those who had come from far and near as soon as they had learned that the Master was there. They had come from their fields, from their tasks in the home, to sit at His feet and learn of Him.

"Ye Are the Light of the World"

Time ceased to have meaning; the hours slipped away. Soon the shadows of evening began to fall, and with them came the quick chill of that high altitude. So one of His disciples quickly built a fire. Presently all were seated in the light of this open fire that had grown larger and brighter until the faces of the whole circle were illuminated. As He continued to talk, by and by one remembered his neglected twilight duties—he needed to slip back home. But before setting out on his mountain journey he reached over and took a fagot from the fire, and going along that winding trail let the fagot light his way. One after another left the circle, each with his light flashing above his head like a twinkling firefly on a summer night.

By that time the lights of Jerusalem began to be visible across the valley on the neighboring mountain. Jesus turned to His disciples, pointed yonder to that city, and with a smile said, "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Can you see the picture that was in the mind of Jesus, the gospel like a blazing bonfire shining out in yonder darkness?



*Pass on the torch, pass on the flame,
Remember whence the glory came;
And eyes are on you as you run,
Beyond the shining of the sun.*

The Christian lights his torch at this fire and starts out. There in the darkness is one who has lost his way. He flounders in the mire, helpless, and discouraged, when the Christian passes by, holding aloft his torch. In its light hope revives.

In the darkness are heard muttered curses; two men engaged in a fight. A Christian passes by, and in the light of his torch the two fighters see each other's face and recognize they are brothers.

Away in the darkness there is the sound of sobbing. Someone sits by an open grave and mourns over a life that has slipped away. A Christian passes by, and in the light of his torch an angel visitor is seen, and a voice is heard, "Because I live, ye shall live also." That sorrowing heart is strangely comforted.

Our Feeling of Insignificance

I believe the greatest weakness today in our Christian institution we call the church is the feeling of insignificance on the part of individual church members. Just think about that a minute. Men and



Pass on the Torch

Allen Eastman Cross

*Lord Christ, we take the torch
from Thee,
We must be true, we must be free,
And clean of heart and strong of
soul,
To bear the glory to its goal.*

women who, though a part of the church, say, "I do not count." "I am not important." "Nobody depends on me. I do not hold an office." "I could be away six months and nobody would miss me."

We find that spirit possesses individuals who fall by the wayside, men and women who have gone to church ever since childhood. It seems that when they reach maturity the sense of insignificance and relative unimportance regarding their association with the church becomes deeper and deeper. By and by the pressure of the material things of life gets too heavy for them, and they awake one morning to find themselves facing a crisis without being at their best. Had they thought for a moment that something of importance to the cause of Christ would have resulted from their response to the opportunity for service, they would never have fallen. Had they thought for a moment that the future of that church hinged upon whether or not they were faithful, they would not have stepped back. Had they even thought that a hundred children would have turned to the wrong path instead of the right because of their weakness, they never would have been weak. Because of feeling unimportant they failed to act. So they faltered and fell.

Every Christian Important

The center of our contention tonight is this: Every individual Christian is of tremendous importance in the eyes of the Christ who said so. He says to you and to me, weak, insignificant, frail vessels for His divine Spirit, "Ye are the light of the world." Certainly His address was not just to the twelve men who sat about the fire. He looked down through the years that lay ahead and saw this plan being put into action, the only plan that He ever used, the plan of one personality contacting another with the fire of love. He saw that from age to age, generation to generation, every race would need those words. He knew that wherever an individual failed to understand, there would be a missing link in the chain; so He uttered those memorable words.

Methinks I can hear Him say, "It is dark out yonder. And while you cannot realize the significance of what I am saying, perhaps the only light men have

(Continued on page 25)



*O Lord of life, to Thee we kneel;
Maker of men, our purpose seal!
We will, for honor of Thy name,
Pass on the torch, pass on the flame.*

Treasured Gleanings for Ministers and Christian Workers

Did He Really Care?

Some years ago a well-known Christian was stopped on the street by a friend, with the question, "Mr. R—, how long have we known each other?"

After a moment's thought he replied, "I should think about fifteen years."

"You claim to be a Christian, I believe."

"Why, yes, I do."

Then his friend asked, "Do you really believe I must accept Christ as my Savior, if I am to be saved?"

"Yes, I do believe that."

Then the still more significant question, "Do you care whether I am saved or not?"

"Why, certainly I do."

"Well," said the friend, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I do not believe it. As you say, we have been good friends for fifteen years; yet in all these years you have never once mentioned Jesus Christ to me. You are a leading business man of this city, and if you had ever told me that Christ was precious to you, and that He had a right to my life, and that I needed Him as my Savior, I would have listened to you without respect. But you never did it. We have talked about everything else, but never once have you mentioned Christ to me. Of course, when I ask if you care whether I am saved or not, you say you do; but don't you see that if you had really cared one least bit, you would have said something to me about it in fifteen years?"

With shame and startled surprise, as he faced the fact of his actual unconcern, however much he might have professed to care, the Christian confessed that he had often dodged and shirked opportunities that God had put right in his way to speak for Christ. But that incident marked the beginning of a great change in his life, for thereafter he became a great winner of souls.—*The Evangelistic Encyclopedia*.

Three Girls

The story is told of a woman who was studying the conditions of the working girl. She went to a large store where she did her shopping, and as she bought some ribbon from a girl she asked:

"How are you getting on here?"

"I sell these ribbons all day," was the answer. "It's not a bad job, and the hours are not long."

At the silk counter the woman asked

another salesgirl the same question. "I'm getting along all right," was the reply. "My wages were raised last week."

Then the woman went to the toy counter. She asked the girl there the question, "How are you getting on?" and the girl smiled and said:

"Me? Oh, I'm learning the business. This store has the best toy department in town, and we are making it better every day. Our stock is complete."

Of the three, only that girl understood her work. Of the three, she was the one who would be promoted as surely as the time came around. She was working with the owners, with those in charge of the forward movement of the store. She was securing her part in its development.

Her job, to her, was not just a matter of hours, or pay. It was a path into something bigger, something outside her own self, for which she could strive. Work that is done in that spirit enlarges the person who does it, whether it is selling toys or carving statues. Working in that way, a girl earns joy as well as wages.

A French proverb says: "There is no stupid work; there are only stupid workers." The girl who takes no interest in her work is stupid about it. She may think that she is too clever for it, and ought to be in the movies instead, but that is where she makes a great mistake. If she is really clever, somewhere in her work she will find a place to be interested and to enjoy it.—*Girl's World*.

No Mistake

Matthew 6:20

A cablegram from heaven, reported by Dr. W. J. Schieffelin at the Chicago National Congress, shows how a Calcutta merchant met a misfortune in his business. A secretary of a British missionary society called on the merchant to ask his help in the work. He drew a check for two hundred and fifty dollars and handed it to the visitor. At that moment a cablegram was brought in. He read it and looked troubled. "This cablegram," he said, "tells me that one of my ships has been wrecked and the cargo lost. It makes a very large difference in my affairs; I will have to write you another check." The secretary understood perfectly and handed back the check for two hundred and fifty dollars. The checkbook was still open and the merchant wrote him another check and handed it over. He read it with amazement. It was a check

for one thousand dollars. He said, "Haven't you made a mistake?" "No," said the merchant, "I haven't made a mistake." And then with tears in his eyes, he said, "That cablegram was a message from my Father in heaven. It read, 'Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth.'"—*Men and Missions*.

When Gypsy Smith Was Converted

William J. Hart

Cornelius Smith, father of the great evangelist, Gypsy Rodney Smith, became greatly impressed with his need of salvation. On one of his journeys, he camped at Shepherd's Bush, and attending a service in a mission hall, he heard the people sing Cowper's stirring hymn:

There is a fountain filled with blood

Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The chorus ran:

I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me,
That on the Cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free.

Soon the father, who was seeking salvation, exclaimed, "I am converted!" Reaching home, he told his motherless children what had happened, placed his arms around the five of them, kissed them, and fell on his knees and began to pray. That first prayer was never forgotten; and many years afterward Gypsy Smith said: "I still feel its sacred influence on my heart and soul." The next morning the converted man was pleading with others, and thirteen gypsies professed to find Christ that day.

When Gypsy Smith was a little older, he attended a service in a Primitive Methodist Chapel in Cambridge, and a prayer meeting followed the sermon. When the invitation was given, the gypsy lad went forward. By a coincidence, the congregation sang the chorus which was sung when his father was converted:

I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me,
That on the Cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free.

There and then he trusted in Christ, and from that time he rejoiced in Him as his Savior.—*The Elim Evangel*.

What Counts Most?

There were two boys in the Taylor family. One thought that the way to make the family famous was to achieve fame through Parliament, while the other decided to forget self and worldly fame and give himself to the service of Christ. The latter was Hudson Taylor, who went to China as a missionary of the Cross. Today he is known and honored in many lands, while the other is known only as a brother of Hudson.—*S. S. World*.

Margery Turns a New Leaf

NELLIE L. HARRINGTON

"I tell you, Marge, you might as well be out of the world as out of style. And we girls are bound to be up-to-date, so you'd better make up your mind to come along with us. You can't mope at home," and Julianne's black eyes snapped while her mouth set in a determined line.

"But I thought we started this club just for simple, innocent fun," protested Margery, helplessly.

"Of course we 'started' it that way, but you know, yourself, that 'simple fun' goes stale very shortly. We have to do something to put a 'kick' into it. There isn't a thing wrong with the little bets we place on the cards," assured her friend.

"It counts up, though, when you are the loser," complained Margery.

"Well, don't be the loser," countered Julianne spiritedly. "Learn to play the game like you ought to and you'll collect as often as you lose and then you'll be even," smugly.

"That's been hard for me to do, and then I've had a dreadful time scrimping and pinching the household money so Joe wouldn't find out that I've—been—gambling." Margery's voice dropped almost to a whisper as she said the last word, and she looked guiltily over her shoulder.

Julianne had no fears, however. She fairly shouted the hateful word.

"Gambling! Marge Selby, are you beside yourself! It's not gambling! It's just a friendly little bridge game! You have to play—poker—or—something to gamble!"

Margery knew very well, though, that it was the betting and the getting something for nothing that constituted the gamble, but she was too low-spirited to argue further.

"It's your turn to entertain next," went on Julianne blithely.

"Yes, I know," said Margery more dejectedly. "I don't know how I'll scrape together money enough for the refreshments."

"Why don't you tell Joe that prices have gone up so you need more allowance for housekeeping?" asked the other curiously.

"But they haven't," protested Margery, wide-eyed. "Of course, they're some higher, but not like that. I can't lie about it!"

Her friend laughed disagreeably. "Well, if you aren't the silliest thing! Regular little George Washington! If you have to tell the truth why not just say outright that you

lost the money playing cards! Then see what he'll say!" derisively.

"Oh, Julianne, don't!" pleaded Margery. "I still think I will do as I said at first, drop out. That will be the simplest solution."

"Yes," and a sneer curled the lips of the other, "you wait until it is your turn to have the party and then you quit! Loyal, aren't you?"

Somehow that sneer stiffened Margery's backbone, and she said, resolutely, "That is exactly what I'll do. I'm through. I was never brought up to play cards nor to drink beer, anyway. I didn't dream that our little club would sink to that level or place. I was shocked the first time the cards were brought out. I remember you said that day the very same words you have today about being 'out of style.' I was so sensitive about it then, and allowed someone to teach me to play."

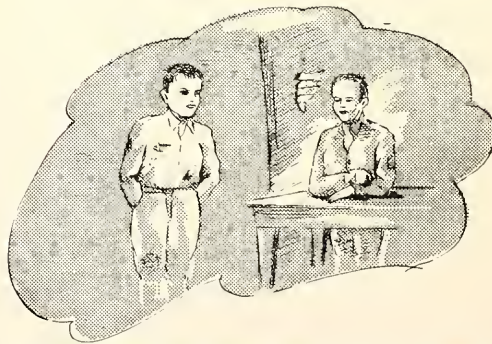
"And now you're quitting because you're not a better player," accused Julianne.

"Not wholly," answered Margery, and she tossed her head with new courage. "I'm quitting because I've reached the end. I should have stopped long ago. I know better. And you know very well that I have been hostess to that club several times."

"But that was before we had to buy beer for the refreshments," flashed Julianne.

"Yes," agreed Margery firmly, "and before I had bridge debts to pay. But I'm telling you now, style or no style, I'll play no more bridge, and I'll never serve beer in my home! And I'll never drink it again, either. I was foolish to worry so about it. I should have decided at once."

This was going farther than Julianne had counted on. Margery had had qualms of conscience before, but her friend had



"I don't s'pect our mom would care if we went to the tavern. I smell beer on her breath after club meetings," was Don's reply.

succeeded in coaxing or scolding or laughing her out of the mood. Why had she failed this time? Looking quizzically at the other Julianne said, "Where did you hear the sermon?"

"Sermon? What sermon?" asked Margery in surprise.

"I've noticed that when a person turns over a new leaf so positively and so abruptly, there's something back of it. Usually it's a sermon. Where did you hear it?" her friend asked again.

Margery's eyes dropped to the floor. Should she tell this worldly young woman? How much would she understand of the experience that had come so poignantly to her. She remembered vaguely an expression her mother had used long years ago. Something about "casting pearls before swine." Wouldn't Julianne relish the comparison, she thought whimsically.

"Well," Margery said slowly after a long uncomfortable pause, "it was no sermon, but I saw myself as my family sees me. The words were not meant for my ears and not intended as a rebuke, I'm sure. But they made me realize that I had drifted a long way from my ideal of a mother. The paths of sin have been pleasant, I'll admit, but the rude awakening has been effective. I keep—on—seeing," slowly.

"Oh," Julianne had evidently heard enough, and suddenly remembering an engagement elsewhere she said hastily, "I'll take your meeting next time—and you can take my turn," and she departed.

Margery shook her head. No, definitely, there would be no next "turn" for her in that group. But what should she do about her bridge losses? Conscience whispered, "Confess." But how could she?

Was it only yesterday that she had overheard the boys, Don and Dick, trying to get money from their "pig banks." Don had exclaimed disgustedly, "I s'pect Mom's took it all for her old bridge-club! I wisht we had a Mom like Harold Peter's got!"

It had startled her! She was not like Mrs. Peters, she had been inclined to think complacently.

But the boys were going on. Dick said, "Yes, his Mom has time to be nice to her boy. She plays with him and she talks to him and tells him how to grow up to be a fine man."

"I don't s'pect our Mom would care if we went to the tavern. I smell beer on her breath after club meetings," was Don's reply.

The boys had no idea that she was a listener. But the words struck home. She had "borrowed" the money from the small banks, just as she had "borrowed" it from the budget funds of the household.

(Continued on page 26)

A New Year's Eve Meditation

O. G. HERBRECHT

It will be midnight shortly, and it is very quiet up here four floors above the street where New Year's Eve revelry is going on. Queerly enough, I am remembering that the little electric clock in my car has stopped. I remember when it did, and how I have missed it. Every few minutes it gave a friendly little cough, when the electro-magnet was thrown back by the battery current to wind the clock again. Riding through the night, it had been such a companionable sound.

I wondered what was the matter. I tried a new fuse, but that did not help. The wires seemed sound enough; there was no short. So I let it alone for awhile, for I am no electrician. But the other day I took time to experiment. I took out all the little screws that seemed to hold things together and at last was face to face with the inner secrets of the clock. And there, tucked away almost out of sight, was a very short, very thin little wire that had broken loose from the solder, so it could not longer carry the vital spark from the main current to the magnet. It should not take long to restore that wire, and then the clock will once more make that funny coughing sound and companion me. It will restore to me the sense of friendliness I have missed. It will restore unto me that portion of the year which the locusts of the broken wire have eaten!

I am thinking about this because it is New Year's Eve. Just around the top corner of the clock is a new year, and clocks ought to be ready to go on with it.

Should one not be honest enough to ask himself, on New Year's Eve, whether his own clock has perhaps stopped? Oh, time will march on, of course, and I will get older, clock or no clock; but getting older is not the important thing of life. What am I doing and being in these relentlessly swift years to justify my getting older by the clock?

Am I worth anything to my friends any longer? So many around me ride the darkness of despair—a lonesome road. Do I have anything that might cheer them and keep them company? Am I as helpful as I used to be? Or, has my clock stopped?

Around me, too, there may be some who, all unknown to me, have been looking to me as embodying some ideal of theirs. Because they saw that in me, their

own lives were a bit braver. This New Year's Eve I must ask myself, Am I still able to be an ideal to someone? Or, has my clock stopped?

So many in need of counsel and guidance have come to me this year. I have tried, out of the Book of Experience, to talk with them about a way to go. It is a great and grave responsibility, and I am happy to have served. They will come again this new year. Am I still able to find wisdom for their need? Or, has my clock stopped?

It comes to me up here tonight that, after all, life is intricately made. It is so impossible, for instance, to live alone! Paul says, "I am debtor both to the

ceive these things day after day, year in and year out, even benefactions become routine, and somehow we grow a bit indifferent, if not callous, in our feelings. We take the provisions of life as matter-of-fact. We are glad for them, but it is a selfish satisfaction.

The new year is coming, and I shall no doubt receive again these mercies. Shall I have a warm, living something in my heart whose name is Gratitude? Or, is my clock stopped?

God has been so good—so very good! Better by far than I deserve. I am sure that talking to God in the quiet moments of prayer, coming to Him with my cares and discouragements, listening to His voice, worshipping Him in the fellowship of the church has helped me beyond words, has made me happy, too.

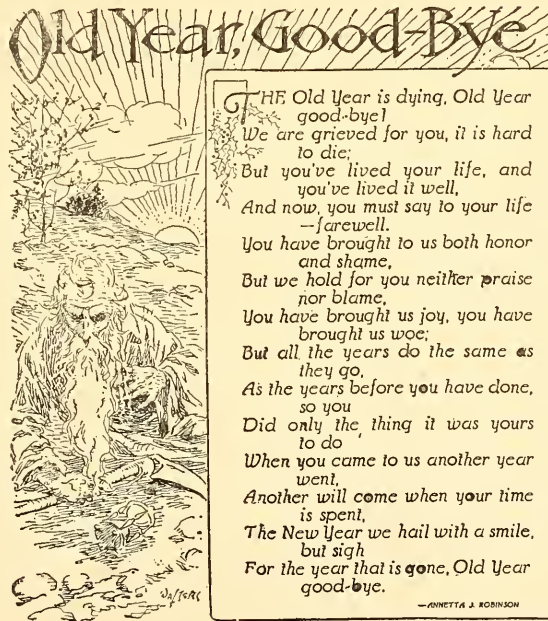
I mean I was grateful and happy for all of that back there at the beginning of the year that is now about to slip away. Is my prayer life as warm and eager as at first? Am I still as patient and tolerant with people I meet in church and who do so many queer things in the name of Christianity? Am I still happy in my faith? Is it as vital, as alive, as thrilling as at first? Or, has my clock stopped?

I remember tonight that last year I made some resolutions as many people do! They were very fine and very necessary, too, I am sure. Have I kept them? I am not so sure at this moment that I can ever remember what some of them were. It gives me concern tonight. Maybe I am not what I was at the start of the year. Has my quality deteriorated? Am I a bit less true, less strong, less clean, less able than I was last January? Or, has my clock stopped? Have the locusts eaten my year?

Perhaps I had better take myself apart to see if, by some means, a wire has burnt out. Maybe, while I was so furiously busy here and there, some sudden shock rocked my inner life and the bit of myself that had a tenuous hold on God broke away, and so—

But this must not be! I must not enter the new year with my spiritual selfhood separated from God. Looking into that waiting year, I know it will require the best I can possibly be. I will be needed somewhere. There is a place I must fill and be at my best for it! The Father wants His kingdom to possess the earth. It cannot be unless we earthlings, with God's image in us, shall be qualified to take hold.

Shall I therefore make a new set of
(Continued on page 24)



Greeks, and to the barbarians," Rom. 1: 14. How true! I am a debtor, too. Every bite of food I eat, every stitch of clothing I wear, every shelter for my head—yes, even the little clock for my car and the car itself has been mine because so many unknown others provided them for me. I cannot break my own bread nor sow my own wheat. I cannot spin wool for a coat. I "toil not, neither do I spin," yet have I eaten and been sheltered this year once more. While I did my work, these others labored at theirs, and I "entered into their labors." So I should be grateful. How deeply my heart should go out to these unknown benefactors! Their joy and sorrows should touch me. I should be able to help them in my way as they help me in theirs.

But how true it is that when we re-

The Point of Contact in Soul-Winning

By C. B. HEDSTROM, at the Gospel Fellowship Club, Chicago, Ill.

It is the privilege of every Christian to bring men to Christ. Not only is it a privilege but also a command, obedience to which brings the greatest blessings that can come to a human being this side of heaven. Leading a soul to Christ has its reward both here and hereafter. Yesterday I received a letter from a man, reading, "Sitting at my desk and thinking of you, I feel prompted to write and tell you that next to Christ you are the dearest man to me because you brought me to Him."

Today I want to mention one phase of soul-winning. There is the need, the preparation, the anointing, and the reward, but I will speak on the point of contact in personal soul-winning because it is the most neglected aspect of the subject. What do I mean by "point of contact"?

To illustrate, in my young days I was a traveling salesman. I told my prospects that I sold the best line made, and it was true. When I came to a city I rented a sample display room, and had my two trunks brought up from the station. After laying out the samples I went around town to inquire as to which was the best shoe store, which had the highest rating, for that was the one I wanted as my customer. If I could get only one style into that store and prove it was better than what the proprietor already had, that was my key. So here is the way I did it.

Taking my man to the display room, I would watch him carefully without his knowing it. He would walk through the room, where I had about four hundred samples, without picking up a one. He then would walk back again and suddenly pick up a shoe. He would pick up another and still another until he would have half a dozen. Now which one would he buy? The first one he picked up. If he had decided upon the second one I would not have written up the order. I knew that his first choice would give satisfaction.

Successful Salesmanship

There was a traveling man in Chicago who covered this district for more than forty years. His name was John B. Clark. By the way, he came from the same shoe store as D. L. Moody. He sold Grover's soft shoes for women's tender feet.

One day he phoned me, "This is Mr. Grover's representative. When can you come to see me?" We agreed to meet eleven o'clock the next day at the Palmer House.

Although he had never seen me before, when I walked into the room he took

me by the hand as no other traveling man ever had done. Then he offered me a comfortable chair. There wasn't a sample to be seen. He commenced, "Mr. Hedstrom I am mighty glad to meet you." He put it on thick and I liked it.

"By the way," he asked, "how are your wife and family?" How did he know that I was married and had a family?

"How is the girl that was sick?" How did he know I had a daughter who had been sick for over a year? I explained to him about the girl and he told me he had one, too. He affected me strangely.

Then we went to lunch. At the table he said, "You have been buying No. 710." Altogether he mentioned six styles I had been purchasing, after which he added, "Now I want to help you increase your sales." Before he was through with me he had sold me more shoes than I could pay for in six months. How did he do it? He touched my heart by talking about my family. He became the most talked-of man in the shoe industry. He retired with a pension at the age of sixty and built a lovely home in California.

Christ Knew How

Jesus said, "Follow me, and I will show how it is done." To the woman at the well He talked in language she understood. He looked down the line of faces into thousands and thousands of eyes and picked out that corrupt politician, Zachaeus, and won him.

Peter had given his boat to Jesus. After He was through speaking to the throng, Jesus said, "Peter, let's go fishing."

"Nothing doing. We have been fishing all night and have caught nothing. You are a carpenter's son; you don't know how to fish."

Do you want to know Peter's condition when he talked about fishing? I can see a picture of Peter when Christ met him that morning. Look out for a fisherman who has caught nothing. He is the biggest crab you ever saw. You can tell he has caught no fish by the way he rows the boat as he returns. If my boy has not caught anything, the boat sways from side to side, but if he has been successful his boat takes a straight course. I have told wives not to go near their husbands when they have caught nothing. The toast is burned, the milk is sour, and everything is wrong. But the man who has been successful in fishing will eat anything—"Never had a better breakfast." The wife should capitalize on the situation by having him do much work for her that day.

Awakening Interest in a Small Town

After toiling all night, Peter had caught nothing but Jesus knew how to make a point of contact in soul-winning. You must understand how to win souls for Him. I will use two illustrations from my own experience. These are not isolated but rather typical incidents. When I am to hold meetings in a small town I never shave myself. I go to a barber shop. The biggest gossipers in a small town are the barbers. They know whether a dog has had puppies and if the preacher has failed to make a payment on his car. I want to secure the barbers' good will so that they will talk about me to everyone who comes to the barber shop.

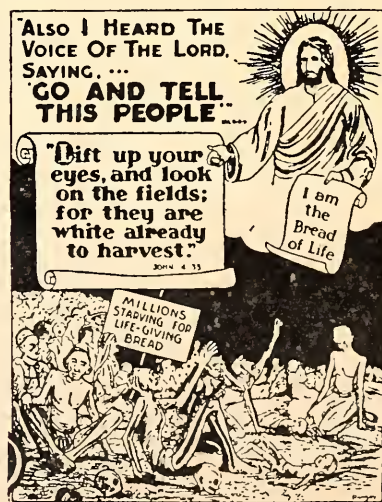
I also go into a store and buy a number of things. If any of you need salt and pepper shakers call on me. I have many knickknacks. This is the way I do it. After I have bought an article I take out my card and ask, "Have you attended the meetings?"

"No."

"Haven't you heard this man preach? Will you not come to hear me?" The saleswoman hesitates. At last she promises to come. In this manner I have brought many within the hearing of the gospel.

It was a cold December day when I entered a barber shop in Nebraska. While an elderly man was being shaved I read the paper and in doing so came across the announcement of my meeting in the city auditorium. There was my picture,

(Continued on page 23)



Making Crooked Paths Straight

A NEW YEAR'S CHAT

Cora S. Kendig

We are entering a New Year! Let us welcome it with outstretched hands. Let us welcome it because it will come, whether we wish it or not. Let us welcome it because we are in a world of Hope. Let us welcome it because it spells opportunity to us. Let us welcome it because we have a chance to make our old crooked paths straight.

Every boy and girl, every young man and woman, who has had the good fortune to be reared on a farm has had the work of bringing home the cows. How we used to call and call and finally get them started down the path towards the barn. We can see them yet, swishing the flies, strolling leisurely along the path. But think of the path! Here it comes meandering through the meadow, now straight for a few yards, then a gentle curve to get past a rock, then a sharp curve around that big tree, then another turn past the swampy place that is all mud after a recent rain; and so it goes, in and out until one has walked considerably farther on that daily trip than if it had been a straight line or nearly so.

What are some of the crooked paths we may straighten out this New Year? Oh, you say, "I can see plenty of things in that person's life to be straightened out next year." But wait! It is not his faults that we want to overcome but our own. Let us just pause long enough as we enter the new year to remember that it means opportunity.

The person who feels that he has done his best in every way, and can do no more, ceases to grow. If you do your best today you will want to do your best tomorrow and the day after. You high school students, have you gone to class without studying over the week end? Have you been sure one teacher was unkind, just so plainly mean to you last year, that you failed in that subject? Have you conscientiously prepared your lesson, knowing you were getting it for yourself as well as the teacher? Have you made a kink in the path of life by cheating in examination? Have you been careless and thoughtless of those at home who help you to go through school? If you have been guilty of any one or all of these faults try to make a better record this year.

You young worker in the industrial work, have you been the sort of person folks like to see each day going to work? Do you go with a pleasant face, a pure mind and open-hearted manner, working for the best interests of your employer, or have you dreaded each new day and

the work which it brought, scowled at toil and made folks feel as they saw you that you disliked work? You know we honor God and show His love more by our daily attitude towards life than by any amount of church attendance, almsgiving, pious talk, etc. These are fine points in the life of every Christian, but how true is the saying, "What you do speaks so loud that I cannot hear what you say."

The attitude of a person towards his work is clearly shown and means so much. Here are some examples. A young girl with a decided talent for music went to a leading conservatory for training. But in just one week she decided the work was not pleasant and her health could not stand the strain. Could she tell the effect on her health in one week, think you? No, there was no determination to keep her at the place. She liked late hours and ease more than the musical education.

A boy who had been out of school for quite a few years wished to get a certificate to teach. He went to school a few days, complaining loudly of the long lessons, etc., and then gave it up as a bad job. Was he unable to stand it? No, lack of determination was his trouble.

A young man who had a wife to support, refused perfectly agreeable work because the wages did not suit him and consequently he did not work a week during the entire year, lounging at home listening to the radio, taking his wife to work mornings and bringing her home at night. His trouble was laziness, pure and simple.

A little fellow lively, energetic enough, but not for his lessons, went to class day after day with his written lesson undone. At last, one day his teacher said, "Albert, you ought to have a little victrola by your side in class with a record on it singing, 'I'm not done, I haven't finished.'" The lad took the hint and very seldom went to class again without his work finished.

Samson is a Bible example of dithering away his splendid strength. He had great physical strength but not much intellectual evidently, and allowed a woman, who was a heathen, to wrest the truth from him as to wherein lay the power he possessed. Then when he was a prisoner, his strength was the cause of his death. Read the story for yourself in the sixteenth chapter of Judges.

Then think of Daniel, another Bible character, how he purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the king's meat. He purposed in his heart. Determination and courage were shown there and also at the time in his life when

he knelt down three times a day before the open window and prayed, contrary to the king's decree. He was thrown into the lions' den, but God saved his life by closing the lions' mouths.

Oh, we have such splendid bodies, let us use them properly. God asks it of us, "Keep thyself pure." Enthusiasm belongs to youth. You well remember how you would count the days until you went to Aunt Sue's for Thanksgiving or until Uncle Jack came home for Christmas or until the last day of school. Well, we need not grow very aged until we feel that enthusiasm leaving us to a certain degree. From then on it must be fostered. It is not quite so spontaneous. But we can have it still. Let us think how happy it will make Grandma and Grandpa feel when we take the honor at high school or when we have a fair report. Let's be enthusiastic about our flower gardens next summer, our new music, our crop of chickens or whatever it becomes our duty to do.

How about that reading we promised ourselves and our teachers to do? Have we done all we could to cultivate the acquaintance of good books? They are such comforting friends. They do not disappoint one by staying home when it rains, or by saying hurtful things about another. No, they are always the same quiet, true friends.

Let us learn to conserve our time. Minutes are precious things. How often this comes to mind. "Lost! Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever." We do not do the work of the work-a-day world by wishing but by doing, like the poet has said:

*"Heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards through the night."*

We are always striving here. One does not get over a bad habit in a day. You know a habit is like a cable, we weave a thread of it every day and at last we cannot break it. But that is also true of good, correct habits. This constant striving for the right things of life is expressed by the Apostle Paul when he says, "I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Let us then work during this New Year to correct our bad habits, cultivate our good ones and straighten out every link in our path to higher things.—*The Youth's Christian Companion*.

The person who has learned how and has humbled his heart has made the most important step possible for him to make to enable him to learn everything else God wants him to know.

Exchange Page

BOYS IN TRAINING CAMPS

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a soldier in the U. S. army. I am a reader of the Lighted Pathway. I thank God for so wonderful a paper as the Lighted Pathway. It really does my soul good to read about the precious works of God. I just want to thank God for saving me one day. I want to thank Him for His wonderful power to keep. You know the devil is working mighty hard to win all the souls he can but I thank God for a power much stronger than the devil's. You know if there ever was a place that the Word of God ought to be preached it is in the army. It grieves me to see the nice young men just going toward hell as fast as life will take them. Dear people, we want to wake up and go to calling on God. If there ever was a time that we should pray it is now.

I thank God for saving and sanctifying me before I came to the army. It grieves my heart to be away from home and parents, but I thank God for someone I can take my burdens to. Dear people, we ought to do more for God; you know the most we do can't be compared to what Christ did for us.

I thank God for a praying mother and sister and brother. My father is a sinner, please pray for him that he might be saved before it is too late. I desire the prayers of all Christians to pray for me that I might receive the Holy Ghost. Pray that I might do God's will at all times. God bless you is my prayer.—Pvt. James G. Osborne, Co. I, 160th Inf., Camp San Luis, Obispo, Calif.

Dear Sister Harrison:

This is my first time to write to you. I read the Lighted Pathway whenever I have a chance and I really enjoy it very much. I find it very encouraging and helpful.

I have been here at Camp Roberts, Calif., for some time now. I find it a hard place to serve the Lord. I haven't been serving Him the way I should. I am asking your prayers that God will give me more power to serve Him.

I will be transferred from this camp soon. Pray that I won't be sent farther from home.—Pvt. Earl Olson, Co. B, 86th Inf. B. N., Camp Roberts, Calif.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I never have written to the Lighted Pathway. I enjoy reading it. I praise God for the Y. P. E. in Tuscumbia, Ala. It has been a blessing to the young people.

I am a young man twenty-two years

of age. I was a member of the Y. P. E. until they called me in the army. I still receive the Lighted Pathway, for my girl friend sends me the paper every month and I surely enjoy reading it.

I work in the carpenter trade and I like it just fine. I have a good leader.

Do pray for me a sinner that God will save me before it is too late. I am not a member of any church, but I believe in the Church of God.—Jesse Lee Mitchell, Rt. 2, Tuscumbia, Ala.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I wish to add my feeble and weak testimony to the many hundreds of testimonies you receive every day.

I think the Lighted Pathway is so good. It is just what the young people need, a paper that will feed the soul and there is so much soul food.

It makes no difference what I am doing when I get my Lighted Pathway, I stop and read it. Although I do not order the papers now, I still sell thirty-five or forty copies for our Y. P. E. each month. I wish it could come every week. It seems like a month is a long time to wait for a good paper like the Lighted Pathway.

We have a good Y. P. E. at Ft. Myers, Fla. We won the district banner and have kept it for some time. I don't know how much longer we will keep it but I hope a longer time yet.—Mrs. Ethel Bowen, Tice, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I notice you have never received any letters from La Follette praising the Lighted Pathway, but it surely is being read by many people. I can hardly wait from one month to another. It surely deserves its name for every time I read the Lighted Pathway it lights up my path and gives me a closer walk with God. We have a Y. P. E. in La Follette. Most all the members are Christians. Pray that more young people will become interested.

I am the mother of two little boys. I want the prayers of every Christian that I may train them up for God. Also pray for my husband that he might be saved. May God bless you with health that you can keep this good paper in thousands of hands.—Mrs. Sarah Riggs, La Follette, Tenn.

Dear Sister Harrison:

It is a great pleasure for me to write you this afternoon. It has been almost three years since I gave my heart to God but I have never regretted one moment of that time since I started to serve Him. I praise the Lord for His wonderful keep-

ing and healing power.

The devil is trying his best to get the young people to follow after the things of the flesh, but I praise the Lord because we have a God who is still able to save and keep us if we only will let Him rule and reign within our hearts and lives.

May the Lord ever bless and keep you is my prayer.—Hazel J. Fricker, Reading, Pa.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I thank the Lord for the Lighted Pathway, I am always anxious to get a copy of the Lighted Pathway each month as it is food for my soul. I wish it would be published oftener. It is worth its weight in gold many times.

We have a grand Young People's Endeavor here. Sister J. L. McCoy, our pastor's wife, is president. She is very faithful in working with the young people here. We have a wonderful time in the Lord in each of our services. We have organized a young people's prayer service on Sunday afternoon besides our regular Y. P. E. We always have as honored guests the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Without these, our services would be a failure.

I am proud to say that I'm a member of the Church of God and have the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.

May the Lord abundantly bless you in the good work you are doing for Him. Please pray for our Y. P. E. here.—A. J. Clements, Columbus, Ga.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I wish to express my heartfelt appreciation to you as editor of the Lighted Pathway. I feel that you are doing a wonderful work in the Church of God.

I am glad that I have had the privilege of meeting you personally, and wish that I could be with you and hear your encouraging words oftener.

I have just finished reading the September issue of the Lighted Pathway and it was food to my soul from the beginning to the end. It seemed that it was the best one I have read yet. It really encouraged me to do more for the Lord.

May the Lord bless you, Sister Harrison, and may you continue in this good work until Jesus comes.—Bernice Winnett, Sulphur Springs, Tex.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I thank God this morning for the Holy Ghost that still abides.

I surely enjoy the Lighted Pathway from front to back. I don't know which is the best, it is all so good. We have a good Y. P. E. at Oak Grove. We want every one who reads this to please pray for our Y. P. E. that it may be one hundred per cent.—Mrs. Geo. W. Martin, Statesboro, Ga.

Contributions by Young Writers

Unless You Become as a Child

When Jesus was asked who would be the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven, He took a little child and blessed it. Then He answered saying, "Verily, I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein." Luke 18:17.

First we should study the nature of a good child to see how we stand in God's sight. A child is willing to forgive. Are we?

One time I saw a little girl about two years old look up into her mother's face and ask to be punished in the place of a friend she loved.

I often wonder if we are willing to suffer with our brothers and sisters in Christ! We should for we hear the Lord saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Then He also said in the Word that those who suffer with Him shall also reign with Him.

One time the Lord put it upon my heart to give a poor preacher a dollar. I had three dollars at that time which I was saving to pay on a suit of clothes which I needed. I was not able to work, but I gave the money to him and felt good doing it. I had kept a little box hidden in my bedroom, and after giving the \$1.00 away I returned the box, containing the \$2.00, to its place. I went to it a few days later to find the amount had increased to \$12.00. To this day I am at a loss to understand from where the additional \$10.00 came.

Remember a child will divide his bread with another, and look to father for more. We need to do the same—look to our heavenly Father for all our needs. Jesus loves that father who sin has caused to be placed in the gloomy prison cell. He loves that boy who has wandered from that happy home, ruined his health and brought sorrow upon his aged mother and father. He still loves that girl who has been driven from home out into a cold, black, sinful world because she had come to shame. I can see through my spiritual vision the Lord weeping over her. He loves that poor mother who toils until late in the night for her children, and stands at the bedside of her sick child, rubbing its face with her toil-worn hand which has labored many years for her household.

Yes, Jesus loves all. He invites the whole world to come and be saved. When you are saved you can be as a little child. Your mind will be pure. You can weep, rejoice and be willing to suffer, to divide

your little with others, and sleep without fear. Remember He said, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord . . ." Then He promised if we would pay our tithes He would pour us out a blessing which we would not have room enough to receive. So if you are afraid of dying on the mercy of your county, or begging for shelter, start lending to the Lord now. He has promised to repay four times as much as you give.

I have written this article because God has given me a deep love for lost humanity—the poor, broken-hearted people—who need comfort. When I come to the Judgment Day I want it to be well with me.

I beseech you to take out an "insurance policy" with the One who owns the world and whose Word shall stand forever and ever.—Emmett Sharp, Rt. 1, Box 161, Woodlawn, Va.

The Final Pay Day

You may talk about your jolly good times,
The life you used to live,
How you went in for everything
That the world and the devil could give.
You may work or rest which suits you best,
And so live out your days,
Let me give you a pointer about my own life,
I'm in for the life that pays.

It isn't every Saturday night
That the Lord squares up His account,
Nor it isn't the first of every month
That you get your full amount.
But the soul that's lived in sin and shame
Has not drawn all of its pay
But you will be found with interest compound
Laid up against you that day.

Now think before you sell your soul,
For the sins you loved so well,
Will it pay, my friend, for you to spend
Your eternity in hell?
You can never live this life over again,
When once it's flown away,
So hasten to choose, or your soul will lose,
Friends, I ask you, Will it pay?

Sent in by Mary Stephens, Odum, Ga.

A Correction

The poem appearing in the October issue entitled, "Our Y. P. E." by Mrs.

O. G. Hona, should have been by Mrs. O. G. Hance.

When Jesus Comes

When Gabriel sounds the trumpet,
And saints are gathering in;
We'll all be shouting glory,
For there's no devil and no sin!

Oh, won't it be so wonderful,
What a happy time 'twill be!
For there we'll live forever,
Beside the shining sea.

And the tribulation has started,
And people run and cry!
Then often try to kill themselves,
And find they cannot die.

Oh, mother why didn't you tell me
That Jesus was going to appear?
So I could have prayed to Him
And found His love so dear.

But, children, I didn't think He would come,
In such an unexpected time.
So I've stayed with the worldly pleasures
And thought things would turn out fine.

How sad, how sad, it is for them
That neglected His precious name,
And they try to pray to Christ the Lord,
But their praying is all in vain.

O sinner of this world today,
Why not come to Christ your Savior?
And plead to Him with all your heart
And find His love and favor.

Yes, you may laugh and scorn Him,
And crucify His love!
And go on sinking deeper in sin,
And miss the rapture above.

—Macil M. Cooper, Eupora, Miss.

Be Strong

Maltbie Davenport Babcock

Be Strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be Strong!
Say not, "The days are evil. Who's to blame?"
And fold the hands and acquiesce—oh shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not—fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

Reading Circle



*Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.*

—Wordsworth.

RECOMMENDED BOOKS FOR

YOUR LIBRARY

For Young People

- Talks to Girls*, by Helen Welshimer. Price, 50c.
Fanny Crosby, by J. Reginald Casswell. Price, 75c.
Frances Ridley Havergal, by Esther E. Enock. Price, 75c.
Girl's Stories of Great Women, by Elsie E. Egermeier. Price, \$1.00.
A Christian Girl's Problems, by Mary S. Wood. Price, 50c.
The Modern Girl Decides, by Mary S. Wood. Price, 50c.

For Children

- Our Darling's A B C Book*, by Isabel C. Byrum. Price, 35c.
The Adventures of Jack and Joyce, by Grace Phelps Lumm. Price, 25c.
Tiny Tots in Story Town, by Isabel C. Byrum. Price, 25c.
Plants and Insects, by A. L. Byers. Price, 75c.

Fiction

- At the Crossroads*, by Minnie E. Ludwig. Price, \$1.00.
The Girl Who Found Herself, by Jack Lynn. Price, 50c.
The Pilot's Voice, by Isabel Byrum. Price, 75c.
Together for Good, by Ann Harvey. Price, \$1.00.
Sally Jo, by Zenobia Bird. Price, \$1.00.
Blaze Star, by Paul Hutchens. Price, \$1.00.
The Return of the Tide, by Zenobia Bird. Price, \$1.00.
One More Year, by Bertha B. Moore. Price, \$1.00.
Though He Slay Me, by Ella M. Noller. Price, \$1.00.
To These Also, by Bertha B. Moore. Price, \$1.00.
Under Whose Wings, by Zenobia Bird. Price, \$1.00.



"This little Book I'd rather own,
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
Than all their diadems."

Bible Readings for January

		Morning	Evening
Jan. 1	Gen. 1- 2	John 1	
Jan. 2	Gen. 3- 4	Matt. 1	
Jan. 3	Gen. 5- 6	Matt. 2	
Jan. 4	Gen. 7- 8	Matt. 3	
Jan. 5	Gen. 9-10	Matt. 4	
Jan. 6	Gen. 11-12	Matt. 5	
Jan. 7	Gen. 13-14	Matt. 6	
Jan. 8	Gen. 15-16	Matt. 7	
Jan. 9	Gen. 17-18	Matt. 8	
Jan. 10	Gen. 19-20	Matt. 9	
Jan. 11	Gen. 21-22	Matt. 10	
Jan. 12	Gen. 23-24	Matt. 11	
Jan. 13	Gen. 25-26	Matt. 12	
Jan. 14	Gen. 27-28	Matt. 13	
Jan. 15	Gen. 29-30	Matt. 14	
Jan. 16	Gen. 31-32	Matt. 15	
Jan. 17	Gen. 33-34	Matt. 16	
Jan. 18	Gen. 35-36	Matt. 17	
Jan. 19	Gen. 37-38	Matt. 18	
Jan. 20	Gen. 39-40	Matt. 19	
Jan. 21	Gen. 41-42	Matt. 20	
Jan. 22	Gen. 43-44	Matt. 21	
Jan. 23	Gen. 45-46	Matt. 22	
Jan. 24	Gen. 47-48	Matt. 23	
Jan. 25	Gen. 49-50	Matt. 24	
Jan. 26	Ex. 1- 2	Matt. 25	
Jan. 27	Ex. 3- 4	Matt. 26	
Jan. 28	Ex. 5- 6	Matt. 27	
Jan. 29	Ex. 7- 8	Matt. 28	
Jan. 30	Ex. 9-10	Mark 1	
Jan. 31	Ex. 11-12	Mark 2	

Your Bible

Are you using it? "Reading the New Testament through" with the rest of the church should be the happy task of every young person. Then when you have read

it through commit some chapters to memory. They will stay with you all through life.

Below are some suggestions:

- Peace and Promise Chapter, John 14.
 New Birth Chapter, John 3.
 Victory Chapter, Romans 8.
 The Beautiful Chapter, Matthew 5.
 Lost and Found Chapter, Luke 15.
 Pentecost Chapter, Acts 2.
 Charity and Love Chapter, 1 Cor. 13.
 Heaven Chapter, Revelation 21.
 Resurrection Chapter, 1 Cor. 15.
 Faith Chapter, Hebrews 11.
 Work Chapter, James 2.
 Judgment Chapter, John 15.
 Consecration Chapter, Romans 12.
 The Bottomless Chapter, Eph. 3.
 Crucifixion Chapter, John 19.
 Ascension Chapter, Acts 1.

—Baptist Observer.

Lighted Pathway Rating

	Sold for Dec.	Total
Alabama	1,511	5,306
Arizona	56	126
Arkansas	231	804
California	163	605
Colorado		1,003
Delaware	49	133
Foreign	226	967
Florida	1,975	7,706
Georgia	4,084	15,961
Iowa	56	182
Idaho	57	251
Illinois	162	1,691
Indiana	119	721
Kansas	210	571
Kentucky	7,621	10,152
Louisiana	336	1,192
Maine	126	350
Massachusetts	28	112
Maryland	435	1,619
Minnesota	42	196
Michigan	350	1,139
Mississippi	505	1,696
Missouri	221	868
Montana	138	460
Nebraska	14	84
New Jersey	134	358
New Mexico	63	295
New York	20	64
North Carolina	3,710	11,852
North Dakota	98	350
Ohio	671	2,531
Oklahoma	184	737
Oregon	98	269
S. Carolina	5,221	19,279
South Dakota	114	476
Pennsylvania	803	2,736
Tennessee	3,778	9,929
Texas	5,737	7,920
Virginia	802	3,232
Washington	112	365
Washington, D. C.	70	168
West Virginia	1,089	10,848
Wyoming		42
	41,419	124,846

Bible Training School

MY TESTIMONY

On Thursday morning, November 6, the student body assembled in the auditorium of the Bible School for chapel service, as we do each morning. As the students began to testify, God sent a holy atmosphere down upon us. It seemed as if God were sitting beside us and that we might touch Him if we dared. The president, Brother Tharp, gave us an invitation to seek God, and immediately practically every student went to the altar. As we began to cry earnestly to our God, we were made to realize more fully that He is our Savior and that it is He who delivers us from the bondage of sin; it is He who said that He would pray the Father to give us the blessed Holy Ghost to live within us always. How our hearts did melt and the tears flowed unceasingly for hours! But these were not unheeded on high, for the results are immeasurable; two were saved and six were baptized with the precious Holy Ghost. But that is not all, for one of those six was none other than myself. Those who have received the blessing understand how it is impossible to find words to express the feeling, but if I could find words in the English language, it seems as if I could tell it the whole of my remaining life here. Truly the Holy Ghost brings joy unspeakable and full of glory; He makes us over again, it seems, and gives us a new outlook on life and the creation of God. My heart's desire is to live the new Spirit-filled life right here in Bible School, which is the dearest place on earth to me, and to seek to become an efficient soulwinner for my blessed Lord. I heard of the wonderful blessings of Bible School before I came, but I can say as did the Queen of Sheba, "The half was not told unto me." In fact, it cannot be expressed in words; one must attend the school to fully understand. How I praise God for this wonderful opportunity which came my way!—Ren Cassels, Candler, North Carolina.

BLESSINGS OF B. T. S.

"As the hart panteth after the water brook, so panteth my soul after thee, O God," Psalm 42:1. Every Christian should have a soul and heart that panteth after God and His righteousness, just as the hart pants after water in the heat of a summer day. God's favor and righteousness may be obtained through prayer, consecration and hungering after Him, and I find that B. T. S. is one of the best places to seek and find the deeper

experiences with God. I count it a great privilege to be in B. T. S. again this year, and by the grace and help of God I expect to graduate this term. I believe our school is the result of former efforts put forth by our Church for its young people and it is my desire to prove to them and to God that I am here to get everything God has in store for me, and I am sure that there are glorious things ahead for us here. My advice to every young person who possibly can, is to enroll next term. You will not be disappointed, for the benefits derived here are innumerable.

Prayer is one of the most important and essential elements of a Christian life, and here one may pray when he desires to do so. The school always gives over to God and the Holy Ghost in their definite workings, for He is the greatest factor or person of the school. It doesn't mean nearly so much to miss a class as to miss seeing a soul saved or sanctified or baptized with the Holy Ghost. The class can be made up easily and much more so after a period of prayer. Of course, some of our other writers have mentioned the fact that each class begins with prayer, but there are times when we feel such a spirit of prayer that we don't stop in time for the lesson and sometimes for several classes. But these are the times when God is made so real unto us and many of us feel a definite call to His service. Through this prayer life and consecration of the students, a wonderful spiritual atmosphere surrounds us here. We are shut away from the world in a measure and do not come in direct contact with the greater evils of the world. The environment alone is worth spending the time of a term in school. But we not only live in the environment, but here we learn how to study God's Word, to increase our vocabularies that we may be more efficient in telling the story of His love when we leave this blessed institution. I want my life to be such an example when school is out that I can impress every young person with whom I come in contact the necessity of his attending at least one term of Bible School. No devil to fight? Oh yes, he is here, but there is One greater and He is the One on whom we are leaning; He is our Victor; He is our King!—George Broome, Albany, Ga.

WIDENING VISIONS

The wise man Solomon gave us these words, "Where there is no vision the people perish." How true these words are.

Never have more outstanding words been uttered. Today there are thousands of people in our country who are faltering and falling. If these people were to be interviewed they would tell of a loss of hope, loss of ideals, a loss of vision. They say they have no future. Is this so?

From a physical outlook, the youth of our Church is facing a period of blackest night. War clouds are flying low. Sin is running rampant in the land. Enticements are on every hand. Truly our day is as they were in the days of Noah. Matt. 24. Can our youth face these influences and have a vision of better things before them?

Let us look at the spiritual realms for an answer. "Oh," you say, "but we cannot always be in the Spirit." But Paul tells us, "If we live in the Spirit let us also walk in the Spirit." Yes, in this modern day we may walk in the Spirit. We may feel the divine presence of God, see His handiwork in our lives and feel His watching eyes upon us. Best of all, we can see the transforming power of God seek out souls, save them and make them into new creatures.

What greater vision could we ask for? The Church has given us a vision of greater educational institutions. Our country has given us a vision of a peace-loving people. Now God has given us a vision of a lost generation. Shall we follow the vision as Peter did while on the house top? Shall we arise and seek the lost?

Let us arise and work for the Master. The harvest is white and the laborers are few. Let us tarry before God until we feel His power, then arise and move for God. Surely we know if there ever was a time that we need to launch out in the deep and do something for God it is now. I can feel the power and presence of God as I am trying to finish this article. Young men and women, let's do something for God. Let's consecrate our lives anew for God and say, "Here am I, send me." Pray for us in school that every student will be at his very best for God, and that this might be the greatest year of school we have ever had.—J. C. Vaughan, Charleston, S. C.

B.T.S. in Midst of Holy Ghost Revival

Here in Bible School we have much to praise God for. First of all, for the school and college, that for which the Church has labored so hard to give unto us; the Spirit-filled faculty which gives unto us the very best at all times; and scores of kind, loving Christian students with whom we work and pray daily.

At this time we are in the midst of a Holy Ghost revival. The Holy Ghost is in charge. We have no preaching, no song leader or special choir. We do not these
(Continued on page 24)



Bible Lessons



Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

Topic: Stress the Best

Louise Yates Towriss

Scripture: *"Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before,"* Phil. 3:13.

If you're late starting out with the bonny New Year,

*You can start anywhere, anytime;
Resolve to improve, and you can,—never fear!*

You will thereby make life quite sublime.

Thoughts for Leader

"Good intentions are at least the seed of good actions; everyone ought to sow them, and leave it to the soil and the seasons whether he or any other gather the fruit," thus said Sir William Temple.

Little or any value is ever attained without effort; cathedrals, highways, bridges do not happen—they must be built. A life must be built if it is to be a thing of beauty, usefulness, endurance; it is a full-time job, but it is worth every bit of preparation and purpose, perseverance, patience and prayer that goes into it.

Charles Kingsley said, "Make it a rule (and pray to God to help you) to say,

I have made one human being a little wiser, a little happier, or a little better this day."

If we are willing to stress the higher qualities of life, we shall thereby better ourselves, and help to make the world a brighter, grander place in which to dwell. Let us practice an acrostic from the word R-E-S-O-L-U-T-I-O-N-S. Reverence, economy, sympathy, optimism, love, usefulness, truth, industry, orderliness, neighborliness, silence.

When Bishop Vincent was making "a new start," as he termed it, he said something which should point the way for each of us,—*"As I cannot in my own strength attain this measure of wisdom and power, I make humble and firm resolve to seek all these things from my heavenly Father."*

Reverence

Reverence is an attribute of great minds; irreverence exhibits a puerility, an immaturity, an imbecility. As you journey through life, the conviction will be borne in upon you that reverence leads to the chief joy and power which one ever experiences; there must be reverence for the Divine Creator and all that pertains to the worship of the Blessed Trinity (irrespective of race, or denominational distinction), reverence for the Divine as manifested in the truth, honor, integrity, charity, devotion of godly men and women upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of bringing the world nearer to perfection; reverence for the graces exhibited by the living, and for the graces which have been manifested in the lives of the great and good who have passed on, leaving an indelible imprint for righteousness upon the generations to follow.

Economy

Economy leads to independence and happiness. To live lavishly and extravagantly beyond one's means is no mark of prudence, and will inevitably lead to dishonesty. Economy is not parsimony, much less stinginess; it implies the elimination of wastefulness, and suggests resourcefulness, the utilizing of materials at hand in a manner to prolong their usefulness; by ingenuity, giving things a new lease of life. It means generalship in little things, the making of mites into muckles, and is evidence of good common sense. Economy of time and strength, as well as money, is praiseworthy; frittering away minutes and hours will shorten the working hours of one's life-span appreciably, and, when opportunity calls, such persons will be unprepared; "make the head

save the heels" by having a convenient arrangement of one's equipment, leaving a reserve of strength for additional duties or pleasures.

Sympathy

Sympathy is a feeling for another; it means putting one's self in the place of another, then exercising the Golden Rule. It implies asking one's self the question, "If those same conditions or circumstances came to me, how should I desire others to react toward me?" Sympathy is more than selfishness cannot walk together, for sympathy is ever stopping to consider others, while selfishness stalks on, only concerned with "The Big I." Sympathy is more than pity; that attitude is directed toward those in sorrow, or pain, or need, and may contain a considerable element of pride and condescension, a "holier-than-thou" attitude. Sometimes persons find it easier to "weep with those that weep," than to "rejoice with them that do rejoice." Can we heartily congratulate another upon a piece of good fortune, or some success, and feel no jealousy? Can we "feel together" with others in their joy, even when we are not so benefited?

Optimism

Optimism is like oil on the machinery of life, like rose-colored glasses which make even ugly things look attractive. While one can maintain an optimistic view of the situation, things are not in an absolutely desperate strait. During these difficult years, optimism in the home keeps the ship of life afloat in many instances; if work cannot be located today, optimism says that it will probably be found tomorrow or next week. If the grasshoppers get the wheat, optimism says that the potatoes are going to be a wonderful crop; if deafness should afflict, optimism says that you will be spared the unkind remarks which sharp-tongued gossips carry from one to another; if rain should postpone your picnic, optimism says you can finish that long-deferred letter to your old classmate.

Love

Love is synonymous with God. Toyohiko Kagawa says, "Love knows all things,—sorrow, laughter, endurance, action, hunger, growth, adventure, reverence, pride, magnanimity; love contentedly suffers hardships, works miracles, is effervescent; love saturates, is flexible and adaptable. 'He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love.'" The definition of love, as found in the dictionary, will never really teach the meaning of the word; the emotion must be experienced in heart and life, just as the definition of the word "music" can never really convey the rapture of sweet sounds; they must be heard and felt to be appreciated. If every individual loved God and man the world would be transformed

and brought into harmony with the essence of the universe, which is love.

Usefulness is a stimulus for interest, intelligence, initiative, industry, and independence. When one participates helpfully in the work of the home, the school, the church, the community, the world, he may feel that he is filling his appointed niche, taking his destined place, playing his individual role in the drama of life. The start should be made young; no one should remain a mere spectator, while someone else assumes all the responsibility, and does all the work. Usefulness makes for happiness; increasing efficiency and accuracy will result from repeated effort,—"Practice makes perfect." John Wesley made it a rule never to be unemployed, and never to be triflingly employed.

Truth

Truth is of God; a lie is of the devil. "Truth is mighty and will prevail," says the old adage. The ancient Persians (according to Herodotus, in the first book of his history), instructed their children, from the age of five years, in three things, one of them being "To speak the truth." Pope tells us, "He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes, for he must be forced to invent twenty more to sustain that one." Departure from truth should be considered a disgrace to a lady or a gentleman; truth is the foundation stone of all excellencies of character and life, both here and hereafter, the perception and representation of things as they are. "Sow truth, and taste its fruitage pure." Nothing can enter into heaven that "loveth or maketh a lie." Woe to falsehood! It brings no comfort in the life that now is, or in that which is to come—so cling fast to truth!

Industry

Industry, with persistence and patience (barring accidents or misfortune of some sort), will usually lead to success. There are those who consider work as something decidedly distasteful, something to be avoided if at all possible. For the highest development of the individual, mentally, physically, morally, socially, industry is almost a prime necessity. All the great works of art, or science, or architecture, or engineering are due to industry; all the necessities and luxuries of life can be procured only by the exercise of industry on the part of someone. "Blessed are the horny hands of toil," said James Russell Lowell, and "Don't waste your life in doubts and fears; spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it," said Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Orderliness

Orderliness makes for serenity and peace; practicing the old adage, "Have a place for everything, and everything in

its place" is a great time saver, and a fine temper saver as well. The foundation for this excellent habit should be laid in early childhood, when little tots are required to put into their appointed places their toys and playthings, yet youths and maidens whose early training was neglected (often for very love, and a mistaken kindness in allowing them to go free), may still learn to take a real pride in their orderly room, desk, table, etc., and such may become veritable exponents of orderliness. "Order is heaven's first law," we are told, and order on earth would make for greater harmony and enjoyment in many a home, though carried to extremes, it makes for discomfort of the inmates.

Neighborliness

Neighborliness is a grace of which our blessed Master approved. In His peerless parable of "The Good Samaritan," we are taught the scope of neighborliness. Most persons may find ample opportunity for the exercise of this virtue without going far. Our time, talent, possessions, and personality may be used to demonstrate the spirit of true neighborliness to some who may be needing very greatly just what we might easily bestow. Being prayerfully alert we shall speedily discover our neighbor—"It is he whom thou hast power to aid and bless." We need the art of the open hand, the heart of universal good will. Neighborliness is akin to, and almost synonymous with, that greatest of the three graces which abide, and of which the great apostle to the Gentiles, Paul, wrote to the Corinthians, saying, "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity."

Silence

"Silence is golden, while speech is silver," and it is a fact that a little silence is sometimes worth far more than a multitude of words; a judicious silence has often saved a great deal of trouble. Shakespeare advised, "Be checked for silence, never taxed for speech," and Cicero allowed that silence was an art, even an eloquent art. Concentration of thought is a difficult matter when one is surrounded by others; much benefit might accrue to the world were persons required by law to spend a portion of each day segregated "far from the maddening crowd." Some hitherto unsuspected genius might discover himself, and, in silence, evolve ideas to bless humanity. "The world is too much with us;" a silent corner in each day might repair many a frazzled nerve, and allow a listening ear to hear voices which grow faint and inaudible as the world intrudes. "Be still, and know that I am God!" Adhere to silence, and listen while He speaks.

Make a resolution to stress reverence, economy, sympathy, optimism, love, use-

fulness, truth, industry, orderliness, neighborliness, and silence.

*Resolve to be true to the highest and best,
To follow God's plan, every day;
With full consecration and trust, you may rest,*

For He'll guide every step of the way.

Delighting in the Will of God

Text: Psa. 40:8, "I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart."

King Saul is an example of a natural man who walks in the light of his own reasoning, perfectly satisfied with his own thoughts and his own judgments, rejecting all that is contrary to the reasoning of his own corrupt mind. God gave to Saul very definite instructions concerning the Amalekites—there must be an utter destruction of this corrupt people and all they possessed. The will of the Lord was clearly indicated. But Saul reasoned, "It is not sensible to destroy all these splendid flocks, and it seems to me the part of wisdom to preserve the king of the Amalekites. I will bring him home as a trophy of war."

Something Greater Than Sacrifice

The prophet Samuel, when he saw Agag, the corrupt king whom Saul had spared, took a sword and hewed him in pieces before the Lord, bringing the judgment of God upon one whose ruthless sword had made many women childless. The prophet's soul was grieved when he heard the lowing of the cattle and the bleating of the sheep, and he inquired in indignation, "What meaneth * * * this?" Saul had a plausible excuse. "They are for sacrifice." There is something more important than sacrifice—obedience to the revealed will of God. At a later time the Psalmist in the Spirit caught the vision of this greater thing, "Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; * * * burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required." But there was something that was required, and the One who was coming received a body that He might accomplish the thing that was required—doing the will of God. The keynote of His holy life was, "I delight to do thy will, O my God."

Samuel said to Saul, "Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king." And he went down to Bethlehem and anointed a shepherd lad, who early learned to do the will of God, and to trust in God to gird him with strength, so that he could leap over any wall of opposition and run through any troop of enemies. In his early days he met the champion of the Philistines. Little David repudiated the untried armor of the fleshly Saul, preferring the

well-trying, all-sufficient arm of Jehovah in whose name he had learned to trust. David went to the river for his ammunition. It is written, "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." This is the river of the Spirit. From that river there is every provision for every conflict. Trust not in human might nor power, but learn to trust in God's Spirit alone.

Friendship With God

Abraham early learned the blessedness of the will of God. When the Lord indicated that he was to leave Ur of the Chaldees to become a pilgrim, he went forth in faith, not knowing whither he was going, but having fullest confidence that He who had spoken would surely lead. A word was given him by the Lord to try him—he was to take his son Isaac to Moriah and there offer him up for a sacrifice. Which way would he choose? The way of the natural man which shrinks from sacrifice, or the way revealed by God? Abraham put forth no carnal reasonings why he should reject the will of God, but went forth in childlike faith to sacrifice his son, accounting that God was able to raise Isaac up even from the dead, and so fulfill His words of promise to him. They came to Moriah, and the son, a willing sacrifice, was laid upon the wood of the altar. Abraham raised his knife to fulfill the command, but a word came forth from the Lord to stay his hand. In the thicket was a captive ram to be sacrificed in place of Isaac. This man, who loved the will of God and was willing to do it at any cost, was blessed of God and became His friend and will be honored throughout eternity as His friend. And all who do the will of God can enter into like friendship with Him. "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you," John 15:14.

The Supreme Test

When the Son of God came to earth He delighted in the will of His Father. The adversary came to tempt him and to point out another pathway, one that would be easier, but the law of God was in the heart of the Son. He knew the will of God, and each time the adversary tempted Him to another pathway He declared, "It is written." He absolutely repudiated the easier pathway that Satan suggested. All through His life He did the will of His Father, ever delighting in that will. He knew that it was the will of His Father that He should go to Calvary to suffer, and He set His face steadfastly thitherward. In the wilderness where Israel was overcome, He overcame the adversary. It was in the garden that Adam and Eve were overcome, and in the garden there came the final test. Would He be overcome? Would He choose the will of the flesh rather than the will of

the Father? In that garden He confessed the weakness of the flesh, but He declared the willingness of His spirit to do the whole will of God.

Complete Obedience

Here was a cup offered Him, an awful cup, to take the sin of the world upon Him. In His exquisite holiness He shrank from sin. He cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." He prayed again, "Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done." He knew that the will of His Father was perfect, even though it was hard upon the flesh. And that night He was girded with strength. An angel from heaven strengthened Him, and He went forth from that garden to do the perfect will of God, to offer Himself as a ransom for all. There was a substitute for Isaac on Mount Moriah, but there was no substitute for the Son of God upon Mount Calvary. He became obedient to the will of God, even when that will was the cross with all its agony, with all its shame, bearing in His own body the iniquity of us all. He stooped low in obedience, even to the death of the cross. —S. H. F., *From the Gospel Herald*.

Deliverance

Margaret Lewis

Psa. 59:1-13

Thoughts for the Leader

There are times in the life of each individual when he has the feeling of being in grave danger. If he has not met with some foe, humanly speaking, I am sure he has met with the demon powers of the devil that try to drag down the righteous. There never was a time when the Christian should be on guard as today. The devil is trying to drag down the people of God in many ways. But thanks be unto God, we can hide in the cleft of the Rock (even in Jesus) and be delivered from the tempest. The Lord has promised not to let any more come than we are able to bear. Thank God for the escape that has been made possible through Jesus.

From Sin

Rom. 8:1-9

What a wonderful day when Jesus spoke peace to the troubled soul of man. Old desires fled away and new ambitions came into their place. 2 Cor. 5:17. Thank God for that deliverance that came through the cross of Jesus. The most blessed sight to look upon is to see a man or woman go to the altar of prayer in a penitent attitude before God, and arise with the glory of God shining on his face, made new through faith in the shed blood of our Redeemer. There is something about that experience which all the devils of hell could not make us doubt. I am glad the way has been paved, marked out and we can follow with full assurance

of faith in Jesus. When a man is truly born again he will no longer crave the fleshly appetites and desires of this world. The Lord will make Himself real in the lives of those who will let Him, and satisfy the longing of every hungry heart.

In Trouble

Job 5:19; Psa. 34:19

At times, have the shadows of life fallen across your pathway so deeply that you saw no way forward and it seemed you must fall by the way? Have you seen fond hopes vanish and despair take place of sweet peace? There is never a burden too great, never a wound too deep, but Jesus understands. He may hide, as it were, for awhile, but His eye is ever on the righteous, and in the darkest moment He stands ready to assist and help us. The devil may place trouble on every side like a mountain, but Jesus has promised to let no more come upon us than we are able to bear. 1 Cor. 10:13. He may not remove the trouble altogether, but He will give grace to bear it. I am glad that He will be our Deliverer in trouble.

From Hour of Temptation

Rev. 3:10

This old world is in an awful condition today. I do not believe there has been another day just like this one, but thanks be unto our God, the Christians who are walking with Jesus have something to look forward to. One of these days the children of God will begin to feel something take hold of them and will step out of this old world into a place where we will forever be with our Lord. I love to think of the coming of Jesus back to this old world. Sometimes we grow tired and weary, but, oh, how happy we will be when we can receive the reward of the faithful. Something now just keeps us moving onward and upward with the hope of deliverance from these earthly temples we live in. Jesus did not leave us in doubt but told us plainly that He would come back for us. To me this is the most blessed thought in the Bible. I am waiting for that day. Are you?

I Am God's

Scripture Lesson: 1 Cor. 6:20;

1 Cor. 3:16, 17

Suggestions for Leader's Talk

Have you ever heard someone say, "I am my own man," meaning that he could do as he pleased? Well, no man or no woman is his or her own, for God made us all. However, God permits us to remain His or give ourselves to Satan. God needs everyone of us, loves us, and if we will only let Him use us He can make us a great blessing. Let us see tonight just what God has made us.

I Am God's Candle

In Proverbs 20:27, we read: "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." Candles are made to give light. In other words, we are God's torchbearers and

if we fail to shine for Him the world will be in darkness. No matter how small the light there is no darkness so thick that it can put the light out. The darker the night the brighter our light will shine. Let's think seriously about this little poem:

His Lamp

ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT

*His lamp am I,
To shine where He shall say;
And lamps are not for sunny rooms,
Nor for the light of day;
But for dark places of the earth,
Where shame and wrong and crime have birth,
Or for the murky twilight gray,
Where wandering sheep have gone astray,
Or where the lamp of faith grows dim,
And souls are groping after Him.
And as sometimes a flame we find,
Clear-shining, through the night,
So dark we cannot see the lamp—
But only see the light—
So may I shine, His love the flame,
That men may glorify His name.*

—THE GOSPEL CALL.

I Am God's Temple

Our Scripture lesson says, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Did you know that, Juniors? It is a great thing to think of God living right in our very hearts, isn't it? Why, He is not far away at all, but dwells inside our beings. If we could just realize that God lives in us, many of us would be more careful how we keep house, wouldn't we? In our Scripture lesson we read again, "If any man defile the temple of God him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." Do we keep God's temple pure and holy? Or do we defile it? Let us pray each day that we may not yield to a defiling habit, such as lying, stealing, tale bearing, drinking, smoking, gambling, cursing or anything else that will defile God's temple and compel Him to destroy us; for we know His Word is true.

I Am God's Workman

God skips no one. He calls every boy and girl, every man and woman to work for Him. He does not ask us to work for nothing but He pays us after we have done the work—not in advance. Let us beware, lest when He needs us and calls we should be like this young person—wish we had answered—when it is too late.

"The Lord Christ wanted two hands one day

To do a loving deed.

He wanted two feet on an errand for Him,

To run with willing speed.

But I had need of my own that day,

And to His gentle pleading I said,
'Nay.'

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BIBLICAL EYE-OPENERS

By C.M. TRUESDELL & DANA NORTH



HOW WERE THE RED SEA WATERS RETAINED ON EACH SIDE OF THE ISRAELITES AS THEY MARCHED THROUGH ITS BED ON DRY GROUND? SIMPLE! Moses Reveals that:

.... **THE WATERS** CONGEALED
OR **FROZE** IN THE HEART OF THE SEA.
Making a great
DAM OF ICE

ON THE RIGHT AND LEFT OF THEM. THIS MIRACLE WAS PERFORMED BY A BLASTING EAST WIND. The dam or wall on each side held back the waters which remained LIQUID.
EXODUS 14:21,22; 15:8

THE INSCRIPTION on the CROSS

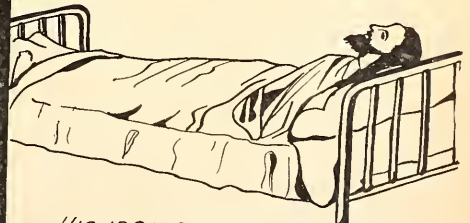
WHICH READ CORRECTLY:

"THIS IS JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS"

(MATT. 27:37; MARK 15:26; LUKE 23:38; JOHN 19:20)

WAS WRITTEN IN GREEK, LATIN AND HEBREW (LUKE 23:38) YET AT THIS PERIOD THE JEWS used neither language. THEY SPOKE ARAMAIC

KING OG WASN'T STUNTED



HIS IRON BEDSTEAD WAS NINE CUBITS, OR THIRTEEN AND A HALF FEET LONG; (a cubit being 18 inches). HE WAS THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF A REMNANT OF GIANTS, AND WAS DEFEATED BY ISRAEL (Deut. 3:11; 3:3.)

Editor's Message

(Continued from page 2)

"To be glad of life, because it gives you a chance to love, and to work, and to play, and to look up at the stars, to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends and every day of Christ."

This new year, yours and mine, holds wondrous possibilities. Let us take our visions of the New Year and make them real in our lives. Someone has said, "Begin the year with God and keep in His company till its close." But you say, "I tried that last year but failed." In the writer, you have a friend who understands. God has permitted me to have just enough of heartaches and trials to know what it means to stand alone in doing the hard things, when everything seems against you. Some time during the first few years after we accepted the way of the cross, we very well remember one day when we went into the room, which was our place of prayer, how we fell down on our face before the Lord and these were the words of our prayer, "O God, why is it, when I am so anxious to serve Thee, that so many hindrances come in my way?" I felt impressed to rise to my knees, and as I did so, God gave me a vision of the pathway to heaven. It was like a ladder reaching into the sky. But across this pathway, as though it were rungs in a ladder, there were hedges just a few feet apart. I wondered what it meant as it came before me, and the Spirit interpreted its meaning to me. These hedges represented the obstacles that will cross our pathway as we climb up this shining way. Then I said, "But, Lord, what shall I do when I come to these hedges?" And the sweet gentle voice said, "Just trust me and I'll open them for you in my own good time." And, oh, how that has helped me down through the years. This is my message to you as you launch out into this new year, when tests and trials come, just stand still and see the Lord work and bring you out in His own way and His own time. Don't get discouraged and give up. But you say, "I failed God in so many ways." Yes, and the writer can sympathize with you for she, too, has failed God many times. But I did not give up, and I have had the pleasure of seeing many of these hedges removed because I stood still and waited on the Lord.

Dear ones, it makes me sad when I see how some people give up when they make the least little mistake, and I believe it is because of the critical way that some of our people feel and act toward those who have failed. If you could only realize that one discouraging word may send a soul on the downward road, how ready we should be to encourage and help those who are struggling to walk the narrow way. Recently we heard a wonderful sermon by our pastor here in North Cleve-

land church, Brother Harrawood, on the text, "For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." Yes, He does. He loves His children. He is not standing over us with a whip to give us a stroke every time we make a mistake. He speaks to us softly and gently and reminds us. We know that He is grieved, and we must come back to Him repenting and resolving not to do so again. Of course, we must make restitution where it is necessary, but oh, what I'm trying to picture to you is a loving Father, an understanding Father, and a forgiving Father. If we were to be judged and sentenced by the people around us it would be hard to make it through, but, thank God, through Jesus Christ, we can be more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

A loving earthly father or mother is not always striking or scolding his or her little darling for every little mistake he makes. We have seen some of this kind, but we never considered it the proper way to train a child. But that loving, understanding father or mother will take the little one in his or her arms and explain to him why it is not right to do the thing in question. Oh, if this child insists on going on in disobedience then the parents must increase the punishment; and so does our heavenly Father have to do that. First, He speaks by the still small voice, then if we do not heed, He must speak a little louder and perhaps sickness or accident must come, the loss of property and perhaps the loss by death of a loved one. But still it is all in love. He is permitting us to be brought low that we might be lifted up.

My object for writing to you along this line of thought is to impress upon you the reality of the love of our dear heavenly Father and to let you see that it is safe to put your life in His keeping for the coming year. You need not fear to enter the narrow way for He will be with you to guide you and uphold you by His strong right arm.

In closing, we are giving you this little story or illustration and we trust it will open the eyes of those who are living carelessly but are hoping to win a crown at the end of the way.

Many years ago, when the upper peninsula of Michigan was an almost unbroken wilderness, two men set out to reach a new mining camp.

From the Straits of Mackinaw they hastened in a westerly direction, hoping to reach their destination ere winter with its heavy snows set in. One bright November morning they started on what they hoped was the last stage of their journey. A flurry of snow during the preceding night had almost obliterated the faint track made by the former travelers, but they confidently went forward,

believing themselves quite capable of keeping the right direction. As the day wore on, the woods through which they journeyed grew more dense, until they could not see the sun, which hitherto had been their guide. Still they pressed on, in what they believed to be a westerly course, choosing the places where the underbrush was crushed as evidence that others had been that way before.

What was their astonishment, later on, to find that they were not alone in their journey, for there were before them the fresh tracks in the snow of at least two persons. Reassured by this, they hurried on, hoping to overtake them, and were amazed still later to find that others had joined the travelers. This they looked upon as a sure token that they were on the right track, and that the camp was near, and were about to start again when they were surprised by the appearance of an Indian—who proved to be the mail carrier of the district—standing by the side of a sturdy oak just a few feet from them. So absorbed had they been in examining the tracks in the snow, that they had not noticed him before, and involuntarily their hands went to their guns. Without moving from his position the Indian grunted out in broken English, "WHITE MAN, LOST!"

This they were ready to indignantly deny, but the Indian pointed to the track and replied, "White man, lost; he go round and round."

Sure enough, they were treading what has been termed the "Death Track" and that explained the added footprints—they were their own—for they had been walking in a circle. To continue thus meant death, and so, realizing their helplessness, they were glad to accept the proffered leadership of their Indian friend, who conducted them safely to their camp.

It is not difficult to perceive the danger these men were in — an unknown country, a trackless wild, without a guide, and treading the hopeless round of the "Death Track." But is the reader aware that we are all travelers—travelers to eternity, travelers to a meeting with God? Have you ever thought of that? Many are desirous of going to heaven, but are not getting their directions from the infallible guide-book, the Bible, and they are going each one in his own way. But what say the scriptures? "There is a way that seemeth right unto man: but the end thereof are the ways of death," Prov. 6:25. They are treading the "Death Track." They say their prayers; they go to church; they "do the best they can;" they help support the gospel at home and abroad, and in all this they seek to prove faithful, and they hope they are on the straight road to heaven. But they have

not accepted the Christ of Calvary to be their guide, and as year after year passes, they are still in the same condition, plodding away and hoping for the best, but are never sure. They are going in a circle, and if their eyes were but opened to it, they would find they are lost. They need a deliverer. Thank God, He has provided One, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Dear friends, you need a guide through this trying time of world conflict. You will never make it alone. Christians, we need to nestle a little closer to our guide and be more submissive to His will so that He can lead us in green pastures and beside still waters this coming year and that our lives may be useful in His service.

Again God bless you.

NOTICES

Please remember that the mailing day for the Lighted Pathway has been moved up to the 20th instead of the 15th. Some have written in about their paper being late. We either mail them just before the 20th or just after. This depends on the day of the week on which the 20th comes. So just be patient till it arrives then you may have until the 20th of the month to sell the papers and get your money in, in order to get the \$5.00 prize.

For example, for this January issue, which is published the 20th of December, you have until the 20th of January to sell and get the money in, in order to get the \$5.00 prize which is given away each month to the one selling the most papers for the month.—*Editor*.

Dear Friends:

May I ask you who have bought plays, "Silver Linings," and "Mountain Peaks of Experience" on credit to please send in your remittance. We have \$16.50 out on "Mountain Peaks of Experience." Now wouldn't it be wonderful if I could collect this and pay on my publishing account?

Then we have \$41.05 out on plays and "Silver Linings." We have it all down on our books, but it is quite expensive to write to each one separately. So we are giving you this little reminder and we thank you in advance for your remittance.—Sincerely, *Alda B. Harrison*.

The Point of Contact in Soul-Winning

(Continued from page 12)

though no one could have recognized me from it. I had a mustache and wore different glasses.

Said the elderly man to the barber, "Who is this business man who has come to town to preach? A business man does not know how to preach."

"Perhaps he went broke and cannot do anything else."

As they crucified me I received a real

thrill. They talked of how I took the bread and butter out of the preachers' mouths. Why didn't I stay home where I belonged? The conversation then turned to the preachers in town.

"You know, there is Dr. B., who has a big church, but few people attending the meetings. He lives in a fine parsonage while the farmers lack the necessities of life."

Next in line for a going over was the Methodist preacher. "He not only has a maid but he also lives in style. And did you ever hear him preach? He doesn't know a thing about preaching."

Then they talked about the Pentecostal pastor, who received a double crucifixion. He had the smallest church. The Lutherans were the best—the speaker evidently belonged to the Lutheran church. I pretended all during the conversation to be reading.

I Am That Fellow

After the barber had given me a shave and raised me to a sitting position, I asked him, "Who is this man you are talking about?"

He answered, "He is one of those chisellers. The churches are going to have union meetings. You know what they are like."

After he had finished with me, I said, "How much do I owe you?"

"Twenty cents."

"Twenty cents for a shave? Here is half a dollar. Keep the change."

"What? Keep the change? I never before received a thirty-cent tip."

"You do not have men like me coming into your barber shop all the time."

"Who are you?"

"I am that fellow," and I pointed to the advertisement. Here is where the Holy Spirit led me.

The elderly man, who had remained to read the paper, and who happened to be the County Treasurer, lost his composure. He looked at me and then both men looked at each other.

"Now," I said, "I am going to ask you, as man to man, have you ever met me before?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear me preach?"

"No."

"I want to tell you I am the best preacher you have ever heard. Do you know if I follow any line of business or not?"

"No."

"I can buy out any store in town and not feel it. I want to know if you will come and hear me."

"We don't go to any church," they said.

"I am asking you, will you come and hear me?"

"Well, maybe."

"The meeting begins tonight in the

auditorium in the next block, and I want both of you to be there."

"Oh, not tonight!"

"I give you fair warning, if both of you are not there I will tell the entire audience what you have said about the preachers in this town." I waited to see what effect that would have on them; I never before was more sincere.

The old fellow said, "Well I think we had better go."

Both Saved

They came. The second night they were there again, and when I gave the invitation, among those who came forward were two young ladies. When I had led them to the Lord, I asked, "Are your parents here?"

One answered, "Our mother is dead, but our father is here."

I stood up and said, "Here are two young ladies, sisters, who have just surrendered to Christ, the greatest event in their lives and one that will mean much to their home as well. Can it be possible that their father is here? If you are present, father, will you come forward?"

A man made his way to the front. It was the barber. He knelt down and began to weep.

"Aren't you glad your daughters have come to Christ? Thank the Lord for it."

"How can I do that? I do not know how to pray."

"Will you not turn to Christ, too?"

"Yes."

"Then pray."

He started to repeat the Lord's prayer. I stopped him: "That is not a prayer for salvation." He commenced to recite "The Apostle's Creed," and I stopped him again. "What shall I say?" he asked.

"God be merciful to me a sinner," I replied. And he accepted Christ as his Savior. The next night the County Treasurer also was saved.

In that section of the West I have no better friends than those two men. In that barber shop you will see these mottoes "Get right with God," and the words of John 3:16. What did it? The Holy Spirit led me to use the point of contact.

In a place of business you will find your position most difficult because oftentimes in the rush of duties you haven't time to be in constant touch with heaven. This has grieved me much, but it seems hard to control such a situation.

One day the telephone rang. Dr. Kallenbach was on the wire. He said, "Mr. Hedstrom, I am sending my brother-in-law up to your place. Will you fit him up with shoes and shirts and charge the bill to me?"

Five minutes later he was on the wire again: "My brother-in-law has a greater need than that of shirts and shoes. He

has left my sister in Louisville, Kentucky, and roamed the country for more than a year, just like a tramp. He has lost his business; drink has the best of him. I am sending him to you, because I want you to win him to the Lord. Will you do it?"

I told him I would do my best, but inasmuch as he was a stranger to me I wondered how I could approach him. I said, "We will have to pray."

Seeking and Finding the Opening

I went into my office and prayed, "O God, help me to win that man, to do the right thing, that there may be fruit." He came in and was fitted with shoes, but I did not feel led to say a word to him about his soul. I helped him select shirts, but still said nothing to him of what was on my heart. I did not want to fail to lead him to Christ and not only that, but also to restore him to his family. Next I sold him slacks and as I did so prayed God to help me. When his purchases had been made I hadn't been able to say a word. However, knowing that the Lord had something for me to say I waited for the point of contact.

I suggested to him: "Will you come into my office? You have five minutes?" "Yes."

"I am going to the noonday meeting, but have time for a little talk."

I have a chair in my office which I have asked the Lord to anoint; it has been set aside for a holy purpose: that unsaved people who sit in it might come under conviction. Sinners, while sitting in that chair, have been made to realize their need of Him.

I talked to him of various things while the man leaned his chair against the wall. Spying a picture, he asked, "Who are those boys?"

Then, as clear as a voice from heaven, it came to me, "That is the point of contact." I replied, "That is a picture of my sons when they were small. One of them is the young man who helped me wait on you. I love my boys. I pointed all of them to the Lord. I would not want to live to see the day when an action of mine would cause them to say, 'I am ashamed of my father.'"

As I talked, he wept. "Why are you weeping?" I inquired.

"Oh, my boys! I am not a true father to them. I haven't seen them for many months. Oh, what a miserable man I am!"

I said, "Let's have a prayer meeting."

He agreed, and prayed, "O God, be merciful to me a sinner, and make me a new creature in Christ Jesus!"

He found the Lord, went with me to the noonday meeting and there gave his testimony. Today he is happily united with his family. What was it that was used in his salvation? The point of con-

tact, under the direction of the Holy Spirit.

What will prevent you from being used in winning souls? Sometimes perhaps the channel between you and the Lord may be clogged. The Holy Spirit cannot use us when there is something that interferes with our connection with heaven, when we are out of touch. How I wish the years when I was careless in my Christian life, the days when I have not been used, when I could not touch other lives for Jesus, could be wiped out! Those careless days make me feel a bit nervous when I think of the judgment.

The channel must be kept open. Then the Holy Spirit will lead you and me to touch other lives. I am asking you, Is the channel clear today?—*The Gospel Call*.

Bible Training School

(Continued from page 17)

for the Holy Ghost is our all in all.

Wednesday night, November 5, we met for our midweek service. No one dreamed of the good things God had in store for us, but suddenly it seemed as if the skies opened up just over our heads and the glory of God came down and filled the entire school. Students soon filled the altar praying, crying and calling aloud to God. After we prayed there for a while, some of the boys went out on the campus and prayed under the star-lit heavens. After the boys went to their dormitory, they continued to pray and God answered in a mighty way. Many were saved, sanctified and baptized with the Holy Ghost. Truly this is one of the greatest times the students of B. T. S. have ever witnessed. We are praying that the few remaining unsaved will soon be saved. What a glorious privilege it is to be here in this wonderful spiritual atmosphere. When we hear of the horrible things that are taking place in the world outside, we seek a place at the foot of the cross again and thank God for the privilege of being shielded from the outside suffering for this term of school at least.—Perdue Stanley, Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

A New Year's Eve Meditation

(Continued from page 11)

resolutions? I know those of last year did not succeed so well. What is the good of making new ones just to break them again? But, O my soul, be not so shallow in your thinking. Is it not around the broken things that we grow? Are not the worn-out toys of our childhood symbolic of the upward climb of life? It is better to have played with a toy and broken it than never to have played with a toy at all. It is better to have resolved nobly and failed than never to have resolved nobly at all.

In this quiet New Year's Eve here alone I am, for a moment, my best self. Out of the shadows around me whisper the friendly voices of God's good spirits, and something fine and warm in me responds: Dear God, I should so much like to be worth while! Maybe I can do better this new year if YOU will just give me another chance. My spirit is willing though my flesh may be weak. Tonight the good in me is on the throne. I know it. Outside, down on the street, there is the noise of revelry. So many down there are spending themselves sinfully tonight among the pleasures of the flesh. Truly, dear God, in utter humility, do I thank Thee that in this one hour at least I am not as they are. YOU have touched something fine and holy in me and it wants to companion me into the new year.

It may well be that I have lost during the year. Do we not all lose somehow? The locusts are so many and so voracious. And that which I have lost I know I shall need in the new year. I cannot afford to go on without it.

O Maker and Giver of Life, restore unto me tonight the year that the locusts have eaten.

God's touch can renew the broken hold. And if during the year that hold may slip, then perchance He will hold me! I may feel His everlasting arms around and beneath me.

Can God restore? Can the broken wire be mended? The well-known parable of the spider, who snapped the long thread that ran from his old home high in the barn to the new home on the lower level, ends in tragedy. The broken thread could not be spun again, and so the whole web collapsed.

But God does not deal with men as He does with spiders. He will restore. So, if perchance my clock has stopped because I have lost contact with Him I know tonight, so surely, that He is only too glad to mend the broken wire if I just reach my end out to Him!

Nor will I be content with this. The new year has treasures for me that I have never seen. It has qualities of life I have never had. The new of life lies before me in the new of time. There is much work to be done requiring new strength. He, whose I am and whom I serve, will equip me.

Like unto the householder will he be who out of the storehouse of time will bring forth treasures old and new, the old I thought I had lost, and the new I have never had.

The courthouse clock just across the street is striking slowly, with strange musical holiness, twelve solemn tones. The New Year is here and above all the revel in the streets I hear the glad voice of my Lord in the music of the bell.—*The New Century Leader*.

Christian, Is Your Torch Held Aloft

(Continued from page 8)

to walk by is that which is in your heart, the light of truth, unselfishness, kindness." Since that light is born in the heart of those who give themselves to the service of Christ, it is the only one by which the future will be illuminated.

I take up the thought and look at it again and again. Why should the Christian be important? At once there comes floating back the answer: That is the only way that God can make the Infinite finite; that is the only way the general can become specific; the only way the abstract can become concrete. It is through one personality coming in contact with another. You know abstract words have no significance to us until they have been translated into terms of human experience. When I mention the word love, or forgiveness, or kindness, you do not know to what I am referring except as you have seen love, forgiveness, and kindness revealed in human personality. The only way these truths of the gospel become gripping is by their being incarnated in human personality. Only then can we understand them.

Let us consider another abstract word. You can no more fall in love with abstract goodness than with the law of gravity. An abstract idea, emotion or attribute cannot be understood until it takes on flesh and blood. Therefore, somebody will only gain an impression through you as a Christian. A preacher can speak on the subject of theology and talk about Christian attributes all he pleases, but people will receive lasting impressions of Christianity only through the life you live.

What standards of life do you imbibe? How true to the mark is your Christianity when you do business with folks? I learned more about religion in business from a Y. M. C. A. secretary who sold me a secondhand Model T Ford than in any other manner. The scrupulous honesty, the willingness to go the second mile in that dear man completely captivated me. That was in 1920. We still maintain a contact. In his business transactions he applied this principle, a vehicle for the interpretation of a beautiful Christian spirit.

Can You Stand the Test?

How do you stand trouble? How do you face disaster? Does the Christian church find a beautiful exemplification in you as an illustration? The best sermon preached while I was pastor of Winfield Church was not preached by me. It was preached by a man who lived in affluence and who was generous to every good cause. He was on the official board, was superintendent of the Sunday school, and regular in attendance. Like a flash of lightning from a clear sky there came

tremendous financial reverses, through which he became bankrupt almost overnight. Of course, you know what the critics said, The only reason he went to church was because of his business. Did he become sour and bitter? Did he stay home from church because he could not give two thousand dollars? He never faltered.

House and automobile gone, he walked the streets in search of a job. At the board meeting he sat in his accustomed place. When the time came for him to make his pledge, he made it as generously as he could. He was faithful every step of the way and still is. He is right there in that same church, doing the same thing. Now when the pastor of that church gets up and says, "Beloved, we ought to endure hardness as good soldiers," that man knows what he is talking about. I have known him intimately for six years. He and his wife are an illustration of how a Christian can shine for Jesus Christ in spite of trouble.

Do You Shine Under Adversity?

How do you face the tragedy of death? Do your actions rightly illustrate the power of the Lord Jesus to make one strong in such an hour? When we preach the doctrine of the glorious resurrection, can those who know us best see that our lives exemplify our preaching? When the way is dark and the burden heavy, do we still let our light shine?

In a town in Arkansas a tragedy happened in a doctor's office. A woman had gone with her husband for what they thought was a minor operation. But when the doctor gave the anesthetic, the patient's life was snuffed out. His wife became hysterical.

I suppose some would have thought the doctor quoted a passage of scripture and spoke softly to her. But he didn't. He walked up to her and, in no uncertain tone, asked, "Madam, are you a Christian?" It came as a dash of cold water in her face.

She looked at him and said, "Yes, sir." Then he replied, "Be one now!"

He seemed to recall to her her responsibility and she composed herself. She went through the funeral service and the months that immediately followed gloriously witness to the power of victory over death.

You are important. It is only through you that somebody will get a conception of what the preachers talk about. It is only through you that theology, creeds, and the glorious message of the gospel became hands and feet to enter the homes and the lives of people who need a Savior.

God Must Work Through You

Let us take another step. You are important because it is only through the individual that God Almighty can ever get into a specific situation. It is all right to talk about being religious in general,

but you have to be religious specifically. Almost any layman can give a fine talk on honesty in business, and of going the second mile, but to be a Christian oil man is different. Maybe you do not know much about oil in this part of the country; it is our bread and butter down in Texas. Try to be a Christian lawyer or grocer. I mean, be sincerely religious in your daily walk and life. That is the only way to be genuinely religious.

If you cannot carry your religion into your daily life, there is something wrong either with your religion or with you. It is so easy to be general instead of specific. That is why we have such a difficult time in getting the pagan world to believe we mean a word of what we preach.

At any rate, the only way God can make us specific is through individuals in their daily lives. Doctors have access to many situations that no minister can touch; school teachers have access to pupils no one else can reach; young people have access to groups of young people to whom they can render a Christian service in a way that no minister can ever do. Whether there is a need, God has somebody there if only he will shine. But many church members are not interested in shining. They are interested in self-admiration. According to some folks' conception of the truth, the minister and a few faithful people are like a tug boat. If the lines are neglected for a few minutes half of the church members are on the rocks. How much more adequate would be the conception of a church as a great mother ship, out from which daily put forth the individual boats of the fishermen, who look continually to the mother ship for guidance and return to her for refreshing and renewed vigor and strength—a great fishing flotilla for God.

Church Work Means Live For Christ

Church work, by some folks, has been entirely misconstrued. Every now and then the telephone rings in my home at Houston. It is usually a woman's voice, "Brother Quillian, my husband is not very much interested in the church. I wonder if you could give him some work to do."

Perhaps it is a man's voice, "My daughter is slipping. Won't you please give her some church work to do?" Church work is taking the inspiration, gifts, and strength and going into the homes and making real the Christian truths we have learned at the altar of the church.

It is high time we Protestants felt the responsibility of our membership. Jesus meant what He said when He told His disciples they were important. The only play He gave us for saving the world was this individual contact of one personality with another. Jesus built no political organization. He wrote no books. He found-

ed no educational institutions. Jesus simply poured out His life into a handful of men and women and sent them out to touch other lives, and He expected those in turn to contact still others until around the world there should break forth a light that had come direct from the heart of God.

However feeble, your light should shine in the world of darkness. Your allegiance to truth; your righteousness as against evil; your love of peace against war; will shine forth as a city set on a hill. If you do not let your light shine there will be darkness where God planned there should be light. Oh, that every one of us might fully understand his responsibilities! If God designed that we should be the light of the world, then certainly if we fail to let that light shine there will be darkness where our heavenly Father planned there should be light.

Three Lights on Strike

Three rays of light shone out from the sun. The first ray said, "I am not important." "Nor am I," joined in the second. "Nor I," added the third. "We will go where we please and do what we please." Duty is an old-fashioned word that has lost its meaning. Come with me and we shall see the results of these three brilliant lights failing to shine.

Down on earth a lover had gone into a jewelry store to buy an engagement ring. So anxious was he that the stone be perfect that he borrowed the lapidary's glass. At the front of the store where the light shone brilliantly, he took the stone in his hand and held it up to the lapidary's instrument, looking for a possible flaw. There was a momentary blur, and because the first ray failed, two lovers plighted their troth with a stone that had a flaw in it.

An emergency operation was to be performed. Something had lodged in the eye of a child when he fell. There was no time to take him to the hospital; so the doctor anesthetized the eye and operated as quickly as his skillful hands could work. Finally his fingers were ready for the last stroke of the lancet; there was a momentary blur, and because of the failure of the second ray his lancet cut too deep and the child went blind through life.

Two young men were flying the Atlantic, carrying one of the super airplanes to England. After having been out only three or four hours, something went wrong with the compass. The navigator had been looking for a glimpse of the sun, hoping it might break through the thick clouds of fog which enveloped them. As they waited feverishly, the gasoline supply gradually decreasing, suddenly the fog rolled back and straight up toward the sky he set his instrument. Just as he was about to take the reading there was a

momentary blur and his eye missed the reading. And because of the failure of the third ray two noble boys lost their lives at sea.

Somebody remarks, "What a strange way to wind up a sermon, telling a fairy story like that!" But, my friends, that is not a tale. I dare say you know two lovers whose plighted troth has a terrible flaw in it because at a critical moment some Christian failed to let his light shine. Doubtless you could lead me to a home in which there is a little child who will go spiritually blinded through life because a Christian at a critical moment failed to let his light shine. I assume two boys have gone down in life's sea, and now are hopeless wrecks because at a critical moment some Christian failed to radiate the life of Christ.

Here is a sermon that comes to my door and yours: "Ye are the light of the world." Christians, if you fail to let your light shine there will be darkness where God intended there should be light.—*The Gospel Call*.

Margery Turns a New Leaf

(Continued from page 10)

Now, conscience held up the ugly word, "stole"!

And the boys had noticed the liquor on her breath! She had used that mouth wash that Julianne recommended, too. "Play!" When had she been in a mood to be a companion to any one in the home. And as for telling them how to grow up to be "fine" men—well, she'd have to change her ways before they would listen to her.

How had she gotten into this condition, she wondered. Honestly she thought back. Yes, that was it. After the boys started to school she was left with a whole long day by herself. Before that she had thought the noise would drive her crazy. Then it seemed as if the silence would make her frantic!

In this hour of loneliness Julianne had come with her suggestion of a club. She knew that if Mrs. Peters or some other good woman had offered to take her to a missionary meeting or to an organized Sunday school class, or other church organization, she would have welcomed it as eagerly for she needed companionship. And the result would have been quite different. It was the same old story of Satan furnishing mischief for idle hands.

She had been uneasy at times, but had allowed her fears to be allayed. She saw now that when she first realized that her hands were in "mischief," the obvious thing would have been to get out of it. But only now had she succeeded in breaking away from the club. She still had a long way to go with her family.

The words of an old song ran through her thought. "Each victory will help you

some other to win." And the refrain went on:

*"Ask the Savior to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through."*

It had been long years since she had prayed, and not very frequently then perhaps. But in this critical hour she did turn to the Lord.

It was borne in upon her consciousness that a "session of truth" with her family would have to come. Repentance was the first step and she, herself, would have to remove the boulders of deceit and—yes—dishonesty from the path she had been traveling. She must tell Joe that she had filched his hard-earned cash and—lost it—at cards.

She well knew what she would think of him if he squandered their living in the taverns and the pool halls. And she was not one whit better! Because her group was a club of young matrons did not change the essential fact. How could she have been asleep so long!

It was hard to confess to her husband, but—she did it. Only the help of the Lord could give such courage as that. It convinced him of her sincerity as nothing else could have done.

The Holy Spirit drove home to his heart the conviction that he, too, needed the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. He had not been the head of a Christian household. He had noted his wife's growing absorption in the club, and her lessening interest in the home, but he had only scolded and raged instead of giving intelligent help.

So, mutually penitent, they again clasped hands in a renewal of the marriage vows of love and honor.

"Do you suppose the Peters family is at home," suggested Margery the next evening. If she were to become like that lady she ought to know her better. So they called up.

Mr. and Mrs. Peters were just starting for prayer meeting and they cordially invited, "Come on over and go with us. Let the boys stay here and get their home work with our boys."

Under the tender, melting presence of the Lord in the service the Selbys humbled themselves and at the altar found healing for their backslidings, forgiveness for their sins, and courage to face the temptation to frivolity.

"Oh, why did I waste all those years?" questioned Margery. "Why didn't I turn over that new leaf sooner?"

"That is always a wonderment to me," said Mrs. Peters earnestly. "But it's better late than never, and what a comfort to know that you have a chance to begin again. With the Lord's help you may make a record of that which you need not be ashamed of."—S. S. Banner.

Prayer Page

Reverence

Reverence for God, by the Christian, is a continual manifestation of a filial fear of Him, mingled with respect, and esteem. We must not forget that God dwells in unapproachable glory, far beyond the reach of our minds, and that we are but insects in comparison with Him. "Holy and reverend is his name!" How often irreverence characterizes the conduct or language of persons during divine service, in the house of worship. Who has not seen the leader of song turn the leaves of his book, even with confusing sounds, during the moment of prayer? This is a most careless habit, and one most annoying, often, to him who engages in supplication. The fear seems to be that the next hymn will not be ready, and rather than that time should be lost, indifference and irreverence may be indulged. It is sadly evident, too, that ministers are most faulty in this direction. We plead for reverence in time of prayer, and this means closed eyes, bowed head and attention to material things utterly given up for the time being. He is a poor manager who cannot conduct a meeting without infracting the commonest rules of religious propriety. Deductions, funeral services, special occasions of all kinds, are greatly marred by what may be termed an exhibition of machinery. In some of our meetings pre-arrangement cannot be carried too far as to the program, as it would tend to formality if it were, but examining hymn books, gazing around at a congregation or leaving or entering a meeting is seldom necessary. If reverence be not kept during divine worship of prayer, there is nothing left in the service of any spiritual value.

ADORATION

Though adoration and reverence are closely allied, yet there is a difference. Reverence is due respect being offered regardless of whether the soul has the awe that is sometimes prevalent. In other words, when attending a service one should observe due reverence whether or not he has that great adoration in his heart for God, while adoration itself is the act of paying loving worship to the Supreme Being. How thoughtful should we be as we approach the Infinite One, to ask of Him the petition of our hearts, or offering thanks for benefits already bestowed, remembering that we are "dust and ashes," and that God only is great. This adoration Madam Guyon called the *Prayer of silence*. "So much," she says, "was my soul absorbed in God, that my

eyes and ears seemed to close of themselves to outward objects, and to leave the soul under the exclusive influence of the inward attraction."

DESIRE

Prevailing prayer is accompanied by desire, intense in proportion to the greatness of the blessing sought. If you want to be converted, you must desire above everything else, above life, the accomplishment of God's will in your salvation. If you desire sanctification you must desire it to the glory of God above worldly possessions, above the possession of your dearest friend, above own pleasures in anything. If you desire so intensely as that for the Holy Ghost also you will be lost to everything in the universe but God's sweet will. Is this your desire as you pray? Our souls have then the ability to leap forward and claim the promised good, even while in the act of asking. It is on the supposition that this mighty force is present that our Savior could say to any soul, "What things soever ye DESIRE when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Very often without this great desire and burden the prayer of faith would not be offered; just as in the case of the sinner, unless God lets down on him the burden of his sin like a crushing mountain, he would never come to God for salvation. His burden drives him to God for relief; the condition of relief being surrender to God. When the Holy Spirit excites within us a great desire, we should at once surrender, and follow till we prevail in prayer. How many prayers are lost because great desire is not followed to where it leads—to victory! Now the question is, are we prepared to meet the condition of prevailing prayer? If we are not, then let us stop praying at once, knowing that prayer that does not meet the conditions specified is an abomination to God, and therefore cannot be answered. With obedient and broken and trusting hearts and contrite spirits let us come to our infinitely loving Father whose bowels of mercy yearn over us, and who waits graciously to bestow, with unbounded pleasure, all that our needy souls require.

Brethren: Pray for Us

1 Thess. 5:25

*Rev. Archd. MacFadyen, Edinburgh,
Scotland*

Paul was at Corinth when he wrote the Epistles to the Thessalonians, the earliest of all the epistles we have. His visit to Thessalonica had been productive of good

results, but persecution drove him hurriedly from the city. The same cause shortened his stay in Berea. He came next to Athens where he found an audience eager to hear anything new, but the Word had not much effect upon the cultured Athenians. Many mocked, and others delayed the consideration of this all-important question. There were, however, some who joined themselves to the Apostle. The next scene of labor was Corinth, to which city he went dejected and sad. At length, Timothy and Silas arrived from Macedonia. Here God encouraged him, and said, "I have much people in this city." Although Paul had this divine promise, and strong confidence in its fulfillment, yet he requested the prayers of the Thessalonian converts. He needed them much. Corinth was remarkable for outward splendor, but it was just as renowned for inward corruption.

Paul set a high value upon prayer. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." The prayer of Moses opened up the Red Sea so that the Israelites passed over on dry ground. Prayer sweetened the bitter waters of Marah. Joshua's prayer made a day longer than ordinary that his enemies might be more thoroughly defeated. Think of Elijah and Daniel. As Jesus prayed by the river Jordan, after baptism, the Spirit came down from heaven in the form of a dove. As He prayed on the mountain His countenance shone, and His raiment became white as snow. The thief, on the cross, had his prayer answered immediately. The waiting and praying multitude received the Pentecostal outpouring. The Church's prayer set Peter free from prison. Paul, therefore, asks prayer for himself and also for Timothy and Silvanus who are mentioned at the beginning of this epistle.

Paul had a similar request in several of his epistles (Rom. 15:30; 2 Cor. 1:11; Eph. 6:18-20). The same subject of requested prayer is mentioned in Colossians as in Ephesians, the opening of a door of utterance, Col. 4:3. Deliverance from chains was to the Apostle only valuable insofar as it gave him an opportunity of opening his mouth for Jesus, and laboring with uninterrupted liberty. He is a prisoner for the gospel, but his sufferings have not made him less attached to Christ's cause.

In the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians we read again, 3:1, "Pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course," no obstacle being in the way to hinder its rapid spread, and also that all may welcome the message cordially, and their lives be elevated and ennobled by the

(Continued on page 34)

The Sinner's Page



JOYCE WRIGHT'S CHOICE

Joyce Wright sat alone on the spacious piazza of her palatial home so absorbed in an interesting story that she had not heard footsteps upon the stone walk. Suddenly her attention was called to a familiar voice, and looking up, she met the genial smile of a young man, a lifetime friend whom she had not seen since her recent return from the West.

"It seems good to see you back in Langley, Joyce," said Rudolph Williams in his usual cordial manner. "A gloom hung over the town all the while you were away. At least that's the way it seemed to me."

"I'm glad you took the trouble to qualify the statement, Rudolph, for this old historic town, full of mossbacks, has never for a moment missed me, unless I was considered a good riddance; for be assured that the old fogies here aren't seeking either of us to afford them pleasure. We're just a little too modern and broad in our views for that," rejoined Joyce Wright as she tossed back a golden lock that persisted in going astray as she called it.

"Yes, the younger generation has made leaps and bounds far beyond anything our forefathers have known, but I'm inclined, Joyce, to believe that they can still teach us some very valuable lessons if we'll but listen to them. I'm thinking especially now of youth's attitude toward life as related to the future. We've just about arrived at the place where we reject many of the great fundamental truths of the

Bible, and when someone has the courage to call our attention to it, we shrug our shoulders and pass it off lightly as though it were a question of no vital importance."

"We're young, Rudolph, so why should we take life so seriously? It will be time enough twenty years from now to devote our time and thoughts to such serious matters."

"I used to think that way, too, Joyce, but life is too short and uncertain for us to spend all our best days in frivolity. James Anderson, my classmate at the university, taught me that lesson. You know he was such a strong, healthy fellow, so full of life and vim. Last week he took desperately sick and the doctor was called but to no avail. He always made fun of religion, but when he knew he couldn't get well he asked me if I knew how to pray, said he needed someone to help him; but—you know—I couldn't do it. I didn't know how. Friday the poor fellow went out into the great unknown, and we laid him away in Rivermont. Joyce, you talk about being too young, I want to tell you Rivermont is full of graves just your size. You know life is so uncertain."

"Then," continued Joyce Wright, "your experience with James Anderson evidently accounts for your serious turn of mind. Time heals, you know, and then you'll be the same good sport you used to be. I suppose we will have to bear with you until then."

"I trust I may never get over it to the extent of returning to my old way of thinking, and as a safeguard against it, I've lined up with the church attendants."

"Ugh! You're getting so good. Where are you attending?" queried Joyce Wright with an amused expression in her lovely blue eyes. "I didn't know you ever went to church."

"Well, you see I've changed considerably since you went away. Rev. Johnson is conducting special evangelistic services at first church. Better go and hear him."

"If I did he might possibly convert me into a walking saint, too, and I'm not ready for that yet, just past my eighteenth birthday. However, I always go to Sunday school, so I'm not such a heathen after all. But really, Rudolph, it seems strange to hear you propagating religion, I always thought that was entirely out of your line."

"Doubtless so, but the truth of the matter is, I'm thoroughly convinced that

worldly pleasures offer no lasting satisfaction. They're all so fleeting. I'm looking for something that satisfies and makes a fellow happy. The evangelist says that true happiness is found only in Christ, and may be ours by a definite acceptance of Him as our personal Savior. Come down this evening and hear him."

"Well, if I do it will be through sheer curiosity."

When Rudolph Williams turned the corner and was lost to view, Joyce Wright remained in the same place, apparently in deep meditation. Never had she heard anyone express himself so freely along the line of spiritual things as Rudolph had done. She was sure he was right in saying the world offered no lasting satisfaction, but never before had she given it a passing thought.

The church was packed to its utmost capacity when Joyce Wright arrived. The evangelist had already taken his place on the rostrum and the meeting was in full swing. Joyce Wright was impressed with the soul-stirring message, especially as the evangelist appealed to youth to surrender their lives to Christ, and make Him their Lord and Master. Then came an opportunity for personal decisions. She sat almost breathless as the voice of the speaker ceased, and a holy stillness seemed to pervade the place. For a moment there was not a stir, then a tall, well appearing young man quietly and deliberately moved out of his seat, went forward and grasped the evangelist's hand, and then passed on into the inquiry room. Joyce Wright could scarcely believe that Rudolph Williams, the popular athletic champion of Green University, was making a personal decision for Christ. A strange feeling of loneliness swept over her.

It was past eleven o'clock when Joyce Wright retired to her room. Sleep had taken its flight. The one thought that absorbed her was the evangelist's theme: "Youth's Obligation to Christ." In her innermost being there was an intense desire for a personal knowledge of that which the evangelist had been speaking. Just then the enemy of her soul came very close to her side as she stood by the open window, and said,

"Joyce, what are you going to do about your father's plans when you are through college? Would you be so foolish as to give up such an attractive future for an insignificant thing as the gospel? Better think well before you do it. You're young and will have plenty of time later."

Joyce Wright made no audible reply. She flung herself across the bed, and then she heard a still, small voice say, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." For a moment she seemed to be transported to the "city of the dead."

"There are the graves of those who

scrambled for wealth, fame and popularity, and obtained their desires," said the guide as he pointed to a number of stately monuments. "Their names are seldom mentioned now in society, and they died without hope and without God, didn't have time for spiritual things in this life." Turning to the left, he pointed to several graves and said, "These all died young. Life is so uncertain. The old must die and the young may die."

When Joyce Wright awakened from her dream, for she termed it as such, she knew that the Spirit was pleading for her allegiance to Christ. Rising from her bed she took a sheet of paper and wrote, "Reasons for my allegiance to Christ." It seemed so easy to give her reasons when the Spirit brought to her remembrance the wonderful price paid for her redemption on the Cross of Calvary, and she realized for the first time that she owed to Him her life, her all. When she attempted to give her reasons for not accepting Him, her mind seemed blank.

"There's not a reason in all the world," she exclaimed, "I'll take Him at any cost. Rudolph Williams' Savior is my Savior, too."—*Youth's Comrade*.

Keep the Stars in Sight, Lads

(Continued from page 6)

on the star, and you will come safely through the dangers of life into the port of peace at last."—*Selected*.

Changed

(Continued from page 4)

seemed to do everything to please them.

Mother was wondering if Jack's good behavior would last after he came home from school.

"Mother, if there is not anything I can do for you I will go out and play awhile." Jack had usually thrown down his books and gone out with scarcely a word, and mother smiled as she said: "No, Jack, there is nothing you can do just now."

Mother's heart was full of joy. "What can be the matter with Jack?" she thought. When father came home she told him.

"Let's ask the boy," said father. Jack was called, and father told him how happy mother had been because he seemed so changed.

"Well, father," he said manfully, "I'll tell you about it. Last Sunday after teacher had taught the lesson she talked to us a long time, and something seemed to say inside of me, 'Jack, you are not a good boy;' and I thought about it all day, and when I went to bed; and in the morning He made me a different boy. That is all, father." — *Publisher Unknown*.

Why I Know the Bible Is the Word of God

(Continued from page 7)

that for millions, he finds himself almost tempted to question a little bit the life of the man who tramples it underneath his unholy feet and goes out of his way to tear it into pieces.

This is especially true of the man or woman who has known the Word and formerly professed to believe in it. It is an easy thing to get into doubt about things divine when one first begins to drift away into worldliness and sin and from the standard of a righteous, holy life such as this Book holds up.

Let me tell you of a young college graduate. His pastor asked him to show the stereopticon pictures of Bible scenes in the Sabbath school. He thought the young man being a college man could do this work very acceptably.

"If I do it," said the young man, "I'll do it as a personal favor to you, not that I believe in it."

"I do not ask that you do it merely as a personal favor," was his pastor's reply.

"Well, I've been thinking, and I don't believe in God."

"Come down to my study," said the preacher, "and we will talk it over."

The young man had gone to college as a member of the pastor's church, and he had a right to talk it over. He came and the two spent several hours over the question.

"So you have been 'thinking,' and have arrived at the conclusion that there is no God."

"Yes."

"Will you name some other great thinkers who stand with you on this question?" asked the pastor.

The young man hesitated and finally said, "Didn't Kant, the philosopher, reach that conclusion?"

"Have you read Kant's books?" he was asked, and the preacher endeavored to find out whether the boy had been doing any thinking at all on the subject.

"No—no," he replied, "I've been told that he discarded God."

Then the pastor told about Kant's first book and its conclusions, and about his subsequent reversal of position in regard to the existence of God.

The young man then began to assert his denial of God, when the pastor stopped him and said:

"There is something else back of all this, tell me the whole story."

When the boy hesitated, his pastor said, "You went to college, and you began to drink, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"You lost money at cards?"

His pastor knew this and was prepared for the answer, "Yes."

"You did some other things of which

you are not now proud?"

"Yes."

"And when you did all those things, you began to disbelieve in God? Isn't it a fact that you had to get rid of God in order to escape a guilty and a troubled conscience?"

You see the young man did not think his way into infidelity. Real thinking never lands a man in a place like that. The thing that usually leads to skepticism is the thing that makes the soul uncomfortable in the presence of God and that thing as a rule is sin. There are exceptions, but this is the rule. And instead of repenting and getting right with God men will brazenly deny the existence of God and rule the Bible out of court.

It is your privilege to be skeptical if you arrive honestly but you must come clean, and I serve notice now that when a man begins to flippantly deny the existence of God and to find fault with the Bible and turns his little garden-hose of his own self-estimated colossal and stupendous intellect upon the other world in frantic, futile endeavor to put out the fires of judgment, people of real thought and observation begin to suspect that his chief trouble is in his heart and not in his head.

There was an old Frenchman by the name of Lepaux who tried to get up a new religion. He called it "Theophanthropy," and he complained to Talleyrand that it made but little headway among the people, and the shrewd old statesman replied,

"I am not surprised at the difficulty you find in your effort. It is no easy matter to introduce a new religion. But there is one thing I would advise you to do, and then, perhaps, you might succeed."

"What is it? What is it?" cried Lepaux in great excitement.

"Well," said Talleyrand, "it is this; go and be crucified and then be buried and rise again on the third day, and then go on working miracles, raising the dead, casting out devils and healing all manner of disease, and then if possible you may accomplish your end." And the old philosopher went away silent.

And so it is with the Bible. The fact that man never wrote a better one is a mighty strong argument in its favor. If man made the Bible he ought to be able to make just as good a one today. He ought to be able to make a better one. That is so by the very law of development.

Think of the little smattering of knowledge they had in their day as compared with ours. Science had not yet unlocked for them the doors of nature; the stars above and the rocks below withheld their secrets from them, and yet one is simply dumbfounded and staggered at the intelligence with which the Bible handles

almost every problem that confronts the human race.

And so I say, let the infidel, the agnostic, the materialist and the atheist, with all the knowledge of the twentieth century at their command, write a better book than the Bible, or at least one just as good or hold their peace.

Yes, I believe the Bible is the Word of God because the best people in the world accept it as such and the better the people are the more they believe it.

And now, my friends, since this Book is the Word of God, it is mighty important for you to know what it has to say about the great question which occupied our minds at the beginning of these addresses.

It is this Book that gives to you the only possible and positive assurance of a life beyond the grave. But it has more to say. It says that man was born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and that we have all sinned and come short of the glory of God, that the wages of sin is eternal death and that without holiness no man shall see God.

But, thank God, it shows us a way out of the dilemma. Lord Kelvin was the greatest scientist the British Empire ever had. He gave to the world more scientific discoveries than perhaps any other man who has ever lived. One day somebody asked him what was the greatest discovery he ever made, and he replied, "The greatest discovery I ever made is the fact that the Lord Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

And this Book says this same Savior is yours, if you will let Him be, and mine if I will take Him as such.

What a Book it is!

*"Thou truest friend man ever knew;
Thy constancy I have tried;
When all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.*

*"The mines of earth no treasure give
That can this volume buy,
In teaching me the way to live
It taught me how to die."*

When Hal Lost His Case

(Continued from page 5)

business in hand.

One beautiful afternoon a large automobile bearing an out-of-state tag turned onto Avenue "A" from the highway and stopped in front of the Harper home. From it stepped a dignified person who had given a word of instruction to his chauffeur before passing up the steps of the spacious Harper home.

In response to his knock, a maid answered the door and, upon being informed that it was Judge White, asked him into the parlor and announced his arrival to her mistress.

With mingled emotions Mrs. Harper prepared to face the judge. She had been at her son's trial and had felt that the judge dealt fairly according to the evidence which she had heard presented. She felt, with all her mother's heart and love, that the evidence was framed. She had told others repeatedly, and she seemed to believe it, that her son was as innocent as the angels. He had been sentenced to prison, and was there now.

In a gentlemanly manner the judge soon introduced the purpose of his visit. He was seeking out the facts as to why young men became criminals, and whether or not there were any extenuating circumstances which might alter the opinion that they were criminals. Mrs. Harper now had opportunity to declare to the judge herself what she had told others, that her son was as innocent as the angels in heaven. However, the jurist told Hal's mother that he had called the boy into his chambers after the verdict was rendered and sentence passed, and Hal had confessed the whole case to him. This occasioned a fresh burst of tears, as the mother sobbed: "I'm at a loss to know why Hal ever did such a thing after we trained him as we did."

Offering consolation to the widowed mother and assuring her of continued interest in the case, the judge withdrew to continue investigation of the case in the little village where Hal had been reared.

First, he sought out the policeman and made inquiry of him concerning Hal's days in the village. From him he learned that Hal was never considered "a bad boy." One statement of the officer impressed the judge. It was his observation: "But I always did figure that Hal would be better off if his parents had seen that he had a job, or something to do besides play around with the sons of the few rich men in town. He never was taught to work nor to do anything he did not want to do. He was allowed to idle away all his time, doing as he pleased."

As Judge White turned from Officer Kelly he mused: "An idle brain is the devil's workshop. Idleness is truly the mother of crime."

Inasmuch as the principal of the high school was in the village for the summer season, the judge decided to interview him regarding the boy's school-day activities. Professor Black was a true man. His morals were high and his mind was keenly alert to the modern perils facing youth. He, like others, had been saddened by Hal's escapades, but he confided to the judge that he had always felt that Hal would face something sooner or later that would be difficult, because he had never had a proper respect for the rules of the high school.

On the playground, things were all right so long as they went Hal's way. He

was a good winner, but a poor loser. However, there had been some whisperings that Hal knew how, when the backs of others were turned, to make things go his way. He had been given the benefit of some doubts because the circumstances were such that his statements could not be positively refuted. There had been times when indications were that Hal had not truly represented the facts in the case.

"One of the worst faults I saw in Hal, next to the things mentioned before," said Professor Black, "was his carelessness regarding the property of another. If he needed a pencil, or some paper, or anything larger or smaller, and saw such lying about, he would not stop to inquire as to who owned it or whether he might borrow it. He appropriated it and left it where he finished with it. We tried to show him the evil in this, but he scoffed at us for being so scrupulous about these 'little things.'"

And as the judge was about to bid the teacher good-bye, he was told that since all of this trouble about Hal had been reported, one of his teachers in the grades, who had taken a special interest in him, might be able to further assist with the case.

As Judge White was being driven to the cottage where Hal's former teacher lived, he spoke aloud: "Idleness, and disregard for that which belongs to others. These are two steps to crime."

But there was no time for further musings, for the car had stopped in front of the teacher's cottage, and she had looked up from her flower bed. The judge introduced himself and was asked to be seated on the cool porch.

The teacher talked of her love for flowers, and of her interest in training them, and of her success with them. When she spoke of their response to her efforts of cultivation, she became very sober and said: "I wish all my pupils had been as responsive to the moral lessons I tried to impart to them as my flowers have been to the training I have given in their sphere."

(To be continued)

Taking Offense

It is a sign of a little nature to be easily offended. Some girls are all the time taking offense at their schoolmates, at their teachers, their friends, their relatives, their neighbors, and even the clerks who wait on them in the stores, or the streetcar conductors who ask for their fares. The girl busy with real worthwhile things, has not time to take offense every few hours. She cannot waste either time or energy in that way.—Sel.

Some minds are full of imagination because no effort has been made to fill them with information.

The Vision

(Continued from page 3)

Perhaps the druggist can give me something."

And that was how he happened to get a more intimate, even if fleeting, glimpse into the depths of her eyes and to listen to the gay little song that they sang.

She had had him on a pedestal last night. When he was doing things, he was so magnificent. Now she would have an opportunity to read his character when he was having things done to him—unpleasant things. . .

"I will be loyal to the welfare of the patients who come under my care. . . . There were two things a dental nurse could do in an emergency like this: Send the patient to one of Dr. Thorwald's confreres, or else administer first aid herself.

She decided on the latter course. "If it's toothache," she said, "I think I can take care of it for you. If you will come this way, please."

He followed her through the business office into operating room number one in the southwest corner of the dental suite. In a moment he was in the chair, under the elbowed, pendulous arm of the unit.

There was nothing romantic about a man when he was in the dental chair.

With the aid of a magnifying mirror she found the offending tooth. There was a cavity in the lower first molar, left side, caries extending through the enamel and dentine and into the pulp. Pain caused by pulpitis, she diagnosed it. Toothache gum would give quick, temporary relief.

She hummed a little melody while she busied herself at the cabinet. . . . "We lift our eyes unto the hills. . . ." She had always liked brown eyes. . . . Sh! Keep your mind on your work! She must be careful not to hurt him. A woman could hurt a man so easily. There was power in his voice to win souls, she thought. Was he fully surrendered to Christ? The only life worth living was the one fully yielded to Him.

First molar. Too bad! He had waited too long to save the tooth. In the old days the nerve could have been killed and extracted, and the tooth repaired. Today the entire tooth must be removed, for dead teeth were potential disease generators. It would not affect his smile, however.

He liked the way she moved about the chair, so confident, so careful. . . . Ouch! his muscles tensed, his fingers gripped the chair arm. He thought he must look to her like a fish gasping for water. He liked her gray-green eyes better at close view. Last night in her prayer she had said, "We do love Thee so. . . ." Few young women could say that truthfully. She had brought

to the Manger-Altar all the gold of her life. She had brought herself, and that was all gold. He knew it without knowing her, for he had seen gold before in the grand little lady who was his mother.

A moment later he sighed with relief. The pain was gone, except for a dull ache that would soon go away. If only he could find an instant relief for the ache in his heart. . . .

"There you are, Mr. Deland!" she said cheerfully. Her professional tone was not too professional, he thought.

In a moment he was out of the chair, his bill-fold in his hand. "How much do I owe you?"

She laughed. "More than you can ever pay."

He remembered her words in the weeks and months that followed, while he continued to owe her more and more.

"Seriously," he said.

"Seriously," she returned, placing the used instruments into the sterilizer. "Dr. Thorwald will want to see that tooth. I'm afraid you may have to lose it."

"No!" He had waited too long then! He had saved his money and had lost his tooth.

She led the way into the business office. "One of the duties of a dental nurse," she said, smiling, "is to get the patient's case history—if you don't mind."

He didn't mind. It was the office routine for the dentist's assistant. He had given it elsewhere. He was glad to have an excuse to stay longer. He wanted to ask her about last night's rehearsal.

She seated herself opposite him at the glass-topped desk, her pen poised. Now that the pain was gone, his being here seemed more like a social call. Yet he was thinking soberly of SHERA and inadvertently making serious comparisons. They were much alike, yet so unlike.

"Your full name, please," she said.

"Rodney Charles Deland."

"Your home address and telephone number?"

"Rexville, Minnesota. Telephone number 27F6."

"Roxville's in northern Minnesota, isn't it?" She didn't need that information for the case history, he thought.

"It's in the center of the world," he said. It was in the wildcat country. Sometimes in the morning or evening twilight the wild scream of the lynx would pierce the silence of the woods, and echo along old Crawfish river like the scream of a woman in terror of her life.

"Business address and telephone number?" the woman with the wildcat eyes asked courteously.

"I'm at the Swan dormitory now. Room 642, Drexel Building. Telephone Mercer 1468."

Then came three questions in suc-

cession: Name of previous dentist; reason for leaving, if any; "elapsed time since your last examination, prophylaxis or reparative treatment."

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I have to know this, too. Your age, please?"

He was enjoying it immensely. He felt like jesting.

"I'm twenty-five. My twin sister is nineteen," he said.

They laughed together. She left the space for "credit rating" blank.

"Nervous?"

"Right now, yes."

They both laughed again. She wrote briefly, filling in additional information.

He was suddenly reminded of passing time. He must hurry or he would be too late for his class.

She gave him an appointment for tomorrow morning.

"You've taken unfair advantage of me," he said, rising. "Some time I hope to have you at my mercy." He turned and went out into the reception room just as the buzzer above the office door announced the arrival of another patient.

All the way down the hall to the elevator, he called himself a fool for having been so bold. Getting "fresh" with a girl who was almost a stranger. Badinage had no place in a business office. What would she think of him! A dignified choir director!

It was eleven-thirty that same morning. The class in Breath was over and Rodney was alone at the piano in practice room number 422, warbling a dutiful routine as prescribed by his voice instructor: "da . . me . . ni . . po . . tu . . la . . bey . . da . . me . . ." From do to sol and back again; up and down; changing the key each time. . . .

"To modulate from the key of C to F, simply flat seven of the key, and you have four of the new key." His skilled fingers followed the dictates of his mind.

Room 422, like all practice rooms at Swan, was bare of furnishings except for the piano and bench. An east window looked out upon a boulevard of flying traffic—a world of men and women in a hurry to go from somewhere to somewhere else. . . . Da . . me . . ni . . po . . tu . . la . . bey . . da . . me; Do . . re . . mi . . fa . . sol . . fa . . mi . . re . . do . .

In the unfurnished room his voice sounded rich and full; its rich tones throbbed in his head, pounded against the walls and ceiling like expanding life crying for release into larger space, like Rodney Deland jailed within himself. The piano strings vibrated in sympathy.

Allowing his voice to follow his straying mind, he sang once more the songs of his boyhood. Again he was swinging in the topmost branches of the old elm, on the bank of Crawfish river. The melody was

of his own imagining. It rose higher and higher, waved out across the trees and the river and moved with the harvest winds over the fields of ripened wheat.

Those were happy days—those dream days. The grinding realism of today, the struggle to fulfill the dream, the disillusionments, had robbed life of much of its luster. Those were silly little ditties he had used to sing:

*"Humpty-dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty-dumpty had a great fall . . ."*

He had liked the pussy willow song better than any other. Dear old John Horner, his favorite neighbor, had given him many a bright nickel to bribe him to sing it for him. Old John with his twanging voice, leading the singing in the little white rural church Sunday after Sunday, never absent unless he was ill. John had been his hero in those days. His baton had been a seamed, calloused finger, his movements for time-beating, for Duple, Triple, Quadruple, or Sextuple measure, had been a stiff up-and-down staccato, his nasal twang made more nasal by gold-rimmed nose glasses which were always sliding too far down on his nose's bridge. . . .

*"I had a little pussy,
Her coat was silver-gray;
She lived down in the meadow,
She never ran away;
She always was a pussy,
She never became a cat,
Because she's a pussy-willow—
Now what do you think of that?"*

On warm, spring days, he and his sister Norda had played along the river, and had picked many a handful of the pussy-willow's red and brown twigs, each elongated axis crowded with silver-gray spikes. Silky, silvery-gray on reddish-brown, with here and there, as spring advanced, a saw-toothed, bright green leaf.

Arranged in a vase in the old home parlor by Norda's little-girl fingers, the pussy-willows had imparted an atmosphere of both spring and winter: green for spring, silver-gray for winter.

Gray and green and reddish-brown . . . Rodney's fingers wandered with his thoughts into an original, semi-classical improvisation, his voice rose in accompaniment, soared like a home-made paper kite of his boyhood days; higher and higher, dipping and tossing in wild abandon in the wind. The words he sang were those of hoary-haired Joshua of the Bible, crying aloud to a stubborn and procrastinating people:

*"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve . . .
Choose ye, choose ye . . ."*

The waving, golden-bearded spikes of wheat to which he sang, became once more a field of faces—a thousand faces, ten thousand, a million people listening to him—a million stars—a million souls . . . "Oh, Christ! Give me back the vision! Purge me of every doubt! Deliver me

from this awful sense of futility! Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation! . . .

He became oblivious to time and time's demands. In his song he transformed himself into a modern Joshua crying out:

*"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve,
Choose ye, choose ye . . ."*

During an intermission at the rehearsal last night, Dr. Webber had talked to the choir. "The book of Luke in our New Testament," he had said, "is the record 'of all that Jesus began to do and to teach,' in the days of His flesh on earth. The book of Acts, written by the same human author, the beloved physician, Luke, is a record of the continuity of Christ's work, after His resurrection and ascension—the story of His mighty works through men. Redeemed men!"

What Dr. Webber had said had been the foundation for Nystrom's remark on the way home: "The telling of redemption's story is given to you and to me. God's method is men. God uses men. God wants to use you. Until Jesus had taken His resurrection body and had sent the Holy Spirit into the world, He could not manifest Himself everywhere at once, but now, after Pentecost, He can. Where you are, fellow Christian, there He is, for He is in you.

"Where two or three are gathered together in His name, He has said, 'there am I in the midst.'"

"He goes to Africa today to preach the gospel only as you go! He preaches in India only as you go and preach—as we, the church, go . . .

*"There are ninety and nine that safely lie
In the shelter of the fold,
While millions are left outside to die,
For the ninety and nine are cold . . ."*

All these thoughts, and the spirit of them, flowed into Rodney's song like rising streams flowing into a river. The river rose, moved swiftly, torrentially, roared down marble-walled canyons and out into the plains, overflowed the narrow banks that had confined it—He was singing his way back to God, back to the Father's house:

*"He lives, He lives;
Christ Jesus lives today . . ."*

Oh my God! Make me believe it. Deliver me from this—this HELL in which I live—and in which I die!

If—if Jesus Christ lives, then—then my doubts are lies! A million souls are a million stars, living because He lives. If He lives—since He lives, then I can surrender to Him all my past, every sin and failure; all my present, all of myself; all of my future, with its problems, its unknown. I can leave with Him all those Bible problems which I cannot explain; leave with Him the mystery of life . . .

His voice caught up the words of one in the Bible who had both believed and doubted at the same time, and he incor-

porated them into his song:

*"Lord, I believe. Lord, I believe!
Help Thou mine unbelief!"*

His voice fingers clasped the words, clung to them; his faith clasped them also, swung with them away and away, like a new planet being born—like a soul being born . . .

And while he sang, there came the rhythmic pizzicato of a woman's high heels hurrying down the hall, pausing outside his door.

The weird, minor melody which he had been singing transposed itself suddenly into its relative major. His mind returned with jarring discord to room 422 of Swan Musical Conservatory—"Da . . . me . . . po . . . tu . . . la . . . bey . . . da . . . me . . ."

Breathe carefully, lightly. Do not strain. Keep chin and throat muscles relaxed. Let the tone waves ooze gently from the lips of an imaginary mouth just above the bridge of your nose. Think high.

There was a feminine knock on his door.

He swung around on his piano bench and saw through the glass panel a golden-haired replica of Wenda Thorwald.

Dawn-haired Shera had entered Rodney's life on the opening day of school last year when she had enrolled as a student in Voice and Violin. He had been attracted to her from the first moment of seeing her, not alone because of her physical charms—her flaxen hair, her lavender eyes, her gracefulness and talent—but because she loved the things he loved, music and art and all things beautiful.

Their paths had crossed every day, in the classroom, in the halls or at the post office. They took long walks in the park and along the beach, spent an afternoon at the museum. It was good to know a girl like Shera, yet in his heart he believed he would never love her in a way a man must love a woman when he asks her to marry him. She was to him only another pretty girl in a world that was full of them. He had not come to Swan to spend his time in flirtations, however innocuous they might be, but to study and to polish his voice to smoothest perfection. He did not love, never would love, except platonically, Shera Thorwald.

Such had been his avowed intentions, but he had reckoned without taking into consideration the strange power of continuous propinquity to influence a man's actions. After all, a man was a man, and very capable of loving the wrong girl when as yet he had not met the right one. Continuous association in recitals, in classrooms, on long walks, drew them together. He found himself awakening in the night and thinking of her, seeing always a delicate velvety smooth face framed in hair that was as soft as silk; he knew also that he was seeing life itself

through her eyes, he was thinking of life in the way she thought of it.

Shera's faith was a strange new faith, that saw the Christ of the Bible as a lovely historical character, perfect man, but a man only. He did not rise from the dead as the Bible taught, but He lived as other great men lived who had once lived and died—His influence lived on, His teachings lived on, His example would always stand before men and say, "Follow thou me."

The Bible? It was no more inspired than other writings which contained beautiful thoughts. Life itself was a reaching out of the soul toward beauty, it was always an ambition just beyond reach, but near enough to lure one on and on toward the goal of all life, perfection of character.

Eternal life? Christ the giver of it? Not at all, Shera's religion declared. All men were eternal, all men possessed everlasting life. The soul of everyone persisted after death. Indeed, there was no death, for death was only a name for an entering into a higher sphere of culture and beauty.

There was no sin. That too was a word of man's coinage and man's definitions. One could not believe in the reality of sin and be happy, for one could not do as one liked if certain things were evil. One's mind and body were endowed with possibilities and desires which, like the mouths of hungry children, must be satisfied. One must not condemn others whose likes and loves were on a lower plane, but one must sympathize with them and strive to show them the more beautiful way of living.

Subtly at first, and then like the bursting of dawn—a dawn that came without a sun—without the Son—this insidious philosophy sprang up in Rodney's mind. It was the outflowing of the root of agnosticism that had been sown in his mind at the university. He had lost his Christ, and had gained—Shera Thorwald. And he had lost the vision!

Now as Rodney glimpsed Shera through the glass door panel of his practice room, her violin case in her hand, he recalled disappointedly that he was scheduled for lunch with her today at the Y Cafeteria. He closed his teeth experimentally to see if the lower left molar ached enough to give him a good excuse to cancel the appointment.

Lower left molar, however, offered no cooperation. He gathered his music into his brief case, swung open the door and presented himself before Shera, Swan's star violinist.

She let him take her violin case, saying as he reached for it, "This being leap year, I have a right to come for you, if you forget." She smiled her slow, possessive smile, which he had always liked.

"I didn't forget. My mind was just on something else."

"Something?" She was in one of her playful moods. He had liked her varying moods. She had been able to sway him with her winds, always.

"How did you know where to find me?" he asked.

"That was easy. Everybody else had stopped yodeling at twelve."

He frowned. Yodeling had been great fun when he was a boy. When atmospheric conditions were right, there was an echo along Crawfish river that made his yodeling sound like the antiphonal singing of soloists in an oratorio. Now, however, he resented Shera's using the term to describe his singing. He was in no mood for banter. Not today. Not after last night.

"I waited at the end of the hall for five minutes, listening," Shera said. "It was beautiful, Rodney, and rather—terrible. It made me shiver. What were you singing?"

He winced. His song had not been meant for ears other than his own. It had dug deep into his soul, deep and merciless. It had excavated a great cavity there, where unbelief had been, and which, with the aid of Le Vera Webber, would be refilled with gold.

At the cafeteria a waitress in blue starched uniform led them to a table in a secluded corner.

Rodney frowned at his plate. At home there had been no meal without prayer first. At the noon meal there had been Bible reading also: Mother sitting queen-like at the head of the table, with the Book—it was always God's Book to her—always to be read reverently and in a receptive mood; mischievous Norda, especially during her early teens, suppressing with difficulty a spasm of giggles—in later years as the spirit of womanhood grew within her, listening respectfully and with honest inquiry.

A lifetime of habit could not be broken in a day or a month or even a year. Rodney had continued to whisper a brief prayer before every meal, even in public eating places. It was only when he was lunching with Shera that he had interrupted the habit.

He prayed now with open eyes and with lips that did not move. His eyes were seeing, and yet not seeing, lavender-eyed Shera across the table from him—eyes that melted suddenly into grey-green; and lemon-yellow hair that cham-eleoned itself into reddish-brown.

"A violin solo for your thoughts," Shera chirped gaily.

He was still under the spell of the past half hour in practice room number 422, still seeing the waves of ripened wheat rolling like a lake of fire in the wind. What, he asked himself, would she say,

if she knew his thoughts?

She tried again, "Since you don't seem to want my violin solo, I'll sell you my thoughts."

He modulated into her key. "For how much?"

"Promise me you'll buy them first, at my own price."

"At your own price," he acquiesced, and added, "if the price isn't too high."

"Good!" she exclaimed. "You're coming out to see the new house this afternoon, and stay for dinner which I'm going to cook myself, and then you're going to keep me from getting lonesome until Daddy and Mother get home from Fayette. She's there at some club affair today, and Daddy's driving down for her after dinner."

This was the 'teenth time she had invited him out to see the new house, and each time he had had some good reason why he could not accept. He was determined not to accept now.

"I won't take 'No' for an answer," she said. "Besides, I need you. And how can I give you that solo if you don't come and get it? It's a cash-and-carry proposition."

"I thought I was buying your thoughts."

"No, not now. I'm just giving you a piece of my mind—or will if you don't come." She was still playful, he thought, and wished she were not.

"I can't come," he said and meant it.

"Listen, Rodney!" The lavender eyes were eager. She leaned forward, her salad fork poised like a conductor's baton. "Remember I told you Daddy was getting me a new recording machine for Christmas?"

He remembered. That was one thing he had wanted for himself, more than anything else. He needed to hear his own voice, not alone to help him find and correct singing faults, but to experience the thrill of hearing himself as others heard him; to recapture the thrill that had come to him when he was a little boy singing from the old stone stage along the river, to know again that he was a man of destiny. That was another reason why he had not gone to the dentist sooner—he was saving his money until he could buy a Voice-O-Phone for himself.

He had seen the advertisement in a speech magazine and had answered it. The descriptive folders with recording instructions were in his desk now on the top floor of Drexel Hall. With his new position as choir director at Riverview he would soon save enough money to buy it—a high class portable recording machine with complete equipment for making and playing back his own records. It had been a mystery—how he had been selected for the position at Riverview—and the salary was much higher than was ordinarily paid for such employment. . . .

(To be continued)

Brethren: Pray for Us

(Continued from page 27)

influence of the truth. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, chapter 13:18, also we find when the Church prays for its workers in the field, it proves its sympathy and interest in them, while no doubt they receive personal benefit and divine help amidst their arduous toils and many trials.

A minister, however eminent he may be, if he is not surrounded and supported by the prayers of his people, has a position which is dangerous in its solitariness. Pray for us and the result will be your spiritual benefit which is our greatest joy.—*Gospel Herald*.

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At eight, Beethoven created astonishment by his musical ability; at thirteen Mozart was without an equal in music.

Pascal discovered geometry for himself at twelve. At sixteen he wrote a treatise on conic sections, and at twenty-five he published a book on atmospheric pressure.

Agassiz began the study of science at eleven years of age, and was recognized as one of the most profound scholars of his age while yet in his twenties.

Gibbon, the great English historian, began his studies at seventeen, and at twenty-four was publishing his historical works.

Ruskin was an accomplished art critic, and had written "Modern Painters" at twenty-four.

Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, by patient application during his spare moments at the forge and during the long hours of the evening, had mastered fifty different languages by the time he was twenty-seven.

John Wesley was a polished and forceful writer and a skilled logician at twenty-three. At twenty-four, he was a professor of Greek.

Luther was professor of philosophy at twenty-four, and at twenty-seven, while ascending the Scala Santa, in Rome, he heard the voice of God say, "The just shall live by faith," and at once the great Reformation began.

At the age of twenty-two, Whitefield was one of the world's greatest preachers.

Moody was preaching at eighteen, and during his twenties he became one of his century's greatest evangelists.

William Cullen Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" at seventeen. Tennyson's first volumes of poems appeared at twenty. Southey was a writer at eighteen; and Milton wrote one of his best poems at twenty-two. Whittier was editor of the New England Review at twenty-three; Poe's first volume was written at twenty; and Byron's appeared at seventeen. Burns was a poetic genius at twelve, and a brilliant and gifted writer at sixteen.—*Target.*

Morgenthau's Vision

Secretary Wickard's program of grow-

ing enough food "to win the war and write the peace" looked small compared with the suggestion of Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau that farmers start producing for a post-war program whereby every man, woman and child the world over would be guaranteed enough food to be healthy. Speaking to the 75th convention of the National Grange, Morgenthau said: "If our people and other peoples are to be guaranteed a minimum standard of nutrition, which I believe is their right, then we in this country will have to produce the food that will make that standard possible."

Proving that he was not merely stating theories, the Secretary mentioned the standard set by the recent Nutrition Conference for an adult at one egg, one serving of meat and two servings of fruits and vegetables every day and 4½ quarts of milk a week. Such minimum for this nation, he pointed out, would mean "an increase of at least 40 per cent in our present consumption of milk and milk products alone," and a "doubling of our present consumption of leafy vegetables and of the fruits that are rich in vitamins."—*Pathfinder.*

Fewer Farmers

Between Oct. 1 and Nov. 1 the number of persons employed on farms declined from 11,532,000 to 10,420,000. There is always a seasonal decline before November, with the rush of the harvest work nearly over, but this year it hit a new low level since 1925. It was nearly half a million more than the corresponding drop last year. The decrease in the number of hired farm workers was proportionately larger than any of the family workers—indicating a movement away from the farm to defense jobs.

At the same time, cotton pickers were getting 75 per cent higher pay than last year, and the harvesters of corn, potatoes, apples, late hay, soybeans and other late crops were getting correspondingly better wages. An indication of the increased money in the hands of farmers was the fact that farmers' cooperatives borrowed from the banks for cooperatives nearly twice as much money for the first nine months of 1941 as for the same period in 1940—\$126,000,000, as compared with \$67,000,000.—*Pathfinder.*

The United States News, a magazine described as "devoted to reporting, interpreting, and forecasting the news of national affairs," graphically points out

that relief payments amounted to \$11.00 a year for each American in 1933; \$20.00 a year for each American in 1937; \$27.00 a year for each American last year, 1940.—*Dry Legion.*

300,000th Phone

In October, 1877, only 18 months after Alexander Graham Bell secured patents on the telephone, the War Department had one of the new fangled contraptions installed in the office of the Army's chief signal officer at Washington, putting him in instant communication with Fort Myer, Va. That was the Capital's first telephone. Recently the 300,000th District of Columbia phone was installed—in the same office that got No. 1 in 1877. Figured by population ratio, Washington is now third ranking city in telephone development, topped only by Stockholm, Sweden, and San Francisco, Cal.—*The Pathfinder.*

Army Food

If the boys away at camp complain about the food it can't be because Uncle Sam doesn't bring home the bacon. Here, for instance, is a typical \$650,000 Army shopping list for one day: 1,512,000 eggs, 1,000,000 loaves of bread, 1,000,000 pounds of fresh vegetables, 1,000,000 pounds of meat, 600,000 pounds of potatoes and 500,000 pounds of fresh fruit.

And here is how the Quartermaster Corps at Chicago estimates the food requirements of the U. S. Army for next year: 277,000,000 pounds of fresh meat and sausage; 82,000,000 pounds of cured and smoked meats; 26,000,000 pounds of canned meat; 50,000,000 pounds of butter; 50,000,000 pounds of poultry, and 5,000,000 dozen eggs. What is more, six pounds of preserves and jams for each man in the Army has been ordered by the QC for the quarter ending Dec. 31, 1941. Coffee purchases are scheduled to total 60,000,000 pounds or enough for 2,400,000,000 cups. Although American soldiers drink only one cup of tea to every seven cups of coffee, the Army plans to purchase 2,100,000 pounds of the \$1-a-pound variety or enough for 336,000,000 cups.

Chinese students are not compelled to be soldiers. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, addressing the students of a Christian university in China, recently remarked: "We have plenty of man power for the army without you. We need you to remain in school to complete your training for Christian leadership in the new China that will emerge from the war."

Ring Out, Wild Bells



*Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.*



*Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.*



*Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.*



*Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.*

—Alfred Tennyson.

LIGHTED PATHWAY

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

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No. 2

A PRAYER FOR THE NATION

HENRY VAN DYKE

O Lord, our God, Thy mighty hand
Hath made our country free;
From all her broad and happy land
May worship rise to Thee;
Fulfill the promises of her youth,
Her liberty defend;
By law and order, love and truth,
America befriend.

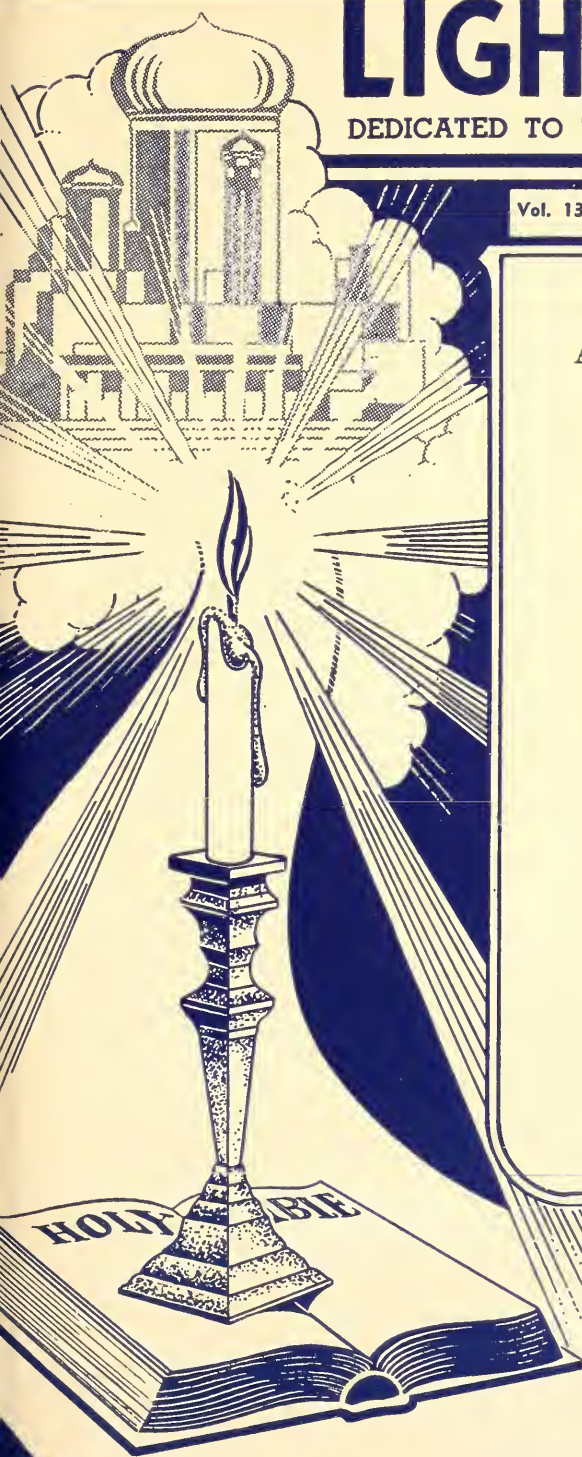
The strength of every state increase
In Union's golden chain;
Her thousand cities fill with peace,
Her million fields with grain;
The virtues of her mingled blood
In one new people blend;
By unity and brotherhood,
America befriend.

Through all the waiting land proclaim
The gospel of good will;
And may the joy of Jesus' name
In every bosom thrill.
Over hill and vale, from sea to sea,
Thy holy reign extend;
By faith and hope and charity,
America befriend.

"Thy word is a lamp
unto my feet and a
light unto my path."

Psalm 119:105

Jesus,
the Light
of the world."





The Editor's Message



Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

The holidays are over and you are about settled down in the new year to keep New Year resolutions. I wish I had all of them written down before me, but



if I did have, I could not find time to read them. Well, I believe I can guess what some of them are. You are resolving to be a greater soul-winner this year. You could not resolve to do anything better. But had you thought what it might mean for you to carry out your resolution? It may take some effort on your

part. And so we are taking for our text the scripture, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," 2 Tim. 2:15.

We would not want a doctor to perform an operation for appendicitis who had not studied how to perform the operation. Oh no, we would not risk ourselves or our loved ones in the hands of a quack doctor, but as soon as you feel your need of an operation you begin to inquire about who is the best prepared doctor in town; of course you do.

If you should go to a boarding house to board and you found that the cook did not know one thing about cooking you would soon find another boarding place. You would say, Well, there are plenty of cook books. That person should take a little time to study and I'm not going to board with him until he does. But how many people start out in the soul-winning business as though it were a very insignificant calling. All they think they need is a burden for souls and some zeal to launch out in the soul-winning business. And because of the lack of study they make shipwreck of themselves and bring reproach on the cause of Christ.

For some time we have been soliciting articles on the subject, "After the Revival, What?" and in our September issue, Brother R. R. Walker and Brother E. J. Boehmer each had a splendid article on the subject. We hope if you have not already read them you will look up that issue and read them.

Now the thought in this subject is what is the next thing to

do when the revival is over? Some churches have so many revivals there is little time between for the training of the new converts. There should be a study period after every revival. The new converts especially should be encouraged and taught in the Word of God until they are able to stand in the testing times which are before them. We are after the diamonds in the rough, but if we do not work with them and polish them they will never grow to sparkle and shine for the Master, they will be backslidden in a few weeks and back in the ways of the world. To my opinion, this is the greatest need of the Church today.

After the revival, if you have had a successful one, you will have some babes in Christ, some who have no background of home training. If they have a real experience they will have zeal to do things for God, but no knowledge. To have zeal without knowledge may lead to discouragement and defeat. They will need to know how to use the sword of the Spirit, but who will teach them unless the more experienced Christians get them on their hearts and endeavor to do something for them?

Test your own knowledge and that of your young people and see how much they know about the Word of God. See how many can take their Bible and take an inquirer through it, and show him the "Thus saith the Lord," in regard to the Church of God. Ask them the question, Why are you in this special church? You will get the answer many times, "Oh well, I hardly know, but I

was brought up in this church. I just believe it's right but I hardly know why." And so if an outsider comes to them to explain the doctrines of the Church and what it stands for they can't do so. What a shame. How many of you young people could take the Bible and explain the way of salvation to a dying man or to any one who is inquiring the way? They could say, "I have it and it brings joy to my heart." Oh, they would stumble along and do the best they could, God bless them, but many of them would be at a loss to know what to do, and many souls will be hindered because of this and some may be lost.

When a child, I became deeply concerned about my soul and began to seek the Lord. I sought the Lord for several years but was not satisfied. Every revival that came to our community found this little girl at the altar the first time the invitation was given. I went to the Methodist church and in those days Methodists were as strict about an altar as we are, and they shouted about as much as holiness people do. Of course, Methodists taught holiness those days and lived it too. When I was thirteen years of age, one time I went to the altar and someone came to me and asked me if I loved the Lord. Of course I told him I did. Then someone said, Well, get up and tell them so, and I did, but there was a lack somewhere and I knew it. I was not satisfied. Then when I was fifteen years of age, one night I went to a meeting in another church, and a man came to me and took great pains to explain the way of salvation from God's Word. All at once the light came and peace like a river flowed over my soul. I believe if someone had known how to instruct me in the beginning I could have found Christ years before.

A young girl had been going night after night to the altar seeking her way out of her backslidden condition. One night I went to her and asked her what was wrong and she said, "I don't know. I just can't get anywhere." I quoted a few verses of scripture to her and she came through with a shining face, praising the Lord.

In Acts 8:26-39 we find that the Lord sent Philip down to the eunuch to explain the way of salvation more perfectly. There was not even an altar in this case. "The eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to

TRY THE UPLOOK

Since writing this message, our country has been forced into war. We, as a nation, are under a cloud, and many of our dear people are going through great sorrow because their loved ones are being called away to battle. As a mother we sympathize with you.

Not long ago we received a letter from a friend. In it she said, "Isn't the outlook terrible?" At first I thought yes, then the Lord brought to my mind a little poem that at some time has been published in the *Lighted Pathway*, "When the Outlook Is Dark Try the Uplook." This is the only solution to our problem. God is still on the throne and He is our only hope; but He is our hope! Whatever comes or whatever goes we must not be dismayed. The song says, "Be not dismayed, whatever befall, God will take care of you." Let us believe and trust Him and labor on for Him. He says, "Occupy till I come."

Our message is on "Training For Service." This is just as necessary now as it has been at any other time. Our Church must arise and train its members for the great conflicts that may lie before us. Many of our young people, who do not pay the price now, will have to go through the great tribulation and they will need a background to carry them through.

May God bless you.—Editor.

(Continued on page 22)

The Vision

BY PAUL HUTCHENS

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(Continued from last issue)

Shera's voice interrupted his thoughts, "Santa Claus couldn't wait till Christmas, so he came this morning, and I want you to help me make my first records. I'll give you a permanent violin solo if you like and you'll be putting yourself on record."

He considered her proposition. It would be just as well, he thought, to get his first experience and make his first mistakes at the expense of Dr. Thorwald, who sooner or later would make it all back on lower left molar. He would send home a record for Norda to play on the old-fashioned victrola at home.

He could see his little mother now, sitting in her favorite rocker beside the hot air register in the cozy little parlor, a smile of mother-like pride on her face, and an I-told-you-so expression playing about her sensitive lips . . .

And gay Norda standing pretty and slim beside the victrola, watching the spinning turntable, sighing with pride and wishing her big brother would come swinging down the road right that minute so she could run out to the gate to meet him, throw her slim young arms around his neck and kiss him . . .

"Look, Rod! Pussy Willows! All wrapped up in their winter coats! Pretty soon it'll be spring again and . . ."

"Rodney!" It was Shera's voice, calling him back to the cafeteria. "I didn't mean for you to take a trip around the world or to the South Sea islands. I was merely asking if you will come out to the house . . ."

He gave her his attention at the very moment her eyes took on a faraway expression. Evidently she was looking at someone a half dozen tables away.

"Don't look now," she cautioned, "but there's a girl watching us over by the oleander in the corner."

A little later he looked, and simultaneous with seeing the girl he felt his cheeks flame as pink as the flowers of the lovely leathery-leaved evergreen beside her table. He saw in that fleeting glimpse a dark green flowered turban crowning well set, reddish-brown hair, full view rimless glasses, a quizzical expression on a very sweet face.

For one brief moment Le Vera Webber's eyes met his, asked a puzzled question, deflected to Shera, then dropped to her plate and did not rise again.

Rodney modulated back to Shera's key and to the perturbed expression on her face, which expression, the moment she knew he had seen, disappeared.

"She's Daddy's new assistant at the office," Shera explained. "Very efficient, he says. Did you ever see such beautiful eyes?"

He never had before last night. "I saw them this morning," he said, "when I was getting a toothache stopped. She certainly checked it in a hurry."

"She—!" There was a queer expression in the lavender eyes.

"I couldn't wait for your father. He had telephoned he would be late, so she very adroitly plugged the cavity with toothache gum."

Shera's forehead creased itself into a director's tuning work. The lavender eyes that swept past him toward the girl, for a fleeting second, he thought, were green with jealousy.

"Daddy says she is very religious, with a very old-fashioned kind of religion, but she doesn't offend by wearing it too conspicuously. Religion and toothache wouldn't mix well, I shouldn't think."

"Don't you hate having dental work done?" Shera shivered. "I fainted in the chair once, and Daddy had quite a time reviving me."

He could have told Shera a great deal about Le Vera, but Shera would not want to know. He himself did not know except that she not only loved the beautiful but to her the living Lord Jesus was the ultimate in all that was beautiful and good and right and holy. She had rekindled within him a smoldering fire that already was leaping into high flame. She had recalled to him the days when his one great desire had been to sing the gospel into the hearts and lives of lost men and women. Also stealing into his consciousness was the conviction that she was God's choice for him and that in due time the hour of love would strike.

"Well?" Shera's voice was a bit distant, a bit languid. "Do we go on record, or not?"

Today would be as good a time as any other to tell Shera that he had decided to lose his life, and not to save it, that he had seen the vision again, even if dimly. Sooner or later he would have to tell her. It had just as well be today.

He looked across the table at Shera, then to the table in the corner, and back again to Shera. "We go on record," he said. His beautiful little mother would be proud to have a permanent recording of his voice. It would make her happy. And then, some day—ridiculous thought to think—if anything should ever happen to him as it had to his father, she would have his voice in song to comfort her.

Ridiculous thought, but it helped him to decide to spend the afternoon with Shera.

She said in reply, her face lighting up again with the smile that distinguished her from all others, "I'll be ready at two, when Kenowski finishes with me."

"I'll meet you at the information desk."

Shera and Rodney walked back toward Drexel Hall where he excused himself and ran up to his room. He needed time to think and to plan—and to be more sure that he was about to do the right thing. Theoretically he knew he was being led of the Spirit, yet he was afraid.

In his room he was restless and anxious. He decided he needed more fresh air. A walk around a block or two would do him good. By the time he should get back the afternoon mail would be sorted. There might be a letter from home. It was only two blocks to Dr. Thorwald's office. He could watch the construction company excavating for the building. And there in the shadow of the office—in the light of the girl in white who was employed there, he could think more clearly, more as the Spirit would have him think.

There was a vociferous knock at his door, Gael Schillman's knock, which was always a quick, sharp rap, one and no more.

"Come!" That was always Rodney's greeting in response to the knock. Gael would want to know about last night. He seemed especially interested for some reason.

Gael stormed in in true Gael Schillman style, swinging the door shut after him and leaning his back against it. "How'd it go, Rod? Fall in love with any individual sopranos or altos? Beautiful building out there, eh?"

Rodney turned abruptly. "Let's take a bracer around the block. If I stay here another minute, I'll go to sleep, and I simply must get my composition done. Say, do you have any trouble doing your harmony away from the piano?"

"Not I. I don't even try. I can hear the chords in my head but I can't put them on paper without the piano—not unless I want my work to sound like I was an amateur."

A little later they were in the street. Gael, vociferous as usual, and curious, wanted to know all about Rodney's experience at Riverview. "I wouldn't have minded having that choir job myself, but I'd have been bad influence for the youngsters out there, and anyway I don't think I could have stood Webber's sermons. How'd you like Johnny Nystrom? Or did you meet him? He's one of the influential members out there. He took me up to his ritzy apartment once and tried to get me converted. He's always

(Continued on page 30)

Children's Page

JIM PLAYS SQUARE

ANNIE HARRIS CRAWFORD

Jim and Jerry were having such a good time out on the back porch playing with their toys! Uncle Harry had given a mechanical man to each boy. Again and again the two boys had wound up the springs and delightedly watched the queer antics of their wonderful new toys.

Suddenly mother appeared in the doorway. "Jerry," she said, "supper is almost ready. Run across the street and call your sister; and, Jim, put the playthings away."

With a longing look at his toys, Jerry rose and went to call his sister.

Jim decided he would wind up the two mechanical men once more and watch them unwind before he put them away. Click! click! click! whir-r-r! went the spring in his man. Something was wrong. He was sure his wonderful plaything was ruined. And as if that were not bad enough, he knew everybody would have something to say about his carelessness. He was always getting scolded for being careless, and he never meant to be so at all.

Then a thought struck him. "My man and Jerry's are just alike," he told himself. "If I put the broken one with Jerry's things, he will not know there is anything wrong with it and will try to wind it up in the morning, and when it won't wind he'll think he has broken it. He always takes such good care of his things he won't get scolded. Besides," he added as his conscience began to prick him, "I'll let him play with mine a lot of the time."

So he ran to the upper hall where each boy had a shelf for his playthings and put the unbroken toy on the shelf with his things. The broken one he placed among Jerry's.

Then he washed his face and hands and went to supper, but somehow he could not enjoy eating. All the evening he was unhappy.

When he went to bed that night he could not sleep. At last he slipped quietly from his bed and crept into the hall. He knew just exactly where the two mechanical men were. He quietly exchanged them and hurried back to bed feeling so much happier. Even if his splendid new toy was broken, even if he should get a scolding for his roughness in winding it up, that was better than knowing that he had taken a mean advantage of his little brother. In an instant he was fast asleep.

Next morning after breakfast when

he went out on the porch Uncle Harry was showing Jerry a new trick the mechanical man would do. "Run and get yours, Jim," said Uncle Harry, "and I will show you something too."

There was nothing else to do, so Jim brought his and silently handed the broken toy to Uncle Harry, after trying to wind the spring. "That is the trouble with these mechanical things—those springs will slip every now and then, no matter how careful one is. Jim, bring me a screwdriver. I know what is wrong with this fellow, and we will have him fixed in a jiffy."

Jim could scarcely believe his ears, but he ran and brought the screwdriver. For a few minutes Uncle Harry unscrewed and tapped and screwed again. Then click! click! click! he wound. Jim waited, hardly breathing. Would it work? It did. It seemed as good as ever. Jim felt very happy. He was glad his wonderful new toy was fixed, but he was ten times gladder that he had done the square thing.—*Maritime Baptist*.

How They Spent the Change

Emmie Tyler

Frank Morgan and his little sister Ruth were having the best kind of time one morning, swinging in a new swing which their father had put up in the garage for them, when mother called to them to go to the store for some fruit she wanted for dinner.

"Oh, mother," said Frank, "don't make us go! We are having such a good time."

Before Mrs. Morgan could answer, Ruth said, "Oh, come on! We can go to the store and have a good time, too. Let's hitch old Rover to our wagon and play we are going for a ride."

"Oh, that will be dandy!" exclaimed Frank, his face brightening.

Rover, the collie dog, was soon hitched to the wagon. Then Frank saw his cousin, Johnny Parker, who lived next door.

"Come on to the store," he called to Johnny. "The wagon is an auto. I will be the driver, and, Johnny, you can run along on the other side and blow your tin horn. We will just play that we are riding, but Ruth can be a lady and ride in the car."

When Mrs. Morgan gave Frank the money for the fruit she said, "You may buy candy with the change."

So the three children set out in high glee. Rover did not like it so well, but he trotted along, panting a little as if to say, "I suppose I can be the engine."

Everything went well until the wagon drove over a rough part of the street, and Ruth bounced out.

"Oh!" cried Frank as he ran to pick her up. "We have had an accident, but we don't need the ambulance."

So Ruth laughed instead of crying, climbed back into the wagon, and soon they reached the grocery, bought the fruit and counted the change. Frank whispered to Ruth, and then they both spoke to Johnny. Then they all skipped out of the store and started for home.

"Mother," cried Ruth when they reached home, "we would have come sooner, but we stopped at the—"

"Hush, Ruth!" exclaimed Frank. "You promised not to tell."

"I won't tell," said Ruth, "but o-o-o mother, I know something so nice! We didn't buy any—" "Hush, Ruth," cried Johnny, his eyes flashing and his face turning red, but Frank began to tickle him, and there was soon a romping scramble.

The next day was Mrs. Morgan's birthday, and when Frank and Ruth gave their mother a pretty handkerchief with a gay little butterfly in one corner she understood why they had not bought any candy with the change.—*Publisher Unknown*.

The Buried Doll

I once heard the story of a little boy and girl who had poor parents. Christmas was near at hand, and the poor mother was at her wits' end to know what to do for presents. At last she thought of a plan. She made a rag doll and stuffed it with oats, having nothing to answer the purpose better. The father made a bow and arrow for the boy, and, as may be guessed, the children were well pleased. Soon after this they quarreled, and, in a

(Continued on page 29)



Father's & Mother's Page



Home, Sweet Home

HOW HAL LOST HIS CASE

ROY S. NICHOLSON

(Continued from January issue)

And from this the conversation naturally turned to Hal. Miss Jones, the teacher, was a middle-aged woman who had spent many years in grade work. She had watched many of the children come and go, and had thrilled at their successes and mourned at their defeats. Hal had been a special source of grief to her. Since his father had died, she was doubly interested in him. Knowing that his mother was trying to carry on as best she could, Miss Jones thought to do Hal and his mother a favor by calling some of Hal's real weaknesses to his mother's attention in a kindly way. The mother had resented her efforts, had taken sides with Hal, and had firmly informed the teacher that if she desired help with Hal she would seek it from her in due time.

Just before the judge rose to depart, Miss Jones recited the instance of the time when Hal and a playmate had a quarrel on the playground, and Hal drew a knife on the lad and would have inflicted damages if he had not been restrained by the older boys. On this occasion his mother had also sided with him, and denied the charges of his guilt.

As the noon hour approached, the jurist sought out the little village hotel, the center of the civic life of the community. As he rested in the lobby he mused on his discoveries in Hal's steps to crime. Already there were several of them: idleness, disregard for the rights of others, and being defended in every instance where his faults were revealed.

Being a native of the deep South, where his investigation was under way, Judge White understood the customs and habits of the Negro race, and he felt that if he could find the Negro woman who worked in the Harper home when Hal was a youngster he might discover some real clues as to how he started his early life. This seemed to be the missing link in the investigation, for the rest of the picture

was quite fully constructed. He was now vitally interested in Hal's earlier years, those pre-school years. And the judge knew that he was in need of this information, and that Hal's mother, blinded as she was to his faults, could not furnish him an unprejudiced account of these days as he wished to know it. In fact, he wished not to discuss matters with her any more than he was compelled to do, because she was so disturbed in knowing that Hal had confessed the sordid details of his crime, that she was on the verge of a nervous collapse.

Knowing that if he could contact one of the Negroes of the town who was acquainted with the life and doings of the village he could discover this domestic, if she were alive, the judge set out in quest of such a person. Nor was his search to last long. Old Uncle Moses Green was working in Squire Brown's garden; he raised up to pass the time of day with the jurist, as he familiarly said, "Uncle, it's pretty warm out here this afternoon, isn't it?"

"Yas, suh! It sho is hot. But the good Massa sends the hot sun to make the garden truck grow," returned the old Negro man.

"Fine garden you have here," commented the judge.

"Thank you, boss! This here garden is my pride and joy. I've been working it for Squire Brown for nigh on to ten years," said Moses.

And from this to other items the judge led Uncle Moses until he learned from him that Aunt Moriah McKelley had been the domestic in the Harper home for many years. Now that she was too old to do such work, Mrs. Harper saw to it that she did not lack for creature comforts as she lived in her little house at the edge of the village. Thither went the judge.

The arrival of the car with its occupant stirred somewhat of a commotion in the quarter, especially among the younger children and the curious, who wondered if it was "the law" in quest of some cul-



prit. When they saw the judge seated on Aunt Moriah's porch, talking earnestly with her, and saw her composure, the fears soon subsided, for they felt that it was another "one of them rich folkses what comes to pass the time of day with Auntie."

At first Aunt Moriah was somewhat reticent until she found that Judge White was truly anxious to know the facts in the case about Hal, and see if there was something he could do to redeem the boy to society. When she found that the judge was motivated by a true father's heart, Aunt Moriah became more and more helpful.

"Now jedge, lets me tell de whole story in my own words, please, suh. Ifen they's any place you want to ask me 'bout when I gets through, den I'll tell you more 'bout it," cautioned Moriah.

To this the knowing judge smilingly agreed.

"Back yonder when Marse Harper and his bride was fust married I went to work for dem. Dat wuz a long time ago. I stayed wid dem through de years, until after Marse Harper done gone and died. So, I 'lows as how I know whut Mister Hal done and what he ain't done. I wuz right dar and seed and heard it myself, I wuz.

"Yas, suh! Jedge, I wuz dar when Mister Hal wuz borned. He sho wuz a lovely baby. Bless his heart! But Jedge, dey says he done gone and departed from much of his raisin' and I sho hates dat. But, dey wuz a little thing or two dat crept out back yonder when he wuz a little chap dat I felt would fetch trouble later on.

"When he would stumble over a root or a chair, or anything, his mamma would give him a stick and laugh while he beat it, and acted mad toward hit. When him and his playmates would have a fight, and his mamma would hear about hit, she allus took his part, and accused de others fer imposing on him. Once or twice I tried to speak to Mrs. Harper about dis, but she seemed to git mad and told me to 'tend to my own bizness, so hereafter I done dat. When Mister Hal was where I wuz I'd always tell him whut I felt he orter do, but hit didn't do a lot ob good, fer he jist laughed at me, and his mamma would say dat he'd maybe outgrow dat kind of habits. But, jedge, dat's one child what ain't bin conquered in de home," said old Aunt Moriah, as the judge arose to leave for his return home.

The car rolled along the concrete ribbon of a highway, with the judge lost in thought. Ahead of him, at the end of his vacation period, stood the old, old mill. Before him would pass a large army of young men and women with almost every nameable crime. Among them

(Continued on page 32)

Helps for Tempted and Tried

Have You a Father Like This?

By Rev. Harry Hoffs

Several years ago I heard a minister say: "Imagine a little girl crying on a street corner. A sympathetic passerby stops and inquires into the cause of her tears, and the little girl answers that she does not know where she will get her next meal or her next dress. 'But have you no parents?' 'Yes.' 'Well, I suppose they are very poor.' 'No, they are rich.' 'Well, my girl, that must mean that your parents simply don't care for you.' 'No, they love me.' 'You mean to say that you have parents who are rich and who love you, and you stand here crying, wondering where your food and clothing are coming from!'" Then the speaker observed that even children with poor parents are usually not in the least concerned about their food and clothing and other provisions. But, he added, "many children of the heavenly Father worry as if they were orphans."

Let us consider God the Father as Jesus describes Him. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" Matt. 7:11. We might just as well say at the start that no one is a child of God by nature. All this loose talk about God's being everybody's Father, and everyone by nature being God's children, is not of God but of the devil, the father of lies. God is the Creator of all people, and in that sense a father, but that does not save anybody. There are only

two ways in which anybody can become the legal child of parents under human law, either by being born into the family, or by adoption. In order to become a child of God, both things must take place. We are born out of family relationship the first time, and so we must be born again.

One of the unmistakable proofs that we have been born into God's family is our attitude toward God's Son. Any person who has received Jesus as Savior and believes on Him is in the family; those who reject Him are not in the family. "But as many as receive him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name: Which were born, not of blood, nor

of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man but of God," John 1:12, 13. Paul writes, "Ye are all sons of God, through faith, in Christ Jesus," Gal. 3: 26. Therefore, we may say confidently to anyone who believes on Christ as Savior, "You are a child of God." To those who have refused to accept Christ, we declare in Christ's stead, "Ye are of your father the devil," John 8:44.

What comfort does it bring to know that God is our Father? It means much, both for time and eternity. It means that He will take care of us. Even civil law insists that a father take care of his children until they are at least eighteen years of age. But the heavenly Father's care for His children never stops. When they

have fulfilled their mission on earth, He calls them home, and there in the Father's house they will have joys unspeakable. "At thy right hand are pleasures forevermore," Ps. 16:11.

God does take care of His children in spite of all that the devil may say to the contrary. Any child of God may say with utmost confidence, "God is my Father, I shall not want." He who feeds the sparrows will not let His children starve. He who clothes the lilies will provide His children with adequate raiment. One cannot very well imagine a mother emptying her pantry to feed the chickens and letting her child go hungry. The Son of God assures us that we are worth much more to the Father than many sparrows. "What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a

(Continued on page 28)



Jehovah El Shaddai

Rev. L. M. Rodebaugh

I know not where my pathway leads,
Midst loved ones here
Or lands afar, and so,
No, not one step I take until
I hear the gentle whisper of His will.
That's how I know
Where'er He leads me I can
Surely go.

I know not where my pathway leads,
In postures green
Or where still waters flow.
But with my Lord, blest Refuge of my soul,
Restored and yielded to His sweet control,
How sweet to know
Where'er He leads me I can
Humbly go.

I know not where my pathway leads,
In ways of peace
Or paths of woe.
So, leaning on His everlasting arms,
Securely sheltered from the world's alarms,
Content I know
Where'er He leads me I can
Gladly go.

I know not where my pathway leads,
Up heights sublime
Or vale below.
His rod and staff lead humbly forward, on,
Not doubting e'en the guidance of His hand,
'Tis then I know
Where'er He leads me I can
Safely go.

I know not where my pathway leads,
Temptations sore
My soul to overthrow.
'Tis then I find a banquet for me spread,
Rich oil and perfume, He anoints my head.
How blest to know
Where'er He leads me I can
Sweetly go.

I know not where my pathway leads,
His goodness and
His mercy 'round me though,
When sweeping through the gates His
praise I sing,
With loud hosannas, hail my Lord and King,
At last I know
Just why Jehovah my El Shaddoi
Led me so.

—The United Evangelical.

The Inner Circle Page

Guidance

JAMES H. MCCONKEY

"He leadeth me," Ps. 23:2.

God Guides Us By His Word

The Word of God is our supreme means of guidance. Wherever it speaks plainly upon any problem the child of God need seek no further, for its authority is final. No Christian, for example, needs special guidance as to whether he is called to the consecration of his life to his Lord. The Word of God is absolutely clear in its call to all. Romans 12:1 is addressed to all believers—and beseeches us as "brethren" to present our bodies a living sacrifice to God. No believer needs special guidance as to whether he is called to live a holy life. The Word distinctly declares, "This is the will of God—even our sanctification." No believer needs any special guidance against bitterness, censoriousness and evil-speaking. The great command of God's Word is that we should "love one another even as Christ loved us." Wherever, therefore, the Word of God applies to our lives, its authority is supreme—and no guidance beyond it need be sought.

God May Also Guide Us By Circumstances

God would not ordinarily lead a blind man to a work requiring great keenness of vision. Nor would He call a deaf man to a service demanding the sharpest of hearing. Neither would an unlearned man be led in a mission field to a translation work requiring a highly educated one. In such cases circumstances, unless they were changed, would seem to be conclusive guidance. Yet this is not true of all circumstances. For Satan may also enter into this sphere of circumstances and so manipulate them as to woefully deceive even God's own children. The case of the Gibeonites is strikingly in point. God had warned Joshua to make no covenant with the Canaanites. But the Gibeonites were inhabitants of Canaan. So they devised a clever scheme to deceive Joshua and the princes of Israel into the belief that they were from a far-off land. To this end, among other things, they brought moldy bread. This they said they had taken hot from their ovens when they started from their alleged distant home. The journey was so long that it had grown moldy by the way and they showed it to buttress their deception.

Then follows the striking statement—(Joshua 9:14): "And the men (that is, the Israelites) received them by reason of their victuals (margin) and asked not counsel at the mouth of the Lord." That is, Joshua and his elders accepted the circumstances of the moldy bread as conclusive without testing it out in prayer and waiting upon God. The result was disastrous. They made a covenant with an enemy people contrary to the command of God. The teaching for the Christian here is luminously clear. Circumstances should ordinarily be tested in the place of waiting and the chamber of prayer in order that God may either confirm them as being of Himself or show us that they are being used by our great adversary to beguile us.

God Also Guides Us By the Spirit

Years ago a godly pastor overseas named Blumhardt was greatly used of God in prayer for the healing of the sick. Ere he prayed for healing he was wont to wait upon God in prayer to ascertain His will as to healing the individual before him. He testified that when he first began to pray in this way it often took him hours to ascertain the will of God in the matter. But after the lapse of a couple of years of coming to God in this way he stated that often he would scarcely turn to God in prayer ere the answer would come, almost instantly. He had learned by much experience to know the mind of God as to the healing of the sick one before him.

This illustrates what is probably the most important lesson for the Christian as to the guidance of the Spirit. It is that such guidance is learned only by a close, continuous, experimental walk with God, and in no other way. Such a walk is fraught with great blessing to the child of God. Any other is beset with peril. What that peril is the Word reveals when it says: "Try the spirits whether they be of God." Plainly we are taught here, as elsewhere, that there are other spirits than the Spirit of God. These are spirits of evil. Their business is to deceive and lead astray. And only by such an experimental knowledge as the godly pastor named above had acquired can we ourselves be preserved from the danger of their insidious misleadings. How do you learn to recognize a human voice? Never from another's description of it. You must actually hear that voice again and again until you are able unerringly to recognize and distinguish it from all other voices. This was the way Blumhardt came to know this great Shepherd's

voice. Nor is there any other way for us to know it.

For—

There Is No Royal Road to Guidance

It is taught only in God's school. And there only can it be learned. We must be willing to sit on the primary benches, if necessary, to master all its lessons, for guidance is one of the severest tests of the Christian's walk with God. It touches his life at every point. Prayer; knowledge of the Word; personal temperament; tendency to haste; advice of friends; reliance upon our own wisdom; impatience with delays; submission to the will of God in all matters in question—all these and many more, become factors in seeking guidance; and they test to the limit our personal walk with God. No experience is more common in the believer's life than to come into the place of absolute perplexity as to which of two paths to take, which of two possible courses of action to follow. And while there are times when the crisis is met with comparative ease, there are others when our perplexity is extreme as to what we shall do at the parting of the ways. Then every lesson of prayer, experience, and knowledge of God's Word comes into play and helps to illumine our pathway and make clear our course of action.

*God's Great Clarifier in Guidance Is—
Waiting*

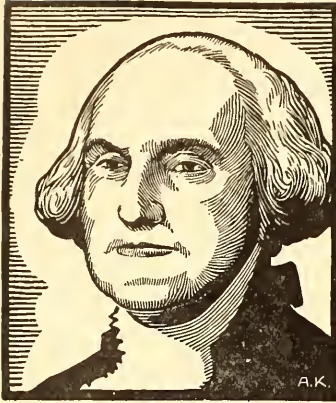
Sometimes you draw from the faucet a glass of water which is muddy and turbid. How do you clear it? You place the glass of muddy water on your table. Moment by moment the sediment deposits at the bottom of the glass. Gradually the water grows clearer. In a few moments it is so clear that you may distinguish objects through it. It has all been brought about simply by waiting.

The law is the same in the realm of guidance. Here, too, God's great precipitant is—waiting. We face some situation needing His guidance. It is full of uncertainty. We seek to peer through the glass of turbid water. But we cannot see. The one thing to do is to wait. As we do so the sediment slowly settles. The situation clears. Things take on new proportions, new adjustments. The trifling things assume their proper place of insignificance. The big things loom up into their proper importance. Waiting is the solution of it all. The time element is the supremely essential factor. The vast majority of our mistakes comes from neglect of it. Haste is more often a trap of Satan than it is a necessity of guidance. "They which believe shall not make haste" is true here as in many other crises.

*Guidance Is Sometimes Extraordinary,
Sometimes Ordinary*

Paul's guidance to the open door in
(Continued on page 32)

George Washington



Was George Washington a Believer?

Some of the recent biographers of Washington have attempted to ignore or dismiss as insignificant, the spiritual side of his nature. Some would even make him an atheist. Here are some facts that seem to have escaped these biographers:

He was received into the church through baptism on April 5, 1731, when nearly two months old. The vows of those who devoted their children to God in holy baptism, as administered by the Church of England, were very solemn and the age was distinguished by rigid punctuality respecting duties enjoined by these vows.

When thirteen years old, Washington wrote a beautiful poem about the significance of Christmas and stood sponsor for a child in holy baptism.

In the war against the French, when Governor Dinwiddie failed to respond to his application for a chaplain for the troops, young Washington wrote to the President of the Council: "Common decency, sir, in a camp calls for the services of a divine, which ought not to be dispensed with."

Washington occasionally read the service himself, and it is well known that he read the burial office at the funeral of General Braddock.

Up to the time of the Revolution, Washington was a regular attendant at services in Pohick Church in Truro Parish, which was a little nearer Mt. Vernon than Alexandria. As a member of the vestry, he surveyed the parish and persuaded the other members to adopt a more central location for a new church building.

Rev. Lee Massey, rector of Pohick, said: "I never knew so constant an attendant on church as Washington. And his behavior in the house of God was ever so deeply reverent that it produced the happiest effect on my congregation and greatly assisted me in my pulpit labors."

The vestry book of Truro Parish shows that during the eleven years from February, 1763, to February, 1774, the vestry held thirty-one meetings, at twenty-three of which George Washington is recorded as being present. In order to attend he frequently had to make long horseback rides over muddy roads. Of the eight absences, one was for sickness, two were on account of service in the Legislature, and three for absence from Virginia.

Washington left home for Philadelphia in September, 1774, as a member of the First Congress. Entries in his diary for four successive Sundays thereafter show he went to service regularly, both morning and afternoon.

The day after he took command of the American Army in the War of the Revolution, the following order was issued: "The general requires and expects of all officers and soldiers, not engaged in actual duty, a punctual attendance on divine service, to implore the blessings of heaven upon the means used for our safety and defense."

At the end of the war, Washington returned to Mt. Vernon on Christmas Eve. The next day found him in his accustomed seat in Christ Church, Alexandria, listening to the rector who had served as chaplain of the Third Virginia Regiment.

When the holders signed an agreement to subject the pews to an annual rental by a voluntary subscription of five pounds each for supporting the ministry, the name of "George Washington" heads the list. The original can be seen in the vestry book of Christ Church.

A Newly Discovered Letter

A letter written by George Washington on December 28, 1796, to Brig.-Gen. Pavia Peers has been discovered by Miss Julia Peers among the effects of her father, the late George Peers. The letter reads:

"Fellow Citizens and Brothers of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania: I have received your address with all the feelings of brotherly affection mingled with those

sentiments for the society which it was calculated to excite. To have been in any degree an instrument in the hands of Providence to promote order and union and erect upon a solid foundation the true principles of government, is only to have shared with many others in a labor, the result of which, let us hope, will prove through all ages a sanctuary for brothers and a lodge for the virtues.

"Permit me to reciprocate your prayers for my temporal happiness and to supplicate that we may all meet hereafter in that eternal temple whose builder is the Great Architect of the Universe. G. Washington."

Washington Baptized

A bulletin of William Jewell College contains an address delivered by Dr. Lemuel C. Barnes at the dedication of the John Gano College Chapel, in memory of the "fighting chaplain" of the Revolutionary War, who was not only a Baptist minister but a warm, personal friend of General Washington. In this address Dr. Barnes reviews the evidence that he has collected, bearing upon the alleged immersion of George Washington by Mr. Gano during the war period. This exceedingly interesting summary of evidence seems to establish beyond reasonable doubt the fact of Washington's baptism.

Prayer at Valley Forge

Here is the prayer offered by General Washington at Valley Forge:

"Almighty God, we make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to the government; and entertain a brotherly affection and love for each other and for their fellow citizens of the United States at large; and finally that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility and pacific temper of mind which were characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, and without these things we can never hope to be a happy nation. Grant our supplication, we beseech Thee, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

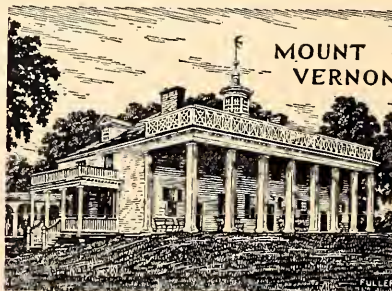
Evidences in His Letters

Washington's letters abound in evidences of his deeply reverent nature. Here are some selections:

"(1778) The hand of Providence has been so conspicuous in all this, that he must be worse than an infidel who lacks faith, and more than wicked, that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligations."

"(1791) The great Ruler of events will not permit the happiness of so many millions to be destroyed."

"(1792) But as the All-Wise Disposer of events has hitherto watched over my
(Continued on page 29)



Abraham Lincoln



Blossom Saves Her Brother

Joseph T. Larson

The Civil War was on. President Abraham Lincoln sent out a call for 300,000 new recruits. Among those who responded was Anthony Brown, and with him, his pal, John Parker. Their parents tried to discourage them from going, for they were both only about seventeen years of age. But no reasoning could prevail with them and they hastily left for training.

After months of training, they were ushered into the thick of the fight, under General Grant's supervision, although the subordinate general was Gen. O. O. Howard.

On one occasion they had an all-day march, and all day John Parker was not well, but they were compelled to march or drop by the wayside for the enemy to capture. "Here, let me take your pack,—I'm stronger than you," remarked Anthony Brown to John Parker. John took the burden from his back and gave it gladly to Anthony.

On and on they marched. Oh, how they felt like dropping! Soon it was dark and they were ordered to halt and unpack their burdens and get some rest, but John Parker was ordered to do guard work that night. He dared not refuse and accepted the job. Later, knowing his weariness, Anthony offered to relieve him of the guardship. Naturally, John Parker was glad and sought to get some rest. During the same night, Anthony fell asleep and this was considered an offense worthy of death. His name was sent to President Lincoln, and Anthony was court-martialed and sent to a guardhouse at Washington. A letter was written to the pastor of his church in the Green Mountains of Vermont, where his father also lived. It read as follows:

"Dear Sir: Your son, Anthony Brown, taking the place of his friend, John Parker, was found asleep on his post of duty

and has been sentenced to death. We felt you should know about it, so if you cared to visit him before his execution you may do so. Kindly advise us your wish in the matter.

"Yours very truly,

Officer in Command."

The pastor read this note with astonishment and hurried over to Mr. and Mrs. Brown to announce that their son was sentenced to be shot for sleeping at his post of duty.

"Oh, you don't mean to say so!"

"Yes, that is what this letter says," admitted the pastor.

They all burst into tears, and said, "Whatever shall we do now?"

Just then Blossom Brown burst into the house, and overheard the rereading of the letter. She asked for an explanation. "You mean they are going to shoot my brother?" she asked excitedly.

"Yes, that is what the letter tells us."

"Oh, daddy, let me go and save him from it! I'll, I'll beg President Lincoln to spare him from death, for he is too good a brother to die!"

"All right, daughter, you may go, and if he must die have them wire us at once and we will come down. God bless you for thinking about it!"

She was soon ready and boarded the train at the nearest station for Washington. At New York she was asked what she was going to do in Washington. "I'm going to plead for the life of my condemned brother," she replied.

She arrived early in the morning in the capital city and made her way to the White House. She approached the guards and asked to see President Lincoln. For such a little girl they easily let her go by.

She knocked timidly on the President's private office and a strong voice said, "Come right in."

"Well, well, who are you, little girl?" questioned the President.

"My name is Blossom Brown. I have come to plead for the life of my brother, Anthony Brown, who is soon to be shot for sleeping at his post on guard duty. And, Mr. Lincoln, he took the

place of his sick friend, John Parker. He had carried his burden all day, and then took his place as guard, and could not help but fall asleep when he was so tired. Oh, please, Mr. Lincoln, won't you pardon my brother, for he has done nothing worthy of death?"

"Well, that sounds so strange. I think I understand. Wait a few minutes." Abraham Lincoln pressed the button and his assistant came quickly.

"Find me the execution papers for Anthony Brown," ordered the President.

The papers were brought to him; he had signed them, but now he wrote across the papers in red ink,

"PARDONED—STAY EXECUTION PERMANENTLY.

Abraham Lincoln."

"Now, little girl, look at that! I have stopped them from taking the life of your brother. I find he is worthy of reward, not execution,—for he saved the other young man from collapse and from death, which is more heroic than anything he might have done under the circumstances. Now, just wait a minute." He rang for the assistant and sent the papers with him with the words, "Have them bring the young man into my office—I wish to see him."

Presently Anthony Brown came. He was amazed at the reversal of his sentence. "Young man," said the President, "your little sister here has saved your life and you owe it to her love and intercession. You are a free man, and will be given a pension for life, and medals of honor. You may go home with your sister."

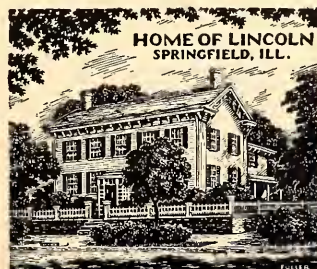
Anthony Brown uttered a hasty "Thank you, sir," and then ran to his little sister, and embraced her and kissed her before the President. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he said, "God bless you, dear sister, for saving my life,—I owe it all to you and the kind President!"

President Lincoln stood still and looked at them both through his tears and finally said, "Good-by, young man,—good-by, little girl; God bless you!" They hurried to the station where they purchased tickets for Vermont and were soon at home, where the Browns all thanked God for deliverance from death through the love and intercession of Blossom.

It had only reminded them of the substitutionary work of Christ who "gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us unto God," and that "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—S.S.B.

No Time To Quit

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he ran for the legislature in Illinois, and was badly swamped. He next entered business, failed, and spent seven—
(Continued on page 29)



Aunt Margaret's New Patriotism

NELLIE L. HARRINGTON

"Aunt Margaret, may I have a little of your time?" asked her nephew, with an anxious expression.

"Not now, Martin," she answered, impatiently, looking up from some closely written sheets on her desk. "I am very busy this morning. I've almost found my connection away back in the seventeenth century. There's only a single missing link. I feel sure that I am on the right track and will soon succeed," and her eyes held the exultant light of a research worker with the coveted goal in sight—or at most, just around the corner.

"If that item has waited for two or three hundred years I am sure a half hour now will make no difference. This business is important," he said with determination.

"What is?" she asked, impatiently, her eyes straying to her manuscript.

"Christian patriotism," he declared emphatically.

Her chin lifted and her eyes flashed. "Martin Pangborn! How dare you. You know that I never believed in the suffrage for women. I never have voted and what is more I never intend to," she said with finality.

"I don't see how you can call yourself a Christian and talk that way," he declared, passionately. "With the country in the mess it is today, morally, how can you be anything but patriotic?"

"I am patriotic as I understand it," she insisted. "I sing 'America' and 'Star-Spangled Banner' with genuine thrills. And the oratory of Memorial Day and the Fourth of July always strikes a responsive chord in my heart. But my whole being revolts at the political scheming and wire-pulling that goes along with voting."

"Piker!" said the young man, disgustingly, as he rose.

"What did you say?" she demanded. "I said 'Piker,' and I meant it," he said through set teeth as he turned away.

"Come right back here," she ordered, "and tell me what that means and why you fling insults in my face."

"All right, I will. 'Piker' is the name we give to one who fails to do his full share—carry his measure of responsibility, perhaps I should say. Now you tell me. Women were given the ballot. What have you done with yours?" relentlessly.

"I do not know how to vote," stiffly.

"Well, can't you learn? Ignorance excuses no one but an idiot, and that comparison would be unfair to you. No, Aunt Margaret, ever since that last election the

conviction has been growing on me that a lot of church members are shirking their political responsibilities. You pray 'Thy kingdom come,' but for the life of me I can't see what you are doing to help answer your own prayers. When you go up to the judgment bar, what excuse are you going to offer for your negligence?"

"Martin! I never heard such talk from you before. What has got into you?"

"It is high time you knew. I am worried about Cal—and you ought to be."

"Calvin? What about him? Isn't he all right?"

"On the contrary, he is all wrong, and everybody but you is aware of it already. Since the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment he has been doing things that I don't like to see a cousin of mine do. That's all. I hoped you would see of your own accord. Aunt Margaret, you ought to outgrow your silly, sentimental ideas of patriotism and develop the honest-to-goodness kind that amounts to something."

"Martin Pangborn, stop ranting about patriotism and tell me what is the matter with Calvin."

"I will. When Congress said that beer was not intoxicating Cal tried it. He got to liking it and when repeal came he took the stronger stuff. I've tried to talk to him, but he always says that *you* don't object. Said you never had. He is being your kind of a patriot."

"My kind of a patriot!" in dismay.

"Sure. Either shut your eyes and ears and let politicians run things to suit themselves, or what is just as bad in its results—believe all the propaganda. In this case the government needs revenue; liquor taxes will pay that revenue; therefore, it is patriotic to drink all you can so that the receipts of the saloon may be swelled to the limit."

"Oh, Martin! Not saloon! I shudder at that word."

"I notice you didn't shudder enough to send you to the ballot box to vote against the repeal. What did you do? Stay home and sing, or dig your precious genealogy while liquor came back to break up your home? I don't know but it serves you right. Sort of poetic justice, perhaps. But my cousin is too fine a boy to be ruined by a mother's neglect," morosely.

"Why haven't I heard of this before?" she asked with an attempt at dignity.

"No one else had courage to tell you, or rather no one could pry you loose from your hobby long enough to make you understand. I nearly gave up today and I

feel like a brute about it. If Uncle Hal had lived it might have made a lot of difference. But Cal has gotten some ideas in the high school that haven't helped him very much."

"Why—why—I supposed he had a wonderful high school."

"Some more of your trusting thoughts without facts to back them up," he said, tersely.

"Isn't Professor Dartmouth all right?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, he is, so far as I know. But one man does not make the faculty. A pretty strong minority in the board is against him and I guess they are about ready to turn him out. The fact that he has the confidence of the *good* people of the city is the only reason he has been kept so long as he has. He makes a blind for some of the under-cover schemes."

"Martin! Do you realize the charges you are making?" cried his aunt in horror.

"I certainly do. This is mild in comparison with some things I hear."

"But, Martin, I don't like such discussions!" she complained. "What has all that to do with Calvin?"

"See here, Aunt Margaret, when you tell a young chap like Calvin that the Bible is a collection of myths and legends; that its moral teachings are not binding on this enlightened age; that the ideas of atonement—one person suffering for the guilt of another—is nonsense; that the only idea in prayer is to talk to your own sub-conscious self; such a line of teaching as that day after day is bound to break a fellow's moral standards, unless he is pretty well grounded in his religious life at home. And—Cal has not been," he added.

"Well, you know, I've been busy," she defended, lamely.

"I know you *think* you have," he admitted.

"But I have always believed that every person should have a hobby. And every spare minute I have been searching records for traces of the Pangborn and Secrist families. Sometimes I feel that I am just on the verge of something very important about one or the other of them," and she sighed.

"But you don't quite get it," he stated, flatly. "If you would take your eyes off those old musty tomes at the library and look around you I know you'd find many things far more important. Do you know who your member of the school board is?"

"No-o, I can't say that I do," she answered, slowly.

"Well, I'll tell you. His name is Abbott, and he is one reason for moral blindness in the school. He has a fortune that he made in the stock market when others crashed. He favored repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Through his influence a beer parlor has been established across

(Continued on page 29)



SUNDAY SCHOOL

DEPARTMENT



SUNDAY SCHOOL EVANGELISM

GRACE SANDERS

Today more than ever before the evangelization of the Sunday school is necessary. When our present teachers were pupils in the Sunday school, they were accompanied there by their parents, who took a keen interest in that phase of Christian activity. Today such is not the case. In all too many cities and communities the children and young people are given little or no encouragement. When the Sunday school was in its youth, the parents took the children. Now they send them. It was not a matter of asking them if they wanted to go. That point needed no consideration. The Sunday school played an important part in their home life. How sad the fact that our present trend of living has made such an abrupt change in our lives. The results can be clearly seen—a drastic change in our communities.

We may ask first of all, Why have a Sunday school? The young people of our day have more advantages. 'Tis true that sin is increasing by leaps and bounds. They have more knowledge to cope with it. That is not sufficient. The fact remains that a Sunday school exists to teach the Word of God. Young people encounter the same temptations as our forefathers. But sin has come out of its hiding place. It is more open than before. Thus we see the necessity of having schools that ever and always base their principles on the Bible alone.

In realizing the need of a Sunday school, we also see the need of having a staff of consecrated Christian teachers. They are to know the Christ of the Bible; to be as the Christ of the Bible, and also do as the Christ of the Bible. A teacher should have several qualifications before he or she is ready to undertake such a tremendous task. None of us are perfect, yet they say, "The best is none too good." He or she must be an ideal of growth, as Paul was, to press on. To have a definite Christian experience is the first step. From that all the Christlike characters will spring. A mere verbal knowledge of the Bible, as how our Bible came to be written, and the peo-

ple to whom it first came, will not suffice. The message and hearts of people who first received it and a study of the inspired writers is just a beginning for the student of the Bible, who in turn tells the pupils. Studying the Bible continually one notes how it helps the Christian life. A teacher is far more interesting and educational if he or she studies church history and knows the attitude of the church toward missions, stewardship, temperance and other church problems. Christian literature is inspired and uplifting, but the Bible is the greatest literature enchanted with the music therein revealed. The geography and art of the Bible are incomparable in authenticity and beauty. There must be a definite growth in prayer life, that is, an exercise of faith. The natural endowments as Christ for the ideal is the sum total of a Christian personality. One profits by the experiences of others and one's own self, therefore a growth in teaching enables one to have an insight of human nature. Pretense can be easily seen through, therefore being a Christian enthusiast is by far the better.

Loyalty to God as a teacher brings about certain changes in any Sunday school staff. It gives a thorough knowl-

edge and understanding of what to represent in his or her character by being true to the church. A true Christian will see the weaknesses and try to improve, and is willing to deny self for the good of church and class. There is to be in the teacher a total responsibility for the attitude of the pupils. Best of all, the teacher will be true to God and never betray the church, for he or she considers the position and deems it a glorious opportunity.

The Bible should be the chief textbook of the Sunday school. The primary reason for that is because the Bible is the power of life. The Bible must be put down to the child's thinking. The teacher must make the truths live anew and give the message the Bible intends to give. The Bible is a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our pathway, therefore it is contributory to the spirit and ideals of Jesus. Bible history, when studied, is one way to develop appreciation of the Book. The verses and chapters memorized as a child have stayed with me more than any lesson ever taught because later in life as a Christian I met with problems or trials. Ever would some promise come to my mind to comfort and help me in victorious living which would otherwise have left me alone with my difficulties. The lessons learned from the Bible can be very original; practical and yet personal.

Above all, Jesus Christ is our supreme example to be used in evangelizing the Sunday school. Personal work is simple faith in Jesus Christ and an avenue of that leads to helping others to Him. "If we cease to bleed, we cease to bless," is an adage, yet how true are the words. Again, "I will give light by being myself consumed." No high pressure methods are necessary. By continually lifting the Christ of the Bible and the Christ of the New Testament, genuine regeneration is followed by consecration.

The world can only be changed in one way and that is by changing the heart. "Therefore if any man be in Christ he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (2 Cor. 5: 17).

(Continued on page 26)



The

Glad Hand

*of good fellowship will be
extended to you next
Sunday.*

Can you say this over at your Sunday school?
If not, see that you can in the future.

Hymn Stories

"ON WINGS OF SONG"

A STUDY OF RELIGION IN MUSIC

By H. Augustine Smith

Music is sometimes spoken of as "the handmaid of Religion," and in the book of Job we find this poetic reference to song:

"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? . . .

*Who laid the cornerstone thereof;
When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?"*

The ancient religions of Egypt, Assyria, and Babylon made use of music in their temple rites, but it remained for the Hebrews to refine and beautify this art, and make it fit for the worship of the one true God.

To chorus singing was added the music of more than twenty musical instruments. The most important was the harp, something like a modern guitar but with a smaller neck. It was probably this upon which David played with such skill and sweetness. From earlier times, the silver trumpet was used to sound the signal for the pitching of tents and again for breaking camp. Later it was used in the worship of the temple, and reference to it has come down to us in the lines of a well-known hymn:

*"Today on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls."*

The Moravians still call their congregations to worship by trumpets and trombones instead of bells.

The drum of the Hebrews was a large-sized tambourine played by the women of Bible times; Miriam at the Red Sea, Jephtha's daughter and her attendants on the return of her victorious father, and the women who aroused King Saul's jealousy by singing,

*"Saul hath slain his thousands,
And David his tens of thousands."*

Next in importance to the harp in ancient music were the cymbals. Asaph and his sons' sons constituted a school of this type of music. Imagine the effect of clashing cymbals, with ringing overtones, used in connection with the great temple choirs! In the Orient are made the most musical cymbals, ranging from the "tinkling cymbal" to the resounding bass-toned giant which must be wielded by strong arms.

Hebrew Hymns

In the heart of the Bible is the Hebrew hymn book, one hundred and fifty psalms that were intoned, chanted, or chorused

with overwhelming effect by the Levites, two hundred and eighty-eight strong. They were organized into twelve choirs of twenty-four each. In many psalms—for example the twenty-fourth, forty-sixth, and one hundred and thirty-sixth—the antiphonal form was used, one choir answering another. Sometimes the people joined in such refrains as "For his mercy endureth forever." Beloved folk songs supplied the music used, such as "The Dove in Far-Off Lands," "Lily of the Law," "Deer of the Dawn," and "Lilies." All Hebrew music was for the purpose of bringing God near to His people; to make them recognize His presence in their very midst, an experience toward which all choirs, soloists, organists, and directors of today should strive.

Early Christian Music

We are told that before Jesus and His friends left the upper room they sang a hymn, probably one of the psalms used in celebrating the Passover. Paul had a hand in shaping the church music used by his converts in Asia Minor, urging them not only to sing with spirit, but with understanding. With the old Hebrew psalms and hymns they also used the songs of the new faith that were coming from the catacombs and dungeons as well as from fields and vineyards.

From the fifth to the sixteenth century music was taken over by the Church. As monks and priests moved everywhere as missionaries they instructed in plain-song, in Gregorian tone, and in chanting. An example of such music is found in our hymn, "O Come, O Come, Emmanuel." It was then sung by men only and without accompaniment. This was the period of polyphony (many voices) used without accompanying musical instruments.

The Reformation

The Reformation roused a sleeping world with song! Whole cities, said the priests, are singing themselves into the new faith. Huss in Bohemia, Luther in Germany, and later John Calvin in Switzerland, sought everywhere for words and music for all the people to sing. We are singing Luther's great hymn today, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," and the lovely carol written for his little son: *Away in a manger, no crib for his bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head,*

The stars in the sky looked down where he lay—

The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

England and Scotland were likewise vocal with song through metrical versions of the Psalms. One of the earliest was the

paraphrase of the One Hundredth Psalm which goes back to 1552:

*All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forthtell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.*

The pilgrims, landing at Plymouth, brought their Psalm Book with them, as Longfellow relates in "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

Watts and Wesley

In the eighteenth century "the two W's" were lyric poets who helped the English-speaking world to worship in song, Isaac Watts with his six hundred hymns and Charles Wesley with more than six thousand. Someone has called them "the spiritual Titans of the eighteenth century." Now Christians in all lands, and in all tongues, are singing, "Jesus Lover of My Soul," "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," "Joy to the World! the Lord Is Come," "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," "Love Divine, All Love Excelling," and many other familiar hymns written by Watts and Wesley.

Oratorios

Any study of religion in music which did not mention the oratorio would be sadly incomplete. The story told in the first chapters of Genesis moved Joseph Haydn to transcribe it into majestic harmonies which he called "The Creation." The experiences of the great Hebrew prophet who saved monotheism inspired Mendelssohn's masterpiece, "Elijah," while the New Testament account of the incarnation and advent of our Lord Jesus Christ, together with the related prophecies, was the motivating force of Handel's "The Messiah." Our custom of rising when the magnificent "Hallelujah Chorus" is sung goes back to the time the oratorio was first given in London. It is said that King George II was so affected by it that he rose and stood with bowed head until the final "Hallelujah," the audience following his example.

"Youth Serves"

It is interesting to note how many fine hymns have been written by young men and young women. Milton was sixteen when he wrote the hymn beginning, "Let us with a gladsome mind;" Anna Coghill, at eighteen, wrote "Work, for the Night Is Coming;" Mary Edgar, at nineteen, wrote, "God, who touchest earth with beauty;" Lizzie Tourjee, aged sixteen, wrote, "There's a wideness in God's mercy," and ten-year-old Joseph Grigg wrote the pleading lines of "Behold a Stranger at the door." If modern youth are not so given to versification, it is significant that they are doing splendid work in age-group choirs. In many churches the paid quartet or soloist is giving way to choirs of high-school students, Junior girls, boys

(Continued on page 26)

Wayside Sowers

NELLIE L. HARRINGTON

"Ben, I declare that cold wind goes right through me," complained Martha Sanders.

"Cold? Why this is nothing at all, Martha," expostulated Ben, cheerfully. "This is just a little foretaste of winter, that's all."

"I know, and it makes me shiver to think of zero weather. I wish we could go to California or to Florida," said Martha wistfully.

"Why don't you folks go for the winter?" put in Ross, the son, heartily. "There's not a thing to hinder you."

Ross' wife, Saramae, joined in, "Sure! Now that you've sold the farm, you have money enough to live anywhere you please. Go on, have a good time, with no need to worry about things at home."

Ben looked glum. "Trying to get rid of the old folks, are you?" he answered half-belligerently. "What would I do out there, I'd like to know. I've been used to work. I never thought much of a loafer."

"See here, Dad, you can't expect to keep on working very much longer, so why not stop while you can still learn how to enjoy leisure. If you wait too long you'll never learn it. I'm thinking you'll have your hands full keeping up with mother."

"I may, at that," replied Ben reflectively. "What do you say, Martha? Do you really want to go?"

"Do I! Ben Sanders, I've longed all my life to see California," she said earnestly. "I gave up the notion years ago, but I have thought lately that if I could only get away from this cold weather I would be most grateful," she finished solemnly.

"H-mh-h!" Ben cleared his throat. "I didn't know you felt that way about it. We might have gone before this."

"No," she said reasonably, "there never has been a time until now. We didn't have the money in those early years. And there would have been no pleasure in dragging babies around on a trip like that."

"And then we had college expenses," Ben remembered.

"And after that, weddings—until now you have the last child off your hands, and the farm, too," put in Ross. "It's the psychological moment, Dad, I do believe."

"Looks like this cold snap came just in time to put the climax to the argument," added

Saramae. "There must be always something to start a ball rolling. How soon can you get ready?" she asked eagerly.

"Hold on here, girl, you take my breath," protested Ben. "I haven't even said we'd go."

"Oh, but you will though," assured Ross. "The arguments are all on one side. There really is nothing to do but to settle the details."

"But I've heard that living is awfully expensive in those winter resorts. Fifteen dollars a week for a tiny room soon runs into money. We can't use this all up and have nothing for our old age," was Ben's further protest.

"Why don't you get a trailer and take your time?" suggested Ross. "I saw Perry Jackson the other day; they stayed in a trailer park down in Arizona last winter and had a wonderful time. They came home all enthused and said they were going back again this year. He said you could make your expenses as much or as little as you liked. And you'd have mother's home cooking!"

"Martha, do you s'pose you could stand it to keep house in a trailer?" Ben asked.

"I'd love to try," she beamed. "I never have seen the inside of one, but I've heard how nice they are."

"Why wouldn't you like to go to Florida?" asked Ben.

"Oh, I've heard so much about its raining there. I don't think I'd like it," said Martha decidedly.

"Well, I don't know. I guess I'd sooner be drowned than choked on dust, and that seems to be the way in California. But as long as we are going for your health, Martha, you ought to choose the place. So if you say California—then California it is," Ben said resignedly.

Martha promptly forgot the cold as she and Saramae became engrossed in

plans for the trip. Clothes were of first importance. What would stand the most wear and at the same time look the best in all kinds of weather—and take up the least room! What about dishes? And cooking utensils? and staple groceries? They found so many things to think about.

Ben and Ross went out to look for a trailer. And then Ben must learn to handle it on the roads.

Events moved so smoothly, however, that in "October's bright blue weather" they found themselves safely packed and headed toward the southwest.

"Well, Martha, are you happy?" questioned Ben as they crossed their own county line.

She gave him a swift glance and to his amazement he saw that her eyes were filled with tears, and her lips were trembling.

He hastily pulled the car to the side of the road and asked solicitously, "What is the matter? What's wrong?"

She gulped and tried to swallow the lump that seemed to be choking her. "Not a thing wrong, Ben," she finally managed to say, "but it came over me all at once, what if I never came back," and the tears fell.

Ben was at a loss for words. Most men are tongue-tied in the presence of a woman's tears. So he only patted her shoulder sympathetically, even though a bit awkwardly.

In a moment she grew calmer. "There, I feel better," she answered wiping her eyes. "But there are so many accidents on the roads. It is so easy to start out for a drive and land in eternity. It came over me all of a sudden how dear the home is, and the children, and—what if I never came back," and she smiled tremulously.

"I hope the answer to that is that we shall all meet at Jesus' feet," he said reverently. "Have you forgotten that the angel of the Lord can go right long with us, and camp round about us?"

"I'm afraid I wasn't thinking of it at the time," she admitted. "Guess I let my human emotions get the best of me. I'll do better, Ben. I didn't mean to spoil the starting of our winter in the land of sunshine."

"You're sure you will be all right?" he asked. "We can turn back right now if you say so."

"Oh no, I don't want to stay in the cold here this winter. Next time I feel weepy I'll think about zero weather. I won't cry any more."

They made the trip in leisurely fashion. Mile after mile the ribbon of concrete passed under their wheels. New beauties met them at every curve.

(Continued on page 24)

THE HARVEST TIME

*"The seed I have scattered in springtime with weeping,
And watered with tears and with dews from an high;
Another may shout when the harvester's reaping,
Shall gather my grain in the 'sweet by and by.'*

*"Over and over, yes, deeper and deeper,
My heart is pierced through with life's sorrowing cry,
But the tears of the sower and the songs of the reaper
Shall mingle together in joy by and by.*

*"Another may reap what in springtime I've planted,
Another rejoice in the fruit of my pain,
Not knowing my tears when in summer I've fainted
While toiling sad-hearted in sunshine and rain.*

*"The thorns will have choked, and the summer sun blasted,
The most of the seed which in springtime I've sown;
But the LORD who has watched while my weary toil lasted,
Will give me a harvest far what I have done."*

Exchange Page

Y. P. E. Prize Winner

Dear boys and girls everywhere:

I want to praise the dear Lord this morning for what He has done for me in the past and is doing at the present. I praise Him because one day I became willing to confess my sins and take Jesus as my personal Savior. I am glad because I can feel the near presence of the Lord with me now. I thank the Lord for the Y. P. E. at Kathleen. We are few in number but we are doing our best and He is blessing. I praise the Lord for our pastor, Brother Roy Wetherington. He is doing a great work this year.

Our leader, Sister Emma B. Canup, started a contest four weeks ago in order to raise money for repairing the church. It closed last night and I was the winner. I raised \$20.13. Sister Canup gave a cake with the following inscription on top, "Prize of Y. P. E." Pray for us that the Lord will supply our needs to finish raising enough money necessary. Pray for us to keep on keeping on.—Rena Dorman, Lakeland, Fla.

Dear Lighted Pathway Readers:

God is blessing every effort that is put forth here. We have a good Y. P. E. In fact, every department of the church is on a rise. We can feel the mighty power and presence of God every time we meet together and there is such a sweet fellowship among the people.

We praise God for our good pastor and family. They have surely proved a great blessing to the church. We have been able to ceil and re-floor the church, buy a piano and heater and now are free from debt. The greatest thing we owe is praise and thanksgiving unto God who has done so much for us. We wish to thank the many people who have stood by us and made it possible for us to put things over the top. The people here have a mind to work.

Pray for our little band here that we might press forward for God.—Ressie Smith, Walhalla, S. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I read your paper each month. My sister gets it and passes it to me, then I pass it on to my other sister who has eight children. Four or five of them read it and like it very much. My oldest sister says it is the best church paper she has ever read in all her life.

I don't get to go to church often, so please pray for me and my home that I may do what He would have me do.—Mrs. Rowena Kilmor, Newcomb, Md.

Dear Sister Harrison:

For the past five years I have been a reader of the Lighted Pathway and I think it is the best religious paper I have ever read and I never fail to get a blessing every time I read one. They are always full of encouragement to the old and young alike. It may seem that you get little encouragement and a small reward but when God calls you home to be with Him, you'll receive a great reward for being such a blessing to the young people and the older ones also.

We use the material out of the Lighted Pathway in our Y. P. E. services and it is a great help to us. We do not have a large Y. P. E. here but we do have a good president and group captain, and we are proud of Sister Inez Denmark for the district president.

Not many of our Y. P. E. members have salvation so we ask everyone to pray for us here at Valdosta that we will have a larger and stronger Y. P. E. and that souls will be saved. Pray for me to get closer to God and be an obedient servant in His service.—Mrs. E. L. Lane, Valdosta, Ga.

Dear Sister Harrison:

For a long time I've been thinking of writing to you. I think the Lighted Pathway is truly a wonderful paper. I cannot tell how much it means to me, there are always words of comfort for every burdened heart.

My prayer is that our precious Father will stand by you and supply your every need.

I am the mother of two precious little girls. Pray that I will raise them right. Also pray for my husband that he will accept the Lord and that our home will be a home of prayer.—Mrs. Clarence Spurlock, Seneca, S. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

As I sit here this morning looking through the Lighted Pathway, I find comfort and solace as if I were talking to a confident friend. I just want to praise my Redeemer for the little paper and for you. Oh, it is so good that I do not find words to express my appreciation for it.

I think it was in the November issue last year that I said I desired the prayers of all the Christians everywhere that the good Lord would save me. Well, He has done just that for me and more than that, He sanctified and filled me with the Holy Ghost which abides this morning.

Sister Harrison, after having read, I believe, every passage in the Lighted

Pathway, I was looking at the front cover and thinking how our pilgrim fathers sacrificed in their days to serve the Lord and it makes me want to do more for Him. I believe if people nowadays had to sacrifice like our dear old pilgrim fathers did there would be more good accomplished.

Sister Harrison, I expect to see you some day, if not on earth, I'll meet you over on the other side of life.—Arta Rose Willingham, Bauxite, Ark.

P. S.—May I ask the date of your birthday?

Dear Sister Harrison:

I certainly enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. It is food to my soul. There are so many things that I have read in it which have touched my heart and encouraged me. The Editor's Message is always so wonderful, you always say so many encouraging words to us young people.

I am saved, sanctified, have the Holy Ghost and am a member of the Church of God. I want to win one lost soul for Jesus every day.

I thank the Lord for a good Christian home. Every one in our family is saved. My father is a Church of God minister.

I also thank the Lord for our good Y. P. E. here at Campaign. Pray for me that I will always stay humble at the foot of the cross, ready to do what Jesus would have me do.—Daisy Nell Sifford, Campaign, Tenn.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have never written to you before, but I surely do enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. Your messages are a great encouragement to us young folks. In the October issue the piece about the girl leading the young folks to Christ has meant much to me. I was almost ready to give up but this has inspired me to press on.

I go to Sesser Y. P. E. every chance I get. I surely enjoy their meetings. I am only a saved girl and I want every one who reads this to pray for me. I need to be sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost.

My mother belongs to the Church of God. Pray that my father will receive the Holy Ghost.—Billie LeVault, Rt. 3, Benton, Ill.

From Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings from the Y. P. E. of Memphis, Tennessee!

We want to congratulate you for the wonderful work you are doing as Editor and Publisher of the Lighted Pathway. We are glad to present our friends with a copy of this paper. We are increasing the sale of the paper here; we sold all of

(Continued on page 25)

Contributions by Young Writers

Could Ye Not Watch One Hour?

Pearl Marion

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation," Matt. 26:41.

These are the words of Jesus, talking to His disciples in the garden of Gethsemane. Jesus' heart was very heavy at this time. He was going through a trying time of His life, and He asked His disciples to watch and pray. But we see His disciples didn't. They went to sleep, and Jesus came and found them asleep. What did Jesus say? "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" Jesus told them at last to sleep on. Jesus has gone away and He tells us in Luke 21:36, "Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man." Luke 18:1, "And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint." Now I am sure we all want to stand before the Son of man with a happy feeling in our souls and we can do it if we will obey the Bible and watch and pray. We notice the word, "watch," comes first. This does not mean to watch the other fellow and see all of his faults. I am afraid there are some that have watched others, until they have forgotten to pray and have fainted. Now Jesus does not want us to do that. He wants us to watch ourselves and keep right and pray. If every member of the Church would watch and pray, we would not have so much of the world in the Church. I am sorry to say that these things have entered in. We can't love the world and God too. May God help us to pray more. If every member would pray through every day it would be no trouble to have an old time revival with souls praying through.

Jesus is coming back, for He said He would. Will He find us watching?

May God bless everyone and help us to watch and pray.—Columbus, Ga.

Give of Our Praise

Mrs. Cletus Morgan

This is a very simple but important subject. It extends further than you or I could ever think or say. Some people may not understand this subject thoroughly but we, as Christians, should go with a praise in our hearts.

The story is told of a husband who said to his wife, "You're a great little wife and I don't know what I would do without you." As he spoke he put his arms around her and kissed her and she forgot all her cares. As she went about her work, she sang and her neighbors

heard her singing and began to sing. When the delivery boy came he heard her singing and he went out whistling. All this was because he praised his wife; the song came and the influence went on and on.

You don't know who is watching your life and if you are living a Christian life the influence will go on and on. If you are not living a Christian life the influence of your life may be lived by your children. I think the greatest responsibility that is resting upon the shoulders of the parents today is to live a Christian life before their children. Some precious parents are doing so today and some are not. Some people are trying to be an example to their fellowmen and God blesses our efforts.

Jesus has left an example for us to follow. When temptations come, we should have a praise in our heart. Sometime we may think our temptations are too great, but Jesus has promised not to tempt us more than we are able to bear. We must take Him for our example. Jesus was led out into the wilderness by the spirit to be tempted by the devil. The devil told Him if He would kneel before him and worship him, He would have the whole world in His possession. The Lord only said, "It is written." The Lord finally rebuked the devil and said, "Get hence." We should follow Him. When temptations come we should call on the Lord and if we overcome them that will bring us closer to Him. So when dark hours come, things look dreary, just call on the Lord and He will be near us. He said He would lighten our heavy loads and share our sorrows with us. He is standing with outstretched arms waiting to bless His children. When everything else fails, Jesus will lend us a helping hand. If we go with a praise in our heart, we will be as the good Samaritan was.

A man was going along the road that was lonely and still. The sides of the road were of high caves and rocks. All at once some robbers came from behind their hiding place. They stopped the poor man and took all his money. They beat him so that he couldn't walk, so he just lay down beside the road. Two men passed the poor man by. Soon a man came riding down the road on a horse. This man was called a Samaritan. When he saw this poor beaten man beside the road he walked over, picked him up and carried him to the nearest village and was sure that he was taken care of until he was well again.

How many people do we have like the good Samaritan today? A very few, I'm sure. If there hadn't been a praise in his

heart, he would have passed on by too.

We may have persecutions down here but we will receive our reward in heaven.

Think of poor Lazarus who lay at the rich man's door begging for the crumbs that fell from his table. The rich man turned his back. Soon Lazarus passed away and the angels came and took him to heaven.

We should also have a praise in our home. Don't wait until your loved ones are lying cold in their grave to praise them. Show them that you love them while they are here. Closed eyes cannot see the white roses. Still breath cannot gather their sweet odors. So give them their praise now.

I'm thankful for Jesus who lay in a manger. I'm glad that an angel came to Joseph through the night and said, "Make haste and take Jesus and Mary out of Bethlehem before the wicked men come to kill him."

After He grew up He told the people how to live. Some listened and some did not. Today Jesus loves us so that He gave His life on the cross that we might be saved. Do you think you have a friend on earth who would be nailed to a cross for you? We owe it to the Lord to live a Christian life. He is ready to put a praise in your heart today.—Morgantown, Miss.

What Will You Do With Jesus?

Mrs. Willie C. Waters

"Pilate saith unto them, What saith I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let him be crucified," Matt. 27:22.

We see Jesus, this morning, before Pilate, standing trial for the sins of a lost world. Falsely accused, He stood with His heart bleeding, condemned to die. By reading Matt. 2:2, we find that the world has been trying to slay Jesus since His birth into the world. Oh, if they could just get Him out of their way.

Boys and girls, what are you doing with Jesus this morning? Are you making Him King of your life, or are you trying to slay Him? "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them," Eccl. 12:1.

You may say, "I've never committed a great sin. I live a good moral life." Let us turn to Rom. 3:19, "Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God."

*Dear ones, accept Jesus while there is time and opportunity,
Jesus is standing in Pilate's hall,
Friendless, forsaken, betrayed by all,
Do you not hear His sweet, tender call?*

(Continued on page 26)

Reading Circle



Recommended Books for Your Library

For Children

Trips and Adventures, by A. L. Byers. Price, 75c.

Chats With Uncle Jack, by C. W. Naylor. Price, 60c.

Things in Nature, by A. L. Byers. Price, 75c.

Birds and Animals, by A. L. Byers. Price, 75c.

Happy Hours at Home, by Isabel C. Byrum. Price, 60c.

Friends of God, by J. E. Potzger and H. A. Mertz. Price, 25c.

Kindergarten Outline Pictures, by Lillie A. Faris. Price, 35c.

For Young People

Fanny Crosby, by J. Reginald Casswell. Price, 75c.

John Bunyan, by J. J. Ellis. Price, 75c.

Ann H. Judson, by E. R. Pitman. Price, 75c.

For Christian Workers

A System of Christian Evidence, by Leander S. Keyser, A. M., D. D. Price, \$2.25.

Personal Soul Winning, by Evans. Price, \$1.25.

Taking Hold of God, by Samuel M. Zwemer, D. D. Price, cloth, \$1.50; paper, \$1.00.

The Art of Listening to God, by Samuel M. Zwemer. Price, \$1.50.

More Bible Quizzers, by Mildred Olive Honors. Price, 50c.

For Bible Readers

Story of the Gospel, by Charles Foster. Price, \$1.25.

Picture Story Life of Christ, by Elsie E. Egermeier. Price, \$2.00.

Illustrated Story of Jesus, by Rev. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D. D. Price, \$2.00.

Fiction

Together for Good, by Ann Harvey. Price, \$1.00.

One More Year, by Bertha B. Moore. Price, \$1.00.

Though He Slay Me, by Ella M. Noller. Price, \$1.00.

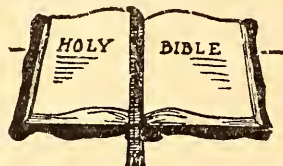
To These Also, by Bertha B. Moore. Price, \$1.00.

Under Whose Wings, by Zenobia Bird. Price, \$1.00.

At the Crossroads, by Minnie E. Ludwig. Price, \$1.00.

The Girl Who Found Herself, by Jack Lynn. Price, 50c.

Sally Jo, by Zenobia Bird. Price, \$1.00.



"This little Book I'd rather own,
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
Than all their diadems."

Bible Readings for February

	Morning		Evening	
Feb. 1	Ex. 13-14	Mark 3		
Feb. 2	Ex. 15-16	Mark 4		
Feb. 3	Ex. 17-18	Mark 5		
Feb. 4	Ex. 19-20	Mark 6		
Feb. 5	Ex. 21-22	Mark 7		
Feb. 6	Ex. 23-24	Mark 8		
Feb. 7	Ex. 25-26	Mark 9		
Feb. 8	Ex. 27-28	Mark 10		
Feb. 9	Ex. 29-30	Mark 11		
Feb. 10	Ex. 31-32	Mark 12		
Feb. 11	Ex. 33-34	Mark 13		
Feb. 12	Ex. 35-36	Mark 14		
Feb. 13	Ex. 37-38	Mark 15		
Feb. 14	Ex. 39-40	Mark 16		
Feb. 15	Lev. 1-2 Lk. 1 to v. 38			
Feb. 16	Lev. 3-4 Lk. 1 v. 39 to 2			
Feb. 17	Lev. 5-6	Luke 3		
Feb. 18	Lev. 7-8	Luke 4		
Feb. 19	Lev. 9-10	Luke 5		
Feb. 20	Lev. 11-12	Luke 6		
Feb. 21	Lev. 13	Luke 7		
Feb. 22	Lev. 14	Luke 8		
Feb. 23	Lev. 15-16	Luke 9		
Feb. 24	Lev. 17-18	Luke 10		
Feb. 25	Lev. 19-20	Luke 11		
Feb. 26	Lev. 21-22	Luke 12		
Feb. 27	Lev. 23-24	Luke 13		
Feb. 28	Lev. 25-27	Luke 14-15		

LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING

Sold for Jan. Total

Alabama	1,784	7,090
Arizona	98	224
Arkansas	195	999
California	183	788
Colorado		1,003
Delaware	49	182

Foreign	146	1,113
Florida	1,900	9,606
Georgia	4,743	20,704
Iowa	73	255
Idaho	48	299
Illinois	710	2,949
Indiana	189	910
Kansas	182	753
Kentucky	1,267	11,419
Louisiana	459	1,651
Maine	112	462
Maryland	380	1,999
Massachusetts	28	140
Minnesota	42	238
Michigan	424	1,563
Mississippi	420	2,116
Missouri	238	1,106
Montana	126	586
Nebraska	28	112
New Jersey	84	442
New Mexico	91	386
New York		64
North Carolina	4,091	15,943
North Dakota	140	490
Ohio	786	3,317
Oklahoma	233	970
Oregon	70	339
Pennsylvania	634	3,370
South Carolina	10,170	29,449
South Dakota	87	563
Tennessee	3,277	13,206
Texas	1,593	9,513
Virginia	791	4,023
Washington	84	449
Washington, D.C.	56	224
West Virginia	1,056	11,904
Wyoming	14	56
Total	37,081	162,975

State Superintendents of Sunday Schools and Y.P.E.'s

ALABAMA: H. I. Statum, Box 97, Pratt City, Ala.
 ARIZONA: Harry A. Muskegan, 2146 E. Fillmore, Phoenix, Ariz.
 ARKANSAS: Oscar L. May, 4618 W. 29th St., Little Rock, Ark.
 CALIFORNIA: Harold Phillips, 1051½ W. 46th St., Los Angeles, Calif.
 FLORIDA: Robert Johnson, Box 1643, Lakeland, Fla.
 GEORGIA: R. C. Muncy, Box 782, Macon, Ga.
 IDAHO: Alex J. Duncan, 1027 Ninth Ave., Lewiston, Idaho.
 ILLINOIS: Oran R. White, 614 W. Chestnut St., Olney, Ill.
 INDIANA: Ivan R. Stone, Linton, Ind.
 IOWA: Mrs. Flora Goins, 821 Montgomery Ave., Knoxville, Iowa.
 KANSAS AND NEBRASKA: Archie McWilliams, 612 E. Edison, Independence, Kans.
 KENTUCKY: Ed Denham, Box 240, Somerset, Ky.
 LOUISIANA: W. Burle Sumner, 3300 Polk St., Monroe, La.
 MAINE and MASSACHUSETTS: Gerald M. Searles, Penobscot, Me.
 MARYLAND, DELAWARE, E. VIRGINIA: Alva Mae McClure, 607 South St., Easton, Md.
 MISSOURI: Artie M. Dorman, Star Route, Brighton, Mo.
 MINNESOTA and WISCONSIN: Mr. and Mrs. Ross H. I. Box 252, Herman, Minn.
 MONTANA and WYOMING: Glen E. Clark, Box 395, Sheridan, Wyo.
 NEW JERSEY: Miss Faye Houser, 14 Mulberry St., Millville, N. J.
 NEW MEXICO, COLORADO: L. C. Heaston, Gen. Del., Hobbs, N. Mex.
 N. DAKOTA and S. DAKOTA: Ruby Thompson, Box 524, Lemmon, S. Dak.
 N. CAROLINA: Ralph Williams, Box 787, Kannapolis, N. C.

(Continued on page 26)

Bible Training School

Healing in Bible School

It has been my privilege to attend the Bible Training School for four years, and I can truly say that these four years have been the happiest, the most profitable and the most spiritual of my short life. As I look back upon my life before and now, I can only say that God did it all. I was unsaved when I came to Bible School; I was young and flippant, and it seemed easy for me to get into things that I should have left alone. There were times when I had to bear the punishment meted out to me, but by-and-by I was saved, and then I was able to pray, with the assistance of the other students, so that I was forgiven. And although I was saved, it still seemed as if it was very difficult for me to settle down to myself, and I made other mistakes, which were very painful in the end. But even in spite of all this, the faculty stood firm in their prayers for me and today I am far from the girl who came here four years ago to attend school. My life has been changed completely and I am looking forward to a much brighter future.

My first year in Bible School was the first step in building for myself a better character. My mother and father have been separated since my childhood and I had never had anyone to guide me, because my sweet mother always had to work away from home. Since I came to Bible School Brother Tharp has stood by me like a father. This year I am a different girl altogether. I am closer to the Lord than I have ever been. The faculty and students who knew me have remarked of my great change. I thank the Lord for His mercies and His guidance, and I also thank Him for His great healing power.

Some time ago while working, I was suddenly stricken with a severe attack of appendicitis. I was carried to the infirmary and the students began to pray for me. Praise the Lord, when we reached the throne on high I was instantly healed, and have not felt it since. While God was performing this great miracle, there were several others who were greatly blessed and some others healed. I thank the Lord for the Bible Training School and for students who can really reach the throne of grace in time of need. I want to always stay on the firing line and stand true to God.

I desire the prayers of all the saints that I may fill my small place in His great plan in such a manner as will please Him.—Margaretta Thacker, Columbus, Ohio.

Bible Training School

Dear Lighted Pathway Readers, greetings in Jesus' precious holy name. I am writing this article praising God for His goodness and the way He has blessed us here in dear old B. T. S. I am truly praising God for our school; it has meant so much to me. I feel that God is smiling down upon this place. He has His hand upon every boy and girl here, and has something for each one of us to do. You know I truly want to do what God wants me to do. If we are in the center of His will, we will always be happy and the glory of God shining on our face. You know that is what I want to be, just what God wants me to be, so that people can see Christ in my life.

The school is the best place in the world to get and keep in touch with God. You can hear someone praying just about all the time. I awoke the other night and heard someone praying over in the auditorium and it made my heart glad to think that young boys and girls are serving God in the way of holiness. Even though I am only sixteen I can see that we, the young people, are the Church of tomorrow, and if we let the standard down, what will become of the Church? Oh, it pays to live close to God so we can know His will and walk uprightly that they would never forget it.

There have been many times in school that the Holy Ghost has taken charge of the service, and many times there was a shout from the beginning to the end. Oh, I truly praise God for His many blessings. I would that every boy and girl could have the wonderful opportunity of attending Bible Training School. I am sure that they would never forget it.

Some say, "No wonder they have such good services there; they do not have the devil as much there as some place out in the world," but say, don't you believe that. The old devil is here in a greater way, probably, because he knows just what we have and how we are enjoying God's blessings. He tries in every way to defeat some so as to kill the spirit, but, praise God, we have a band of praying students, teachers, and superintendent who can really make him go.

As I close with these few words that I truly hope have meant something to someone, I am asking each and every one to pray for our school (it's yours too) that it will go over the top for God. Just remember that we are praying for you who have sent in requests, and those who haven't, we remember you as our brothers

and sisters in Christ somewhere out on the field fighting for God. — Frances Searcy, Rt. 1, Box 283, Winter Haven, Florida.

My Testimony

I truly praise the Lord for filling me with the Holy Ghost and for giving me the privilege of being in Bible Training School. God has "... blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." The sweet presence of the Lord is so real in our services! We are made to weep and rejoice together as we listen to the good messages brought from God's Word by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

I appreciate the love and the interest that our dear teachers have for us in their efforts to develop us, both spiritually and intellectually. I appreciate also the fellowship of the students. They are always ready to pray and hold on until victory comes.

At this time the world looks dark, but we students thank God for a hope in Christ that is steadfast. As we realize that the time in which we have to work is short, we have a deeper desire to cling to the cross, to be filled with the knowledge of His will in our lives, to walk worthy of the Lord, and to be faithful.

When I think of Paul's admonition to give thanks in everything, I seek for words to express my thanks unto our dear Father, but fail to find them. But God knew that it would be impossible for us to express it in our own language, so He has given us the precious Holy Ghost to express it for us.—Roberta Woods, Bottineau, N. Dak.

Another Testimony

"Praise God! Praise God!" Thanksgiving season has just passed and how much we all have to be thankful for; how much I have to be thankful for! First of all, I thank Him that He is my healer. I am a Bible School student and wish to give Him praise for healing my body. I was in the infirmary for thirteen days and twice Master Death was very close, but "... though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." Oh, thanks be unto God! He was with me and there was no fear, for it all went into the flow about nine years ago. As the suffering grew so severe and death seemed so near, our dean, a precious woman of God, with tears in her eyes, asked me if I wanted a doctor, but I could not say "yes." God was all I needed and He proved Himself a very present help in time of trouble. I feel as if I can trust Him more fully now than ever before, although He has healed me prior to this time. I find that He will not only

(Continued on page 26)



Bible Lessons



Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

Topic: A Noble Life

Alda B. Rankin McLendon

Scripture: Eccles. 12:1; 1 Tim. 4:12

Thoughts for the Leader

A noble life in its truest sense is one of the greatest things to be cherished in life. Not noble from the standpoint of birth as being born from royal parentage or possessing some social or political pre-eminence over another. It takes far more than this to make a truly noble life. We might possess all this and still fall far short of possessing a noble life from the standpoint which we want to consider in this lesson. On the other hand, the one born of the lowliest parentage, from the standpoint of wealth or rank, may be the one with the noblest life. The world does not look upon the noble life in this way because they are blinded to the truth, but God looks into the heart and tells us that as we think in our hearts so are we. So it is that from within the heart comes a noble life.

We want to consider the way to take and certain qualities that will enable each of us to possess a noble life.

Christ Enthroned Within

The first and most essential of our possessions is to have Christ enthroned within our heart. For, as He says, without Him we can do nothing. Even all our

righteousness is as filthy rags, so no matter how hard we may try to live right in our own strength and be able to boast of the cleanest, most upright, moral life, yet if we leave Christ out of our hearts our lives will fail to be noble. No life can be noble in its truest meaning with Jesus Christ on the outside, for He is the one who enables us to live a noble life. How important it is that we accept Christ early in life, as we are admonished in the scripture, so that none of our life shall be wasted but that from day to day our lives may be noble, pointing others to the Christ enthroned within our hearts!

*"Wherever in the world I am
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord, on whom I wait."*

Have Faith in God

We are told in the scripture that without faith it is impossible to please God, so in order for our lives to be noble we must have faith in God. We are told also in Heb. 10:38 that the just shall live by faith. In order to have it, it is needful that we study the Word of God, for faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God, Rom. 10:17. It is so important that we have a simple child-like faith in God, believing that He will do exactly what He says He will do. Our heavenly Father longs to give us good things if we will only ask Him. Of course, we must not ask amiss to consume it upon our lusts but always for His glory. And as He has told us in St. Matt. 14:14, "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it," so we should always keep the sunshine of a living faith in our hearts, knowing that He who hath promised will not fail us.

Be Filled With the Spirit

In Zech. 4:6 we have these words, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts," so it is no wonder that we are told to be filled with the Spirit. Many times we get so busy trying to get things done through human might or power that we forget the true source of our ability to accomplish things which is by the Spirit of God. We may have failed many times to have accomplished what we wished to accomplish because we depended upon our own strength and might instead of asking God for His Spirit to guide us.

We are told in Gal. 5:22, 23, that the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance. So each of us

should earnestly seek to be filled with the Spirit that we may bear much fruit, for herein is our heavenly Father glorified, St. John 15:8.

*"May every soul that touches mine,
Be it the slightest contact, get therefrom
some good,
Some light grace, one kindly thought,
One aspiration yet unfelt, one bit of
courage;
For the darkening sky, one gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life,
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the
gathering mist,
To make this life worth while,
And heaven a surer heritage."*

Be an Example

We are told in our scripture lesson to let no man despise our youth but to be an example of believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in purity. What a different world this would be if the youth of our land would only heed the admonition given us in this scripture instead of thinking they must have a gay time first and in later years give their lives to Christ! Each one of us is setting an example for someone to follow, whether it be for good or for evil. Our influence upon the lives of others is far greater than we often realize. We are exerting our influence by our deeds, by our words, and by our thoughts. Whether we live in a cabin or a mansion, it is so important that our lives will always radiate love to everyone about us. How wonderful it would be if we would write our name by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the people we come in contact with day by day and year by year. We would never be forgotten. The little drops of rain brighten the meadows and the little acts of kindness brighten the world. The principle of kindness was truly exemplified in the life of our Savior as He went about doing good.

Every youth should purpose at the beginning of his or her career to make the most of the powers God has given him and take advantage of every opportunity given him to be a blessing. God will make our lives glorious if we will but choose to walk in His way and follow the plan He has for our lives. There will be trials along the way but, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened to you; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; That, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." 1 Pet. 4:12, 13. Rest assured that no Christian life is spent in vain and what we do not understand now we shall know hereafter.

It is a solemn thing to live, and we should take heed that we do not spend this great gift God has given us on the vain follies of the world, but rather let it be spent in the service of our blessed

Savior, who has fashioned all members and breathed into us the breath of life. *"Not many lives, but only one, have we, One, only one; How sacred should that one life ever be, That narrow span!"*

Topic: Pressing Forward

Esther Holland

Oftentimes we look back on the day at its close and feel that everything has gone wrong; that the odds have been against us and if it were not a cowardly thing to do, we would just "quit." Yes, we honestly feel as if our efforts have been in vain, and self-pity wells up in our beings. Then, we might just as well admit that we are acting cowardly. But listen for a moment to the words of the Apostle Paul in Phil. 3:13-14: "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Then let us take courage and let each mistake become a steppingstone to higher ground in Christ Jesus.

Pressing Forward from the Sick Bed

Mark 2:3-4 and 9-12

God has planted within each of us that something that craves life; even when we become ill there is that force from every nerve and fiber of our being that fights against the disease. We put forth every effort possible to regain our health. How many have sought health by changing climates, by changing diets, by changing doctors, by changing remedies, yea, and even by changing gods? Not only do we seek health for ourselves, but the true Christian is like these men of this scripture, he is seeking health for his fellowman. These faithful brethren were greatly concerned about this unfortunate one and were willing to press through the crowd, if necessary; but when that seemed impossible, they would not be defeated, so they climbed up on the housetop and removed the part of the roof so that they could get to the Master with this victim. It is on the sickbed that many are saved and make their vows unto God to live for Him, if He will heal them. They are pressing for life and will give all they they have for this earthly life to be prolonged.

Pressing Forward in the Business World

Prov. 22:29

God is not pleased when we are slothful in our business life, for if we are not concerned about that which pertains to our natural lives and our physical needs, can He trust us with that which is from above? God does not only call people to fill the places in the spiritual realm, or the vineyard of the Lord, but He has a place for the money-maker and expects him to make the money and use it for the

glory of God. He calls the farmer and gives him faith and wisdom to plant his seed in the springtime with the expectation of reaping a harvest in the fall of the year. God has endowed men with various kinds of knowledge to perfect the many machines that are commanded by the hand of man today and He expects us to use that knowledge and wisdom and ability which He has entrusted unto us for His glory. The business man who is careless and indifferent will never succeed, but the office boy who is careful and willing and skillful will some day become the head of an office. The boy who learns to drive a nail aright and saw a line will some day become a contractor. The girl who loves to study and apply herself in the line of stenography will some day become private secretary to a dependable company. But with all this it takes pressing onward. If you stop when you are first criticized or when you make your first mistake, you will become a complete failure. Let these be a lesson by which your pure minds will be stirred that you will not repeat that error.

Pressing Forward in the Midst of Persecution

2 Cor. 11:23-30

Surely if Paul could rejoice and press on in the midst of the sufferings enumerated in these verses the Christian of today has nothing for which to worry. It seems as if each persecution drove Paul closer to God than he had been before. He did not murmur and complain because of the hardness of the road, but in writing to Timothy he exhorted him to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Paul seemed to understand something of the sufferings of our Lord and was willing to suffer also, if needs be, that His Word and His gospel might be carried to the heathen and unbeliever. He realized he had persecuted the Church of God before he was converted and that if persecutions were his lot, he would bear them with joy, thanking God that he had been counted worthy that he could suffer shame for the name of Jesus. Then if Paul could rejoice in his sufferings and persecutions, what about us? We are not acquainted with the kind of persecutions Paul bore; we know nothing of stripes, stonings, shipwrecks, robbers, prisons, etc., yet when someone speaks untruths about us we feel that it is hard to bear and we begin to complain. Can we not thank God that we are counted worthy to suffer shame and reproach for His name in our day? I believe our crowns would be brighter if we would do that rather than complain about it.

Pressing On For the Prize

Phil. 3:13-14

Paul had in view a prize that God had offered for one who would be faithful,

and he was laboring for that prize. Earthly gain, wealth, popularity, prestige, authority, and such like never amounted to anything to Paul; he was willing to sacrifice all these that God could use him and that he could find at the end of the way a crown awaiting him. We, too, are living in a time when it takes pressing onward to make it through. We cannot drift with the tide and make it, but praise the name of the Lord, He will give us grace to stem the tide and we can swim upstream and meet the issues that come, whatever they may be, and know that at the end of the way there will be someone, even Jesus, there ready to present us with the crown we have won. Isn't it worth while today for us to plod onward and press through the throng and be determined to hold on to God's unchanging hand until we reach the goal? Wouldn't it be terrible for one to press onward until the goal is in sight and then fail to go through? Yet, how do we know but that the goal is just ahead and if we give up now, we lose the reward for that we have already done and be lost forever. Christian comrades, let us resolve this New Year to press onward with more effort, more vim, more courage, more determination than ever before that we may be conquerors with Jesus. He will never leave nor forsake us and if we remain faithful to Him, we can count on His promises to keep us until the end.

Topic: Look

Margaret Lewis

Psa. 34:4-13

Thoughts for the Leader

Today men and women are looking in every direction for something that will satisfy them and bring peace and rest. The Bible speaks of men's hearts failing them for fear, for looking at the things that are coming upon the earth. I am glad that we, as children of God, can look into the perfect law of liberty and learn about many things. It was when we looked that we saw the plan of salvation, and we can look now and see the very age in which we live. We can look to Jesus and find comfort, peace, rest and healing for both soul and body.

Let us look now toward three very important ways in which we should look.

Backward to the Dying Savior

Rom. 5:6-8

One has to take but one look at the precious cross and every sin-stain will vanish. What a sacred sight to see the Savior of the world hanging on the cross in our place. In His precious face there was a love written such as no other man ever possessed. No wonder we kneel in love and adoration to worship Him. It was our sin that sent the Son of God to Calvary. There was no other plan that would please the Father and redeem a lost

world to Himself, so Jesus willingly suffered and paid the supreme price for our sin. We need to look backward to that sacred cross with a greater love and willingness to be a true soldier of the cross and do our best to win the lost back to God.

Upward to the Living Savior

Isa. 45:22; Heb. 7:25; Rev. 1:18

I am glad that we have a mediator today who sitteth on the right hand of the Father to make intercession for us. Many times we may not know how to approach the throne of grace as we should, but Jesus will take our petition to the Father and we can receive an answer to prayer. It is a great privilege that the blood-washed Christians can claim Jesus as their Elder Brother. Just to be able to look up to Jesus and receive blessings from Him is worth more than all the riches of this old world.

Forward to the Coming Savior

Phil. 3:20; 1 Thess. 1:9-10

What Christian does not look forward with joy to the coming of Jesus! All the wrongs of earth will be adjusted on that eventful day. All suffering and bodily affliction will be destroyed forever. I am glad that Jesus left us with the hope of His return. Without that hope many times we would feel all in vain.

There is nothing sweeter than the thought of Jesus coming again. It is something to look forward to that will keep us more prayerful and help us to walk close to His side. We should ever keep His coming in mind and be prepared as a bride, waiting for the Bridegroom to return. This is not our home. We are left here for just a short season to prepare for that home that our Bridegroom is preparing for us now.

Soon our fond hopes will become a reality and our bodies will be changed like unto His glorious image, and we will go home to our reward.

Topic: Redeeming the Time

Helen Woodby

Thoughts for the Leader

"Redeeming the time, because the days are evil," Eph. 5:16.

To redeem, when speaking of time, is to save time from being lost (as by making use of it). When we are saved our time is no longer our own but belongs to the Lord, and should be used for His glory. Paul in writing to Timothy said, "This know also, that in the last days perilous (or dangerous) times shall come." There has never been a more evil day than the one in which we now live. When opportunities come and we don't make use of them, those opportunities are gone forever. May God help us to work while it is day, the night cometh when no man can work.

By Studying God's Word

2 Tim. 2:15, "Study to shew thyself

approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." There is no better way to use our time than by studying God's Word. Any skilled laborer has to study his work to make a success and if we are successful Christians we must study the Bible. Many people are confused about the teachings of the Bible, because someone has failed to study enough to be able to rightly divide the Word of truth.

By Prayer

Luke 18:1, "And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint." Prayer is the only way we have to stay in contact with our heavenly Father, and the more time we spend in prayer the closer to Him we will be. Through prayer we gain the courage to endure the hard battles of life. If we fail to pray the devil will slip in and we will fall by the wayside. Jesus said, "Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted

worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass."

In Winning Souls

Prov. 11:30, "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise." We should spend a part of our time in trying to win souls for the Lord. Souls are slipping through our fingers and going out into eternity unprepared to meet God. We should stop and ask ourselves the question, What am I doing about it? When we feel impressed to speak to someone about his soul, we should be quick and free to do so. We might never have the opportunity again. We know surely the harvest is great, but the laborers are few.

Many people in ordinary circumstances are millionaires of cheerfulness. They make their neighborhood brighter, and a better place to live in by their presence: they raise the value of every lot for blocks around them.—Anon.

BIBLICAL EYE-OPENERS

By C.M. TRUESDELL & DANA NORTH

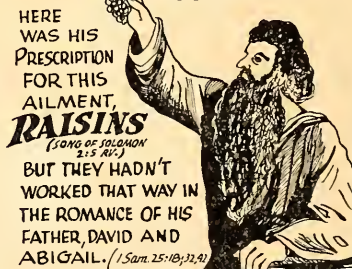
TWO MEN HAD SIMILAR NAMES

ONE WAS A COMMONER, **UZZAH**
THE OTHER WAS A KING, **UZZIAH**
GOD SMOTE BOTH FOR THE SAME OFFENCE. EACH TOUCHED A VESSEL OF SACRIFICIAL WORSHIP WITH HIS HANDS, WHICH ONLY A PROPERLY QUALIFIED PRIEST COULD DO SAFELY. (2 Chron. 28:18)



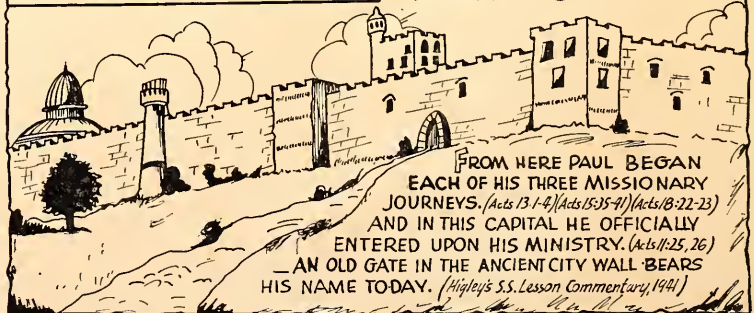
A QUACK REMEDY...

IF ANYONE NEEDED A CURE FOR LOVE-SICKNESS, IT WAS SOLOMON.



ANTIOCH

IMPORTANT SYRIAN CITY.



PRISON PAGE



Crime Does Not Pay—Christianity Does

A "LIFER'S" STORY

I was born on the lower west side of New York City in a section of town known at that time as Hell's Kitchen. My playground as a child was the legendary Death Avenue and the Hudson River water front, particularly an area called Murphy's Floats, the headquarters for river pirates, get-away launches, and hoodlums of all descriptions.

Schooling was negligible, for in our district truancy was the accepted rule; and religion never entered our lives.

Box-car Burglar

At the age of twelve I was already an accomplished box-car burglar, for Death Avenue is the railroad freight entry for New York City and there were always miles of freight cars side-tracked along this thoroughfare waiting to be unloaded. By the inhabitants of our particular neighborhood such transgression was not at all looked upon as a criminal act; no one ever thought of buying fuel or anything that might be pilfered from the railroad. If an uninitiated watchman happened along while operations were in progress, and was slugged during an ensuing altercation on property rights, etc., that was considered quite proper and he deserved it for not minding his own business.

In Juvenile Detention Home

Hardly a month went by that I was not arrested and confined in the Juvenile

Detention Home of the Gerry Society, but as soon as I was brought up for a hearing in Children's Court, our District Alderman would be on hand. He would whisper a few words to the judge and I would be released with the admonition to go and sin no more.

In the Reformatory

But came a time when the gang on an excursion of river piracy carried their depredations beyond the realm of the ward boss. I was arrested in a strange part of the city, brought before a strange judge, and at the age of fifteen was sentenced to the local boys' reformatory, "The House of Refuge," until I should be twenty-one. As I think of it now, what an irony is in the name of that hell-hole "House of Refuge"—in reality a veritable graduate academy of sin.

On my nineteenth birthday I was re-

Dear Sister Harrison:

I thank you for the Lighted Pathways you have been sending to me. I certainly enjoy reading them.

I am also thankful for my dear old mother's letters. She is my best friend on earth. If it is the Lord's will I trust to be with her in May.

I have received four letters from sisters in Christ and I thank them all for writing to me. I would like to write to each one but I can't write that many letters. I would be very glad to hear from them again.

I would write more about my life but it would take too long. It is all in the past and I am walking a new road. Thank you again for sending me the Lighted Pathway.—William Bowen, C. N. 494, Eddyville, Ky.

leased as a result of good conduct and perhaps a little pressure from our neighborhood alderman. The only good I had acquired from my confinement of four years in this school of vice was a knowledge of the rudiments and technique of music and a deep love for this art. On the other hand, I left there with a working knowledge of every sort of criminal activity known to mankind.

On the Road

I obtained employment in the shipping department of a large department store, but as soon as the service manager learned of my background I was immediately discharged.

This discouragement, together with the weekly arrest for investigation by the local police, brought about a decision to leave the city of my nativity forever.

By devious means I made my way to Chicago, and within seventy-two hours after my arrival in that city I found myself serving a ninety-day sentence in the workhouse, charged with vagrancy.

While there my knowledge of crime, coupled with a fine course of instruction in the art of outwitting the law, increased. I was discharged from there in the company of two older men, all of us entirely without funds. They were old friends and offenders and agreed to take me in with them on their various schemes and depredations. It was decided that we strike out for California where none of us were known by the police before we started joint operations. After two weeks of begging and stealing food and riding freight trains, we arrived in Salt Lake City. While leaving the freight yards there we were accosted by a railroad policeman. When he called upon us to stop we ran. He fired a shot and one of my companions fell, mortally wounded. The other man and myself finally made our way to San Francisco. We were ragged, hungry, and dirty.

As we tramped down Mission Street, a man in a drunken stupor staggered in our direction. He fell within about ten yards of us. We dragged him into a nearby hallway, searched his pockets and took from them a few dollars in money, a cheap watch, and a pistol. My companion immediately bought whiskey and persuaded me to drink. I did not care for the stuff, but it was a chilly evening in early spring. I was scantily clad and cold, so I drank. The effect of the alcohol on our ill-nourished systems was warming and invigorating. We must have more whiskey, but first we must have money.

The Holdup

We had a loaded pistol and on the next corner was a saloon about to close for the night. The solution to our present problem—we would hold up the place. We entered, went to the bar, and ordered drinks. As they were placed before us, my companion drew his pistol, leveled it at the bartender, and said, "Hands up, Buddy. This is a holdup!" As the surprised man slowly raised his hands, I was directed to go behind the bar and empty the cash register.

Unknown to us, the policeman on the beat had entered the saloon shortly before we arrived and was just at that moment in the lavatory. Just as I started for the till he stepped out of the side door. My accomplice saw him and fired point-blank. The policeman fell with a bullet in the abdomen. As he went down he drew his own service revolver and returned the fire. My companion was mortally wounded with a bullet through his head.

Panic-stricken, I fled through side

(Continued on page 25)

Letters From Boys in Camp

A Private Shows His Colors

My first impression upon entering the Army was that the men as a whole were anything but Christian. What else could I think when surrounded by cursing and gambling? However, I soon learned that not all the men had been reared as heathen; many acknowledged that they had spent their younger years in church and Sunday school.

It was the falling away from God of these men that stirred me. I, therefore, prayed that He would use me in some way to bring them back to their Maker. I am not as bold for the Lord as I should be, but by simply reading my Bible I was able to draw the attention of the soldiers, and soon a conversation was under way.

By reading God's Word and living a good life, I became a marked man. If, while a group of us was talking, one happened to curse, he would quickly apologize to me: "I'm sorry. You are the fellow who does not like swearing, aren't you?" Such an incident greatly encouraged me.

On one occasion, while the whole company was in quarantine, I was reading my Bible, when an ungodly soldier approached me with the request that I pray that the quarantine be lifted. I felt led to heed his suggestion, and within a few days we were permitted to leave the barracks.

Another time that God heard my prayer was when I had been assigned to Fort Bragg, North Carolina. I had asked the Lord to allow me to remain close to home. The very morning I was slated to leave, I felt prompted to speak to the Classification Officer about the matter. I entered his office in a spirit of prayer. After having talked to this captain awhile, he told me a mistake must have been made, for I was in the wrong group. He then assigned me to Camp Grant, which permits me to go home over weekends, it being just ninety miles away.

Countless prayers have been answered for me during the short time of seven months that I have been in the army. Without Jesus in my heart, there is no telling where I'd be today nor what I'd be doing.—Private C. S. F., Camp Grant, Illinois, in *Gospel Call*.

There Were a Few Chuckles

I have been doing my best to live for the Lord here in camp, but doubt that I have accomplished anything as yet. My conduct has aroused the curiosity of some of the boys. Often I am asked what

church I belong to and the reason for my views.

The first night when I knelt to pray, I heard someone remark, "What happened to him?" and then there were a few chuckles. But since then nothing has been said when I have prayed, and all of the boys seem to be friendly toward me.

It is my impression, though, that each tries to outdo the other in evil conversation. It is about the worst example of filthy language that I have ever heard—and it goes on all the day every day. One would think that the men here are of the opinion that nothing bears weight unless it is accompanied by a curse.

Lately we have been attending meetings conducted by Evangelist William Piper, a graduate of Bob Jones College in Cleveland, Tennessee. They are held in a tent in town, and are very good. We soldiers often have been asked to sing and to testify in the services. Through attending these meetings I have met a number of Christian soldiers, and am encouraged to know that there are many of God's children even in this army camp.

Many thanks for sending *The Gospel Call* to me. May God richly bless you and the work of the Mission. Please continue to remember me in prayer.—Private R. D. E., Camp Croft, South Carolina, from *Gospel Call*.

— — —

Dear Sister Harrison:

May the Lord richly bless you. I hear of your good work from my sister, Zella Barnett. I have been a member of the Church of God for some time.

I was inducted into the Army Feb. 6, 1941. I am ready to go across to Alaska now. I feel that I am ready to go to rest with God if He sees fit to call me; if not, I am ready to serve the Lord wherever I am. If I live to see this war over, I want to preach this wonderful gospel. Do pray for me that I will be true to my wonderful Savior, and pray for my loved ones to be saved. I have many trials and temptations and I need your prayers.

May the Lord richly bless and reward you.—Pvt. Clyde F. Barnett, Co. C., 153rd Inf., Camp Merray, Wash.

Editor's Message

(Continued from page 2)

baptized? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip

and the eunuch; and he baptized him." Verse 39 says, "he went on his way rejoicing." There was no altar in this case but simply an explanation of the Word of God. I believe in an altar of prayer as much as any one, but I do believe in studying to be able to explain the way of salvation and we must know how to do this if we are successful in soul-winning.

Then why should we not train along this line so that we can point people to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world? For a long time we have been trying to stir up interest among our young people in organizing classes in your churches and we are wondering whether or not we have succeeded in stirring up this interest. We are asking all who are trying to train classes of this kind to please write us what you are doing and how successful you have been. It might encourage others. We are having some inquiries along this line and are suggesting the book "Personal Soul Winning," by Wm. Evans, for your class work. This gives the Scripture and tells you how to use it. This is one of the textbooks in our Bible School and is highly recommended.

Now I can hear you say, Oh well, we started a Bible class in our church and just a few old people came and two or three of the most spiritual young people. It soon died out. Well, if you'll just get our book on "Social Evangelism" and read it, it might help you with your young people. It is only 35c. Order from the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn.

You can't interest the young people and old together. You must group them if you want to be successful. They require a different kind of training. You will have to bait your hook with something different from what you use with your older people. You might have to say, Come over to my house Thursday night, we're going to have something interesting for you. A few interesting contests from the book, "Bible Quizzes," which you can order from the Church of God Publishing House for 50c, will help you with these and then be sure to furnish some sandwiches and coffee or chocolate to put that good social touch to your meeting. It will send them away happy because you have taken so much interest in them.

Let us get busy this year and as we are trying to carry out the evangelistic program of the Church let us not forget the question, "After the revival, what?"

Our lives make more impression on the world as to what we think of Christ than all we can write or say about Him; and if we fail to confirm what we say by what we do, our testimony will be consigned to the waste basket by the public.

Our Y. P. E. Poets

Past, Present, Future

Margaret Lewis

Yesterday's gone, 'twill never return
No matter how hard I may try,
I'll not undo the wrongs I did
Nor receive from God what passed me by.

That day will ne'er again be mine
For it died at set of sun,
Perhaps I did not do my best,
Perhaps I left some task undone.

Tomorrow's hid, God holds it fast,
'Tis hid within His great hand;
God's ways are hidden, He knows the
best
And time alone reveals His plan.

Perhaps a sorrow will fill my way
And thorns beset the path I trod,
But I'll not try to find out now
That day is hid, 'tis hid with God.

And so I only have today
To do some good, to help a friend,
Oh, may I use it for the Lord,
For all too soon this day will end.

And God will call it to Himself,
I'll give account for what I've done,
I want my life to count for Him
When I lay down at set of sun.

The Christian

By Pearl Irene Myers

DEEDS

They are
Like a greening,
Deep-rooted poplar tree
With branches uplifted for all
To see.

LIFE

Weaves a
Selfless pattern
That is exemplary
Of the one expected of you
And me.

HARVEST

Vineyards;
Fruited branches,
And with faith looking up
Toward the promised "more abundant"
Life cup.

Gleaners for the Harvest

(Matt. 9:37-38)

The harvest now is truly ripening,
Shattering grain falls to the ground.
Richest kernels have departed,
Hearts dying, but no laborers found.

The grain today is bending, tossing,
'Neath the tempter's blistering blasts.
Souls are falling to destruction,

Others still are bound and lashed.

Yet there echos in our eardrums,
Jesus' tender, pleading words,
"Pray the Father of the harvest,
Laborers send, to preach thy Word."

Oh, why stand ye now as the Galileans,
Gazing, as it seems, into space?
Know ye not a battle's raging,
That there's an issue now to face?

March out, now men, and into action,
Lift them from their deep despair.
Point them to the Christ above,
That they may have an entrance there.

—By Bing Furr, B. T. S., 1940.

Determination

Grace Churchman

It matters not who stays or goes,
I'm going on with my Lord,
For Christ will daily hold my hand
And I shall receive my reward.

It matters not if you turn back
And fail to go with my Savior,
By His help and grace I will journey on
And back in His wondrous favor.

For to lose my soul for the sake
Of gold, fame, pleasure, or friends
Would paint me as a fool in all I do,
Because on my Savior I failed to depend.

—Iowa Park, Tex.

My Heavenly Thoughts

By Esther S. Potteiger

There's a beautiful thought
Keeps filling my mind,
Of the Christ who lived among men.
How His friends and His loved ones
Could gaze on His face;
Of the "ONE" who died for us all.

'Tis a peace in my soul
That no words can describe,
Wondrous billows of joy o'er me roll
When I think 'twas for me He was
slain,
But Calvary covers it all.

How thankful I am
That He rose from the grave
And ascended to Heaven that day.
And there intercedes for my sin;
My Lord, my King, gave His all.

I love to think of the place up above,
He dying had gone to prepare
For all His dear children when life's race
is won,
And meet Jesus in the air.

I know He is coming,

Oh, bless His dear name,
No one can tell when it will be.

But Jesus wants me to be ready, I
know,
And then His dear face I can see.

The Happy Reunion

Happy gatherings on earth we wish for,
From sad partings we wish to refrain;
Let us set our goal on that gathering
above

Where we'll meet our loved ones again.

Life is only a brief while to stay here,
Compared with the life up above;
So let us work for the Master
And receive His great blessings of love.

Dear friends, no matter whether
You are aged or in life's bloom,
You should be working for Jesus
So as to live beyond the tomb.

If you are willing and come to Jesus
You'll win a starry crown,
Just work, be true and faithful
And in that reunion be found.

—Clotba Mae Daniel, Cairo, Ga

Our Y. P. E.

Christine Fuller

Our Y. P. E. is growing so,
It makes me happy just to know
That every day and every hour
It's being blessed by God's great power

It's getting better every day,
Because we let God have His way,
In the praying, testifying and singing
too;
In everything we say or do.

In the Y. P. E. we have a group called
"Reds,"
Which represents the blood on the cross
He shed,
And then we have a group called "Blues,"
That to the Y. P. E. we will stand true.

So we desire the prayers of one and all
To help us hold it up and not let it fall;
Till we all together His glory share,
In our beautiful home in that city so fair.

A Voice Speaks

Margaret Lewis

I had traveled for days in the darkness,
No light had appeared on my way,
The powers of sin all around me
And I was too weary to pray.

I waited in silent devotion,
Then for comfort I fled to God's Word,
And there in that hour of darkness
The voice of my Savior I heard.

His voice was so precious and tender
In that hour of darkness alone,
He drew me in love closer to Him,

Yes, told me that I was His own.

The darkness all vanished behind me,
The sun shone in glory above,
Then I saw the sweet face of my Savior
That face filled with glory and love.

And onward He travels beside me
And helps me to walk in the light,
I know He will never forsake me
If faithful I keep in His sight.

The Signboard

Mrs. R. L. Royal

I will paint you a sign board, rum seller,
And hang it above your door—
A true and better sign
Than you have ever had before.

I will paint it with the skill of a master,
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting,
So like reality.

I will paint yourself, rum seller,
As you wait for that fair young boy,
Just in the youth of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.

He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so gay and friendly
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, rum seller,
Paint you holding a glass in each hand,
He wavers, but you urge him to drink
And he obeys your command.

And next, I will paint a drunkard,
Only a few years have flown,
And into this loathsome creature
The fair young boy has grown.

I will paint you the form of a mother,
As she kneels at her darling's side,
Her beautiful boy that was dearer
Than all the world beside.

I will paint the shape of a coffin,
And label it in one word—lost,
I will paint this, rum seller,
I will paint it free of cost.

The sin, and the shame, and the sorrow,
The crime, and the want, and the woe,
That were born there in that rumshop,
No hand can paint, you know.

But I will paint you a sign, rum seller,
That many shall pause to view,
That wonderful swinging signboard,
So terribly, fearfully true.

—*Screeven, Ga.*

Wayside Sowers

(Continued from page 13)

There was no chance for monotony—
not even in the desert.

They halted at trailer parks—some
well-kept, and some not so good. They
parked near filling stations, and in the
yards of private homes. Everywhere they

were shown courteous western hospi-
tality. And at each place there was an
opportunity to make spiritual contact.

The pastor had said to Ben before they
left, "Why not give the Lord your time
for this winter? He needs people who are
foot-loose. See what He can do with
you." They had both agreed to try; a
compartment in the trailer held a supply
of tracts, Testaments, and gospel por-
tions, as well as a few Bibles.

"I don't see any use in taking Bibles,"
said Martha. "Everybody in this day and
age has one."

"Maybe not," was Ben's answer. "We'll
take along a few."

They had been amazed at the ease
with which the conversation could be
turned into religious channels, and many
confessed to be living on a lower plane
than they knew. So the tracts, the Testa-
ments and even the Bibles were in de-
mand. "I lost mine" was the usual ex-
cuse for not having one.

Martha was becoming quite expert in
winning her way into the hearts of the
young women she met. Their lips might
be painted, and their fingers stained with
cigarettes, but presently Martha could
get the request, "Pray for me as you go
on your way." And to the older women
she quickly became a long-lost sister.

So these two scattered the gospel seed
and were content to leave results with
the Lord of the harvest.

When at last they reached their desti-
nation they picked a camp site and set-
tled down. Very shortly the routine was
established and they had time to get ac-
quainted.

Ben sought friendly contact with the
men, while Martha called on the women.
"It's so easy," she told her husband,
"for the poor things are so lonesome.
They are just as eager for a friendly
word as a stray dog is for a bone."

One day she knocked at the door of a
trailer which she had visited before and
Mrs. Neeley called, "Come in."

When Martha stepped inside there
were two women. The hostess introduced
Mrs. Preston, and the three chatted for a
bit when Martha turned the conversation
to religious lines.

Mrs. Preston said, "To tell the truth,
I'm not living the way I was brought
up. I would do differently, but there is
so little help for us. There is no chance
to go to church in these trailer camps,
and there isn't a thing to do but to play
bunco!"

After a little Martha asked, "Do you
care if I pray with you?"

"Please do. We'd be glad to have you,"
they said.

So Martha brought them to the Lord
in earnest petition. When she opened her
eyes both women were crying as if their
hearts would break.

Next morning the two stood at the

door of Martha's trailer, and Mrs. Neeley
said, "We are wondering if we can't have
a prayer meeting in this camp."

"We certainly can," Martha said, "and
we'll begin it here and now."

"Do you suppose we could have relig-
ious services," suggested Mrs. Preston.

"I think we could," answered Martha.
"My husband has been talking to Fred,
he has charge of the Community Hall,
and he has no objection. We will go and
find a preacher."

So that day Ben and Martha drove into
the nearest town and called on the min-
ister whose Sunday services they had been
attending. They laid the proposition be-
fore him.

"Most gladly will I come," he said. "I
have recognized the challenge of the
trailer park, but I had no means of
making a contact."

So Ben and Martha took him to the
camp, made the introductions and ar-
rangements were completed for regular
services in the hall. Mrs. Neeley and Mrs.
Preston both pledged their support.

"We are leaving tomorrow," Ben said.
"I am so glad someone is going to look
after the spiritual interests. There are
precious souls to be contacted in a place
like this, that might otherwise be un-
reached."

When Ben and Martha returned to
their home in the spring Ross asked,
"Well, Dad, did you learn to loaf?"

"Loaf! Son, I was never so busy or
worked so hard in my life! And I never
enjoyed myself more than I have in these
last months. Never again can anyone tell
me that a preacher is lazy. Of course my
hands are not calloused."

"But your knees come pretty near it,"
cut in Martha. "We've had blessed times
all winter."

"And I've found that people are hun-
gry for the gospel," went on Ben. "I had
to order more of everything—especially
Bibles. I got those thin, India-paper kind
that slips into a pocket, and are handy to
carry. And I sold them, too."

"That little trailer has become a sacred
place to me," said Martha. "Women from
every part of the country have knelt on
that little rug and shed tears of penitence.
I only hope they got grace enough to
withstand the temptations afterwards.
All I could do was to leave them in the
hands of the Lord."

"And that's the only thing to do,"
said Ben. "The Good Book commands us
to 'sow beside all waters,' and we've done
that pretty well between here and the
Pacific Ocean."

"And along two of the main highways
as well," added Martha. "Wayside sow-
ers, that's what we've been, and I was
comfortably warm all the time."

"Let's go to Florida next year," plead-
ed Ben.—*Sunday School Banner.*

Prison Page

(Continued from page 21)

streets and alleys until I came to the waterfront, where I secreted myself amidst the cargo on the docks. Late the next day I was arrested, subsequently convicted as an accessory to murder, and in the early spring of 1915 was sentenced to life imprisonment at Folsom.

After more than nine years of incarceration I contrived to escape, but a few years later I was again apprehended and returned to prison and have since here remained.

A New Cell Mate

Through all this turmoil of life, the thought of God, Christ, the hereafter, never entered my mind. In fact, it was not until less than two years ago that the idea of religion meant anything at all to me. At that time my cellmate of some five or six years past was released, and a newcomer was moved in to share my cubicle. A pleasant enough person he seemed, but a bit strange in his ways, judging by the standards of this institution.

He did not use tobacco nor did he swear. Continuously he read a Bible and other books and pamphlets which I took to be of a religious nature. Every night before climbing into his upper berth he knelt down and prayed. To me it was all mystifying and I could not understand his actions. He offered no explanation for his conduct, and of course I asked for none; but I did notice that he always placed his literature and a spare Bible where it would be within easy reach of me.

It was several weeks before I touched any of it, until one night I happened to run out of newspapers and magazines. I casually reached over and picked up a little booklet—the Gospel of John. I became interested and read it through. When I returned it to our mutual bookstand he asked me what I thought of it. I replied that I did not know, but it did help to kill time.

A Christian Friend

The following evening after mail delivery he asked me if I would care to listen to some excerpts from a letter from a Christian worker and a dear friend with whom he was in correspondence. I told him it was all right with me if he had nothing better to do. He read, and as he did so I became impressed and listened attentively. The thought came to me that there was the fountain of his sublime happiness and peace of mind and that he was offering me a share of it.

A Changed Life

As he finished reading I can best describe my reaction by saying that I was deeply touched by something I did not

completely understand. That night as he knelt down to pray I found myself kneeling beside him. How it happened I do not know. It was entirely subconscious on my part but in no way did it seem unusual; in fact, it seemed like something I had been in the habit of doing for many years. And yet I did not know how to pray, but as he prayed aloud in a soft voice with his arm on my shoulders, it seemed that I also prayed. That night I slept better and experienced a more peaceful rest than I believe I had ever known.

Shortly after, I was asked if I did not want to become a true Christian, a child of Christ, and to take our Lord and Savior into my heart. I replied that I earnestly did, but that I needed much help. This I received in unselfish abundance and, thanks to Him, I am today a Christian.

Praise the Lord for all His blessings. Perhaps my physical being shall never know the feeling of the outer world freedom, but that seems to matter little now, for my heart, soul, and mind are free and at peace with God and with the world.

I know a happiness that millions of humans living in a normal world of freedom have never experienced. For all that has come to me I am deeply grateful—to my prison friend and to his friend, the Christian worker, for without them I would still be a miserable sinner sunk in bays of iniquity, and would never have known this beautiful tranquility of mind and heart which now are mine. Nightly I pray for them that their spirits may be kept in the necessary strength that they may continue to bring more wayward sheep into the folds of the Almighty Shepherd, and I pray for the millions who have not yet found all that has been given to me. Praise His holy name.—E. L. W.

Exchange Page

(Continued from page 14)

our Pathways Sunday night and did not have enough to go around. Baptists, Methodists, Lutherans, and others are glad to get the paper and we are glad for them to have it.

Our Y. P. E. is growing and taking on new courage and enthusiasm. We are now in a red and blue contest, trying to get new members, etc. We're offering as first prize a new, white zipper New Testament with the Psalms, also a beautiful Bible picture. At the end of the contest we will have a Y. P. E. social; the losing side will pay for the refreshments. I am one of the group captains and I am delighted with the progress of the Y. P. E. and the entire church. Brother Hindmon was state Sunday school and Y. P. E. superintendent last year and he is certainly in for everything that goes to make a good, successful Y. P. E. We are very fortunate to have him for our pastor. I feel that this will be the great-

est year for the church here.

We are now on the air with one of the best stations in Memphis. We want you to tune in over WMPS at 2:00 p. m. every Sunday, and if you enjoy the program write a card to the radio station and tell us. We hope to stay on the air and we will, if you'll pray and help us in any way you may be led of the Lord. People are being saved and filled with the Holy Spirit in our services. New folks are uniting with us, people who have never been to a Church of God service before.—Yours for a greater Y. P. E., B. S. Prescott.

— — —

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am so happy to take this opportunity of writing to you. I am glad I became acquainted with the Lighted Pathway. An aunt who gets it at her church brought me a few copies and I don't believe I ever read a paper so full of good things.

I became a child of God last October and without Him I did not know how I could live. I have been sick with T. B. of the lung for two years. All this time I have been confined to my bed mostly.

About two months ago the doctor said I had colitis of the bowel and I suffered severe pain due to it, but, praise the Lord, this aunt I spoke of and many other Christians prayed for this illness to leave and I am not troubled any more. They still pray that I will be healed of T. B.

Please add me to your prayer list and pray that I will be completely healed.—Leola Clements, Rt. 3, Waverly, Ohio.

— — —

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been a reader of the Lighted Pathway for more than three years and have never missed an issue. I read it from cover to cover. I enjoy your messages so very much.

Our Y. P. E. president put a penny contest on for the month of August. The one bringing in the most pennies would receive a prize. The last Sunday night in August we had our penny count. We raised \$78.39. Sisters Maud Boyd and Elizabeth Paxton were the winners in the contest.

Our Y. P. E. here is small but we are working hard for Jesus and the church we love so well. We have a good president. Pray that God will do great things for us in the future.—Virgil Seabolt, Shrewsbury, W. Va.

— — —

Dear Y. P. E. Everywhere:

I have just been thinking how good the Lord is to His people and how we should appreciate Him more. He is so good to me I can never begin to tell the half.

As I read the Lighted Pathway from time to time, I feel we should count it a

great privilege that we have such a paper. I am sure God is well pleased with this little messenger.

We, as the young people of today, need to work as we have never worked in our lives. Jesus is soon coming back and unless we pray much, we will not go with Him. Let us each work as we have never worked in our lives that the Y. P. E. will grow and the lost may be brought to Jesus.

Pray for me that I will stay humble, and the Y. P. E. in Baltimore will prosper and grow into a mighty work for Jesus, that Satan's forces will have to move back and we can march forward as victors through the blood.

I would appreciate hearing from the young people who would care to write me.—Yours in His name, Miss Margaret Lewis, 2609 Edmondson Ave., Baltimore, Md.

— — —

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been inspired to write to you about the hardships we boys and girls have to go through while going to school. On every turn the devil has put some object in our way trying to make us stumble.

I should think that every boy and girl having these hardships needs inspiration and much encouragement to help him or her push the stumbling blocks out of the way.

My suggestion is for any Christian boy or girl who would like to correspond with other Christians to write to me and I will pray to God that this will help us to stand true and faithful to the end.

I enjoy the Lighted Pathway very much and am hoping to hear from Christian friends.—Gerald Ginn, Birmingham, Ala.

— — —

Dear Sister Harrison:

I really enjoy the Lighted Pathway. The articles and stories are just wonderful.

We have a nice Young People's Endeavor at Campaign, Tenn. Most of the young people are Christians who take part in the programs.

I am a young girl sixteen years old. Every since I can remember, I was taught holiness and to go to Sunday school and church. I've always tried to do my part in the Young People's Endeavor.

My mother is the Gideon of this paper and I look forward to the coming of the paper. I usually read it through before I stop. When I have plenty of time to read, the Lighted Pathway is my choice.

I enjoy the prayer page. The story, "When Mother Stopped Praying," is a wonderful story.

I thank God for our good pastor and wife. They have already been a blessing to my soul. Pray for us.—Nelda Hitchcock, Rock Island, Tenn.

Sunday School Evangelism

(Continued from page 11)

In evangelizing the Sunday school, the Bible can be used for all things. Books are material for past things. Newspapers explain present things and human nature some things. True evangelism tells that God has a plan for every life. The lives that pupils live measure to a great extent the success or failure of the teacher. When we think that twenty-seven million children in the United States have no religious training and only two-fifths of the Sunday schools accept Christ as their Savior, that fact startles us. Thus we see the need for a teacher to be a Christian with a shepherd heart, and a sanctified common sense. A practical Christian living goes hand in hand with a vital interpretation of the Bible when it has the power of prayer and the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

May Christian teachers in their own individual Sunday schools keenly realize their grand opportunity of forwarding the cause of Christ. May they think themselves empty; read themselves full; write themselves clear; pray themselves hot as they plan, prepare, pray, pour out and pull in; and may their work be done to the glory of God alone and their wages be many souls for their hire.—N. C. L.

Bible Training School

(Continued from page 17)

heal me, but He will heal all who come unto Him in faith and earnestly desire a touch from Him. I am determined to hold on while God holds out His hand unto me. If I have failed to surrender everything to Him, I want to fully yield my all unto Him who is worthy of my all.

I, too, praise the Lord for the privilege of being in Bible School. I believe it is the most wonderful place in the world when you are in God's will. How my heart wells up within me when I listen to the testimonies of how God has provided a way for a number of the students to be here! I am then moved to a fuller gratitude. Surely God guided the hands of our officials in providing this place for us to be trained for His service! It is my desire to be that vessel which He can use.—Bessie Oder, Jacksonville, Florida.

Hymn Stories

(Continued from page 12)

with unchanged voices, and younger children, under the direction of a Minister of Music. All feel that it is a service which honors God and brings a rich reward of personal culture through becoming familiar with the music of the masters.

Hymns and "The March of Time"

Many of the hymns we know and love

to sing were, so to speak, forged on the anvil of days long past. The Mohammedan invasion of 732 A. D. moved Andrew of Crete to write the hymn beginning, "Christian, does thou see them on the holy ground?" The Thirty Years' War in Germany inspired the prose of Gustavus Adolphus, translated by Catherine Winkworth into the hymn, "Fear not, O little flock, the foe." Out of the thought of a militant missionary church in the early nineteenth century came, "The Son of God Goes Forth to War." It was in the period between 1861-65 that Julia Warde Howe wrote, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." Out of the Franco-Prussian War came the crashing lines of "God the All-terrible." The bicentenary of two eastern cities gave us, "O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand," and, "Ancient of Days, Who Sittest Throned in Glory." The Roosevelt Riis campaign for reforms in New York's lower East Side, 1899-1903, inspired F. M. North to write, "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life." The Chicago World's Fair of 1893 gave Katherine Lee Bates a vision of "America the Beautiful," and Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee of 1897 caused Rudyard Kipling to write his immortal "Recessional."

Music is one art that has maintained a close intimacy with religion. In the long and varied story of man's development it holds a unique and honored place.

State Y. P. E. and S. S. Supts.

(Continued from page 16)

OHIO: Wiley W. Miller, 209 Cereal Ave., Hamikon, Ohio.

OKLAHOMA: Kirby J. Hensley, Box 573, Maud, Okla.

PENNSYLVANIA: D. N. Lykens, Williamsburg, Pa.

S. CAROLINA: C. O. Johnson, Jr., Box 804, Greenville, S. C.

TENNESSEE: George Brazell, Box 673, Cleveland, Tenn.

TEXAS: Vessie D. Hargrave, Box 213, Weatherford, Tex.

WEST VIRGINIA: Cecil Bridges, Box 1210, Beckley, W. Va.

VIRGINIA: Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Aldrich, Box H., Stanardsville, Va.

WASHINGTON, D. C.: Blanche Penner, 2928 M. Place S. E., Washington, D. C.

Contributions

(Continued from page 15)

*What will you do with Jesus?
Neutral, you cannot be,
Some day your heart will be asking,
What will He do with me?*

—Pelzer, S. C.

*"Imitate the rubber ball; the harder
it is thrown down, the higher it rises."*

*"There is a gold mine in the depths,
and a flower garden on the border of every human mind."*

Prayer Page

GOD AS A STRATEGIST

THE LATE COMMISSIONER S. L.
BRENGLE

There has been an effort on the part of some to belittle General Grant as a soldier of small capacity; and other generals have been praised and exalted at his expense; but Sir Frederick Robertson, Chief of the British Staff, in a biographical study of Grant declares him to be one of the greatest soldiers and strategists of all times.

Other generals during the Civil War might have equalled or surpassed him as tacticians. Grant, as General-in-Chief, planned operations in a range sweeping in a circle of at least three thousand miles, reaching from the Army of the Potomac to St. Louis, sweeping down to New Orleans and reaching up to Savannah, Georgia. General Robertson says that in all history there has seldom or never been such strategy on such a large scale. General Sheridan said that Grant was the right man for General-in-Chief; that he and Sherman could plan a campaign in a dozen different ways, and then were puzzled to decide which was the best plan. They would then lay their plans before Grant; he would look them over, decide at once which was the best, and carefully explain to them why it was best. That is strategy.

In thinking of the long history of the Church, I sometimes liken God to a strategist. His vast plans and marvelous ways are beyond our comprehension; and nothing is more fascinating or sobering to the human mind, and joy-bringing to the Christian heart, than to study God's ways in history, and the manner in which He outwits His foes and brings about His great conquests. Think of His strategy in outwitting Pharaoh and bringing forth His people from under the iron bondage of Egypt. This history of the Church through the ages is replete with such marvelous ways of God.

Many years ago I was entertained in the home of a very devout Swede in Iowa. I asked him one day when and where he found the Lord. He replied, "In Sweden, in 1877." He said the churches were barren, without spiritual life, and nearly empty, while every resort of pleasure overflowed; drunkenness, licentiousness, and worldliness abounded. Then a great revival broke out and the churches were crowded, and penitent souls were seeking the Lord by hundreds and thousands, being born into the Kingdom, and the young people, leaving the churches at

night, went to their homes singing the songs of Zion. Being a student of revivals, I was deeply interested.

Some years later my work took me to Sweden; but, before going, I read that Mr. Moody was reported to have said that the greatest soul-winner of the nineteenth century was Doctor Waldenstrom, one of the leaders in this revival and great evangelical movement in the Swedish Church.

When I arrived in Sweden, I said to my friends, "You have many things you would like to show me while I am here, but I am interested in only two; first, a multitude of men, women and little children submitting themselves to the Lord and finding His salvation full and free; and then I want to see Doctor Waldenstrom."

At last I was taken to see the Doctor. He was a great man. He was great physically: tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, with noble face and leonine head, covered with a shock of golden and silvering hair. He was a scholar, a world-wide traveler, an author of many books, a member of Parliament, and an eminent Christian. He received me most cordially. At last I asked him to tell me the secret of that great revival. He threw back his great head and shoulders, spread his arms out, and in a wide sweep shot them forward, and replied, "No man knows how that revival came. It swept down upon us like a storm!" I said to myself, "Revivals causeless do not come. I am sure there is an explanation of this revival." At last I discovered it, and the method of God's great strategy.

Some years ago there was in Chicago a woman so frail that it seemed a breath would blow her away. She dressed in plain garb. She had found the Lord in her girlhood, but was married to a man who was out of sympathy with her. But she yielded her whole being to the Lord, consecrated all her powers to His service, and trusting to the merits of the precious blood of Christ, was baptized with the Spirit, and Christ became the passion of her soul. Her face was radiant; her testimony was clear and definite; her love overflowed toward all mankind, and she let no opportunity pass by to speak to saint or sinner of Christ's great salvation.

Dr. Campbell Morgan tells how he stepped onto a street car one day and saw a man sitting alone in one of the seats. He felt an impulse to sit down beside the man and speak to him about his soul, but hesitated a moment to gather courage to do so. When he turned to take the seat,

he found it occupied by this little woman who was now most earnestly speaking to the man. She was known as "Auntie Cook."

In Northfield, Massachusetts, there was a Unitarian with two or more sons. One of these, a broad-shouldered, stockily-built lad of medium height, left home and went to Boston to clerk in his uncle's shoe store. There was a devout Sunday school teacher in the city, always on the outlook for young men, to help them, who one day met this lad and invited him to become a member of his Sunday school class. The lad accepted, and some little time later was converted, and immediately began in a crude way to do Christian work.

Chicago was a young, growing city in those days before the Civil War, and the lad decided to go to Chicago and try his fortune there. He had abounding health and super-abounding energy and enthusiasm, and met with instant success in his business ventures; but he did not leave his religion behind him in Boston. He went to church and to Sunday school, and asked if he might not have a class to teach. The superintendent replied that all his classes had teachers, but if he would secure his own class he could teach it. The next Sunday he came with a great troop of ragamuffins off the street. They were not altogether acceptable to the respectable people of the church, so he secured a hall and started a Sunday school of his own. He was not only teacher but a superintendent. It became the largest Sunday school west of the Allegheny Mountains, and a church grew out of it. His name was Dwight L. Moody.

Auntie Cook and a lady friend of hers heard of this young man and his work, and attended his meetings; and they sensed, in the midst of all his activities, his spiritual poverty and immaturity. They went to him, and Mrs. Cook said, "Mr. Moody, we are praying for you, that you may receive your personal Pentecost." He rather resented this, and told them to pray for the sinners about them. They assured him that they were doing that, but that they particularly wanted to see him filled with the Spirit. Some weeks later he invited them to his study, and Mrs. Cook relates in her biography the interview and the season of prayer they had. She said Mr. Moody was in an agony of desire for the "baptism of the Holy Spirit to purify and empower him."

Then the great fire came and swept the city and burned down Moody's church. Still hungering and thirsting after God, as "the hart panteth after the water brook," he went to New York to seek funds to rebuild his church. In New York he met a man filled with the Spirit, opened his heart to him, and they spent

the next day in prayer. Moody's all was on the altar. The next day, while walking down Broadway, suddenly the Holy Spirit fell upon him, and he staggered under the weight of glory and wealth of love. He was so overwhelmed by the revelation of Christ within him that he cried out, "O Lord, stay Thy hand, stay Thy hand, or the vessel will break!" He went back to Chicago, and he himself said that he preached the same sermons; but where before he had ten converted, he now had hundreds. Later he went to England, and conducted some of the greatest evangelistic meetings of all time, and influences were started and converts were won that girdled the globe.

Swedish royalty, nobility and aristocracy are closely related with English royalty, nobility and aristocracy. Some of the noble and aristocratic people in Sweden visited England and found their friends attending Moody's meetings.

They went, they saw, they heard, and some were converted or revived from spiritual deadness. They took Moody's sermons and Sankey's songs back to Sweden with them and published them in Swedish. The sermons were read, the songs were sung, the Holy Spirit worked, and the great Swedish revival of 1877 resulted. And it can be traced back to "little Auntie Cook" and her friend in Chicago.

A young student of Oxford University was converted, and dedicated his life to God. That man was Doctor Wilfred Grenfell, of Labrador.

A student of London University was converted in these meetings, and his name was Frederick Delatour Tucker. And here we discover the confluence of two great streams of spiritual power: the one flowing from Moody's revivals, the other from William Booth's, the founder of The Salvation Army. Young Tucker is known to the world as Commissioner Booth-Tucker, who opened the great mission work of The Salvation Army in India, where probably two thousand native officers, besides hundreds of European officers, are now engaged in a vast ramification of Salvation Army activities. Besides the regular corps work, the Army conducts over five hundred schools, has been entrusted by the government with the care of thousands of outcasts and members of the criminal class; great hospitals and dispensaries, rescue homes and leper colonies; publishing houses, training schools for officers are all in active operation. These can all be traced back, in a large measure, to "little Auntie Cook," and is an illustration of the vast strategy of God for the conquest of the Cross.

Even now, some small, unknown person like Auntie Cook may be speaking the word that will kindle flame in some

great soul who will start a revival that will embrace the whole world. You, dear reader, may be that small person to whom can, in some measure, be traced back the world-embracing flame of revival fire.

—*God's Revivalist.*

Have You a Father Like This?

(Continued from page 6)

serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" Matt. 7:9-11. "How much more," says Jesus, "how much more!" This is what the late Dr. Jowett used to call "reasoning up to God." We begin with the instincts which God has given and which still remain in us after the fall and then reason up to God. If parents feed, clothe, protect, shelter, teach, and provide for their children, God will also. But, "how much more!"

That does not mean to say that the heavenly Father gives us all we ask for. We may be asking for a stone because of our shortsightedness, and in love He will deny our request. If a child asks for a razor, thinking it a glittering toy, will his parents give it to him? How much less our heavenly Father. The heavenly Father gives His children only good gifts. However, some of the Father's gifts come wrapped in somber-looking packages labeled sickness, disappointment, isolation or sorrow. Someone writes:

He asked for strength that he might achieve; he was made weak that he might obey.

He asked for health that he might do greater things; he was given infirmity that he might do better things.

He asked for riches that he might be happy; he was given poverty that he might be wise.

Yes, "how much more," because our Father in heaven is so much stronger than any human father. "I believe in God the Father Almighty."

Have you heard the story of a special train on an eastern system before which all the freight and passenger trains were sidetracked? In that special train sat a young lady with some attendants. The mother of this girl had whispered something into the ear of her husband who was the president of a railroad corporation. He exercised his power as executive in behalf of his wife and child immediately. Because of that, the special train bearing the daughter started and speeded in the direction of the dying mother.

And so, the One who has become our Father by faith is also the head of the universe. Nothing is too hard for God. I have seen heartbroken fathers and mothers standing by the bedside of dying children. They were helpless. Because the heavenly Father is almighty, "how much

more" can He do for His children than the fondest earthly parents.

When it comes to wisdom, there is no comparison either. As in ordinary families, so also in God's family, no two children are alike. While God has a very large family, He nevertheless gives each child individual attention, and He knows each one by name, his nature and need. He knows each weakness. He knows just how badly we feel when we are discouraged. He knew that the despondent Elijah needed rest and food, and He gave him both. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust," Ps. 103: 13, 14.

Our heavenly Father is especially interested in our spiritual enrichment. It is His desire that all His children should be "conformed to the image of his Son," Rom. 8:29. And He knows full well that to attain that goal we sometimes need trials, and we always need the Holy Spirit. And so in Luke's Gospel we read: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" Luke 11:13. Are we asking Him for the Holy Spirit, or only for creature comforts?

Let us also consider the responsibility of being a child of God. "A foolish son is a grief to his father," Prov. 17:25. "A foolish son is the calamity of his father," Prov. 19:13. What disgrace wayward sons and daughters bring upon the fair name of the parents! When one claims to be a child of God, and then lives like a child of the devil, he causes the name of His heavenly Father to be blasphemed. Have you brought grief to your earthly parents, or to your heavenly Father? Are you God's "calamity" in the district in which you live? Then, make a new start, a start for God the Father. Say, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son," Luke 15:18, 19. And if the earthly father saw and ran, and kissed his once lost son, and forgave him, "how much more" will the heavenly Father receive you back again? "With the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption." Ps. 130:7.

In one of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's meetings a man arose to give the following remarkable testimony: "I got off at the Pennsylvania depot as a tramp, and for a year I begged on the streets for a living. One day I touched a man on the shoulder and said, 'Mister, please give me a dime.' As soon as I saw his face, I recognized my father. 'Father, don't you know me?' I asked. Throwing his arms around me, he cried, 'I have found you; all I have is yours.' Men, think of it, that I, a tramp, stood begging my father for ten cents, when for eighteen years he had

been looking for me to give me all he was worth!"

So the heavenly Father is waiting for you. Why not receive the unsearchable riches in Christ now?—*Moody Monthly-ly.*

No Time To Quit

(Continued from page 9)

teen years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner. He was in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he became engaged—then she died. Entering politics again, he ran for Congress and was badly defeated. He then tried to get an appointment to the States land office, but failed. In 1856 he became a candidate for the vice-presidency and was again defeated. In 1858 he was defeated by Douglas.

"It's about time you quit trying, isn't it?" inquired a friend.

"No time to quit," was Lincoln's quick reply. "I'm too busy preparing to make another attempt"—and Abraham Lincoln wrote his name indelibly in the history of the United States. He had no time to quit.

Success often is merely around the corner from where we want to quit. Another failure may follow the previous one but that is no indication that success is not just around the corner from where we are.

There is no time to quit, even after success has been gained. Something better lies farther ahead for us. Nothing is so good but what it might be better. Success is no time to quit.—*Boy's Comrade.*

The Buried Doll

(Continued from page 4)

fit of temper, the boy took the doll and buried it. In vain they searched for the little girl's greatest treasure, but the boy said nothing. Some time after the mother called the boy's attention to some green blades springing up in the garden in a curious shape—limbs, head, and body. The oats with which the doll was stuffed had started growing! The boy was then terribly ashamed and begged his little sister's forgiveness. Is not that text, "Be sure your sin will find you out," as true as the Word of God itself?—*Life Line.*

Aunt Margaret's New Patriotism

(Continued from page 10)

the street from the school. It is rumored that he owns the place but I can't prove that. It was there that Cal got his start on the slippery path. And by your silence you are a partner in his official acts."

"Why, Martin, why didn't you tell me this before?"

"I've already told you why. I thought you'd wake up, especially when Cal got so wild."

"But he isn't wild. I've never seen anything wrong with him."

"Did he come home last night?" asked Martin in an ominous tone.

"No, he didn't. His friend, Frank Pierson, phoned that they were going on a field trip and Cal would stay all night with him. Wasn't that all right?"

"Did he say where the 'field' was they were going to explore?"

"No, I wouldn't have understood if he had, probably."

"Perhaps not. Well, I started in at the beer parlor at ten-thirty last night and took Cal over to Frank's room. Both boys were staggering."

"Oh, oh. How did you know they were there?"

"I saw them go in and not come out. Haven't there been a good many field trips lately, Aunt Margaret?"

"Do you mean that he has been deceiving me?"

"I am sure of it. I am awfully sorry. I've tried to help him, but—cousins, you know. He wouldn't take it from me. So I made up my mind that I'd make you understand for once anyway. I hope it is not too late," and he rose to go.

"Oh, don't go now. Tell me what I ought to do."

"Listen, Aunt Margaret, you have been blind so long, now before you say anything, use your eyes. He will not be much on his guard because you have paid so little attention to him. Better ask the Lord for wisdom. You might drive him farther away if you are not careful," and Martin left her alone.

Her Calvin! It couldn't be true! Martin was jealous. He always had been. Calvin had been smarter than his cousin and now he was the victim of envy. Almost she made herself believe it. But those "field trips." Could there be anything in that? She was uneasy.

Martin had said to pray, but she was not sure that she could. There had been a time when she had known the Lord. Yes, she had loved to pray. How long ago that seemed. She still had the form but the words were empty.

A sudden sense of helplessness swept over her. Calvin had been left for her to train and she had neglected him for musty old records of dead and forgotten ancestors! And her city, state and nation had gotten into a political quagmire and she had turned deaf ears and blind eyes to it all.

What should she do? First, she must make her own peace with God. She must put herself in a position where she could rightfully claim the help of the heavenly Father. She remembered that "the sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination unto the Lord." And she had been wicked. But she went with the prayer of the psalmist upon her lips, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within

me." Her prayer was answered and she faced her task with a courage born of contact with the infinite.

At the close of school Calvin came home. His mother noticed the marks of dissipation and her heart sank. How could she have been so unseeing. She would need wisdom to win instead of antagonize him.

Casually she mentioned the field trip and expressed the fear that he was studying too hard. He gave her a queer glance and a dull red mounted to his temples. In apparent unconcern his mother went on to talk of his father; talk as she had not done in many a day—of the noble, Christian gentleman that he was; and of the high privilege it was to try to measure up to such a standard.

"Oh, mother, don't!" said Calvin, chokingly.

"I know, my boy. I wish your father might have stayed with us. You need his counsel and help now. I haven't even been a good mother to you, to say nothing of being a father, too. Forgive me, son. Let's try together to live as we ought. You know we promised Daddy that we would meet him over yonder."

The boy's head went down on his arm. "Oh, I can't, I can't," he moaned. "I'm not fit for anything like that."

"Thank God," she whispered, fervently. There can be no change of heart until one sees the need of it, and sincerely repents. She quoted gently, "Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them white as snow. Though they be red like crimson, I will make them as wool."

Calvin was saved but his mother's interest did not stop there. Other boys were in danger. Other homes were being ruined by the greed of the liquor traffic and the scheming of wily politicians. So she forgot her hobby and instead took her stand as a Christian patriot and is helping to bring in the day when "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and His Christ."—*The Sunday School Banner.*

George Washington

(Continued from page 8)

steps, I trust that, in the important one I may be soon called upon to take, He will mark the course so plainly as that I cannot mistake the way."

"(1794) At disappointments and losses which are the effects of providential acts, I never repine, because I am sure the All-Wise Disposer of events knows better than we do, what is best for us, or what we deserve."

Chief Justice Marshall spoke of Washington's religious life as follows: "Without making ostentatious professions of religion, he was a sincere believer in the Christian faith and a truly devout man."

A visitor to the Continental Congress, in the early days of our colonial history, inquired of Secretary Thompson how he

might be able to know General Washington from others. To which he replied, "You can easily distinguish him when Congress goes to prayers. Mr. Washington is the man who kneels down." This word of description applies to the father of his country all through his public life.—*The King's Business.*

The Vision

(Continued from page 3)

after somebody—and he gets 'em too, sometimes. Said I'd make a good evangelistic singer if I ever got the real thing. Imagine that! Me an evangelistic singer! He certainly knows his architecture—and his encyclopedia."

They were standing on the sidewalk now, watching the excavating for the new building, which was very fascinating. It was more than that. It awakened strange emotions, if you had the capacity to feel things like that: Giant crane swinging, gouging deep into the earth, scooping up great gulps of dirt and rock, swinging again, dumping its load into trucks; steel trucks moving forward, moving backward, turning around, groaning out onto the street and roaring away, to come back later for a refill.

Rodney turned and looked four stories up to the gold lettering on the three plate glass windows of Dr. Thorwald's dental suite. At one window in the southwest corner, he saw a white uniform moving about. He was thinking about last night and of how her singing had made him feel the presence of the Christ whom he had once known and loved, Christ the Son of the living God.

"What are you looking for?" Gael's voice boomed as he slapped Rodney on the shoulder.

"Nothing. I wonder if the sun is going to come out."

Gael laughed good-naturedly, jerked Rodney's hat down over his eyes and bellowed above the noise of the construction gang, "You might try looking west for the sun at this time of day . . . That little blond Shera Thorwald is a classy number, isn't she? She actually had me gulping that night at the recital, the way she made the little old fiddle cry. Zowie!"

"Thanks," Rodney returned dryly. "My accompaniment always does that to a violin solo. Come on, let's get back to our so-called dormitory. I hear a new melody tumbling around in my head, and I want to get it behind the bars before I lose it."

"Sfunny thing, the way these recitals work out," Gael said on the way back. "Who'd have thought there'd be a talent-scout there, and that he'd have picked you for the Riverview job—And me! My baritone actually laid them in the aisles, but I didn't have a chance with Caruso singing in the same recital. Some day, though, some radio talent-scout is going to hear me growl, and I'll get a job as a trained bear. And that reminds me! I'm

getting fed up on all these canned radio skits, with women crying and gasping and deep-voiced lovers consoling them. Why doesn't somebody put on something original? Why don't you and I get up a team—you and I and maybe this Thorwald girl. I know a writer who could turn out a bunch of scripts for us. We'd have a sponsor in no time, and over the top we'd go. 'You ever get tired singing religion, or fired, let's give it a try. After all, when a fellow spends two years and a lot of money suffering through a conservatory, he shouldn't have to join the army of the unemployed."

Gael's talk of radio and of radio stars carried Rodney in his thoughts back to Rexville and to night skies where stars represented souls, to whom the eternal God foreordained him to sing the gospel.

At the entrance to Drexel, Gael said, "Well, wish me luck tonight. I'm stepping out with a little lady who knows all the theater ropes. I haven't decided yet whether she's scouting for talent or a husband but she has what I call class."

There was a letter from Norda in Rodney's post office box. Gay little Norda, he thought. She had grown up so very quickly, it was hard to realize that she was a young woman, that she had completed her high school and normal school and was teaching.

"We have electric lights now, Rodney," her letter said. "Rural electrification, you know. It surely makes a difference. We even have it in the school house . . ."

There was a P. S. from mother at the end of Norda's letter:

"I read this today Rodney-boy,—'A young man's most dangerous period in life is during those first few months outside the paradise of parental government.' You've been away from home before, but somehow I seem to feel that the temptations where you are now are a great deal more subtle than they were at college. Do be careful in your choice of companions. Remember Lincoln's saying, 'Be slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing.' That goes for girls as well as boys. Never leave the Father's house, Rodney, for it is a long hard way back again . . . and the only way back is the way of the cross . . . I am praying daily for you . . ."

"I am very, very happy for you that you are to go to Riverview. Please write us all about your first experiences there. You know it was in the Riverview church . . ."

Rodney stopped reading, looked from the blurred letters of the sentence he had just read, blurred as by a drop of water falling on them—or a tear—and focused his eyes upon the one window of his box-like room, where the roof dropped low. Drexel was soon to be demolished—as soon as spring should come, and in its

stead a new building would be erected. John Nystrom, architect, was designing the new building now. Rockwell Construction Company, with which Nystrom was associated, had already contracted for the job.

Strangely stirred, Rodney finished the letter, arose and faced the stern-visaged youth in the mirror. He saw a square jaw set with determination, brown eyes aflame with holy ambition, a wing of dark brown hair combed straight back on the left side of a well shaped head. There was character in the face, and in the man.

His thoughts seized upon the words engraved upon the miniature star that ornamented Le Vera's coat—and Dr. Webber's lapel—and Johnny Nystrom's, and most of the members of the choir. **IF HE LIVES . . .**

The power of the thought gripped him. His fists clenched. The vision was coming back. Faith was coming back. He was disgorging all his unbelief. What matter if there were things in the Bible he could not understand! Things that even now he did not believe—that his jaundiced brain could not accept! If—if he could accept the fact of the resurrection of Christ, literally, he could surrender all of himself to Him. Yield all his allegiance, and His love. And He would solve every problem in due time. If He lives, then there has been a break in the so-called chain of evolution which the world teaches and believes—and the theory is a lie—**AND THE BIBLE IS TRUE!** Genesis is true! The fall of man is a fact! And Calvary is a necessity! What matter if I do not understand everything, when He knows it all, and I am His child! . . .

Swiftly on eagle's wings, his resurrected ambition crescendoed, soared kite-like, dipped and tossed, higher and higher. He felt it tugging and pulling . . .

He turned from the mirror, a lump in his throat, a beautiful emotion stirring within him. Suddenly he began to sing a new song whose keynote was love, beautiful, beautiful love,—God's love—the resurrected Christ, pouring into his heart, by the Spirit, a manifestation of Himself. He believed it was so.

He tried his door to see that it was locked, pulled down the shade of the one window to hide the low-hanging roof, the window box which extended far out, and which when spring came—if the building was not torn down first, would be aflame with yellow jonquils, whose bulbs his little mother had told him she would send.

The shade drawn, he dropped upon his knees beside the bed. The song within him found a voice, and he cried, "O Father, I love Thee so—" Le Vera had said that . . . "I know I am not worthy to belong to You, for I have strayed so

far, but make me as one of Thy hired servants . . ."

The flow of words stopped, and Rodney saw in drama the story of the prodigal son, tired and weary of sin, and lonely for Home, hungering and thirsting after righteousness. "And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee,

"And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

"And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion and ran, and fell upon his neck and kissed him . . ."

And while Rodney was upon his knees in his room on the top floor of Drexel Hall, behold, he was also on his way to the Father's house; and when he was yet a great way off—oh, so very far off, it seemed—his Father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him . . .

But Rodney knew it not, for even while he prayed, a thousand doubts came swarming into his mind to rob him of peace.

"Why don't you run down the road to meet me, Father! It is such a long, long way . . ."

Suddenly there was a knock on his door. It was a messenger boy with a note from the information bureau.

"Call Riverview 3434," the attendant said, when Rodney presented himself at the desk.

"Hello? Rodney Deland?" a business-like voice asked. It was Dr. Webber. . . "I am wondering if you would like to sing for us at Fayette tonight. I am having a series of meetings there in old city hall, you know, beginning tonight . . . I'll drive past and pick you up on my way . . ."

"I'm sorry, Dr. Webber. I'd like very much to go with you, but I have an engagement which I can't very well break . . ."

Dr. Webber's tone registered disappointment. There was a brief moment of indecision, as if he were speaking to himself, then, "All right, Rodney, that's all right. Perhaps some other night this week. You're to have a solo Sunday evening in the church here, I believe. . . We're putting it in the bulletin. Something definitely evangelistic. . ."

When Rodney came out of the phone booth, it was with a feeling of guilt, as if he had met an opportunity and had shirked it. Definitely he did not wish to go out to Shera's for dinner. He did wish to go to Fayette with Dr. Webber. He wanted to hear him speak again of the

living Christ, of the continuity of His work, through His disciples, the present church, the members of His mystical body. He wanted to stand before the audience and sing some grand old hymn of the church, to see the faces of the people soften under the power of his voice. He wanted to make someone love his mother's Christ—to make himself love Him—Oh, his thoughts were all in a tangle! He was all mixed up!

Perhaps if Shera would not be too disappointed, he could cancel the engagement. But no, he wanted, needed, to see her new Voice-O-Phone, needed to experience the making of a record—of his own choice!

"Hi, there, Rodney! Don't you know it's after two o'clock!" It was Shera. Flaxen-haired. Smiling possessively. Beautiful.

He gave her an absent-minded stare. "I—wait till I run up to my room for my music. There's a certain song I want." He dashed out of the building and across the court, saying to himself with every step, "I don't want to go! I don't. I don't."

Five minutes later in full-belted, double-breasted overcoat, shark-grained brief case in hand, he reappeared at the information bureau, where he found Shera and Gael engaged in slap-dash banter. He arrived in time to hear Gael say, "All right, Pansy-eyes, you win this time," and Shera's hurried reply, "Go along, Big Boy Gael. I never throw a fish back into the lake until after I've caught him. If you don't stop nibbling—" Gael had a way of bantering with every girl he knew.

"Hello, Gael!" Rodney said absently, and gave his attention to Shera. "Are you ready?"

There was personality-plus in the Thorwalds' new home. It was up to the minute in architectural design, the type of home Rodney knew he would want for his own some day—he and the girl who would reign there with him.

"Hang your wraps here," she announced when the vestibule door closed behind them and they were in the reception hall.

"Wait here while I run up and change to some practical clothes, 'cause we're going to make fudge as well as records. I'm the maid today, you know, and you're the maid's gentleman friend.

"Amuse yourself with this." She thrust operating instructions for the recording machine into his hands, pushed him into an easy chair, turned and ran up the stairs.

"Slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing," Rodney quoted to himself. He had not chosen Shera; she had chosen him. It was not going to be easy to tear himself out of her life—not without hurting her. It would make him look like an inconsistent man of the world blown

about by every wind of infatuation. He realized now that he had, by his actions, given her reason to think that he cared for her. He had done it deliberately but in the spirit of a mouse being lured into a trap. He was in that trap now! A trap that had proved to be a strange prison for his soul—and only He who had come to set the prisoner free could liberate him.

While he waited, he recalled the incident recorded in the Bible of the Master Himself being tempted of the devil, and not yielding . . . Like a mighty bridge being tested by heavy loads, and could not—could not break because He was the Son of God.

But I can break, I can yield, I can forget the vision, Rodney thought, but I won't. For He lives and He shall reign within.

The grand piano near the triple plate glass front window had cost a thousand dollars, Rodney decided—a symbol of the wealth of Beade Thorwald. "All this, will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Satan had said these words to the Master Himself in the wilderness temptation, when showing Him the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. So now, the words to Rodney were, "All this, and Shera, and fame as an operatic singer—a radio star—social position—and the glory of them . . . All this . . ."

The living room ensemble was done in green and gold—to match perfectly the hair of both mother and daughter. Or perhaps the dashing Wenda Thorwald had dyed her hair to make it harmonize with the color scheme of the room. The design on the window draperies was pussy willow . . .

"I had a little pussy, her coat was silver-gray—"

Gray-green eyes and reddish-brown hair would harmonize here also . . . "O Father, we do love Thee so . . ." The Master's answer to Satan had been, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

"All this will I give . . ." The three-shelf built-in bookcase above the davenport was filled with both old and new books. Rodney arose and stood, looking at various titles: Dickens' *Dombey and Son*, David Copperfield,—Dickens had been his best in David Copperfield—Dickens had arisen from poverty and insignificance to great wealth and fame; Walter Damrosch's *My Musical Life* . . . Rodney himself had given the book to Shera as his contribution to the new library. His mind lingered for a moment upon the memory of a single incident described in the book: Walter Damrosch at nineteen, stooping to kiss the hand of the famous Liszt at a gathering of celebrities in Wagner's home immediately after Wagner's first presentation of the *Parsifal* in Bayreuth; Liszt

protesting with dignity, saying, "No, no, not here!" as if to say, "This is Wagner's hour of triumph; I would not deflect one ray of his glory to myself." Jealousy could grow, Rodney thought, even in the heart of a famous musician . . .

There was a biography of Bach, the greatest musician, perhaps, that had ever lived. Rodney held the volume in his long angular fingers. Its author was Kay Shuttleworth.

There was another biography of Bach, supposed to be the best in print, by J. A. P. Spitta . . . These famous men of genius—had they had more ability than musicians of this day? Could not one, gifted as was Rodney Deland, climb to heights equally as great—to a popularity that would never die?—All this!

Operating instructions for portable Voice-O-Phone, Model No 1-50, slipped through Rodney's fingers and fell to the floor. Their fluttering drew his attention and a moment later he was back in his chair, the design on the green cover of which was also pussy willow. There was a long row of pussy willow shrubs bordering the river back home just below the old stone bench where on a warm summer night the fireflies played at hide and seek. "There," Mother had said that beautiful night last summer, "that is the way the Holy Spirit works. Someone preaches or sings or lives the gospel . . . and the lamp of faith is lighted in the hearts of men—here, there; there, here, yonder . . ."

Lights that must not be hid, or dimmed; that must never go out.

(To be continued)

How Hal Lost His Case

(Continued from page 5)

would be others like Hal!

And at the thought of Hal, he imagined himself again in chambers. But before him stood Hal and his mother. The investigation was made, he had the facts which he felt were true and right. He had gone as a friend, and he had gleaned them from friends, in confidence. Hal was guilty of stealing an automobile. But why?

"Sir?" called the chauffeur, as he slowed the car.

"Pardon me," said the judge, "I was talking to myself."

And as he soliloquized, here's what he said: "Hal, you won every case except the one in the old, old mill house. That's where I work. Your mother never turned judge on you, to reveal your faults. You lost that case, in the old mill house where I work. I trust that you will learn that 'crime does not pay.' I wish that you and thousands of others could know that godliness does pay big dividends, for you have never seen a satisfied and happy criminal and you never will."

And as the judge retired for the night,

with his thoughts still indulging the trip of the day, he mused: "If only I could stand the mother before me, and tell her that she is guilty of larceny! She stole from her child, blinded by a mother's love, the chance to know right from wrong, and to learn that one must adjust himself to the rights of others in the light of his own wishes. She would not listen, nor profit, I fear. For she has shown mercy and love to the exclusion of justice; and that always starts boys on the road to the old, old mill on the hill where I work."—*The Sunday School Banner*.

GUIDANCE

(Continued from page 7)

Macedonia by the vision of the man who stood there beseeching him; Peter's vision of the sheet let down from heaven to show the broadening of the gospel stream to the Gentiles; the disciples' guidance to the upper chamber for the passover by the man with the pitcher who led them to it; the wise men's guidance from the far-away East by the star which at length stood over the Christ-child—all these are instances of extraordinary guidance. And all of us have had examples of such extraordinary guidance. Some great text flashes out of the Word to make our pathway luminous with its teaching; some striking circumstance rears itself in our path as a clear finger-board of guidance; some strong, steadfast pressure of the Spirit stays with us until we see that it is clearly of God,—all these are cases of the extraordinary in guidance. Yet we need to remember that God also guides by the usual as well as the unusual. And it would spell disaster for us to insist upon the extraordinary when God may be leading us by the ordinary. The guidance of King Saul at the mouth of the prophet is a clear case of God combining the unusual with the usual. Saul was to meet two men at Rachel's tomb who would tell him of the finding of his father's straying herd. A little further on he would meet three men bearing provisions who would give to him from their supply. Still later would come a company of prophets, and their spirit of prophecy was to fall upon Saul who would himself prophesy. These were all cases of extraordinary guidance. But when these had come to pass—then, said Samuel, "Do as occasion serves thee." That is, at this point the extraordinary guidance was to cease and the ordinary begin. Now he was to use his God-guided judgment concerning each circumstance as it arose, and take each step as occasion demanded. This brings us naturally to our next truth; namely, that—

Guidance Is Usually a Step at a Time

All of us need this lesson. We want our guidance as far in advance as possible instead of being content to walk with God a step at a time. Yet this is at once

faith's severest test and highest development. Most of our mistakes in guidance come from our wanting to see beyond the next turn in the road, or the next bend in the river. "I thank God for the tracklessness of the desert," said a devout child of God. It is a beautiful picture. The traveler who rises in the morning to traverse the great desert looks out upon a trackless waste. There is not a trace of a sign-board nor beaten path. There is but one thing for him to do. That is to follow his guide, step by step, through all the weary journey of the day over the untrodden waste. Such is the perfect walk of the child of God who has learned to trust Him. Such was Abraham's, who went forth "not knowing whither he went" save that he was following the Guide who was leading him. Such is the lesson Christ brings to us when He says, "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" His life was so meted out by God that He lived every hour in His Father's plan and purpose, taking no anxious thought for the morrow. And our Lord means this same lesson for us when He says, "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you." Do we doubt this step-by-step guidance for the future? Then let us look back upon the years of the past. No child of God can do so without unspeakable gratitude and wonderment. For God has led him every faltering step of his way up to the very hour at which he reads these lines.

Guidance May Be by Stops as Well as Steps

"The stops of a good man, as well as his steps, are ordered by the Lord," says George Muller. Naturally an opened door seems more like guidance to us than a closed one. Yet God may guide by the latter as definitely as by the former. His guidance of the children of Israel by the pillar of cloud and fire is a clear case in point. (Numbers 9.) When the cloud was lifted the Israelites took up their march. It was the guidance of God to move onward. But when the cloud tarried and abode upon the tabernacle then the people rested in their tents. "And whether it were two days, or a month, or a year that the cloud tarried the children of Israel abode in their tents and journeyed not." "At the commandment of the Lord they rested—and at the commandment of the Lord they journeyed." Both the tarrying and the journeying were guidance from the Lord, the one as much as the other. We, when we are hindered or stayed from moving forward, are prone to think that we are having no guidance. In fact, no guidance forward may be guidance of the most real sort. It is simply guidance to wait. Waiting, with the cloud, is true and blessed guidance. Going ahead without it is simply human wilfulness.

Again Guidance Is Usually Cumulative

That is, God does not confine our guidance to any one proof or leading, but confirms it by accumulative signs and indications. He not only led Saul to Ananias but prepared Ananias for Saul. He led Philip to the wilderness, there to find someone whom he had prepared for Philip. He gives a message from the Word, and then leads us to those who need to hear it. He confirms the Word by the Spirit, and buttresses the inner guidance by external circumstances. He makes us fruitful in one service, and barren in another. He gives joy and blessing in the ministry He is drawing us to, and distaste and unrest in that He is leading us *from*. He forges one link after another in the chain of guidance until the whole is complete and convincing. Of this kind is the statement of Christ concerning prayer, that if two of His own be agreed touching anything it shall be given them. The truth here is better expressed in the thought "if two of you *find yourselves agreed*." If one of us is guided to a certain petition in prayer we might have some doubt as to our own leading in the matter. But when another believer, and then another, is led the same way the proof becomes cumulative that our leading is coming from a common source; namely, the Lord in the midst of us. The word "to be agreed" here is a musical expression meaning "to strike the same note." The truth is a beautiful one. For the unison of a great orchestra in striking the same note as it tunes up is proof conclusive that the common note came from its common leader. So when Spirit-led men and women find themselves "striking the same note" in their prayer petitions it is pretty sure proof that this note came from their own Leader.

Beware of Short-cuts in Guidance

We recall a summer day in Switzerland. A number of us were crossing a great glacier. The path was narrow and winding. Presently we came to a point where the guide, instead of continuing straight ahead, made a sharp, sudden detour to the right. Of course all of us followed his lead—that is, all but one man. He was evidently annoyed at the detour and resolved to take a short-cut. So he started straight ahead instead of following in the pathway. Immediately the guide rushed back, grasped him by the collar, and with no gentle hand dragged him back. Then, without a word, he pointed to a patch of snow upon which the man was about to tread. Instead of being a sure foothold for his steps, it was a mere crust of snow covering a great crevasse opening into the very bowels of the glacier. Had he trodden upon it he would have gone down to an unspeakable death into the heart of the great glacier. The short-cut would have ended in appalling disaster.

A similar peril besets the believer's

walk. Sometimes our Guide seems too slow for us. Haste of spirit; eagerness for results; counsel of well-meaning friends; seeming delay of God to lead us onward—these things and others of a kind, tempt us to take short-cuts toward desired ends. But like the man on the glacier we make a mistake which may end in disaster. At times God does indeed seem to lead us by devious and roundabout paths. But it pays us far better to make detours *with* Him than to take short-cuts *without* Him.

Beware of Guidance Solely of the Flesh

Flesh and blood could not reveal the Christ to Simon Peter. Neither can it reveal the things of Christ to us. Nor does it matter whether it is our own flesh and blood or that of some other. For the other man's flesh and blood is compassed with the same infirmities and subject to the same errors as ours. Moreover the man who relies upon his friends for his guidance soon finds that the variety of advice they offer only increases the number of his perplexities. Then too it is a divine principle that God does not reveal to another man His plans for your life. Christ's rebuke of Peter for wanting to know His will for John is the clearest possible proof of this. (John 21:22.) You may help the little child to walk in its beginnings of the art. But if it is ever to learn to walk alone there comes a time when it must let go of your hand entirely and cease from all dependence upon you. The believer who would learn to walk with God must learn the same lesson. And as baby learns it at the cost of some troubles, even so must the Christian learn it at the cost of some mistakes. It were better learned that way than not to be learned at all. The price of a few blunders is not too high for such a treasure as a walk alone with God in the place of His own God-given guidance. Does God then have no place for your Christian friends in this matter of guidance? He surely does. Get all the help; all the light upon God's Word; all the experience of others you possibly can. That is, you may get facts from others. But you must make your decisions yourself. For when we reach the place of decision we cannot evade the personal, patient waiting upon God alone through which we learn the most precious lessons of His guidance. Last of all: *Guidance Is Sure For Those Who Wait and Pray*

Sometimes our perplexity is so great that it seems no guidance will ever come. For such times the psalmist has a precious message in his word about the night-watchers. "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning." (Ps. 130:6.) How do men who wait in the night hours for the dawn, watch for the morning? The answer is

fourfold.

They watch in *darkness*.

They watch for that which comes *slowly*.

They watch for that which is *sure to come*.

They watch for that which when it does come *brings the light of day*.

So is it with us who wait for guidance. Often our perplexity is so extreme that we seem to be waiting in total darkness. Often, too, as we wait, even as those who wait for the day, the first faint streaks of dawn seem to come, *oh so slowly*. Then, too, as there never yet has been a night which was not *sure* to end in the dawn, so our night of uncertainty is sure to end in the dawning light of God's guidance. Lastly, as the slow-coming dawn when it does arrive brings light and blessing without measure, so when our God-given guidance at last breaks upon us it will so rejoice our waiting souls and so illumine our beclouded path we shall almost forget the long days when we waited in darkness; waited for that which was as sure to come as the tender radiance of the dawn was sure to those who watched and waited for the morning.

A Little Child's Prayer

By Ida E. Meeks

(Dedicated to the children of Watson Mission)

Dear Jesus, I'm saying my prayers now to you,
I always say my prayers at night,
I'm trying to shine on this earth just for you,
I long to be a little light.

A light that shines dimly, but shines just the same,
I long for other children to see
So that they will love you, and understand, too,
What your loving care means to me.

When I come to heaven to live there with you,
After my life on earth here is o'er,
I would like to bring company, all that I can,
For I know there is room for some more.

I'd like to bring all the little orphans along,
All the down-trodden children so fair;
Just to bring them to you, I would give all this world,
For I know that you want them up there.

Now Jesus, I know that you once was despised,
That you once was ragged and poor,
That's why I want to bring all these dear ones
And some of the rich to your door.

Sullivan, Ind.

When Jesus Called Me

Thelma Young

I heard Jesus one day when He called me,
He called me to His fold;
It seemed so good to be with my Savior,
For I was thirsty, hungry and cold.

For a short time I followed my Master,
I tried His will to obey,
My life was given to my Savior
And I was happy in service each day.

Sometimes through shady green pastures,
Sometimes through waters so cold,
Then one day I turned from my Jesus,
Turned and walked swiftly out of the fold.

I wandered on and on in darkness,
To death's door I was led;
I didn't stop or falter,
For I wanted to rest as the dead.

Then Jesus showed me He loved me still,
And to get back was so hard, since it
was all up hill,
But I picked up my cross and started,
Started to obey His will.

There were things I didn't like doing,
Things that brought fear and dread,
But I asked Jesus to help me
And He promised strength for the day.

Jesus, help me always to be kind, loving
and true,
Help me to be humble, Father, humble
at your feet,
Dear Savior, help me only your will to
obey,
Help me march onward—never again
to retreat.

Help me to lift the standard just a little
higher,
To press ever onward to the goal,
To throw out the life line
To some poor, lost soul.

Jesus, I love you for your mercies,
And I'll meet you in the sky;
There I'll forget all heartaches
In the golden by-and-by.

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THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

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Glints of Knowledge



The Christian Advocate says when Japan's foreign minister, Matsvoka, negotiated the Axis Pact, which aligned Nippon with Germany and Italy, it was hailed as a stroke of genius. But as circumstances have developed it is entirely possible that it may have been the most tragic mistake of all the diplomatic history of modern Japan. It is entirely possible that Japan, having taken up the sword, will be the first Axis ally to perish by the sword.

Blinded Chinese soldiers, who have been blinded in fighting for their country, are asking for Braille primers and slates to aid them in learning to read by the touch system.—*The Gospel Minister*.

Japan's treacherous attack on Hawaii killed 2,638 American seamen. The Navy proudly announced that its Los Angeles recruiting center signed up its 2,638 recruits in twenty-three days.

Tuskegee Institute reported today that four persons, all Negroes, were lynched in 1941 and in nineteen other instances officers of the law prevented lynchings.

One of the instances in which mob action was balked occurred in the North and the remainder in the South. As a result, the lives of one white man and twenty Negroes were saved, the report said.

The four lynchings were in Florida, Georgia, North Carolina and South Carolina.

Nazis Secretly Plan End of Christianity

The following startling quotations are from the November 10 number of *Life*: "In his Navy Day radio address on October 27 President Roosevelt said, 'Your government has in its possession a document made in Germany by Hitler's government. It is a detailed plan which, for obvious reasons, the Nazis do not wish to publicize just yet . . . It is a plan to abolish all existing religions.'

Irrevocable Extermination

"The National Church is determined to exterminate irrevocably and by every means the strange and foreign Christian faiths imported into Germany in the ill-omened year 800.

"The National Church has no scribes, pastors, chaplains or priests, but National Reich orators are to speak in them.

"National Church orators may never be those who today emphasize with all tricks and cunning, verbally and in writing, the necessity of maintaining and teaching Christianity in Germany.

"The National Church demands im-

mediate cessation of the publishing and dissemination of the Bible in Germany as well as the publication of Sunday papers, pamphlets, publications and books of religious nature.

"The National Church has to take severe measures in order to prevent the Bible and other Christian publications being imported into Germany.

"The National Church will clear away from its altars all crucifixes, Bibles and pictures of saints.

Mein Kampf and Sword Only

"On the altars there must be nothing but *Mein Kampf* (to the German nation and therefore to God the most sacred book) and to the left of the altar a sword.

"The National Church does not acknowledge forgiveness of sins. It represents the standpoint which it will always proclaim that a sin once committed will be ruthlessly punished by the honorable and indestructible laws of nature and punishment will follow during the sinner's lifetime.

"The National Church abolishes confirmation and religious education as well as the communion, the religious preparation for the communion . . .

No "Unworthy" Kneeling

"The marriage ceremony of German men and women will consist of taking an oath of faithfulness and placing the right hand on the sword. There will not be any unworthy kneeling in National Church ceremonies.

"The National Church rejects the customary day of prayer and atonement.

"On the day of its (National Church) foundation the Christian cross must be removed from all churches, cathedrals and chapels within the Reich and its colonies and it must be superseded by the only unconquerable symbol of the *Hakenkreuz* (swastika)."

Police Suicides

It is reported that in the past seven years 123 New York policemen have committed suicide. Excessive drinking seems to be the cause of this suicide epidemic.—*The Gospel Minister*.

Mr. Stalin's Toast

Great excitement has prevailed in some quarters as a result of the report that at a dinner tendered our representatives in Russia, Mr. Joseph Stalin said in a toast to the United States, "God bless President Roosevelt." Centuries ago, history records that Henry IV of France entered Paris after saying Mass, and remarked that "Paris was worth a mass." Stalin, when he made the remark quoted, was

just in the happy moment of receiving some billions of dollars in credit. Surely a billion might justify an atheist in saying, "God bless President Roosevelt." But it would seem like a more than risky proceeding to pin any great significance on this remark made amid the wine of the banquet table. Apparently it was thought in Russia that since the *bourgeoisie* United States, with its traditional faith in God had just handed over a fabulous sum, it would be good strategy to humor their reputed prejudices in this way. It sounds like a bit of studied gesturing, just for effect.—*The Presbyterian*.

The State of Massachusetts in Account With Beverage Alcohol

A report to the Legislature of the State of Massachusetts State Bureau of Statistics of Labor stated:

That 75 per cent of the adult paupers in the State of Massachusetts were addicted to the use of liquor.

That 40 per cent attributed their pauperism to their own intemperate habits.

The report on crime says (pages 408 and 409):

That 96.44 per cent of all the adult criminals were addicted to the use of liquor.

That with 84.41 per cent of all criminals, the intemperate habits of the offender led to a condition which induced the crime.

The report on the insane says (pages 411 and 412):

That 51.44 per cent of all the adults were addicted to the use of liquor.

That with 30 per cent the intemperate habits of the person led to insanity.—*The Voice*.

George Muller's five orphanage buildings in Bristol, England, according to last reports, have not been bombed, though the city has had several bombings.—*The Gospel Minister*.

Whales Are Best Divers

Men have dived 306 feet in a submarine, 525 feet in an armored diving suit and 3,028 feet in a bathysphere. But without any artificial protection a whale can dive down a mile.

Popular Books

A paper in Russia recently boasted that no book had ever spread as far as the "History of the Communist Party in the Soviet Union" (16,500,000 copies in 55 languages in the past two years). Officials of the American Bible Society say that in the same period 55,000,000 copies of the Bible have been circulated in 1,039 languages.

CROWDED WAYS OF LIFE

WALTER S. GRESHAM

(Written in reply to "The House by the Side of the Road," by Sam Walter Foss.)

'Tis only a half truth the poet has sung
Of the "house by the side of the way."
Our Master had neither a house nor a home,
But He walked with the crowd day by day.
And I think, when I read of the poet's desire,
That a house by the road would be good;
But service is found in its tenderest form
When we walk with the crowd in the road.



Then tell me no more of the house by the
road;
There is only one place I can live—
It's there with the men who are toiling along,
Who are needing the cheer I can give.
It is pleasant to live in the house by the way
And be a friend, as the poet has said;
But the Master is bidding us: "Bear ye their
load,
For your rest waiteth yonder ahead."



Out there in the road that goes by the house,
Where the poet is singing his song,
I'll walk and I'll work 'midst the heat of the
day,
And I'll help falling brothers along—
Too busy to live in the house by the way,
Too happy for such an abode.
And my heart sings its praise to the Master of
all,
Who is helping me serve in the road.



So I say, Let me walk with the men in the road,
Let me seek out the burdens that crush,
Let me speak a kind word of good cheer to the
weak
Who are falling behind in the rush.
There are wounds to be healed, there are
breaks we must mend,
There's a cup of cold water to give;
And the man in the road by the side of his
friend
Is the man who has learned to live.



I could not remain in the house by the road
And watch as the toilers go on,
Their faces beclouded with pain and with sin,
So burdened their strength nearly gone.
I'll go to their side, I'll speak in good cheer,
I'll help them to carry their load;
And I'll smile at the man in the house by the
way,
As I walk with the crowd in the road.



—Best Loved Poems.

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDAVOR

The Sighted Pathway

Vol. 13

MARCH, 1942

No. 3



On Their Way to Tomorrow

"Thy Word is a Light Unto My Path"

Psa. 119:105



The Editor's Message



Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

I can almost hear you say, "Aren't they just darling," as you look at our cover page this month. That is what I thought when I first saw the picture.



There is nothing in all the world so sweet, so pure, as a little child. These precious little ones, with their smiling faces, and the trellis of roses, represent the springtime of the year and the springtime of life.

Our paper will find its way into climates where it is cold, and perhaps the ground will be covered with

snow and it will seem little like springtime to you, but at the same time the snow covers the earth the buds are shooting forth and soon springtime will show itself in all its beauty. At other places when our paper reaches you there will be roses budding and blooming just like the ones you will see on our cover page. Roses are my favorite flowers and I have some in my back yard that begin to bloom early in spring and bloom on all through the year and it seems that the last ones in the fall are the most beautiful.

Oh, how welcome and how beautiful are the first buds that appear after the winter is over, and how closely we watch them as the petals open. But they are not nearly so beautiful as the little buds we see with smiling faces on our cover page. They are not nearly so important. And what are those words we see at the bottom of the page? "On Their Way to Tomorrow." As they walk along hand in hand, little do they dream of what tomorrow holds. When tomorrow comes, will they be prepared for it? Will those who have their destiny in hand be on the watch, constantly ready to guide and direct them in ways of righteousness? Only a few days ago the awful tomorrow came for the boys at Pearl Harbor. We did not realize that such a tomorrow was coming. From the time they were little buds until this awful calamity came, Christians have been rubbing shoulders with them and I wonder if we feel that we have done our best. We want to dwell on this thought for a while. We are interested in personal evangelism

this fund, giving name and address of your friend; or if you do not know someone personally and you are interested in the cause, just donate to this fund and we will send the papers where they are needed. The people of the world are providing cigarettes and amusements, such as picture shows and dances, but what are we Christians doing for them? I hear someone say, "Well, we have our church here and we don't believe in anything but church and just let them come over here if they want to. Here comes in our personal evangelism again. Take your Lighted Pathway and go visiting among them and invite them to church. When they come, take a special interest in them. Invite them home to dinner with you. Make them feel welcome. This is a dark old world just now, looking at it from a worldly viewpoint, and God is going to need every Christian to come out from under the bushel and let his light shine. Jesus said, "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house." It's high time we were holding our candlestick aloft in these dark days.

Recently a young woman called me and said, "My friend is in camp at a certain place. I'm sending him a paper. I would like to send him a roll for distribution." But it would be impossible for us to send them to all the camps free, and if we should do it for one we must do it for all. I've been thinking of asking those of you who have friends in these camps to make a contribution to

WHAT THEN?

John 3:16; Mal. 4:1

When the great plants of our cities
Have turned out their last finished work;
When our merchants have sold their last yard of silk
And dismissed the last tired clerk;
When our banks have raked in their last dollar
And paid the last dividend;
When the Judge of earth says, "Close far the night,"
And asks for a balance—

What then?

When the choir has sung its last anthem,
And the preacher has made his last prayer;
When the people have heard their last sermon
And the sound has died out on the air;
When the Bible lies closed on the pulpit
And the pews are all empty of men
And each one stands facing his record—
And the books are opened—

What then?

When the actors have played their last drama,
And the mimic has made his last fun,
When the film has flashed its last picture,
And the billboards displayed its last run;
When the crowds seeking pleasure have vanished,
And gone out in the darkness again—
When the trumpet of ages is sounded,
And we stand up before Him—

What then?

When the bugle's call sinks into silence
And the long marching columns stand still;
When the captain repeats his last orders,
And they've captured the last fort on hill,
And the flag has been hauled from the masthead,
And the wounded afield checked in,
And a world that rejected its Savior,
Is asked for a reason—What then?

The boys are homesick, many of them, and a little kindness and hospitality may win a soul for Christ. There are precious mothers scattered about who are praying, "O God, help someone to be kind to my boy." God must have some to use as instruments to answer these mothers' prayers. Let me pass on to you this little verse,

*Be kind, we do not know the power
Of kindness in the trying hour,
Nor yet the wounds that we might bind,
If we would only just be kind.*

Now, may I say just a few words to our Christian boys who are in the service of our country. You have a wonderful opportunity to be a soul winner. There will be many of the boys around you who will need your help and they will look up to you if you live the life. This may be God's way of answering mother's prayers and you may be the instrument God wants to use. This is not the time to give up. If you ever needed God it is now. I wonder if you will not repeat with me this little verse and how about memorizing it for future

The Vision

By PAUL HUTCHENS
(Used by permission of the Eerdmans
Publishing Co.)

(Continued from last issue)

He knew the recording instructions from memory, having studied them over and over in his room. In his mind he had followed them perfectly a score of times in anticipation of the day when he would possess a machine of his own:

1. Be sure your current is 110v. 50-60 cycle, AC current.

2. Open case and remove front apron (a) or cover (b) or both . . .

Shera came drifting down the stairs, and appeared in the room in a gay, flowered house dress and apron. She whirled about in the center of the room for his approval, which he gave with his eyes—which one could not help but give to Shera.

In another moment they were busy with the recording machine. All equipment was there: aluminum and acetate blank discs, diamond stylus for cutting on aluminum; sapphire and steel needles for cutting and playing back on acetate discs.

For a moment Rodney forgot the reason why he was there. His fingers trembled in sympathetic vibration to his trembling spirit. For the first time he would hear himself as others heard him. Forgot, and then remembered again; for the song he had selected to sing would carry in it the message—the climactic message to Shera. She would hear in song his final decision to lose his life for Jesus' sake.

But first, they must learn how to use the machine so as to make a perfect record. It would have been great fun, if their thoughts and motives could have been the same,—the spoiling of a few discs, only the price of learning.

They recorded Shera's violin solo first on an aluminum disc, decided the aluminum played back with too much noise, especially on the soft tones, made the record over again on an acetate disc, which was perfect.

Rodney watched Shera's face during the play-back. Her eyes carried a far-away expression as if she were being transported on wings of music into a new and wonderful world. Her lips were parted in a smile that said she had been hungry but was being satisfied now, was finding the object of her worship.

He could hear his own accompaniment, interpreting the violin's every mood—each was the complement of the other. It was not only a violin solo with piano accompaniment; it was a piano solo with violin accompaniment—, a duet.

"It's your turn now," she said, rising from the chair where she had been sitting.

"What'll it be?—Oh, I know! I want to hear you sing *Under the Whispering Moon*. Richard Staffner sang it over the Columbia network last week, and I like your voice better than his—I really do," she finished sincerely. "You're going to sing on the network some day, you know. You and I together, perhaps."

Her eyes upon his were eager, and something else. The woman in Shera had turned upon him the lights of her personality. She was saying with those eyes, "You belong to me, Rodney, and I am going to help you climb to fame—higher than any other singer in the world."

He liked the melody of *Under the Whispering Moon*. It was one among a thousand popular songs which made youthful love seem beautiful, whose music was not sickeningly syncopated, whose philosophy was not cheap and low-lived. But he would not sing this song for Shera, not when he was about to tell her of the vision that had come again.

He knew what he wished to sing. He had been thinking about it ever since he had ridden the waves in practice room 422 this morning. He would record a hymn, a gospel solo, the kind Mother and Norda liked best, the kind Shera needed to hear, but which in the aristocratic church where she attended, she would never hear.

He would make the record and send it home tomorrow and his mother would know that he had not lost the vision—she must never know that he had lost it until he fully regained it.

He opened his brief case, drew out a loose-leaved, leather-bound book, a compilation of gospel solos and duets. He had sung many of them in the old home church. Recently he had added several new numbers. So many beautiful gospel songs were being written today.

Shera stood puzzled, watching him. "You—aren't going to record a—not a hymn!"

He was taken so completely unaware. "For my mother," he said, and knew immediately that the explanation was also an apology. He hated himself for it, hated the weakness in him that had caused it. He disliked Shera for being the type of girl who could educe an apology from him. With his mind's eye he saw a look of pain in gray-green eyes, and was ashamed.

He rallied his sinking courage and said, "You'll like the one I'm going to sing."

He decided to play his own accompaniment. His fingers trembled as he adjusted the sapphire cutting needle in the

cutting-head. He hoped the song would furrow a trail of conviction for sin upon the disc of Shera's heart—she who denied sin's very existence. She was not the cheap and shallow type of girl but was highly cultured and refined, yet she could spurn the things of the gospel with a suave indifference that was more deadening than a coarse and blatant mockery . . .

The disc was on the turntable now, with the extension pin protruding through the off-center hole in the record, the spindle clamp tightened.

Volume and selector switches were in their proper positions, the microphone at the right distance from the piano.

And now he was singing. Ira D. Sank-ey, one time companion of the illustrious Moody, had composed the hymn music. Sankey, too, had been a country lad, his biographer in the book now in the old home library, had said. And in those dream days Sankey, possessor of an exceptionally fine voice, had lived with a hymn book under his arm and in his heart. So also had Rodney.

It was a paraphrase of the original poem which Rodney sang now, and to which Shera, mildly religious church member, listened—the words written by one Thomas Stephens, the same words Rodney had sung this morning in room 422. With the first note he felt the power of both the words and the music:

*"There are ninety and nine that safely lie
In the shelter of the fold,
While millions are left outside to die,
Because the ninety and nine are cold;
Lost in sin's delusive snare . . ."*

Tone waves throbbed in his head, poured into the microphone in rich, rolling vibrations . . . Out across the fields of tasselled corn . . . like a lake of fire rolling in the wind . . . Millions . . . millions of stars . . . of souls.

He was only vaguely aware of Shera behind him, listening with clasped hands. He saw the elm and maples and the other trees that bordered Crawfish river transform themselves into people, listening with tense faces. The last score of each stanza crescendoed to the throbbing climax. He knew he was singing as he had never sung before. It was as if he had been pounding for years at the unyielding bars and had at last broken through. He heard Shera's gasp and knew that the Spirit who had sung through him this morning, had come upon him again. *He was singing in the Spirit.*

When he finished and had turned off the switch, Shera was gone, but he was not aware of her absence. He was still trembling within.

Now for the play-back. In another moment he would hear himself. *This is my answer, Mother; I have not lost the vision!*

He caught a fleeting glimpse of Shera,
(Continued on page 31)

Children's Page

As Ye Would Be Done By

ETHEL MILLER

Spring with all its verdant glory had come at last. The winter had seemed unusually long to the boys and girls in the village of Valley Brook. The snow had come early and was very deep. They had just succeeded in flooding a pool for skating when a fever epidemic broke out in their midst. Many of the children were stricken. As a consequence, the school was closed and the anxious parents, fearing for the lives of their children, had been strict in their discipline and had kept their children close at home. Childhood craves companionship, and to the lonely little ones it seemed as if the long days would never end.

Finally, as all disagreeable things eventually cease, the epidemic died away, the school was opened and spring came.

At first the boys and girls returned to their neglected studies with a will, but the balmy breeze, laden with the scent of budding trees, flowing through the open windows, taunted them with tales of nodding pussy willows and flower-covered slopes. A strange restlessness prevailed among them. The teacher therefore decided upon a plan. One bright day she said,

"We are going to have a holiday this afternoon and I will take all those who wish to go to the woods to gather flowers. How many care to go?"

Every hand in the school was raised as high as possible.

Little Milly Watson told her mother of the plan for the afternoon during the midday meal. So great was her excitement that she scarcely touched her food.

"I'll prepare a lunch for you to eat before you start for home," said Mrs. Watson. "You can easily carry it in your flower basket."

"Mother, I'm so anxious that it seems as if I can't wait for you to make it," exclaimed Milly, her feet dancing to keep time with the joy in her heart.

Presently she said more thoughtfully, "Mabel won't be able to go with us."

"No, dear, Mabel seems to miss all the good times," returned her mother.

Mabel Dean had been among the first who had contracted the fever. One complication after another followed the dreadful malady, and several times the physicians had despaired of saving the girl's life. The trouble finally seriously affected her eyes which for some time had been tightly bandaged to prevent any light from reaching the delicate

nerve centers. While her condition was slowly improving she was not strong enough yet to join her playmates, had her eyes permitted.

"You can give Mabel some of your flowers," continued Mrs. Watson comfortingly. "I am sure she would appreciate them very much even if she couldn't see them."

Milly was fighting a hard battle in her young heart. Never, it appeared, had she wanted so much to go to the woods, but if she went her little friend must remain alone. At last she reached a conclusion, and turning her head so that her mother might not witness the struggle, she said,

"Please, mother, put in some more cake and another apple. I'm going to spend the afternoon with Mabel. The food will make a nice luncheon for us. If she cried because she felt bad about staying home her eyes might get worse."

Mrs. Watson placed her arm affectionately about her little daughter as she said tenderly,

"Milly, you are a very brave girl and I am sure you will have a good time entertaining Mabel. Take some of your new books with you and you can read to her."

Milly sped quickly on her way, hoping sincerely that she might not meet any of the school children gathering for their afternoon outing. However, as she neared her destination, she heard her name called. Turning, she saw two of her companions running down the street.

"What fun we are going to have," they cried as they joined her.

"I'm going to stay with Mabel," Milly told them quickly.

"Not going to the woods?" exclaimed one of her friends. "I think your mother is just mean."

"Mother did not hinder my going," explained Milly quickly, "but Mabel

can't go and so I thought it would be right for me to visit her today. You know, girls, we should do to others as we would like to have them do to us."

"Mabel is selfish if she wants to keep you from having a good time," argued the girls.

"I think I would be the selfish one if I were to try to have all the fun myself and leave her alone. Don't pity me, because I really want to stay."

As Milly entered the house, Mrs. Dean whispered, "Don't let Mabel hear you talking. She feels so bad about not being able to go with you to the outing. Her brother rushed in at noon and in his excitement mentioned about the holiday before he thought. Otherwise I should have endeavored to keep the matter from her."

Milly quickly explained her errand, and received a hearty welcome. Soon the two little girls were laughing merrily together. Milly read several interesting stories to her friend, and then on the piano she played a simple new piece of music she had just learned.

Mabel begged to learn the selection. "I can play it with blind eyes," she exclaimed.

Milly played the piece again and again until Mabel had become familiar with the tune. Then she sat on the bench beside Milly and soon was able to play it also.

Because of the sound of the piano the girls did not hear the telephone ring or notice that a car had stopped at the gate. Milly looked up in surprise as her own mother entered the room followed by Mrs. Dean.

"Your Uncle Howard is outside, Milly," explained Mrs. Watson. "He is going to take us all for a drive. I telephoned the doctor and he says that Mabel may go."

"Oh! goody, I'm so glad," cried Milly, as she dashed away to find her coat.

Mabel was wrapped in shawls and blankets and Uncle Howard carried her to the big car, and placed pillows comfortably about her.

"I'll put in my basket of lunch. We

(Continued on page 34)





Home, Sweet Home

Father's and Mother's Page

No Place at Home

I met him on a street corner—a bright, black-eyed lad of perhaps fourteen summers. I had seen him there evening after evening, and wondered whether there was no one who knew the temptation he encountered.

I made friends with him, and won his confidence. Then I questioned him kindly in regard to his spending so much time upon the street.

"I know," he said, looking up at me in such a frank, winning way that I could not help thinking what a noble man he might make, "the street is no place for a boy, but you see there's no place for me at home."

I was surprised and pained at the answer.

"How is that?" I asked.

"Well, I have two grown-up sisters, and they entertain company in the parlor every evening. They give me to understand that I am a 'third party,' and not wanted. Then papa is always tired, and he dozes in the sitting room, and does not like to be disturbed. It's pretty lonesome, you see; so I come down here. It was not always so," he went on. "Before grandma died I always went up to her room and had a good time. Grandma liked boys."

There was a quiver in the voice now that told of a sorrow that time had not yet healed.

"But your mother?" I suggested.

"Oh mamma!—she is only a reformer, and has no time to spend with me.

She is always visiting the prisons and workhouses, trying to reform the men, or writing articles on how to save the boys."

"And her own in danger?"

"Yes, I am not half as good as I was before grandma died. I am getting rough I am afraid. There does not seem to be anyone to take an interest in me, so it does not matter."

It was a hard, bitter truth; yet I knew he was not the only boy who needed a wise, gentle hand to lead him through the dangerous period.

O mothers! are you so blind that you cannot see the danger of your own, but look for that of others?

Make home life the brightest spot on earth for your children.

I think the saddest, most hopeless thing I ever heard from a boy's lips was that sentence: "There is no place for me at home." God forgive that mother, and open her eyes before it is too late, and help other mothers to heed the warning.

How is it, mothers? Are your boys in danger? Think of this, ponder over it, pray over it.—*From Wesleyan Methodist.*

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A Question of Values

In the prayers of my father and mother I came to feel the presence of the personal Christ speaking through them to my boyish soul, and in the times of my temptation the memory of their prayers was a veritable wall of defense. My mother has testified in later years that in the prayers we children offered on Sunday mornings, according to the usual custom, she found access to our inner souls. Our prayers so revealed the struggles that were going on within us that she was then able in her tactful way to bring to us a sense of her spiritual comradeship in the fight we were making.

Susannah Wesley, finding time, even when the mother of seventeen children, to often sit down alone with each child and counsel with him or her about the great things of God, is the explanation of such men as Charles and John Wesley.

In our day we consider that we are so busy, so distressed by different pressing engagements, that there is no time for the home to become quiet for this mood of reverential worship. But what of the comparative value of the things that we are taking as a substitute for this quiet time of family worship? If it is father's business, or mother's social engagements, or sister's friends or brother's athletics, let us point out that the spiritual part of life is a real part—as real as the physical and the mental, and a balanced view of life must recognize this. If it is worth the time of the home to provide for the physical and the mental development of its members, it is not only worth as much but it is as genuine an

obligation to provide for the spiritual growth. This cannot be postponed to some later time with the expectancy that present lack can be made up by future plenty.

The time to furnish spiritual culture to a personality is when that personality is young. If it is left out then, ordinarily it cannot be put in adequately any more than cement can be put into concrete after the stone and sand and gravel are poured into the mold. Parents who create souls must see that those souls are not starved, but given food from the great source of spiritual nutrition. Whatever price is necessary to this end ought to be paid. Ordinarily if this price is not paid, another price in terms of heartache and disappointment will have to be paid.—*A. W. Beaven, D. D.*

Financing the Child

Many fond parents lament their lack of ability to bestow nice clothes, easy schooling and other similar favors upon their children. Others having more make the way too easy for the young people. The result is weakness and lack of independence in those receiving too much help. Billy Sunday some years ago, before a great audience at Winona Lake, said, "If you want a child to go to the devil, give him an automobile and plenty of money." He knew what he was talking about.

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., had some ideas about the preparation of children for the handling of money. He believed that the boy or girl must first know its value. A newspaper note reads:

"Almost from the day of his birth, on January 29, 1874, in Cleveland, Ohio, the younger Rockefeller (John D., Jr.) entered upon a unique training system, which he has since applied to his own family, designed for the double purpose of concealing the family's wealth from the child and teaching him the value of a dollar. What little money was given him had to be earned—at five cents an hour for practicing the violin, nine cents for raking leaves, ten cents a hundred for killing flies, etc. This income, in turn, had to be accounted for under the family rule of ten per cent saved, ten per cent given away.

If people of small means would stir in their children an ambition to earn and to learn and help to guide them to resourcefulness, the parents would be compelled to struggle less while the children would be far better off because they knew how they obtained the good they have and have a greater appreciation of it.

Of the young people who are waiting for someone to pay their way to an education, many hundreds could be in our schools if they would. Those who wait for someone to hand them something

(Continued on page 34)

Helps for Tempted and Tried

What We Can Do in the Face of the Storm

No one with intelligence, enlightened by experience and a rational mind, can look with pleasure on the trend of the times, either here or abroad, but we have our lives to live and there is much that God's people cannot change and which they simply must endure. However, we have the same resources that Jesus had in the days of Augustus, that Paul had in times of Nero, that Wesley had in the days of George the Third and the period of the rise of eighteenth century atheism. Let us once again look over our spiritual resources in the face of the rising storms that are darkening the horizon of the whole world.

We have the Word of God. Thank God for the Bible, and for the liberty of worship we still have and by which we may freely teach its great truths! D. M. Pantou says, "Wherever God's law is supreme, life and property are safe. Wherever the Bible is despised or discarded, neither life nor property is secure." Let us make much of the preaching and teaching of God's Word, getting it out to the people. God's promise is that it shall not return to Him void.

We can redeem the time by doing our best for the salvation of souls. It is the work that God receives and blesses that lives. In comparison, human activities fall and disappear into the unknown past. Even to this day millions of Bible students read from time to time the story of the life of Paul the soul-winner, while few know even the names of the rulers of nations in his day. Let us press on in the work of revivals, of soul-winning, by whatever means we may bring in the lost.

We can pray to God. We can meet the powers of this hard, wicked world by availing ourselves of the power of God. "The conies are a feeble folk," says the psalmist, "but they make their habitation in the rock and are safe." Dark days have been, dark days are here now, but the Church lives on and does its work by the light that never fails.

We can be consecrated, which is to say, we can and do recognize God's right to us as our Creator and Redeemer. It is a real joy to know, once we have gone through the ordeal of dying out to the spirit of this world, that we are God's people. We are His property, His agents and servants, and we belong to the same establishment that brought the earth into being and that will endure when the dictators and misrulers of our day have long since been laid in the dust.—*The Wesleyan Methodist*.

The Cure for Discouragement

Oftentimes a new proposal or new project meets with great enthusiasm. It is

like a new business which starts with a grand opening, but after the first few days or weeks there comes a reaction. The glamour wears off, the new becomes old, and hard work and perseverance are needed. This is the period when that great enemy by the name of Discouragement gets in his deadly work. Faint hearts are affected, and doubts are expressed.

This is true along religious lines. We are familiar with the buzz of activity which greets a pastor when he moves to a new field. Folk fall in line and put their efforts to good effect for a time, then comes that inevitable reaction as the newness wears off.

For illustration, turn to Nehemiah's effort to rebuild the fallen wall at Jerusalem. After the work was well under way, and the people realized the greatness of the undertaking, faint hearts expressed their fears. The seeds of discouragement grew, and with the increase of doubt, faith diminished.

"And Judah said, The strength of the bearers of burdens is decayed, and there is much rubbish; so that we are not able to build the wall." They were ready to lay down their tools and quit. Such an attitude creates a serious proposition. They would quit; they would hoist the white flag of surrender. Such people are a menace to others, for they actually lend assistance to the enemy.

It is doubtful if any church or Christian organization is free of people subject to discouragement. It is an old story. When the twelve spies returned from their secret visit to the promised land, ten of them were overcome by discouragement. Their influence on the congregation of Israel created a wave of discouragement. Their influence of faith in God's Word of promise.

Discouraged Christians lend aid to the enemy of souls, for they weaken resistance against him. Many Christian leaders, aided by a band of faithful followers, have carried a double burden by not only carrying on the fight against evil

(Continued on page 31)



HAND IN HAND WITH JESUS

Once from my poor sin-sick soul
Christ did every burden roll;
Now I walk redeemed and whole,
Hand in hand with Jesus.

In my night of dark despair,
Jesus heard and answered prayer;
Now I'm walking free as air,
Hand in hand with Jesus.

From the straight and narrow way,
Praise the Lord, I cannot stray;
For I'm walking every day,
Hand in hand with Jesus.

When the stars are backward rolled,
And His name I shall behold,
I will walk those streets of gold,
Hand in hand with Jesus.

The Inner Circle Page

"Created in Christ Jesus." That means every child of God is a new creation in Christ Jesus. "Unto good works." And that means every such child of God is created anew in Christ Jesus for a life of service. "Which God hath before ordained." That means God has laid the plan for this life of service in Christ Jesus ages before we came into existence. "That we should walk in them." "Walk" is a practical word. And that means God's great purpose of service for the lives of His children is not a mere fancy, but a practical reality, to be known and lived out in our present work-a-day life. Therefore all through this great text runs the one supreme thought that—

* * *

God has a plan for every life in Christ Jesus.

What a wondrous truth is this! And yet how reasonable a one. Shall the architect draw the plans for his stately palace? Shall the artist sketch the outlines of his masterpiece? Shall the shipbuilder lay down the lines for his colossal ship? And yet shall God have no plan for the immortal soul which He brings into being and puts "in Christ Jesus"? Surely He has. Yea, for every cloud that floats across the sky: for every blade of grass that points its tiny spear heavenward: for every dew-drop that gleams in the morning sun: for every beam of light that shoots across the limitless space from sun to earth, God has a purpose and a plan. How much more then, for you who are His own, in Christ Jesus, does God have a perfect before-prepared life plan. And not only so, but—

* * *

God has a plan for your life which no other man can fill.

"In all the ages of the ages there never has been, and never will be, a man or woman just like me. I am unique. I have no double." That is true. No two leaves, no two jewels, no two stars, no two lives—alike. Every life is a fresh thought from God to the world. There is no man in all the world who can do your work as well as you. And if you do not find and enter into God's purpose for your life, there will be something missing from the glory that would otherwise have been there. Every jewel gleams with its own radiance. Every flower distills its own fragrance. Every Christian has his own particular bit

of Christ's radiance and Christ's fragrance which God would pass through him to others. Has God given you a particular personality? He has also created a particular circle of individuals who can be reached and touched by that personality as by none other in the wide world. And then He shapes and orders your life so as to bring you into contact with that very circle. Just a hair's breadth of shift in the focus of the telescope, and some man sees a vision of beauty which before had been all confused and befogged. So, too, just that grain of individual and personal variation in your life from every other man's and someone sees Jesus Christ with a clearness and beauty he would discern nowhere else. What a privilege to have one's own Christ indwelt personal-

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## The God-Planned Life

BY JAMES H. McCONKEY

... "Created in Christ Jesus unto good works which God hath before ordained, that we should walk in them." Eph. 2:10.

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ity, however humble! What a joy to know that God will use it, as He uses no other for certain individuals susceptible to it as to no other! In you there is just a bit of change in the angle of the jewel—and lo, some man sees the light! In you there is just a trifle of variation in the mingling of the spices—and, behold, someone becomes conscious of the fragrance of Christ.

* * *

A man may fail to enter into God's plan for his life.

Among the curiosities of a little fishing village on the Great Lakes where we were summering was a pair of captive eagles. They had been captured when but two weeks old, and confined in a large room-like cage. Year after year the eaglets grew, until they were magnificent specimens of their kind, stretching six feet from tip to tip of wings. One summer

when we came back for our usual vacation the eagles were missing. Inquiring of the owner as to their disappearance this story came to us. The owner had left the village for a prolonged fishing trip out in the lake. While he was absent some mischievous boys opened the door of the cage, and gave the great birds their liberty. At once they endeavored to escape. But kept in captivity from their earliest eaglet days, they had never learned to fly. They seemed to realize that God had meant them to be more than mere earthlings. After all these weary years the instinct for the sky and the heavens still smoldered in their hearts. And most desperately did they strive to exercise it. They floundered about upon the village green. They struggled, and fell, and beat their wings in piteous efforts to rise into the airy freedom of their God-appointed destiny. But all in vain. One of them, essaying to fly across a small stream, fell helpless into the water and had to be rescued from drowning. The other, after a succession of desperate and humiliating failures, managed to attain to the lowermost limb of a near-by tree. Thence he was shot to death by the hand of a cruel boy. His mate soon shared the same hapless fate, and the simple tragedy of their hampered lives came to an end.

Often since has come to us the tragic life-lesson of the imprisoned eagles. God had designed for these kingly birds a noble inheritance of freedom. It was theirs to pierce in royal flights the very eye of the mid-day sun. It was theirs to nest in lofty crags where never foot of man had trod. It was theirs to breast with unwearying pinion the storms and tempests of mid-heaven. A princely inheritance indeed was theirs. But the cruelty of man had hopelessly shut them out from it, and instead of the limitless liberty planned for them had come captivity, helplessness, humiliation, and death. Even these birds of the air missed God's great plan for their lives. Much more may the sons of men.

Is not this the very thing of which Paul speaks when he says: "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do of his good pleasure"? What are these inner voices which, if we heed not, cease? What are these visions which, if we follow not, fade? What are these yearnings to be all for Christ which, if we embody not in action, die? What are they but the living God working in us to will and to do the life-work which He has planned for us from all eternity? And it is this which you are called upon to "work out." Work it out in love. Work it out in daily, faithful ministry. Work it out as God works in you. But more than that—you may miss it. You may fall short of God's perfect plan for your

(Continued on page 30)

Can a Person Be Scientific and Believe the Bible?

I have, within the past twenty years of my life, come out of uncertainty and doubt into a faith which is an absolute dominating conviction of the truth and about which I have not a shadow of doubt. I have been intimately associated with eminent scientific workers; have heard them discuss the profoundest questions; have myself engaged in scientific work, and so know the value of such opinions.

I was once profoundly disturbed in the traditional faith in which I have been brought up—that of a Protestant Episcopalian—by inroads which were made upon the book of Genesis by the higher critics. I could not then gainsay them, not knowing Hebrew nor archaeology well, and to me, as to many, to pull out one great prop was to make the whole foundation uncertain.

So I floundered on for some years trying, as some of my higher critical friends are trying today, to continue to use the Bible as the Word of God and at the same time holding it of composite authorship, a curious and disastrous piece of mental gymnastics—a bridge over the chasm separating an older Bible-loving generation from a newer Bible-emancipated race. I saw in the book a great light and glow of heat, yet shivered out in the cold.

One day it occurred to me to see what the Book had to say about itself. As a short, but perhaps not the best method, I took a concordance and looked out "Word," when I found that the Bible claimed from one end to the other to be the authoritative Word of God to man. I then tried the natural plan of taking it as my textbook of religion, as I would use a textbook in any science, testing it by submitting to its conditions. I found that Christ Himself invites men to do this. (John 7:17.)

I now believe the Bible to be the inspired Word of God, inspired in a sense utterly different from that of any merely human book.

I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God, without human father, conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary. That all men without exception are by nature sinners, alienated from God, and when thus utterly lost in sin the Son of God Himself came down to earth, and by shedding His blood upon the cross paid the infinite penalty of the guilt of the whole world. I believe he who thus receives Jesus Christ

What an Eminent Surgeon Believes About God and the Scriptures

A Personal Testimony

BY HOWARD A. KELLY, M. D.
John Hopkins University

as his Savior is born again spiritually as definitely as in his first birth, and, so born spiritually, has new privileges, appetites and affections; that he is one body with Christ the Head and will live with Him forever.

I believe no man can save himself by good works, or what is commonly known as a moral life, such works being but the necessary fruits and evidence of the faith within.

Satan I believe to be the cause of man's fall and sin, and his rebellion against God as rightful governor. Satan is the prince of all the kingdoms of this world, yet will in the end be cast into the pit and made harmless. Christ will come again in glory to earth to reign even as He went away from the earth, and I look for His return day by day.

I believe the Bible to be God's Word,

because, as I use it day by day as spiritual food, I discover in my own life as well as in the lives of those who likewise use it, a transformation correcting evil tendencies, purifying affections, giving pure desires, and teaching that concerning the righteousness of God which those who do not so use it can know nothing of. It is as really food for the spirit as bread is for the body.

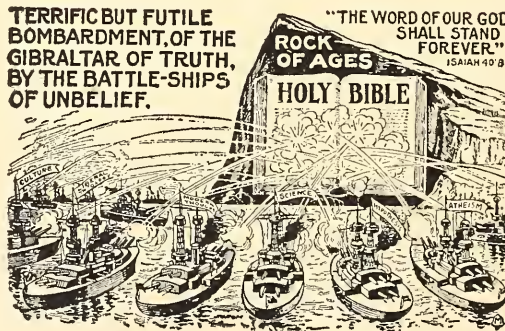
Perhaps one of my strongest reasons for believing the Bible is that it reveals to me, as no other book in the world could do, that which appeals to me as a physician, a diagnosis of my spiritual condition. It shows me clearly what I am by nature—one lost in sin and alienated from the life that is in God. I find in it a consistent and wonderful revelation, from Genesis to Revelation, of the character of God, a God far removed from any of my natural imaginings.

It also reveals a tenderness and nearness of God in Christ which satisfies the heart's longings, and shows me that the infinite God, Creator of the world, took our very nature upon Him that He might in infinite love be one with His people to redeem them. I believe in it because it reveals a religion adapted to all classes and races, and it is intellectual suicide knowing it not to believe it.

What it means to me is as intimate and difficult a question to answer as to be required to give reasons for love of father and mother, wife and children. But this reasonable faith gives me a different relation to family and friends: greater tenderness to these and deeper interest in all men. It takes away the fear of death and creates a bond with those gone before. It shows me God as a Father who perfectly understands, who can give control of appetites and affections, and rouse one to fight with self instead of being self-contented.

And if faith so reveals God to me, I go without question wherever He may lead me. I can put His assertions and commands above every seeming probability in life, dismissing cherished convictions and looking upon the wisdom and reasoning of men as folly opposed to Him. I place no limits to faith when once vested in God, the sum of all wisdom and knowledge, and can trust Him though I should have to stand alone before the world in declaring Him to be true.

If we would understand the Bible we should have its Interpreter.



HOLY BIBLE

Holy Book, Living Word,
Sharper than a two-edged sword
To pierce the heart and cleave the bone,
And sweeter than the honeycomb.

Voice of God, Wisdom's page
Absolute from age to age;
Truth supreme. When time is gone
And earth dissolved, it stands alone.

Mighty Word! It swells the soul
And purifies the heart, the whole
Is powerful to burn away
The dross of life and light the day.

I cannot love the Book enough!
I cannot hold it close enough!
Breath of God, my soul's deep quest,
Book of life, Book of rest!

—Gwynn McLendon.

Treasured Gleanings for Ministers and Christian Workers

Won By Love

In a large convict prison was a well-educated man who was an agnostic, and no amount of argument or pleading could move him from his belief. He remained, in spite of all attempts to get into touch with him, hard and sour as ever. But one day while the chaplain was talking to him, his attention was drawn to the convict's wounded foot. It was evidently a source of pain and the chaplain ceased speaking, bent down, examined it and bound it up more comfortably. As he did so, he felt a great tear drop upon his head. That little act had done what pleading could not do.—*Exchange*.

A Worthy Library

It has been estimated that the average person consumes about five hours a day in conversation, covering about fifteen octavo pages an hour, the space covered by the ordinary public speaker, from which it is concluded that the average person makes a weekly volume of 525 pages and, covering 70 years, the conversation of one person would make a library of 3,640 octavo volumes. What an immense individual library! What is it worth? If I have left on those pages thoughts of God, forgiveness, longsuffering, kindness, meekness, be my life ever so obscure and insignificant, I shall have made a library grander than the Congressional in Washington, or the British Museum in London, or the National in Paris, or the Imperial in St. Petersburg, or the Royal in Berlin.—*Peter Ainslie, in God and Me*.

Living Christ in Daily Life

A. T. Schofield's eldest daughter was a great horsewoman, but being thrown when roughriding, she got a depressed fracture of the skull upon which no surgeon would operate, and of which, after some years of great suffering, she died. Dr. Schofield describes an incident in the early days of her illness: "When my daughter had been ill a fortnight, her nurse came to me and said that she thought I would like to know that she had become a Christian.

"Why, what were you when you came?"

"I was an atheist, doctor."

"I suppose your patient has been speaking to you?"

"No, she never said a word, but she is the only absolutely contented girl I ever met, and I couldn't understand it, so

I asked her for her secret, and now I'm a Christian."—*Sunday School Times*.

A Parable

A parable tells of seven brothers who lived together. Six worked and the seventh cared for the house, having the meals ready and the house bright for his brothers in the evening. But the six said the seventh must work, too. So in the evening they returned home and found the house dark and no meal prepared. Then they saw how foolish they had been, and quickly restored the way. Sunday is a day among the seven which provides light, comfort and good for the others. If it is driven out to work, the other days will miss its blessing.—*Unknown*.

A True Indictment

A man once said to Sam Jones: "Jones, the church is putting my assessment too high." Jones asked, "How much do you pay?" "Five dollars a year," was the reply. "Well," said Jones, "how long have you been converted?" "About four years," was the answer. "Well, what did you do before you were converted?" "I was a drunkard." "How much did you spend for drink?" "About \$250 a year." "How much were you worth?" "I rented land and plowed a steer." "What have you got now?" "I have a good plantation and a span of horses." "Well," said Sam Jones, "you paid the devil \$250 a year for the privilege of plowing with a steer on rented land, and now you don't want to give God who saved you, five dollars a year for the privilege of plowing with horses on your own plantation. You are a rascal from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot."—*The Alliance Weekly*.

The Card Over the Mantelpiece

A woman, after suffering many losses, went to a great doctor for sympathy. After being in his study for some time she suddenly exclaimed, "I've got it! I've got it!" The surprised doctor immediately asked what she had got. Instead of answering directly she pointed to a text over the mantelpiece, on which were the words "Thou remainest," and said, "I see now that no matter how much I lose, God remains, and He is all I need."—*Gospel Gleaners*.

No Back Numbers

A woman in the city of Dundee, who had been very wicked but through faith

in Christ had been saved and confessed it, was met by the sneer of a self-righteous woman to whom she testified of God's grace, who said, "Do you remember what you used to be when I knew you years ago?"

"Yes, and you do not know the half of it; I was worse than you or anybody else knows. But you forget one thing, 'The blood of Jesus Christ * * * cleanseth us from all sin.' How many sins are left after that?"

A Bad Conscience Has a Good Memory

Aaron Saylor and Robert Kinyon were neighboring farmers many years ago in Indiana. Saylor, later a prosperous merchant in California, received a letter from Chicago, in which he found a check for \$200 and the following note:

"You bought a horse of me forty years ago which I knew showed signs of going lame. At that time I did not care, but since then I have become converted and see that trickery and sharp dealing is wrong. I am not at the point of death, but in good health, but I want a clear conscience to all men and would make my house clean—for how else can we become acceptable in His sight? The enclosure is a refund of what you paid for that horse; the balance is interest."

The note was from Kinyon. Saylor had bought the horse for \$147.50 and remembered it went lame, but the transaction had almost faded from his memory. No one can remember like a conscience.—*Publisher Unknown*.

Christ the Door

For a good many years we have wondered why Christ mixed His figures in His parable of the Good Shepherd. At one place He calls Himself the Shepherd, and at another the Door. A recent book explains it beautifully. It says: "A traveler in Palestine once had a conversation with a shepherd at work near a sheepfold, who showed him the various features of the fold. Thereupon the traveler remarked: 'You say, here is the sheepfold, there are the sheep, and this is the doorway; but where is the door?' 'The door?' asked the shepherd. 'I am the door. I lie across the entrance at night. No sheep can pass out, no wolf can come in, except over my body.'" Beautiful, is it not? Christ did not mix His figures, after all. He is both the Shepherd and the Door.

When the Prince of Peace Came

When George V was crowned king, his eldest son went to the old Welsh castle of Carnarvon to be received as Prince of Wales. Accompanied by David Lloyd George, he approached the castle door. All within was still. He knocked, but there was no answer. He knocked the third time, and the bar was drawn, the

(Continued on page 28)

CORA LEE and Mable were walking along the dusty road that led from Haverly to Melton's Boarding School for girls. "Let's take the short cut through the grove," suggested Mable.

"All right. The trees will give us some shade. My! I'm warm," replied Cora Lee.

As they strolled along, Mable caught sight of a tiny book in the path. Picking it up, she read, "Five Year Diary," and on the inside was written the name of Betty Maten.

"Aha!" cried Mable, "now we'll find out something on the old girl."

"But Mable," interrupted Cora Lee, "ought we to read it? Diaries are rather personal."

"Evidently Betty didn't think so. If she doesn't think any more of her private affairs than to leave her diary here, then why should I be so careful of them?"

"But maybe she didn't know she dropped it," suggested Cora Lee. "I don't think we ought to read it."

"Then you can go on. You're getting as bad as Betty. I'm going to find out a few things about that girl * * * Listen! 'Dad came home drunk again tonight.' So her father's a drunkard. Putting on such airs! My father may not have as much money as hers, but at least he doesn't drink."

"She doesn't put on airs," defended Cora Lee. "She only stands up for what she believes is right."

"Say, whose friend are you anyway—



"Last night I got saved — but it wasn't your father's sermon or my father's conversion that proved to me that it means something to be a Christian—it was you, and your Christlike actions!"

mine or Betty's?"

Cora Lee didn't answer, for she had been wondering about it of late. Until Betty Maten came to school, she and Mable had been bosom friends. But Mable wasn't a Christian, and didn't care who knew it. Cora Lee had been once. But under Mable's influence she had lost her touch with the Lord, and gradually her desire for spiritual things left. The coming of Betty stirred within her longings for the old days when her fellowship with God had been unbroken. Mable resented Betty, and had taken every opportunity to make her life at the school an unpleasant one. Cora Lee, not strong enough to break the chain that held her under

found Betty crying. She'd heard how Mable is telling that dreadful tale about her family. I think she ought to do something about it. I'd get even with that girl if it were the last thing I ever did."

"But Wilma, I have done something about it. I've prayed."

"It'll take more than prayer to fix Mable," replied Wilma. "She needs a dose of her own medicine. Ah! I have it—the very thing. 'Bye.'"

But Betty was too quick for her. Running to the door, she locked it and pocketed the key. "Now," she said, "before I'll unlock the door you must promise me not to do anything to hurt Mable."

Wilma shrugged her shoulders and said,

"It Was You"

Mable's leadership, grew more unhappy as the weeks went by. Right now she longed to flee to Betty and find her way back to God. Instead she walked miserably along while Mable scanned the diary. When they reached the school, Mable said, "Be seeing you later."

Cora Lee wondered what she was going to do with Betty's diary. Shaking her head sadly, she went up to her room. About an hour later her roommate rushed in. "Cora Lee, have you heard the latest? Mable is spreading a tale all over school about Betty Maten. I suppose it's true. Her father's a drunkard and beats her mother—and once he gagged Betty, tied her hands behind her, and locked her in her room all night. Isn't it terrible!"

"Yes," said Cora Lee, "but I know something a lot worse—spreading the tale over the school. Betty is not to blame for her father's doings—and even if she were, the kindest thing would be to cover it instead of making it public property."

"I believe you're right. But it's too late now. The story is all over school by now. Mable was telling folks as fast as she could catch them. What a girl! It's a mystery to me that you're so fond of her. Why, you're crying! What's wrong?"

"Oh, I've just got my eyes open," Cora Lee responded. "But it's not too late. I'm going to see Betty."

Betty was sitting on the bed, her roommate standing before her. "There," Wilma said, "Cora Lee will tell you you ought to do it."

"Do what?" asked Cora Lee.

"Oh, I came in a few minutes ago and

"O. K., if that's the way you feel about it. I was only trying to help you out."

"I appreciate it, Wilma. But I've put this thing in God's hands, and He will work the whole thing out right if I don't spoil it."

"You win," said Wilma, "I promise," and Betty unlocked the door, knowing she could trust Wilma to keep her word.

When Wilma was gone, Cora Lee told Betty of her longing to come back to the Lord. Betty's headache was turned into joy as she prayed with Cora Lee and led her back to God.

"It is worth it all," Betty whispered as she hugged Cora Lee, "to know that you have come back to Jesus. I'm sorry the story had to get out, for it isn't that way now. Dad was saved two years ago, and is now preaching nights in a Rescue Mission. He is having a wonderful ministry among those who are bound by the drink habit. Now, there's the supper bell. Let's go."

A week later Betty received a letter from her father, and one paragraph especially interested her. "A man by the name of Ellison was saved at the Mission last night. (He has a daughter, Mable, at your school.) For the past several months he has been drinking heavily, and got into several scrapes while he was drunk. But he has surrendered to the Lord. I wish you would pray that God will help him to resist the temptation to go back to his old habits. His daughter does not know he has been drinking."

"This will make a fine story to tell."

(Continued on page 30)



Blessed are roads that carry
People and beasts and loads.
How much of our lives is given
To traveling over roads.

They wind through the little valleys
And cross the bridges there,
And climb the hills to the highlands;
Roads to everywhere.

BLESSED Are ROADS

By Claude Weimer

They go through fields and forests
To village and countryside.
Blessed are roads that make us
Neighbors far and wide.

Roads of hope that are crowded
With people from everywhere.
Blessed are roads. The Master
So often was walking there.

—Sel.

In the year 1903 on July 11 angels in heaven took down from the shelf God's baby book and recorded the birth of a boy among the teeming eight million inhabitants of London, England. I have met many a man who has boasted of the place where he was born; but to me the greatest thing of which to boast is the place where one is born again. Many a man has cursed the day he was born, but never has a man cursed the day he was born again.

Memories of Mother

Our home was a happy one, a sacred shrine, a place of bliss and peace; and I had the most saintly mother that ever lived. When God made my mother and my wife, He broke up the molds, and has never made any more like them. My godly mother would gather her six children around her at evening time, take the family Bible, whose pages were stained with tears and yellow with age, and read to us of the great love of God. Then we would bow in prayer. And I can remember how as a boy I would peek through my fingers to look at mother as she prayed. Her face was aglow with a light that didn't come from this world.

After prayer Mother would pick me up and carry me to my little bed—I was

needs, in fact, what every country in the world needs, is more *godly mothers*. Give us back the God of our mothers, and all these bloody wars would end. I do not believe there are enough devils in hell to completely take a boy or a girl out of a praying mother's arms for keeps. Thank God for praying mothers!

Into a hospital one night was rushed a boy who had met with a terrible accident. His mother was notified and she immediately hurried to his side. The doctor stopped her in the hall and said, "Please do not disturb your boy. He is in a critical condition, and can neither see nor hear."

But she pleaded, "Please, doctor, just let me stand by his bed. I'll promise not to disturb him."

So she was granted permission. As she walked into the room, tears welled up in her eyes, for there, lying on the bed, was her son, his head swathed in bandages. She stood for some time, silently praying God to help her son. When the nurse's eyes were turned away, the mother gently laid her hand upon the boy's head. The lad turned and, although he could neither see nor hear her, he whispered, "It's Mother!" He knew that mother's

over to Mother to greet her in the usual way. She withdrew from him with a gasp and rushed into her bedroom. From that room came the sound of sobbing, hard enough to almost break a heart. We stood around wondering what had happened, but it wasn't long before we knew. My mother had smelled the first drop of intoxicating liquor upon my father's breath. She visualized a broken home; a ruined business; hungry children; and sorrows indescribable.

Sad to say, it all came to pass. The demon of drink fastened itself upon my father like an octopus crushing out the life of its victim. When my father was wanted for a funeral, he was out drinking. Finally his business began to slip from his fingers. Over and over again he tried to quit drinking, but it seemed human effort was powerless to defeat the monster. Would to God my dad had turned to Jesus Christ in those days of temptation!

I saw him come home under the influence of drink and strike my mother in the face, that godly face where shone the hallowed peace of God, until it was black and blue. When Father was told about it the next morning, he could believe it only because of the marks left

From London Slums to Evangelism

the baby of the family—tuck me in, and then listen as I lisped:

*"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."*

Then followed her good-night kiss and, "God bless you, my boy." I have missed that mother's kiss and touch for many years. Dad is all right; he brings home the bacon; but what is home without a mother? My little boy, Bobby, loves me, and he is the apple of my eye, but I have noticed that when he falls or gets into trouble, it is to his mother he goes.

"M—is for the million things she gave me.

*O—means only that she's growing old.
T—is for the tears she shed to save me.
H—is for her heart of purest gold.*

E—is for her eyes with lovelight shining.

R—means right, and right she'll always be.

Put them all together, they spell

MOTHER.

A word that means the world to me."

Napoleon once said, "What France needs is mothers." I would like to add one word to that and say, What America

The Thrilling Life Story of Percy T. King,

Pastor-Evangelist of the Christian Assembly, Zion, Illinois.

touch.

There is something different about the touch of a mother. It soothes. Mother's touch is akin to that of the Savior. A man may wander "God-knows-where," but he can never forget the touch of the Lord once that nail-pierced hand of Christ has been laid upon him.

Tragedy Enters the Home

Every remembrance of my mother is fragrant, and it is with much regret that I turn that beautiful picture to the wall. Sorrow and sin crept into our sacred shrine and turned our hallowed home into a place of misery and despair. My father, a prosperous undertaker in London, was a very proud man, and highly respected in the business world. Through his ceaseless toil, our home was made a place of comfort and luxury, and fortune smiled upon us. Satan, however, had his plans, and in a very sinuous way set a trap for my dad. Not knowing the One who gives strength in time of temptation, my father fell headlong into sin.

Upon coming home one day he walked

upon Mother's face.

Do you wonder that I have pledged myself to God and to man to fight the soul-damning, home-dividing, sin-blistering liquor traffic until I die? If ever a man had a right to raise his voice against its damning influence, it is I. It killed my precious mother; broke up our home; crushed our hearts; beggared us six children and scattered us to the mercy of God.

One night as the clock was about to strike the midnight hour, Dad awakened us, saying, "Children, Mother is dying in the hospital; get ready quickly." We dressed in silence as tears rained down our cheeks. Never will I forget that night as, in single file, we walked into the death-like atmosphere of Mother's hospital room. A white screen was around her bed, and she was sinking fast.

She called for my eldest brother and, with tears in her lovely eyes, said, "Ted, my boy, you are the oldest. Try to keep the home together. And will you promise, my boy, that you'll meet Mother in heaven?" This he solemnly pledged himself to do.

Turning to my next two brothers, Bob and Albert, she also asked them to meet

(Continued on page 28)

Jim Hodge's Funeral

The story of a neglected boy, based on an actual occurrence as told by an old neighbor to

R. P. MARSHALL

Everybody 'round town knew Jim Hodge. He wasn't exactly a bad kid—just irresponsible. He grew up in our town, and not a week went by after he got out of short pants that the loafers down at the grocery store didn't tell some new yarn about his deviltry.

He was still a kid in high school when he got drunk the first time, and I think that if any of us had 'a known what bad end he was coming to we might have tried to do something then but as it was we just said he had "the devil in him" and that it was too bad.

Of course, we tried two or three winters at the revival meetings to get him converted, and he did go down to the altar when he was about sixteen, but it didn't seem to take. His pa acted pretty worried about him, and several times asked for the prayers of Christian people for his "pore wayward son."

Whenever this happened Uncle Si Horton would snort and say: "The old man had better be lookin' after the boy hisself. He can't pull all that responsibility on the Lord and the congregation." But nobody paid much attention to Uncle Si, for he was kind of peppery and was always shooting remarks like that at church folks.

Most of us did know, though, that Jim's father was one of those sly drinkers. No one ever saw him take a drink, and no one ever saw him drunk. But things like that get around, and folks talked. Jim's oldest brother drank, too, but the old man and him carried their liquor well and managed to keep up a respectable appearance. That's what little Jim couldn't do. He'd always get drunk as a sailor, and then go out in public where everybody could see him.

The night Jim was killed he was out with a bunch of toughs from the Hollow. Somebody started a fight, and in about two minutes they all tangled up in it. When the constable got there everybody was gone but Jim, and he lay there with a bullet through his head. And I never seen nothing so pitiful as when they brought him in to town. He really was a likable kid, and he looked so young, as he lay there dead!

News traveled pretty fast around Coonrange and next morning they was talking about it clear over to the county seat. Everybody said they had seen it coming, that he had been that way since he was little, and they all said, "What a shame!" and how "It must be a terrible

blow for his old pa."

They made arrangements for the funeral at the Methodist church because all his people had been members there, and they asked our preacher to preach the funeral sermon. He was just a young fellow himself, only been out of school about a year, and hadn't got the hang of it very well yet. We all liked him, even if we didn't know what he was talking about more'n half the time. But we never would call him "Brother Brand." We just said "Hi, Bill," like he was one of the boys, and he liked it, liked to be "one of us."

I saw Bill that morning. "I hear you're going to preach Jim's funeral," I said to him.

"Yes, I am," he said, and then he didn't seem to want to talk. But after a

The Spring

In the apple tree sings the bluebird,
In the maples the robins swings,
And the violets blue in the morning dew
Are whispering all of spring.

Across the meadows the zephyrs
Dance lazily to and fro;
While odors sweet spring up at their feet
Wherever they come and go.

In the garden the yellow crocus
Its golden banners toss,
And anemones hide on the warm hillside
'Mid the leaves and tangled moss;
Where the brooklet gleams in the valley,
Where the downy catkins nod;
And lily bells peep where the myrtles creep,
All over the tufted sod.—Sel.

while he said: "I liked that boy, and I don't feel comfortable at all. I ought to have helped him, and I would have if I had known how."

"Now, Bill," I says, "don't go to blaming yourself. That boy was just made for something like this. We all tried. He had the chance to hear you preach, and he wouldn't take it. Some folks is made to sin like a duck is made to go for water."

Bill looked at me for a minute, and his eyes were the saddest I ever see in a man's face. "No," he says, "I don't think that's so. I feel like I helped kill him—all of us did."

The funeral was the next afternoon and folks began coming in to town as

early as ten o'clock. By two, the church was filled and the undertaker had a hard time getting the hearse up close to the front steps on account of the crowd outside. They wasn't there because they loved Jim, or because they wanted to honor him. It was a kind of show, and they wanted to see what would happen. You see, in our parts, they wasn't any moving pictures, and a funeral was about the most excitement the folks had.

Everybody wanted to see how old man Hodge would take it. He was pretty pale, but he acted with all the dignity you would have expected of a bank president like him. I looked at Bill, and the minute I laid eyes on him I knowed this funeral was going to be different. I nudged one of the stewards next to me and motioned him to look at the expression on Bill's face.

When singing was over Bill got up and walked down to the coffin and stood there. It was open and we could see Jim's white face. For a minute Bill just looked at him, and the suspense got to be something awful. Seemed as if it was hard to breathe. Then the preacher began to speak. He talked awful quiet at first, and we had to listen close to hear him. It was as if he was talking right to Jim himself. He was looking down into the casket.

"Jim," he said, "we're here this afternoon to say good-bye to you. Lots of us didn't pay much attention to you when you were alive, but all of us want to see you now that you're dead. Maybe you don't like the way you've become famous all of a sudden. You never did try to attract much attention. But you make me think you're trying to say something to us now that we will never forget. If you do, tell me and I'll tell the people.

"When I first came here you were a fine boy. Of course, you got into a lot of mischief—just like any other fellow would whose mother was dead and whose father was at the bank all day and half the night. Maybe you wouldn't have got into so many scrapes if some of us had taken a little more time off to give you a little help. We talked about you, though, and I expect that didn't help any.

"You're dead now, Jim, and I *think* we're the ones who killed you. That fellow from down at the Hollow pulled the trigger, but *we* shoved you into the line of the bullet.

"We didn't do anything much to help you. We did pray for you at the revival meeting, but we didn't do much in between times. Maybe if we had cleaned up the town and made it hard for a boy like you to get liquor we could have helped. A least we could have quit selling men the right to sell you the stuff.

(Continued on page 26)

Dear Mrs. Harrison:

I know you are a sincere Christian for I read your message in the Lighted Pathway every month. The only thing that I find wrong with it is that it doesn't come every week.

I belong to the Missionary Baptist church but spiritually speaking, I really belong to The Church of God. It isn't the denomination that saves you, it is faith in Jesus Christ.

I am a girl of sixteen. I go to Bradford High School at Starke, Fla., but I always find time to serve my Savior. He knows what we all do and what we say.

Dear Sister in Christ, I want to thank you for such divine guidance for young people. I'm sure you have received many letters from Lighted Pathway readers but here is one from a little thankful heart.—Eva Todd, Gen. Del., Starke, Fla.

P. S. I would like to correspond with Christian young people.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I cannot find words to express what the Lighted Pathway means to me. It is one of the best papers I have ever read. Before I was saved, I liked to read the Lighted Pathway. It is a great help to those who are trying to serve God.

I thank God because I have victory over sin. I have no desire to turn back into sin because I feel like Jesus is soon coming to take His children home. I want to be among that number when the saints go marching home.—Ruby Bennett, Statesville, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway so much that I can hardly wait for the next issue to come.

I'm sixteen years of age and glad that I found Jesus in my early life. I have had the Holy Ghost for about three months and I have been happy ever since.

We have a newly organized Y. P. E. which is showing very much progress, considering the number of young people we have. Please pray much for our Y. P. E.—Genyth Rebecca Logan.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Tonight I feel very much impressed to write to you and tell you about the wonderful blessing I received from your message in the Lighted Pathway.

I was going through a trial. I came home from work and it seemed the future was dark. I didn't have much courage to go any farther, but I picked up the Lighted Pathway and began to read your message. It seemed that every word was to me, and something began to stir within my soul; tears began to flood my eyes, and courage began to well up within me. Sister Harrison, I believe God directed that message to me. I fail to find

Exchange Page

words to express my appreciation to you for what it has meant to me.

This is my first time to write to you and tell you how much I appreciate the Lighted Pathway. I always look forward to the time for the Lighted Pathway to come. I feel that it has the right name, because it really has lighted my pathway.

I'm sure God has a rich reward for you for publishing such a soul-inspiring paper.—Irene Collins, Hickory, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I wish to express my heartfelt appreciation to you as editor of the Lighted Pathway. I feel that you are doing a wonderful work for the Lord Jesus Christ.

I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway each month and had rather read the Lighted Pathway than sit down to my table and eat a good meal when I am real hungry. I wish it could be published oftener.

I feel like A. J. Clements does—it is worth its weight in gold many times.

I have seven little brothers and sisters who are without Christ and I want the Christian people who will to help me pray for them. Pray for my father also, he is in sin.

May the Lord bless you and may you continue in this good work until Jesus comes. I don't think that will be long.—Elizabeth Barfield, LaFayette, Ga.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I will drop you a few lines just to let you know I am a reader of the Lighted Pathway. I think it is the best of all papers. I just can't tell in words how much I really thank God because He has chosen you for such a great work. It surely is a help to the young people.

I guess I would have gone back on God many times, but when I get my Lighted Pathway there are so many good things in it to encourage me to go on. There is nothing in this sinful world to go back to. I have a desire to press on. I know Jesus is coming soon. I desire the prayers of all those who know how to pray.—Daisy Greenwell, Elizabethton, Tenn.

Dear Sister Harrison:

This is the first time I have ever written to you, but I read the letters in the Lighted Pathway which make my soul overflow sometimes. I am the only young

girl in this community who has accepted this good holiness way, but I am so glad to be that honored one.

I have read The Lighted Pathway for a long time and have enjoyed every page of it. We have only a small Y. P. E. here, but, praise the Lord, we are doing our little part for Him. It seems like the young people of this community are not interested in the Y. P. E. Please pray for our Y. P. E. that it will grow. Also pray for me that I will receive the Holy Ghost and that I will be faithful to the end. I am only fifteen years old without any other young Christian to encourage me, so I need your prayers.—Helen Roberts, Avera, Miss.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Words cannot express how much I appreciate you and the Lighted Pathway. Each issue encourages me to stand true and live closer to Jesus. I am glad that I have the wonderful opportunity of reading it.

I really thank the Lord for the great desire I have in my heart to serve Him. I am glad because the things of this world do not hold any fascination for me.

Please pray earnestly for me that I will move up and do more for Jesus than ever before. Please do not pass this request by.

I would enjoy hearing from other young Christians.—Annie Austin, E. Marion, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I feel inclined to write to the Lighted Pathway tonight. I enjoy reading the paper and it is real food for my soul.

I'm here in the sanatorium and get so hungry to be in a real old-fashioned meeting. I praise God because I can feel His presence and He blesses me every day. I have the Holy Ghost and mean to keep it till Jesus comes or calls.

I am thankful, too, because I was reared in a Christian home. I know God has touched my body since I have been here and I feel that many have prayed for me, for which I am very thankful. I am thankful, too, because I have a Christian husband and God has been good to us in many ways. Everyone pray that God will continue His blessings and I can soon be home with my three children and husband.—Mrs. Juanita Bray, T. B. Sanatorium, Ottawa, Ill.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I like the Lighted Pathway so much that I never miss a month without getting a copy and I really think that it is a grand paper. Although there is not a large membership here, they are really true Christians and we enjoy working
(Continued on page 26)

CONTRIBUTIONS

THIS ONE THING I DO

By HAROLD T. PHILLIPS,
Findlay, Ohio

"Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," Phil. 3:13, 14.

We are living in a day of specialization. Defense industries are calling for men who are skilled in a particular trade or profession, and many of them bring it down to even a finer point and demand men who know one particular phase of a particular trade. It is possible for one to have a smattering of knowledge of a half-dozen different things, and not have sufficient knowledge of any of them to do any one of them well. The man who succeeds is the man who chooses one trade, and then bends all his time, talent, energy, and effort to making a success of that trade.

There comes a time in the life of every young man when he decides what career he will follow for the rest of his life. His courses of study in high school and college are planned accordingly, and after he has studied for that particular profession, and begins his work in his chosen vocation, his time and effort are bent in that direction. In order for a man to make a success of any vocation, whether it be the practice of law, the practice of medical science, the ministry of the gospel of Jesus Christ, or any other vocation, he must put everything he has into it—it must become a part of him; it must be his very life; he must be wrapped up in it. If this is true of the secular life, it is no less true of the spiritual life.

If we are to make a success of the Christian life, we must say with the apostle, "This ONE thing I do." Most of us would probably have to say, if we were absolutely honest with ourselves, "These forty things I dabble in." It is not a fact that many times we allow things to hinder us from doing the will of God? "This ONE thing I do." This implies CONSECRATION and CONCENTRATION. In other words, we are to dedicate our lives to the same ideal that Paul had in mind when he said, "This one thing I do." We are to set ourselves apart to the service of God. Our efforts, then, should be CONCENTRATED on doing God's will. In everything we do or say we should seek to glorify God.

"Forgetting those things which are

behind." No doubt, you can look back over your life and see where you have made mistakes, and if you had the power to recall time you would probably do differently than what you had done. But since that is impossible, there is only one thing to do—forget it! Too many of us try to live in the past, forgetful of the glorious present that now presents itself to us, and the prospects of an even more glorious future, and we sigh and groan because we have made a few mistakes. There are only two fellows who never made a mistake—one is dead and the other not born yet. That does not mean that we should forget God's mercy to us, ah no, but it does mean that we cannot live on past experiences and past blessings, no matter how wonderful they may have been.

"Reaching forth." Christianity is not a static thing. It is not stationary. It is a life of progress. God spoke to Moses on the shore of the Red Sea and told him to "speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." God wants us to go forward. There is no stopping place in Christianity. To know the Lord is to follow on to know Him. "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord," Hosea 6:3.

Some Christians are like a switch engine—they ring the bell, toot the whistle and make an awful lot of racket, but they do not go anywhere. If you have ever watched the frantic shuttling back and forth of a switch engine, you will know what I mean. The busy little switcher will go forward a few feet, and then backward; forward again, and then backward, all day long. Some Christians are like that; forward today, and backward tomorrow, and so they go.

We must not allow ourselves to become satisfied with our present standing with God. It is my conviction that the more of God one has in his life, the more of God he wants. Have you ever seen a pond that had become stagnated? A thin scum had formed on the surface of the water, and that pond became a breeding place for polliwogs and mosquitoes and what-not. Why? Because the water was not moving; it was at a standstill. We must not allow our Christian experience to stagnate and become a breeding place for those things which should have no place in our lives. To reach forth implies

that we are to grasp opportunities as they present themselves to us. Paul admonishes us in Gal. 6:10, "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them that are of the household of faith." Opportunity, once it is gone, can never be recalled; other op-

By

Young Writers

portunities may present themselves but that particular opportunity that we missed is gone forever. We must be quick to grasp them ere they are gone.

It is also aspiring to higher things. Ambition is a great thing; men have been able to accomplish great things because of ambition. But ambition may be based on a wrong motive; it may be for the sake of personal gain, and to obtain the favor and applause of the world. God, give us men and women with a holy ambition who aspire to a life of usefulness in winning souls to the Lord Jesus Christ, and who seek to glorify God even in the ordinary routine of everyday life. That is the kind of ambition we want.

"I press toward the mark." Real progress is attained only by honest effort, not only in secular life, but also in the spiritual realm. It is no easy thing in a world so engrossed in material things that it has lost sight of spiritual values, to be a Christian. It takes real courage for a man or woman to say "NO!" to the devil. It takes backbone and a firm determination to succeed in the Christian life, but God has promised grace sufficient to meet every need. He said, "My grace is sufficient for thee." 2 Cor. 12:9. We may expect to meet with opposition. The world hated Christ, rejected Him, and finally crucified Him, and certainly we are not above our Lord. If they hated Him, they will also hate us. "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." John 15:18, 19. The Christian has three great enemies to combat—the world, the flesh, and the devil, but, thanks be to God, we can have the victory over all three of them.

"And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." 1 John 5:4. "But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. 15:57. Victory is the result of winning a battle. It means that there has been a struggle and, consequently, conquering the enemy. The word "victory" is misunderstood by many of our people. Occasionally you hear the remark, I have heard it many times that Brother So-and-So has the

(Continued on page 25)

Reading Circle



Books and Reading

"Of making many books there is no end." If the writer of Ecclesiastes could thus write in his day, his bewilderment can be imagined if he were to be confronted with the list of the books which are poured out year by year in a ceaseless stream from modern presses. One person can read only a comparatively small number of this vast output. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the books selected for reading should be the most worth while.

The reading of some books will leave the reader in possession of treasures which can not be counted. It is worth while learning Italian if only to read Dante as he ought to be read. It has been said that certain books, being read and reread, find their way into thought and action. Plutarch's "Lives" has been called "the pasture of great souls."

Often the reading of a single book has changed a man's whole life. John Wesley, while a young student at Oxford, read William Law's "Serious Call," and it put him on the track that led to his greatness as an evangelist.

Recommended Books For Your Library

FOR CHILDREN

- Kindergarten Outline Pictures*, by Lillie A. Faris. Price, 35c.
Friends of God, by J. E. Potzger and H. A. Mertz. Price, 35c.
Chats With Uncle Jack, by C. W. Naylor. Price, 60c.
Trips and Adventures, by A. L. Byers. Price, 75c.
Birds and Animals, by A. L. Byers. Price, 75c.
Happy Hours at Home, by Isabel C. Byrum. Price, 60c.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

- Helen Welsbimer's Talks to Girls*. Price, 50c.
Girl's Stories of Great Women. Price, \$1.00.
Boy's Stories of Great Men. Price, \$1.00.
Fanny Crosby, by J. Reginald Casswell. Price, 75c.
John Bunyan, by J. J. Ellis. Price, 75c.
Ann H. Judson, by E. R. Pitman.

Price 75c.

FOR BIBLE READERS

- Story of the Gospel*, by Charles Foster. Price, \$1.25.
A Call to Prayer, by Vivian Ahrendt. Price, \$1.00.
The Ministry of Intercession, by Rev.



"This little Book I'd rather own,
 Than all the gold and gems
 That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
 Than all their diadems."

Bible Readings For March

	Morning	Evening
March 1	Num. 1-2	Luke 16
March 2	Num. 3-4	Luke 17
March 3	Num. 5-6	Luke 18
March 4	Num. 7-8	Luke 19
March 5	Num. 9-10	Luke 20
March 6	Num. 11-12	Luke 21
March 7	Num. 13-14	Luke 22
March 8	Num. 15-16	Luke 22 to v. 38 v. 39
March 9	Num. 17-18	Luke 23
March 10	Num. 19-20	Luke 24
March 11	Num. 21-22	John 2
March 12	Num. 23-24	John 3
March 13	Num. 25-26	John 4
March 14	Num. 27-28	John 5
March 15	Num. 29-30	John 6
March 16	Num. 31-32	John 7
March 17	Num. 33-34	John 8
March 18	Num. 35-36	John 9
March 19	Deut. 1-2	John 10
March 20	Deut. 3-4	John 11
March 21	Deut. 5-6	John 12
March 22	Deut. 7-8	John 13
March 23	Deut. 9-10	John 14
March 24	Deut. 11-12	John 15
March 25	Deut. 13-14	John 16
March 26	Deut. 15-16	John 17
March 27	Deut. 17-18	John 18
March 28	Deut. 19-20	John 19
March 29	Deut. 21-22	John 20
March 30	Deut. 23-24	John 21
March 31	Deut. 25-26	Acts 1

- Andrew Murray. Price, \$1.25.
Picture Story Life of Christ, by Elsie E. Egermeier. Price, \$2.00.
Illustrated Story of Jesus, by Rev. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D. D. Price, \$2.00.

FICTION

- Together for Good*, by Ann Harvey. Price, \$1.00.
One More Year, by Bertha B. Moore. Price, \$1.00.
Though He Slay Me, by Ella M. Noller. Price, \$1.00.
To These Also, by Bertha B. Moore. Price, \$1.00.
Under Whose Wings, by Zenobia Bird. Price, \$1.00.
At the Crossroads, by Minnie E. Ludwig. Price, \$1.00.
As By Fire, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.
Sally Jo, by Zenobia Bird. Price, \$1.00.
 Order all books from the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn.

Lighted Pathway Rating

	Sold for Feb.	Total
Alabama	1,526	8,616
Arizona	98	322
Arkansas	179	1,178
California	154	942
Colorado		1,003
Delaware		182
Foreign	159	1,272
Florida	2,113	11,719
Georgia	3,995	24,699
Idaho	76	375
Illinois	822	3,771
Indiana	161	1,071
Iowa	56	311
Kansas	154	907
Kentucky	1,254	12,673
Louisiana	350	2,001
Maine	112	574
Maryland	261	2,260
Massachusetts	28	168
Minnesota	56	294
Michigan	523	2,086
Mississippi	483	2,599
Missouri	212	1,318
Montana	70	656
Nebraska	14	126
New Jersey	84	526
New Mexico	105	491
New York	14	78
North Carolina	3,895	19,838
North Dakota	189	679
Ohio	985	4,302
Oklahoma	455	1,425
Oregon	154	493
Pennsylvania	761	4,131
South Carolina	4,783	34,232
South Dakota	84	647
Tennessee	2,368	15,574
Texas	1,080	10,593
Virginia	749	4,772
Washington	112	561
Washington, D. C.	134	358
West Virginia	1,288	13,192
Wyoming	14	70
Total	30,110	193,085

Hymn Stories

SAVED BY A SONG

Thousands of people who never saw the sweet singer, P. P. Bliss, feel that they knew and loved him through his hymns.

One man who was converted through the marvelous instrumentality of Mr. Bliss' "What Shall the Harvest Be?" writes thus:

"At the breaking out of the war, in 1861, I hastened to take service in the army, and soon after I was appointed a First Lieutenant in the regular army. At that time I was not yet eighteen years of age, and never had been away from home influences. I had never tasted any kind of intoxicating liquor, and did not know one card from another. The regiment to which I was assigned was principally officered by young men, many of whom were old in dissipation. The new life was an attractive one, and I entered upon it with avidity. In a very few months I became a steady drinker and a constant card player. I do not remember to have made any attempts to resist the encroachments of vice; on the contrary, I took a mad delight in all forms of dissipation. I laughed at the caution of older heads, and asserted, with all the egotism of a boy, that I could abandon my bad habits at any time. But the time speedily came when I recognized the fact that my evil desires had obtained the complete mastery of my will, and that I was no longer able to exercise any control over myself. From that hour I knew no peace. The years that followed were but a succession of struggles against the dominion of my appetite, and with a repetition of failures. With each failure I lost something of my power of resistance and gained something of evil. In 1870 I resigned my commission and returned to civil life, determined to make one last stand against my passions by breaking away from my old associations and beginning a new life. The result was attained in my condition of a few months ago. I do not like to recall the past six years. They are as a frightful dream, from which, thank God, I was at last awakened; but recollection of which will always bring sorrow and remorse.

"When the Tabernacle was opened last fall I was in Chicago, presumably on my way to Minnesota. Only a few weeks before I had left my family, promising with my last words that I would stop drinking, and try once more to be a sober man. I did not keep the promise five minutes; I *could* not. I stopped here, actuated by a desire to indulge, unrestrained, my appetite for liquor and cards, and in those few weeks I had taken a

fearful plunge downward. At last I had made up my mind that there was no hope for me, and I wanted the end to come quickly. I gave myself up to the wildest debauchery, and speculated with a reckless indifference on how much longer my body could endure the fearful strain. In anticipation of sudden death I carefully destroyed all evidences of my identity, so that my friends might never know the dog's death I had died. It was while in this condition that I one day wandered into the Tabernacle and found a seat in the gallery. I looked at the happy faces about me and I hated them. I had all the vindictive feeling of a wild animal hunted to his last covert, and waiting in impotent rage the final blow that is to end his miserable life. I did not pay much attention to the service. I was drowsy and stupefied with liquor. But after a while there was a perfect stillness, out of which presently rose the voice of Mr. Sankey in the song, "*What Shall the Harvest Be?*" The words and music attracted my attention, and I straightened up to listen. They stirred me with a strange sensation, and when presently he sang—

*"Sowing the seed of lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?"*

the words pierced me like an arrow. My deadened conscience was aroused, and with one swift glance memory recalled my bright boyhood, my wasted manhood, and showed me my lost opportunities. Every word of the song was true of my own case, and in bitter agony I was reaping the harvest my misdeeds had brought me. I thought of my old mother, my loving, faithful wife and children, and of how they, too, were compelled to reap of my harvest of dishonor. My awakened conscience lashed me as with a whip of scorpions, and I rushed from the Tabernacle and sought to drown its voice in more whiskey. But it was of no use. Wherever I went, whether to the bar of the saloon, or to the gaming table, or to the solitude of my own room, before my eyes in letters of fire were always the words, "*What shall the harvest be?*" For two weeks I endured this torture, having no rest, until at last on my knees I cried to God for mercy, and He heard my prayer. Broken, weak and vile and helpless, I came to Him, believing that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," and trusting that His love and compassion would regard even me. And I have not trusted in vain. He has removed from me my old desires and

appetites, and made me a new creature in Christ Jesus. He has guided me, shielded me, and fought my battles for me, and day by day my faith grows brighter, and my love stronger.

"The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower."—*God's Revivalist*.

GLORY IN THE CROSS

Every one who has heard the sacred hymn, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," loves it; and it adds to the beauty to learn about how it was written. Sir John Bowring, the noted naturalist, linguist, statesman, financier was the author. This gifted man was at one time the governor of Hong Kong; it was he who invented the florin, a two-shilling piece greatly used in England. He could write in thirteen different languages and dialects. His education was of the right sort, for it led him to a deeper worship of the Crucified One.

One time when he was in the Orient, he was gazing at a tract of land which had been devastated by an earthquake. He noticed the tower of the church standing among the ruins, and on the top of the tower a cross. The sight of this prompted him to write the great hymn.

As he gazed at the cross, he thought of the cross of Calvary, and he penned the lines which will be sung until the end of time.

Some would try to do away with the cross, but it stands, and ever will stand, for without the cross there would be no crown. Without the cross there would be no glad resurrection morn.

The words of the hymn speak for themselves; the song is a benediction for all times, joy as well as sorrow.

*In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.*

*When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy;
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.*

*When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new luster to the day.*

*Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure
By the cross are sanctified,
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.*

—Our Youth.

If some people should open the door of their minds it would look more like a keyhole than a door.



Bible Lessons



Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

Topic: The Purpose of Prayer

Alda B. Rankin McLendon

Scripture: St. Matt. 7:7; Prov. 3:5, 6.

Thoughts for the Leader

It has been said that prayer is the key that unlocks heaven, and how well this is portrayed in the account of the thief on the cross when he said unto Jesus, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To day shalt thou be with me in paradise," Luke 23: 42, 43.



A truly repentant prayer of faith will certainly bring things to pass. So much may be said on prayer. God in His holy Word has given us so much on prayer. Volume after volume has been written concerning prayer. One could tell of the wonders of prayer for days or even years and not exhaust the resources of its greatness or even begin to tell the half. In this study we wish to discuss some of the main purposes of prayer. We are certainly living in a day when we need to

pray and it is so important that we know how to pray and what the true purpose of our prayer should be. God grant that His blessings may rest upon us as we study together the purpose of prayer and may we through this study be inspired to a greater ministry through our prayer life.

Prayer Unfolds Our Lives Into God's Likeness

Did you ever stop to think of the change that comes to a soul that has truly prayed the prayer "God be merciful to me a sinner" and by faith has accepted God's grace which is a gift to each of us? In 2 Cor. 5:17 we are told what happens, "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." The presence of God beautifies our lives by changing them into His likeness. As we obey God and walk in His presence we can have a ceaseless life of worship. And as we are commanded we can "pray without ceasing." How important it is that we realize His presence with us at all times! Too often we think of Him as being so far away instead of being with us all the time so that He can even hear our whisper or hear us breathe a prayer to Him. His presence and touch are as refreshing as the showers of heaven. He said, "Thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not," Isa. 58:11b. Our heavenly Father loves us and understands us. He wishes to make our lives beautiful for Himself. His presence will beautify, sweeten, and ennoble our lives. So let us get alone with Him, commune with Him, and trust Him at all times that we may always reflect the true image of Christ in our lives and in so doing our lives will always reach out to bless others.

Prayer Empowers Our Life for Service

Unbroken fellowship with Christ is the Spirit-filled life. It is the life that is empowered for service. Life that is detached from Christ is the powerless life. The wires may be grounded or there may be a short circuit. Get alone with God in prayer so your life may be empowered with His presence. His presence will become your strength.

As our life is empowered we learn to refuse anger and bitterness and seek to be a channel of blessing to others. We learn to say only kind things, radiate only love, and to remain quiet when we are falsely accused or misjudged, for God will take care of us for "I will repay, saith the Lord." An unbroken fellowship with Christ prepares us for every task, every

trial, and for every opportunity of service. As we learn to be still and wait upon Him we will have peace and quietness within that will empower us for a greater service of helpfulness.

Prayer Enables Us to Have Divine Guidance

God has a great plan for our lives and He will unfold this plan to us if we will only be still and permit Him to speak to us. Many times we get so busy working out our own plans and leave God on the outside. How many times He has looked with longing and pity upon us as He sees us struggling so hard to work out our plans instead of trusting Him to help us plan our lives! What a channel of blessing He could make us if we would only turn our lives over to Him and trust Him to guide us at all times! Unbroken fellowship and perfect obedience give God the power to make our lives great. Perhaps not great as the world would call great, but whenever our lives are planned by God they will be great whether we are called in lowly spheres or in places of great leadership.

We should seek the divine guidance of our Father daily and keep our lives placed in His hands so that each moment Christ may live through us. A fully surrendered life is God's opportunity for service to others and we can always rest assured if we keep our life surrendered unto Him, He will not fail us but will use our lives and the words we speak, the thoughts we think, the deeds we do, and in fact our entire life will be a sweet ministry of service at all times. Fanny Crosby, though denied the privilege of seeing, did not become discouraged and give up, but surrendered her life to the Master and through her ministry has come some of the greatest songs ever written which have been sung throughout the years and blessed countless multitudes. Her songs stand out as an example of her surrendered life and devotion to her Master as she wrote:

*"Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go:
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way."*

God grant that we, too, may have that trust and confidence in Him that we may always have His guiding hand to lead us. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths," Prov. 3: 5, 6.

The Ministry of Intercession

Do you desire to see people helped, cheered, encouraged, uplifted, and inspired to a better life? It can be done through prayer. Someone may say, "If I only had plenty of money I could be such a blessing to others." But did you ever think of the meaning of the word "what-

soever"? We are told in the scripture, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you," St. John 15:7. "And in that day ye shall ask me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you," St. John 16:23. What promises these are that as we obey Him we may ask whatsoever we desire in His name! Everything hinges upon the name of Jesus. Jesus' standing with the Father is supreme and as we come to God, not in our own worthiness but in our completeness in Jesus Christ, we have such an inexhaustible storehouse at our command. No life should be barren with the privilege of getting our resources at such a storehouse. We may become benefactors of the infinite wealth of God's blessings. We can pray greatest blessings upon those about us, and we can see great things happen through prayer. Power in prayer is far greater than all the wealth of the world and is unlimited in the possibilities of its ministry.

So let each of us as God's children resolve to give ourselves to the ministry of intercession that we may pray greatest blessings upon our friends and loved ones and in this time of distress throughout the world let us unite our hearts in faith and prayer for a mighty revival to sweep throughout our nation and reach multitudes. God says, "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land," 2 Chron. 7:14. Is our desire for a revival great enough that we are willing to pay the price that we may have one? God grant that it is and may our ministry of intercession be unailing.

Topic: Jesus Christ, the Son of God

HARRY M. SPANGLER

Thoughts for the Leader

Jesus is the only begotten Son of God and was with Him when He made the earth and man. But man left God by sinning and God was sorry He ever made man. Nevertheless, He made a plan whereby man could be saved. Jesus was in this plan, so God sent Him to earth to do His will and when He came, was He obedient to God? Was He loving and merciful? Was He meek and humble? Was He holy? Let us learn some of these things from this lesson.

A Loving Savior

Jesus was pitiful and of tender mercy, compassionate, and loved and does love man. When the people who brought little children to Jesus, for Him to lay His hands on and pray for them, were rebuked by His disciples, Jesus said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not,

to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven," and He laid His hands on them. You see He loved them.

When the rich young ruler inquired of Jesus what to do to inherit eternal life, Jesus told him if he would be perfect to sell that that he had, give it to the poor and he would have treasures in heaven. Also He said, "Come and follow me." But like people today this young man, after hearing that saying, went his way sorrowful. People don't want to give up the things of this world, and like this man they go on without Jesus going with them.

In love He took our infirmities, bore our sickness and prayed for Peter that his faith fail not. Oh, how we need to tell people the glad story of salvation, and pray for them each day that their faith fail not.

His Meekness

When Jesus was oppressed and afflicted He opened not His mouth. He answered nothing when He was accused and buffeted. He wants us to do the same when people talk hateful to us, when they make our jobs hard for us and cast out our name as evil. If we will only try, we can be kind to them; if we do otherwise we will have to repent. Jesus sought not His own glory but honored His Father. We should seek His will and not ours. Pray, sing, read, testify and do good, not for men to praise, but that men may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven.

Matt. 5:5, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." Remember we are to be like Christ and a meek and quiet spirit in the sight of the Lord is of great price.

His Mission

Jesus came into the world to save sinners and by grace He tasted death for every man. Matt. 9:12, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." So He came into the world to heal the sick and that we may have life and have it more abundantly. He came not to judge the world, but that the world, through Him, might be saved. He came to do God's will and to finish His work. John 4:34, "Jesus saith unto them, My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work."

After suffering so much for others, after being laughed to scorn for the sake of others, He gave Himself to deliver us from this present evil world. Gal. 1:4. Since He has done this anyone can be saved. Are you glad of His mission? If you are, show Him you are by being about your Father's business.

His Obedience

Jesus, knowing that it was almost time for Him to be crucified, prayed to God in the garden of Gethsemane that if it were possible to let the bitter cup pass

from Him, "Nevertheless," said He, "not my will but thine be done." He dreaded that death! but yet how obedient He was? As it was with Jesus, so it is with the Christians today, there are many things to face and overcome that are not so pleasant. Jesus humbled Himself and became obedient to death and is now on the right hand of God waiting for the time to gather His elect from the earth. "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice," 1 Sam. 15:22.

Topic: The Ship of Salvation

HOPE GOODMAN

Scripture: Matt. 8:23-27

Thoughts for the Leader

As we sail toward our goal in the ship of life, many times it seems Jesus is sleeping and does not know the great tempest, Satan, is roaring against us and that the waves of temptation are breaking about us. However, in our weak faith, when we call upon the Lord, He hears us and in due time rebukes the enemy.

Temptations

The idea has been presented that in our Christian lives all is well and smooth sailing when the ship is on the sea, but when the sea gets in the ship it seems quite different. And so it does. As long as we can live without anything to come up and tempt us and try to get us to do something out of the center of God's will we are all right, but when temptations begin to cover the ship of life, we begin to feel we perish, that the Lord has forgotten us—is asleep. However, this is only a part of our Christian life. "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord," Matt. 10:24. Jesus said if they persecuted Him, they would also persecute us. God, our Father, took care of Jesus and He has promised He will not let us be tempted more than we can stand. He said He would, with each temptation, make a way of escape. Be of good cheer. Jesus has overcome the world, and as He heard the cries of the disciples and stilled the tempest, so will He do for us. Praise His dear name. Let us remember, all things work together for good to them who love the Lord.

Call Upon the Lord

"And call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me," Psa. 50:15. Let us have faith. We must keep in mind that God knows all about us. The very hairs of our heads are numbered. God takes care of the lowly sparrows. How much more care will He give us? God delivered the Hebrew children out of the fiery furnace, He restored Job with more than he ever before possessed, He gave David victory in the lions' den—rebuked the tempest on the sea of Galilee, and He is the same yesterday, today and forever. Therefore, if we keep His commandments, we, too, will

be heard and answered, watched and protected. The winds of the enemy are raging against us, the waves of persecutions and troubles are breaking upon us, the tide of doubt and gloom is rising about us, but Jesus, the Captain of our soul, is steering this glory-bound ship, in which we are sailing.

Peace

"And there was a great calm." After Jesus rebuked the winds and sea there was a great calm. Even so, as we look back over our Christian lives we may recall that after hard trials and persecutions there was a great calm. Through the trials we proved faithful, thereby we possessed an even deeper peace in our souls. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," Romans 5:1.

"What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him!" Today the world is wondering at us. They wonder what manner of God we are serving. Sometimes they can see that we are suffering persecutions, persecutions they would be unable to bear. They can see that we are peaceful and patient. They are made to wonder, but cannot comprehend. They are incapable of understanding because we have peace that is beyond the knowledge of the world.

As we sail on toward our goal let us prove faithful, remembering we are God's own children, that He loves us, and is caring for us. Let's throw out the life-line and pull on board those who also wish to be safe and peaceful!

Topic: Seven Things God Wants Us To Do

WILMA UNDERWOOD

Thoughts for the Leader

Christ came to earth and was crucified that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. After Christ did all this for us, we should try to please Him. He wants us to obey Him. In our lesson are seven things God wants us to do. Let us examine our lives and if we aren't doing these things, now is a good time to begin.

Listen to the Spirit

Live a listening life. "Hear what the Spirit saith." Listen for that still, small voice. Never let the voice of this evil world draw the voice of Him that gave His life a ransom for many.

You remember when Jesus took Peter, James and John to a high mountain to pray and was transfigured before them, Peter said, "Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias," but a voice came from heaven saying, "This is my beloved Son: hear him." Mark 9:5, 7.

We may want to do things our way sometimes, but listen to the Spirit and

obey. God knows best, for "all things work together for good to them that love the Lord." Always listen to the Spirit.

Be Loving

John 15:12, 17

In our scripture Jesus tells us to love one another as He loves us. He loved us so much that He came from heaven and died on Calvary. We can show our love to those we come in contact with daily by greeting them with a smile. King Solomon says, "A man that hath friends, must shew himself friendly." This is a good way to win those who are without Christ. Show them that you love them and are interested in seeing them get salvation.

He wants us to love Him, too. Matt. 22:37 says, "... Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." He wants true love from us. In this same chapter He tells us to love our neighbors as ourselves. If we want to have friends and be loved by God and man, we must be loving. "Love and we will be loved."

Hate Evil

The Psalmist says, "Ye that love the Lord, hate evil," Ps. 97:10. Again in Amos 5:15, "Hate the evil, and love the good." Love the wicked but hate their wickedness. Jesus hates evil for in Rev. 2:6 he says, "... thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitanes, which I also hate." Therefore hate what God hates; detest sin. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him," 1 John 2:15.

Be Faithful

The duty of faithfulness is one of the cardinal duties of the Christian. We ought to be faithful to God and the church, because the reward of faithfulness is assured. Live a faithful life. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," Rev. 2:10. Oh, just think of that glorious crown that awaits the faithful. Beloved, let's be faithful at any cost. I want the crown that's awaiting me, don't you?

Work

"Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak: for your work shall be rewarded," 2 Chron. 15:7. This scripture should give us a deeper desire to work. Work hard. Work to the point that often tires. Work on without weariness of your work, though sometimes almost worn out, for God is not unrighteous to forget our work and labor of love to His cause. So let's have a mind to work, because the night cometh when no man can work. Work as never before.

Be Patient

I wonder if we could be as patient as old Job was. During all his trials and misfortune, he was patient and sinned not.

In writing to Timothy, Paul told him

to follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, meekness and patience. We should be patient in sufferings and hard trials of life. Be patient in financial straits and abound in spiritual riches. Above all, be patient when suffering for Christ's sake. "Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain," Jas. 5:7.

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience that race that is set before us." Heb. 12:1. Friends, seeing the race is almost run, let's hold on with patience.

Editor's Message

(Continued from page 2)

use when temptation comes, when the enemy tries to make you think God has forsaken you. This is just what he'll do if he can. Here is the little verse:

*His eye is on me, and His hand leads on,
He does not lose me in the gathering throng,
He sees me when I cross the desert waste,
He knows when mid deep dangers I am placed,*

Yes, He is there.

We will base our poem on this scripture, Isa. 41:13, "For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee." Isa. 43:2, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

The poem in the center of our message "What Then" is dedicated to our unsaved friends everywhere. The fourth verse is to our boys who have entered this great conflict.

God bless you and help you to surrender your lives to Him.

Please read Jim Hodge's Funeral on page 13 in connection with the Editor's Message.

NOTE: Any one desiring to contribute to a fund to send Lighted Pathways to the camps may address the Lighted Pathway, Cleveland, Tennessee. We will furnish them for 5c each.

Notice

I will send a free Testament to any one promising to read it every day and writing for it, enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing.—Rev. and Mrs. B. B. Ammon, Hot Springs, New Mexico.

No one is so sure to defeat the devil as he who does God's will perfectly.

Our Y. P. E. Poets

Welcome

Mrs. H. Kipp

W—Stands for Word, the Savior, our light

Who spreads o'er the world a radiance bright,
This Savior has unlimited power,
And is able to keep us safe every hour.

E—Stands for enlist in the army of the Lord,

And show yourself approved of His Word;
Asking Him for courage and power on your way,
He is willing to help you from day unto day.

L—Stands for love, labor and light,
And learn to be a winner in His kingdom of right;

Look straight to your Captain and learn of Him,
Obey His commands and the victory you'll win.

C—Stands for call, a word to all,
To raise the lost ones from their fall;

Call the erring ones from their sinful stay,
And tell them of the righteous way.

O—Stands for onward! we must go on our way,

For soon it will be the close of the day.
Onward! and upward at our Counselor's command,
Until safely we reach that beautiful land.

M—Stands for Monarch, brave and strong,

Who fills our hearts with a glad new song,
And leads us on to victory,
We march along triumphantly.

E—Stands for enlist, as you have heard before,

There are thousands enlisted, but He wants many more.
Onward! to battle, let us work for the right
With Jesus our captain, our Savior, our light.

Heaven's Rest

There is a home beyond the sky,
Filled with peace that never will die.
Sinner, this home is yours to claim,
If you will walk in Jesus' name.

Your parents have gone to that beautiful

sky,
Where their souls shall never die,
Where they will always have peace and joy,
Waiting for their girl or boy.

My boy, don't smoke or drink any rum,
For one of these days Jesus will come.
For heaven you should prepare
To meet your mother and father there.

Heaven is a place of rest,
Oh! sinner, come and you'll be blest,
Give God your heart just like the rest,
Then you can lean on His gentle breast.

He will gladly give you all,
If you only heed His gentle call;
Oh! sinner, hear His loving voice,
Gently saying, "Make me your choice."

—Miss Stella M. Harpster, Juniata, Pa.

Growing Up For Jesus

N. E. Schrock

I need to grow up true and strong,
That I might help the work along
The Lord has left to do;
I must be brave, with courage bright,
To face the foe both day and night
A Christian through and through.

And so while I am young and small
I give to Christ my life—my all:
He knows what's best for me;
He'll turn my heart from sin away
And make me stronger every day
To be what I should be.

When others say, "Oh, take a drink
Of wine or whiskey," do you think
I'll drink just to be gay?
I'll say that I am not my own,
I am the Lord's, and His alone—
And, turning, walk away.

Because I've made the Lord my choice,
In serving Him I will rejoice,
And not in doing wrong;
He'll lead me where it's right to go
And proudly to the world I'll show
That I to Him belong.

The Great Physician

By Julia Klok, Muskegan, Mich.

When sickness or sin overwhelms you,
And the load seems too heavy to bear,
Stop! listen! Jesus is calling,
Go take it to Him in prayer.

Just tell Him your troubles and trials

No matter how large or how small,
In faith, believe He is listening,
Rejoice that on Him you call.

How patiently then will He listen
To every burden, sorrow or care;
For He is the great physician,
No trial but what He will share.

Trust that your prayers shall be answered
For they that on Him do call
Shall in no wise be ever forsaken
But to them shall He be all in all.

If the answer you do not receive
Go kneel at His feet and ask why,
He will show you the sin not forsaken
For no good thing will He ever deny.

When the answer to your prayer you receive
Go thank Him again and again,
For He loves to hear you praise Him
With a loud, "Amen and amen."

Then tell to the lost and the burdened,
For them there is peace and rest;
That He saves and heals to the uttermost,
Gives them His very best.

So be a witness for the Master
Of His power to heal and to save,
His wonderful love toward the sinner
And His power to redeem from the grave.

Then on the bright resurrection morning
The call from above you shall hear,
To come to the city up yonder
There no sickness or sin to fear.

For the saved shall go there to dwell
In that city of mansions so fair,
Only they that have loved Him here
Can abide in His love over there.

Spring Is Here

J. Gilbert Mortimer

Spring is here and warming winds
Bring us out where life begins;
Where there's stirring in the ground,
Like a pushing, rushing sound.
Listen, you can hear it come
Surging upward through the sod,
Seeking warmth and light from God.
Though we love the change you bring,

Do not linger gentle spring;
Summer days must bring the heat
That we need for ripening wheat
And the tinting of the fruit.
Seed that's sown must some day yield
Ripened harvest from the field.

Though we can't expect to hold
Pleasures wrought by tempered cold,
We can keep the memory clear
Of these days throughout the year;
And we know the spring's return
Surely will bring life renewed
With the sky in proper mood.

—Sunday School Banner.

The Sinner's Page

A LOVING HEAVENLY FATHER OR AN ANGRY GOD

MABEL A. WOLFE

One day in a column of jokes I read the following:

It was twelve o'clock, and from the factory issued a long stream of men, dinner pails in hand, preparing to enjoy the noon-day meal. Near by stood a lean, lanky dorky, hungrily watching the dinner pails. When the last man came out, with a sigh that came from the depths of his inmost being, he turned wearily away, saying half to himself and half out loud, "It is dinner time fo' some folkses, but only twelve o'clock fo' me."

The story ended here, but I like to think that one of those men, touched by the wistful look and hungry sigh, invited him to share his lunch.

Friends, this was intended for a joke, but even yet I cannot see the point. To my mind's eye, instead, I see a hungry, penniless human being, yearning for food, but unable to buy it. The crowd rushes past him, but each one is so interested in himself, he fails to see the hungry one "for whom Christ died."

But back of this picture is another and a sadder one:

In a humble, pretty, brightly-lighted little church, a crowd of men and women are going in. Near by stands a shabbily-dressed, tired, discouraged-looking person, wistfully watching the passers-by. As the door opens to admit the worshippers, sweet music peals forth, falling upon the ear of the stranger. All within bespeaks of peace and welcome. Our weary friend looks in, but with a sigh and moan of unutterable anguish, turns away, saying, "Ah, for these people there is a loving heavenly Father, but for me there is only an angry God. For these there is rest and peace in there, but for me there is peace only (with a shuddering, faltering sigh)—in the river."

The picture is not ended:

One there was in that crowd that so carelessly passed the stranger, who heard the sigh and caught the look of anguish. With Christlike love and pity, he gently laid a hand upon the stranger's arm and invited him to enter. Let us follow. Inside the holy place, a white-haired, saintly man of God is speaking. Listen: "'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life'" (John 3:16). With outstretched arms, this aged saint earnestly and pleadingly continues—

"'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'" (Matt. 11:28). Something in the words and tone of the speaker grips the stranger's attention. Then he sinks back moaning, "Not for such as me. Not for me." The speaker continues his gracious invitation to the unsaved. With a voice full of love and persuasive entreaty he continues, "'All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out'" (John 6:37).

"ALL who cometh to me—not cast out? Can it be really possible? Then He would accept me?" The stranger had looked up once again. "Even me, foul as I am?" "'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow,'" the aged



speaker is now saying.

With his very soul crushed under its load of sin, and a heart breaking with contrition, and longing for peace and rest, he can refuse no longer. Rushing forward and kneeling at the bleeding feet of his Savior, he is cleansed from all his guilt and accepts the Sacrifice of love. With sobs of joy he is heard to say, "For me, for even me also, there is a loving heavenly Father instead of an angry God."

Dear one, how is it with you at this hour? Is it the loving heavenly Father, or is it the angry God? God is not willing that you should perish. He loves you. He wants you. And because of that great love for you, He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him

shall have eternal life. The conditions are so absolutely free, because it is unconditional—WHOSOEVER. No matter what your guilt or condition, if you only believe, He will accept you.

And you, dear reader with the dinner pail (dinner pail translated, meaning filled with His Holy Spirit and love for winning souls), at every possible opportunity share your food (the Living Bread) with the weary empty stranger.

"I Wonder if They Mean It"

Bobby, cold, damp, miserable, calling papers on the corner, stopped to listen to the song. The door of the church, opening to admit a newcomer, tempted the lad to venture in.

*"Bring them in, bring them in,
Bring them in from the fields of sin,
Bring them in, bring them in,
Bring the wand'ring ones to Jesus,"*
sang the people of First Church.

"Say! I wonder if they mean it," thought the boy as he snuggled nearer the heater. "I wonder if they honest mean it—what they're sayin' in that song—'bout bringin' of 'em in. It's a fine place to be brought ter, and I'd mighty like to know who Jesus is. Say, I wonder if it could mean folk like dad—if they'd do anything to give him a lift?"

On they sang through the five verses—it was a cheery song for a rainy night, and the First Church people liked a hearty, simple refrain:

*"Bring them in, bring them in,
All who are lost in the ways of sin;
None too vile and none too frail.
His healing power will never fail,
Bring the helpless ones to Jesus."*

"They'd never keep it up this long if they didn't mean it for sure," mused Bobby. "Seein' as the landlord's turned us out and there ain't any place for him but just the saloon—he might git to be a man ag'in if he'd half a chance, and a place like this here to get a start.—Say—I'm going to give it a try."

And out of the door, into the cold, wet night, hurried the boy.

The benediction had been said, and the people of First Church were preparing to leave when the door was pushed open and a ragged, rain-soaked boy boldly entered, dragging after him the almost helpless figure of a man much the worse for liquor.

"What's this? What's this?" asked one of them severely. "Guess you've got into the wrong place, my boy."

Bobby took one quick look around the room, then shook his head decidedly, as he tried with his small strength to brace the wretched man by his side. "No—the place's all right—it's the same; but say, yer ain't agoin' away and closin' it up are yer—for I've brought him in, as yer said to."

(Continued on page 25)

ESCAPING THE DARK MAZE

"Sometimes, Melvin, I can see it as plain as day! I know you are right, and once in a great while, like tonight, I have almost half a notion to try it myself. But those streaks do not last long. It just seems to be something I could never bring myself to do!" Ed, hands thrust deep in his pockets, confided to his friend as they walked homeward one evening.

Ed, passing through the town to which his life-long neighbor-friend had recently moved, was stopping to visit him for two days. Knowing Melvin as he did, he was not at all surprised to find that the first evening of his visit, his host felt obligated to attend a young people's meeting at his church which he was to lead. "That's all right! I'll go with you," Ed had agreed congenially. After all, this was only a short visit, and there would be no danger of being "over-churched" for a longer period than he could endure.

At this meeting, there was a testimony service which gripped Ed—not at all familiar with such things—in spite of himself. He was deeply impressed with the obvious fact that these young people— young women, and young men like himself—were enthusiastically engrossed in the Christian faith. "There must be some-

What would you mind if I tried to explain what I mean by that?" he asked.

"Not at all, chum. I'd like to hear. Go ahead," was his guest's reply.

"All right. I'll try. You see, ever since Adam and Eve's initial sin, every person born into this world, who reaches the age of accountability, must be born the second time—of the Spirit. Because sin is implanted in the natural heart, every one of us—from the best to the worst—needs the remedy for sin that God provides and wants us to make use of. Now, it does not make any difference whether you are a little sinner or a big sinner—you still are a sinner. And God tells us that *all* sinners need the Savior. *Every* sinner falls short of God's standard. The Bible says: 'There is no difference: for *all* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.' Again it says: 'But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.' That is, no matter how righteous we are in our own eyes, no matter how good and moral and kindhearted we may be, if we have not accepted Christ as our righteousness, we are still lost sinners, and unfit for God's service. You see, Ed, if you should ask for a clean shirt to wear, you would not be satisfied with one that was just a lit-

ransom for all.'"

"You seem to know what you are talking about," Ed readily admitted. "But it *does not* seem quite fair, does it, that a person who is respectable and good-hearted should have to go through the same process as—well, say a criminal or a purposely wicked villain?"

"But we are not saved by our good works, chum. God does not expect or want us to save ourselves. That is impossible. The Bible plainly says 'that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ.' In another place we are told that we are saved 'through *faith*'; and that not of ourselves (yourselves): it is the gift of God: not of *works*, lest any man should boast.' Since salvation is *free*, why should not God demand that *every one* accept it? You must remember, the price that Christ paid for our ransom was a tremendous one. When you look at it that way, God's way is wondrously generous—and *just*, do you not think so?" Melvin reasoned.

"I suppose you are right," conceded Ed. "Looking at it that way, I am as far from Heaven as the most despicable brute-man on earth. It is just too bad for me, according to *that*."

"I often think, Ed, that the most tragic, pitiful, and needless cases in the judgment day will be the bitterly disappointed 'good-enough' sinners who are condemned because they rejected Christ—the only possible door to salvation," Melvin added.

But they were nearing the house. Ed had been glad that they were walking in semi-darkness all this while, because his friend could not read his troubled face—nor did he need to look him in the eye. However, when they were inside Melvin's room, Ed himself was the one to resume the conversation.

"While we are on the subject," Ed—comfortably seated on a well-scuffed hassock—addressed his host, "would you mind settling a few other questions for me—things that I wonder about now and then?"

"No, indeed. What's on your mind?" Melvin hastened to answer.

"Supposing I should decide to get saved, why would I have to give up so many things? Why is it that a Christian cannot do this and cannot do that? Why does a Christian need to live such a narrow life? It almost looks as if I'd have to be satisfied just going to church—and not having any fun at all. Just why do Christians have to be so—so queer?" asked Ed in all sincerity.

"I guess I am queer all right," laughed the other young man, "but I have a good time being that way."

"So I notice. But you know what I mean," rejoined the somewhat embarrassed inquirer.

Personal Evangelism

thing to it," he confessed to himself.

It was while these impressions were still fresh in his mind that he admitted to his host on their way home that sometimes he had half a notion to try it himself.

"Why *don't* you, Ed?" replied his companion in an earnest, appealing tone. "Really, I cannot tell you what a difference it makes in one's life. *Nobody* has any idea until he takes the step himself. I would not go back to the old life for *anything*," he declared. And Melvin did not doubt him in the least.

"You seem to be all wrapped up in it," Ed admitted. "But I am a bit bewildered. I do not understand it! You have explained the meaning of 'being saved' to me before, but I still insist that I am not so bad. I try to do what is right; I am decent and moral and law-abiding and ambitious! I try to treat the other fellow white and give everybody a fair deal. I am really not such a bad sort—am I?"

"Not according to your own viewpoint, and certainly not according to my own natural viewpoint, for you have been a fine sort of fellow to have for one's friend. However, according to *God's* viewpoint, you and I need to be saved just as badly as the worst of sinners.

tle dirty around the collar. Someone else—with considerably different ideas of cleanliness than you—might think that because it was not smeared with mud all over, it would be quite good enough to wear. But *you* could not accept it as a *clean* shirt just because it was a little dirty—according to someone else's opinion, would you?"

"I see. I believe I see the point, Melvin. What you want me to get is that God is quite strict about this matter of sin," Ed replied quietly.

"That is just it. Most of us do not have any idea of how extremely abhorrent sin is to a holy, sin-hating God. We do not paint sin black enough. We do not think seriously enough about this matter of sinning. What's more, Ed, we are constantly trying to find ways to justify ourselves, whereas God distinctly and repeatedly and solemnly informs us that He will accept only one way, and that is justification through the blood of Jesus. 'He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God.' 'For there is one God, and one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus; who gave himself a

"Sure I do, because that is exactly the way I used to think before I was saved. You know that! It seemed to me that Christians were a peculiar lot all right, but that was because *spiritual* things cannot be comprehended with the natural mind. After getting some idea of the awfulness of sin, of my desperate need of repenting and being forgiven of my sin, and of Christ's deep love for me, *then* I found out that there was a far different and better outlook on life than I had ever had before. After I realized, in a small way, what Christ did for me, then I gladly gave Him my heart and life. Living selfishly for my own enjoyment no longer seemed the thing I cared to do."

"But there *are* unsaved people who are interested in *others*. They are philanthropic and benevolent and not altogether selfish," protested the interested listener.

"Of course there are. But they are interested in other people's physical and cultural well-being. Christians are interested first of all in other people's *souls*—for when the spiritual problems are solved, the others always are too. You see, we look at it the way Paul did. He put it this way: 'I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' But he found that when Christ lived in him, he wanted more than anything else to be instrumental in bringing about the salvation of others. That's the way it works," Melvin answered, and paused for a moment.

"Yes, go on," Ed said encouragingly. "You asked why Christians have such a narrow outlook on life. It *is* narrow, perhaps, but at least it is far-reaching. The Christian looks on this life as a brief pilgrimage or place of preparation for a never-ending eternity: an eternity, do not forget, of unending punishment for the lost souls; an eternity with Christ for the saved souls. Life is a serious matter; souls *are* precious—and there is not any sense in acting like an ostrich about it. Merely refusing to entertain such thoughts does not alter the facts. Life, death, eternity, souls—these are vividly realistic to the Christian." Melvin drew a deep breath, and said longingly, "I wish I could make you see it as clearly as I do, but since I have been saved, my chief purpose is to 'live for Him who died for me.' I have not any desire for the shallow, fleeting, self-gratifying and self-amusing things that used to attract me. It is not that I *cannot* do certain things, but that, knowing that in doing them I would be doing nothing *for* Christ's cause, I do not care to do them. My greatest joy comes from doing only the things that please my Master and that will cause others to want to serve Him. I would not begin to have time to do the foolish things I used to, either, even if I wanted to. There are more im-

portant things to occupy my attention now," he ended.

Ed looked plainly puzzled. "I suppose it is all in the way a fellow looks at it," he surmised.

Melvin, feeling he had been too verbose and not plain enough in his attempted explanation, made one more effort to help his friend understand. "Ed, there's something else I want to tell you about this idea of *giving up* things for Christ. In all honesty, I want to tell you I did not give up anything that was at all worth while. I would not call it 'giving up.' I call it *throwing away*—discarding the trashy, worthless things! But even if I were called upon to really and truly give up something worth while, others have done it before me. Some have had to give up homes, comforts, and their personal liberty. But Paul said, 'I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.' Supposing we were to give up some things *now*—would not that be better than sentencing ourselves to an eternity in hell?"

"Something tells me you are right about the whole thing," Ed agreed, "but I do not want to keep you up if you want to roll in. This has all been very enlightening and interesting to me, but I do not want to make a pest of myself," he added, looking at his watch.

Melvin looked straight at his friend and replied, "Ed, I'd gladly stay up all night if I could just get you to see!"

Ed laughed—rather lamely! "Better be careful, chum, I might call you on that one. There are *still* several things that I do not *see*."

"I do not doubt that. I am not an expert at explaining things. I am sure it must sound confusing the way I go at it," Melvin answered apologetically.

"No, it is not that. I understand what you mean, I think. Only there are so many things that have confused me every time I *have* given my—well—my—soul—any thought, that I would not mind having someone like you clear them up for me—as long as we are on this track anyhow," Ed answered.

"What else is on your mind?" queried his friend.

"Well—one thing I never could quite see the need of, is coming right out and having to let everybody know you are saved. Why cannot a person just accept Christ and not make such a fuss about it?" the curious, confused man wanted to know.

"You sound like the echo of my old self, chum. That is another thing I used to be muddled up about. In fact, much as I hate to admit it, I tried that a couple of times—but it did not work. That is what Christ meant about putting a candle under a bushel. It cannot give light to those around, and it is bound to go out. Christians are to be lights in a

dark world. They are to shine so as to bring others to Christ. We just simply cannot live unto ourselves! Take it from me, Ed, salvation is so wonderful that when one has truly experienced it, he wants to tell everybody and see everybody else saved, too! To have Christ is the most glorious thing in the whole world, and it is only a scheme of the devil to try to make us feel ashamed. He knows if he can get us to be silent Christians, we will be useless," Melvin answered eagerly.

"But—is it absolutely necessary? Does a person *have* to?" insisted Ed, apparently troubled at the thought.

"Supposing you answer that yourself! Could you join your country's army and refuse to wear your uniform or take part in public parades? or tell your folks and friends? or—if your duty was to rescue or defend others—to remain hidden in your barracks? Could you? Is that the kind of soldier you admire or would want to be?" probed Melvin.

"Of course not," replied Ed, a sheepish grin spreading over his face.

"Then it would seem that anyone joining Christ's ranks would scarcely be ashamed to let others know. In the light of what our Captain has done for us, we should proudly proclaim His leadership wherever we go. You see it is the only honorable thing to do, and it is vital to one's happiness. Would you like some Bible *proof*, chum?" Melvin asked as he reached for his Bible.

"Not a bad idea. Let us have it," was Ed's reply.

Turning to the Book of Romans, Melvin came to the 10th chapter, and pulled his chair up close beside his friend in order that he himself might read it. "Right here," he proceeded, "it says: 'That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.'"

"No mistaking what that means!" commented Ed, after reading it slowly the second time.

"There's another passage in Matthew I want to show you," Melvin went on, finding the place and pointing to the first line with his finger. "Here it is: 'Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.'"

A quiet "Hm!" was Ed's only response.

"Just one more!" said Melvin, turning to Luke. "This is the one that made me sit up and take notice. It is solemn enough. 'For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the

Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels.'"

"Fair enough!" was Ed's pronouncement. "But I am afraid I'm too big a coward! When I'd get out among the gang, I'd lose my nerve. I just would not have the courage!"

"Neither would I," Melvin said—much to his friend's surprise. "That is, I would not if I depended on *myself* to do it. But Christ becomes our strength. As Paul said: 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' That would go for you, too, Ed."

"But—think of how the fellows would make fun of me! I just could not stand their taunts. They'd jeer me out of town!"

"That is the way I thought I would feel, but Christ means far more to me than my friends—and His opinion counts far more than theirs! A Christian can expect to be ridiculed. He will be! But that is such a small thing in comparison with what many Christians have endured for Him. Think of the suffering and the bitter persecution and the martyrdoms of thousands and thousands of others! What does a little ridicule amount to?" persisted Melvin.

"Never thought of it that way," mumbled his intent listener.

"If you do not mind my turning to this Guidebook again, I'd like to show you several verses that have helped me, and I am sure they have meant a great deal more to the countless men and women who have really suffered for their faith. Here: 'If we suffer, we shall also reign with him: if we deny him, he also will deny us.' And right in this next chapter: 'Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.' Just one more—back here in Romans, 'For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.' A few jeers and taunts is a small thing to endure when eternal happiness or eternal doom hangs in the balance," Melvin ended convincingly.

"True enough!" Ed slowly admitted. Then thoughtfully he added: "A fellow might just as well make up his mind at the start to go through life practically friendless—is that it?"

"Friendless? Not by a long way!" fairly exclaimed Melvin. "I would not trade the greatest, truest Friend it is possible to have for the friendship of the whole world. But I *do* have friends—fewer and truer friends, it may be. My Christian friends mean more to me than I can tell you."

"I believe that!" Ed answered, recalling the close bond of fellowship those young people at the church so obviously enjoyed.

"What's more, a true Christian finds

that all other true Christians have a peculiar, brotherly love for him, whether he knows them or not. There's a reason for this. Every child in God's redeemed family is linked to the others by a common tie: the love of Christ."

"So that's it!" exclaimed Ed. "It's getting late, chum. Maybe—"

"Maybe you'd like to get adopted into God's family right now," suggested his friend concernedly.

"If I—I if I thought I could be as good a Christian—as you—I—I think I would," stammered Ed.

"You can be a far better one than I am—by the help of God," Melvin happily assured him.

Before Ed bade his friend good-bye the following evening, he gratefully said, "I'll never be able to thank you enough for leading me out of the dark maze that has cheated me out of this wonderful joy all this while. You are a prince of a—*a brother!*"—Edna R. Brown in *Gospel Herald*.

"I Wonder If They Mean It"

(Continued from page 22)

"What is this? Brought you in?" It was the kindly voice of the pastor as he drew near the boy.

"All of yees—in—singin' ye said to bring 'em in, and no 'count folks, who ain't done the straight thing. Anyhow, that's the way it sounded, and so I jest brought him along like yer said so that Jesus, as you said in the song, would fix him up. Ain't it straight—that there song?" and the boy looked wistfully into the pastor's face which showed kindness.

"Tell us about it, my boy," said the man, gently. "Is he your father?"

"Yes, he is my dad, and some way he got on the wrong track, and ma she tried to set him right till she got tired and died, and then Sister Lizzie she tried till she got hurt—and went to the hospital—daddy wasn't hisself when he did it—and since then I've been tryin', but 'taint no kind er use, and there ain't no place now for to stay ter get a start—and there ain't nobody what cares, and then I heard you folks singin' ter bring 'em in—folks like him, an' somebody what lives here would take 'em in hand—Jesus was the name, wasn't it—say, don't He live here?"

The stupid man the boy supported now dropped heavily on the floor. "Tain't no use, Bob," he said, "yer pa can't help it—nobody cares. Let's go back to Pete's and get nuther drink—that'll make it all right."

But the pastor's strong arm had lifted the man, and helped him to the pew.

Then he turned to the silent, serious group about him.

"Brothers and sisters, what do you think of the boy's question? 'doesn't Jesus live here,' in this very place? It comes pretty near home, doesn't it? And if He

did live here, what would He do just now, on this rainy, cold night, with this poor fallen father and his faithful son? Men, women, let's help Bobby save his poor father!"

Bobby and Bobby's father never went back to Pete's for another drink, neither that night nor the nights which followed; and their voices may be heard each week, as they mingle with other voices in sending out upon the street the invitation:

*"Bring them in, bring them in,
Bring the wand'ring ones to Jesus."*

—PUBLISHER UNKNOWN.

This One Thing I Do

(Continued from page 15)

"victory." By that they mean that he shouts a lot, jumps up and down and makes a big racket, and they call that victory. Shouting is good in its place, and especially after a victory has been won, but it is not, in self, a victory—it is merely the result of victory. A shout that is not the result of a real definite triumph over the power of Satan is an empty, hollow thing, and I do not take much stock in that kind of shout. Any old hypocrite can get up and whoop and holla, but the shout that comes as the result of winning a battle is another thing entirely.

"The prize of the high calling." Thank God, there is a prize at the end of the way. That prize is the final consummation of our "pressing toward the mark." We are aiming at something definite. We have not resigned ourselves to the inevitable, neither are we sitting down and idly dreaming, but we are working, striving, pressing toward the prize. You will note that the apostle termed our calling as a HIGH calling. The greatest calling in the world is the call to be a son of God. In the first chapter of 1 Corinthians, Paul was addressing the Corinthian church, and he said, "Unto the church of God which is at Corinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, CALLED TO BE SAINTS . . ." What a high and holy calling! What a glorious privilege! What a solemn responsibility connected with that calling! God grant that we may realize to the fullest extent the privileges, duties and responsibilities connected with that sacred calling. Called to be saints! Called out from the world! Called to be the sons of God! And to sum it up, John says in 1 John 3:2, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." This is the prize for which we are striving; this is the hope that inspires us to press toward the mark. "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." 1 Cor. 15:19. Thank God for that "blessed hope," "which is Christ in you,

the hope of glory," "which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." Thank God for the blessed hope of the soon return of our blessed Lord!

EXCHANGE PAGE

(Continued from page 14)
with our pastor and his wife. Please pray for us that we will do the will of the Lord.—Hapsy Louise Hulor, Hamer, S. C.

JIM HODGE'S FUNERAL

(Continued from page 13)
"Jim, we're guilty of your death, and maybe your damnation. I hope the Lord gives boys another chance who never really had one here among us. I'm sure He'll understand that it wasn't all your fault—that the preacher He sent to this town didn't do his duty, and that the church folks didn't do theirs, and that your poor old father didn't do his, and —"

There was a groan right there from the front seat where Jim's pa sat. Old man Hodge stood up and the tears were streaming down his cheeks. He held onto the seat in front of him like as if it was the only thing in the world he had to hold to. I never heard a voice like his.

"Hold on there, Preacher!" he cried. "You've said enough. Let me talk now. I can't stand it. You're right. I did help kill him. This whole town helped kill him. But I am the most to blame.

"I thought nobody knew about my drinkin'. I tried to cover it up, but Jim knew about it, and I guess everybody else did. And right here and now I want to ask for forgiveness."

And with that he began to shove out of his seat and make for the coffin. When he got there he kneeled right down on the flowers, and began to sob and pray. My eyes got so full I couldn't see, but when I did get cleared a little there was Jim's brother, and it looked like half the congregation, kneeling at that altar and sobbing and praying like as if it was a revival meeting.

I never saw such a funeral. It started a revival. Somehow we forgot that Jim was laying there dead and we begged his forgiveness as if he was alive and heard us. And I think God did.


That night a crowd of men went down to the "blind tiger" where Jim had been buying his whiskey and told the fellow that run the place that he had better close up and get out. They weren't rough about it, but they meant business. Anyhow, he had heard about the funeral and was getting ready to quit. And he never came back to our parts.

No sir, I've never forgot Jim Hodge's funeral. And I think that God must have been pretty merciful with little Jim, for He sure was merciful with us. — *The Christian Advocate.*

BIBLICAL EYE-OPENERS

By C.M. TRUESDELL & DANA NORTH

SOME ADVICE ABOUT ANGELS
THEY DON'T HAVE WINGS!
No Scripture Sustains Such Theory.
THEY ARE NOT WOMEN!
—AND ARE ALWAYS REFERRED TO AS APPEARING AS MEN. HUMANS MISTOOK THEM FOR MEN MANY TIMES. THEY ARE DESCRIBED AS MASCULINE AND HAVE MALE NAMES.
The word "ANGEL" means "MESSENGER".
*....THEY ARE PERSONS, HAVING NAMES, BUT ARE NOT HUMAN. (LUKE 1:10-22; DAN. 10:13-21; (JOEL 2:1) (REV. 1:1))
....THEY WERE CREATED BY GOD, OF A HIGHER ORDER THAN PEOPLES. (HEBREWS 2:16) (ISA. 6:1) (PSA. 104:4) (1 SAUL 10:20)
....THEY CAN SIN AND FALL. (2 PET. 2:4) (JUD. 6)*



PETER WAS CRUCIFIED IN ITALY...

HEAD-DOWNWARD ABOUT 67 OR 68 A.D. (UNCERTAIN)

....HE HAD KNOWN FOR YEARS HOW IT WOULD HAPPEN.

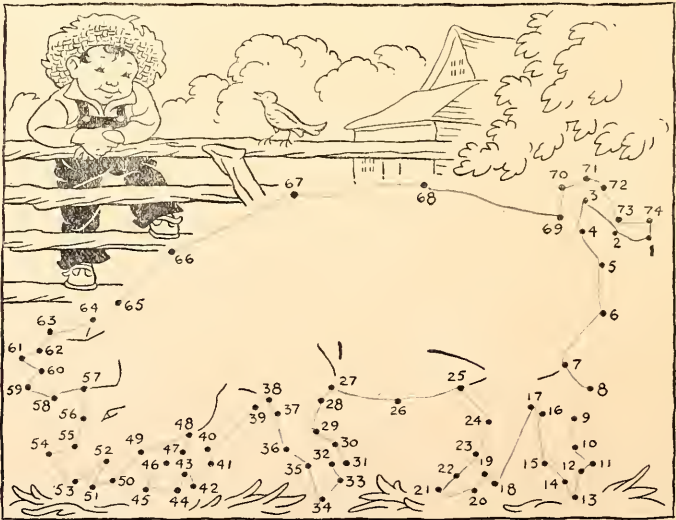
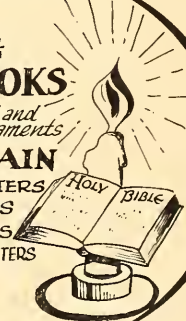
CHRIST

HAD DESCRIBED IT TO HIM AFTER HIS OWN RESURRECTION IN PALESTINE.

(John 21:17-19)
PETER LATER TESTIFIED TO IT.
(2 Peter 1:14, 15)



THE 66 BOOKS
—of the old and new testaments
CONTAIN
1189 CHAPTERS
31,173 VERSES
773,693 WORDS
3,536,489 LETTERS



Children, can you work this puzzle? Begin with numbers 1, 2, 3, etc.

Anne's New Thrill

Anne took the paper out of a drawer in her desk and read it for the "teenth" time. Then she laid it carefully back in the drawer, turned the key in the lock, took the key out and placed it back in its hiding place.

Restlessly she walked over to the dressing table, sat down, and again looked into the mirror, recalling that Producer Raff had said, "There are plenty of pretty girls, but few with a face and form like you have," then again he congratulated himself on his "find." He had also told her that she was intellectually superior to most of the actresses who are entertaining the public in the movies.

Anne Dowart was a senior in a university in Southern California. She had played leading parts in school plays since she was in the grades and she was ambitious for a career. Amy Alton, her chum, had whispered to her that she had heard on "good authority" that a certain movie producer had visited the university a few weeks ago, but the screen offer, made to Anne last week, came as a surprise. In fact, signing the contract two days ago for a leading role in a new play still seemed like a dream—then she would go to her desk, unlock the drawer, and read this precious document over again.

Anne had hoped to keep the acceptance of Producer Raff's offer a secret until nearer the close of the school year, six months away. Besides, she was to have a month's vacation before work on the picture was begun. But somehow this bit of news leaked out. President of her class and popular with the whole student body, Anne had been deluged with congratulations. Having become bored with so many compliments she had decided to stay in her own room whenever possible.

It was Saturday morning and Anne had slept late. She and Amy had planned to have lunch together at an exclusive tea room in Los Angeles. But just as she was leaving her room to meet her friend, a messenger brought her a note from Amy, who had been called to another part of the city because of the illness of a relative; for that reason she was unable to keep her engagement. Anne had some shopping to do in the downtown district and since it was near noon she had decided to eat her lunch at a convenient restaurant.

She had almost finished her meal when a distinguished looking man, in the sixties, came in and sat down at her table, and before she realized it she was intently interested in conversation with him. And all the time she was turning over in her mind this question, "What is it that makes this man so different?" He had an ex-

ceptionally fine face—no, not just good looking, something more than that, his was a face that expressed deep tranquillity of soul.

"You are a missionary?"

"Yes, for forty years."

Suddenly Anne was sorry that she did not know more about missions and missionaries. But she ventured to ask, "In what country?"

"Africa."

"Africa!" she exclaimed, "I have always wanted to visit that country."

"I hope some time I will have the opportunity to tell you about it, and some of my experiences there, too."

Then the missionary invited her to attend a meeting he was holding at First Church on Sunday. It was one of a series of revival services he was holding in that church.

Down deep in her heart Anne wanted to accept the invitation, but she had another engagement for that day and it would have to be canceled—so she did not promise him that she would come.

That evening back in her room again this young woman made a decision, which came after an inward struggle. Then she went to the phone and called Ronald Winters and told him she had changed her plans for Sunday. But he couldn't understand—Anne hardly expected that he would.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear. Usually Anne excused herself for staying in bed on Sunday mornings—her activities at the university, together with her studies, made life rather strenuous, and she told herself it was necessary for her health's sake to take this time for a little extra rest.

But this morning her attitude, for a reason she did not try to explain away, was different. Something on the inside urged her along; expectancy held her in its grip. She did not feel the need of sleep and she was up and all ready to go fifteen minutes before the time she had planned to meet Amy, who had promised, rather reluctantly, to go with her to church.

The congregation was singing the opening hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," when the girls entered the church. Immediately Anne's voice caught up the refrain as she felt in her own heart the joy that was running over from the hearts of the people who were singing this grand old hymn.

Although Anne Dowart was a girl of high ideals, it had been almost a year since she had been to church. No, she had not given up her belief in God, but she had let indifference crowd Him out of His rightful place in her life.

But Anne had never been in a service where she so keenly felt the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. While the missionary was reading his text, "'And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring,'" again she questioned, "What is it that makes this man so different?"

When he was making a plea to Christ's followers to seek for the "other sheep" and give them the gospel, Anne remembered that the missionary told her in their conversation at the table Saturday that he was reading the Bible through for the one hundred and thirtieth time, then she was sure she had the answer to her question. This man had spent so much time with God in the study of His Word that godliness reflected on his countenance and this was what made him different from most other people.

Under the power of the Holy Spirit Anne's heart was stirred as it had never been before, and she heard the gentle voice of Jesus say, "Come, daughter, follow me. Then go and help to seek the 'other sheep!'" In that same hour a career and fame were also bidding high for this young woman.

At the close of the service nearly a hundred young people, responding to the invitation of the missionary, went to the altar and consecrated themselves to Jesus Christ, and Anne Dowart was among them.

When the missionary greeted Anne he knew from her radiant face that she had settled the vital question which he had discussed with her the day before. She had decided for Christ and the things that make for eternal values.

"Mr. Raff, I have come to ask you to release me from the contract."

"What! Well, I should say not!"

"But, Mr. Raff, I cannot take part in that picture now. I have accepted Jesus Christ as my Savior and all my talents have been consecrated to Him."

"Get that foolishness out of your head! Why, hundreds of girls would sell their souls for the opportunity you are throwing away! Miss Dowart, you signed the contract, and it will stand. You are the one I want for that part."

Anne was at a loss to know what to say or do; for she could see Mr. Raff was very determined. Then she bowed her head and offered a silent prayer to God.

"I will give you a month to reconsider your decision."

"Thank you for your kind consideration, Mr. Raff, but my decision is final."

God answered Anne's prayer and she won out with Producer Raff, who was

By Ada Pearl Walker

unable to resist her earnestness and sincerity, and released her from the contract.

Nine months later the missionary again met Anne at First Church, and was made happy when he saw that she had not lost any of her enthusiasm for the cause of Christ. She confided to him that she had hoped God would call her to mission work in Africa, but He had not. "I am finding a new thrill in soul winning," she said, and the peace of God which shined out of Anne's face reiterated her statement. "Peace, the like of which I have never seen on a human face," the missionary said.—*Gospel Herald*.

When the Prince of Peace Came

(Continued from page 9)

door was flung wide, and, as he entered, the castle was glorious with light and the hall vocal with song. The prince had come unto his own, and his own received him with singing welcome. It was not so with the Prince of Peace. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not."

He Came Unto His Own

Mr. Reichart, a missionary to the Jews in Cairo, undertook to be the depository of the Bible society. In his depot one day he had a visit from a small party of Arabian Jews. They had heard somehow of the shop in Cairo and they came for Hebrew Old Testaments. Mr. Reichart very gladly supplied them, but before he fastened down the box, with earnest prayer and without a word to man, he put in a Hebrew New Testament, hidden with the Old. They went away, like Joseph's brethren, and then in a year or two there came the same or like men back again, and they brought a letter.

This letter declared how highly they valued the beautiful copies of the Law, Prophets, and Psalms, and also how surprised they were to find another book in the holy tongue, about which they had never known. The person of whom it spoke had never crossed their knowledge before and as they read of Him in the holy words in this book, enclosed with their Scriptures, with one mind they had come to the conclusion that He was Israel's Messiah.

From London Slums to Evangelism

(Continued from page 12)

her over there. My brother Bob has now gone to be with Mother in the land where there is no more parting nor death.

My sister Rose came next. She was the oldest of two girls. "Rosie," said Mother, "look after the home; take care of the flowers and birds; and, dear, most of all, watch over my little baby boy." Although I was six years old, Mother still considered me her baby.

May I pause to tell you that Mother

loved flowers and birds. Her home was a place of melody and beauty. Canaries warbled their notes as if singing praises unto God. I sometimes think that God took the voice of an angel, wrapped it up in a bundle of feathers, and gave to us the nightingale, the canary, and other sweet songsters.

My sister Maude also received her farewell words, and then Mother turned to me. She drew me to her breast and held me as if she would never let me go. I can remember it as though it were yesterday. I begged her not to leave me, and tears welled up in her big brown eyes as she said, "My darling boy, Jesus is calling Mother to a better place, a place where Mother won't be sick any more." And then she wept as if her heart would break. "I only wish Jesus had spared my life a little longer to see you grow up to serve Him. Promise me, dear, that you will be good and say the prayers Mother has taught you, and meet me some day."

I promised in my childish way, little realizing how far I would wander from Mother's God. She slipped away that night to lay her weary head upon the Savior's breast. How thankful I am today that Mother's prayers were answered, and that I am doing my utmost to serve her God.

What an empty home it was to which we returned! No mother and a drunken father. Instead of Mother's death changing Dad for the better, it made him even worse. Soon we were faced with poverty and hunger. One article, and then another, went out of the home. The rugs, the piano, the beds, and even the kitchen table and chairs, my dad sold to obtain money for drink. When nothing remained in the house, he left, never to return. I have not seen my father since that day.

We were pitched out upon a merciless world. For years I wandered about in the slums of London, with no home, poorly clad, and without shoes, many times almost freezing to death. Driven by hunger, I would seek out the garbage cans in the alleys and fill my empty stomach with half-rotten food. Or I would crawl under a fruit stall on the market place and take a few bites out of the rotten fruit that had been thrown to the ground by the attendant. I slept in horses' stables and on doorsteps, any place where I could find protection from the biting cold winds of winter. When some kind policeman picked me up and gave me a night's lodging in jail, with a warm breakfast before he turned me out again, I thought I was in heaven. These conditions are not at all uncommon in the slums of London; there are thousands of little street urchins now living under similar circumstances. This kind of living took its toll, weakening me physically, and so fulfilling the scripture:

"Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children."

Life in School

After years of wandering in the slums, one of my brothers found me and put me in a boarding school, called Farm School, in Bisley, Surrey. This to me seemed worse than roaming the streets, for I had been free to come and go as I pleased, with many little urchins for playmates. Now I was shut up in a big institution, with four high walls surrounding the estate, and 156 other boys to tease the life out of me. I was green to all their rules and regulations, and the other fellows played all sorts of tricks on me. I used to creep away and cry for Jesus to send Mother back to me. However, in time I became accustomed to the strict discipline and won many friends. The training was rigid, but I have always been thankful for it because it put a firmness in my nature that has helped me much in the ministry. We were put through army training; we dressed by number, bathed by number, and went to bed by number. Many of the boys later became military and navy men.

The first World War broke out while I was in school, and our food was rationed. One night I gathered a group of boys about my bed, and we decided to raid the apple orchard. After tying some sheets together, with a pillowcase in hand, I slid down the sheets to the apple orchard. There I proceeded to fill the pillowcase with green apples. What a feast we had for the next hour, sitting on our beds and eating green apples! But, oh, my! Next morning we were all so sick we could hardly get up. In fact, one little fellow was so ill that he thought he was about to die, so he confessed everything. Needless to say, we were all severely punished and then given a generous dose of castor oil.

A couple of years ago, while holding a revival in Erie, Pennsylvania, a lad of twelve came to the altar for salvation. He prayed and wept, but didn't seem to get anywhere. Suddenly he looked up at me and said, "Mr. King, did you ever steal any green apples?"

I smiled and humbly confessed, for my mind went back to the incident just related.

His face lit up as he said, "And did the Lord forgive you?"

"Yes, son," I replied, "and He'll forgive you, too."

With that assurance, he prayed again, and within a few moments he experienced the pardoning grace of our Lord Jesus as his heart was cleansed from every stain.

In the school every boy was taught a trade. Upon graduating, I went to London to work and live with my brother. I was almost fifteen years old when I

finished school. As that may seem young for one to have to get out and work, I would remark that the children in England go to work at much younger age than they do here in America.

Air Raids in London

School was over, and I was on my way to London, when suddenly the train stopped and all the lights went out. Guns began to boom all around us. One of the passengers cried, "Look!" Up in the sky we saw a German Zeppelin. The guns scored a hit, the Zep burst into flames, and precious lives began to drop out one by one to certain death. This was my introduction to the war. In school we had been sheltered from the horrors of it, but now I was face to face with grim reality once again. Night after night we had to take shelter from the bombs. Two minutes were allotted us to dress and rush to shelter after the air raid sirens had sounded. Believe me when I say I knew just where to reach for my trousers and shirt. I used to practice firemen's drill. I could seize my clothing and dress in less than a minute.

One night we were given five minutes to take cover; so my sister and I hurried to the Baptist church. We somehow felt that God would spare the church. The organist, sitting in absolute darkness, was playing *Nearer, My God, to Thee*, when suddenly explosions were heard all around us. Bombs were falling and we could hear the crashing of buildings. The windows in the church were blown to pieces and the building groaned and trembled. Women screamed and fainted all around us. For five hours we were kept in constant fear.

I promised God that if He would get me out of that danger, I would live for Him. It was a man-made resolution, for as soon as the German planes went back home, my resolution went with them, my fear not having been based upon godly sorrow. Oh yes, I joined a church some time after that, but it was a cold, dead, formal place. Never did we hear a sermon on repentance, and never were we given an opportunity to accept Christ. I found myself becoming hard toward God, with the pleasures of sin crowding in more and more. Much of my time was taken up in the world of sports. I was set on making money in business and did extremely well until God stopped me.

Miraculous Healing

One day while working at my trade (plumbing and steamfitting), I ran a piece of copper wire into my finger. At the time I thought little about it and continued working. The third day after it happened, I suddenly dropped unconscious on the job. When I regained consciousness I was in my own bed three miles from the job, with a doctor bending over me. The pain was almost unbearable, a fever was raging, and I was

unable to keep even water on my stomach. For three days and nights I lay in this condition, my feather pillow feeling to me as hard as a stone. The doctors gave me no hope.

News of my grave condition spread throughout the village, and thank God for that, because it reached the ears of a dear, godly, consecrated holiness couple. I had often made fun of their religion and thought them very queer, but had it not been for their prayers and the fact that Mother's prayers were not yet answered, I am certain I would have passed to the great beyond, unprepared. The third night, when I was sinking fast, this dear old couple spent in prayer, beseeching God to have mercy upon me and not to let me slip out into eternity without Christ.

As the clock neared the midnight hour, it became more difficult for me to breathe. My body was racked with pain, my fever was rising steadily, and it seemed everything earthly was fading in the distance. My brother was at my bedside, believing the end to be near, for the doctors had told him I couldn't live until morning. But, thanks be unto God, He heard the prayers of that quaint holiness couple, and at the moment when it seemed I would drop back upon my pillow a corpse, my room was illuminated with a radiance divine. I tried to see where the light was coming from, but could not discover its source. A soothing hand was laid upon my head, a calm came over my body, and I relaxed upon the bed, healed by the power of God.

I slept the rest of the night. And when the doctor came into my room the next morning I was enjoying a bowl of soup. Although I had never heard a word about divine healing, I knew that God had healed me. God in His mercy had given me another chance. After several weeks I gained sufficient strength to walk down our garden path. That dear old holiness couple stood in their garden a few doors away and watched me with tears streaming down their faces. From that moment it seemed that my heart started to soften toward God. Although I did not repent, I began to seriously consider things eternal.

My Conversion

One night about three months after my healing I came home from work tired and discouraged. It had rained all day, which is nothing unusual in England. I mounted my bicycle and started for the city, with the thought of attending a show. Grumbling and complaining about the weather, I was riding down a narrow road called Bunyan Road Path when it seemed the heavens unloaded their entire deposit of rain. It came in torrents. Looking for a place of shelter, as it was impossible to proceed farther, I saw immediately in front of me a small mission with

a sign overhead, reading, "Holiness Mission."

I pushed my bike into a hedge and took refuge in the mission hall, hoping the rain would soon let up so that I could go on to the show. I believe God turned on the faucets of heaven full force that night to drive me into that mission hall. As I sat in the back row and listened to the service, I was impressed. Those folks had something for which I was hungry. As that godly preacher told the story of the Cross, I felt something tugging at my heartstrings. It reminded me of the story Mother used to tell us. My past, sinful, selfish life came up before me as though a thousand mirrors were reflecting every sin I had ever committed. I saw myself as the most miserable, unthankful wretch that had ever lived.

I was so hungry for God that if I had been chained to the seat, I would have taken it with me when the altar call was given. I dropped to my knees and cried from the depths of my soul, "God save me; I'm a sinner. Make me a shining light to all people." That's all I said, but I meant every word of it. Instantly my sins were gone; my heart seemed as light as a feather, and I praised God through my tears. When I stood to my feet, the first ones I saw were that quaint old couple that had prayed for me. Their hands were raised to heaven, their tears were falling fast, and their praises could be heard all over the church.

I walked out of the mission as if on air, happy as a bird, and just as free as one. It was still raining, but every drop seemed to bring a fresh blessing to my soul. As I pedaled down the road, it seemed one foot was saying, "Glory to God," and the other, "Hallelujah!" I was soaked to the skin by the rain, and my soul was soaked by the blood of Christ. I have never had a ride that could quite compare with the bicycle ride that night.

When I arrived home, my brother Ted asked, "How was the picture, Perce?"

I told him I had not gone to the show.

He looked at me and said, "Well, where did you go?"

And then heaven broke in upon my soul as I told him what God had done for me. "He's answered Mother's prayers, Ted," I exclaimed. He looked at me strangely and had little to say; so off to bed I went.

Next morning I still had the glory of God in my soul. As I rode to work everything seemed different. I saw the beauty of Jesus in the buttercups, the primroses, and the bluebells growing along the roadside. I sang the praises of God instead of the foolish songs I had been singing. My fellow workmen teased me for awhile but, as I continued to witness for the Lord, they began to think more seriously of things above.

This article will be concluded in next

issue, don't miss it. The next chapter is "Called to Preach."

"It Was You"

(Continued from page 10)

The words were so plain. Betty looked up to see if Wilma had spoken, but her roommate was busy with her lessons. The thoughts continued, "It would serve her right. Maybe she'd learn how it feels to have your family history made the gossip of the school." Then Betty's eyes fell on a little motto she had pasted on her mirror, "Ye serve the Lord Christ," and a flush of shame stole over her face as she read the words. "To think that I would even play with the thought of getting even with Mable. Not a word of it will I breath to anyone." It was a silent promise to the Lord.

Several weeks later Mable went home for a week end. When she returned to school she went straight to Betty's room. "I want to apologize for reading your diary," she said, "and telling about your father. * * * I've just been home, and I learned all about my father's conversion and his past months of drinking. I learned, too, that you have known all about it—and have not told. Last night I got saved—but it wasn't your father's sermon or my father's conversion that proved to me that it means something to be a Christian—it was you, and your Christlike actions!"—Bernice, in *Intermediate Young People*.

The God-Planned Life

(Continued from page 7)

life. Therefore work it out with—fear and trembling! Searching words are these. Words of warning, words of tender admonition. That blessed life of witnessing, serving, and fruit-bearing which God has planned for you in Christ Jesus from all eternity—work it out *with trembling*. Trembling—lest the god of this world blind you to the vision of service which God is ever holding before you. Trembling—lest the low standard of life in fellow-Christians about you lead you to drop yours to a like grovelling level. Trembling—lest some little circle in the dark ends of the earth should fail of the giving, the praying or the going which God has long since planned for you. Trembling—lest the voices of worldly pleasure and ambition dull and deafen your ears to the one voice which is ever whispering—"Follow thou me: follow thou me."

* * *

One way of missing God's calling may be by "choosing" our own calling.

Every day men talk of "choosing" a calling. But is not the phrase a sheer misnomer? For how can a man "choose" a "calling"? If a man is called *he* does not choose. It is the **one** who calls who

does the choosing. "Ye have not chosen me but I have chosen *you* and ordained you that ye should go and bear fruit," says our Lord. Men act as though God threw down before them an assortment of plans from which they might choose what pleases them, even as a shopkeeper tosses out a dozen skeins of silk to a lady buyer from which she might select that which strikes her fancy. But it is not true. It is God's to choose. It is ours simply to ascertain and obey. For next in its eternal moment to the salvation of the soul is the guidance of the life of a child of God. And God claims both as His supreme prerogative. The man who trusts God with one, but wrests from Him the other, is making a fatal mistake. Would we were taught this ere our unskilled hand had time to mar the plan! In default of such teaching let us confess with humbled hearts the mistakes we have made here, in the frailty of our mere human judgment.

Young friend, are you standing in that trying place where men are pressing you to "choose" a calling? Are you about to cast the die of a *self-chosen* life work? Do not cast it. Do not *try* to choose. Does not the text say we are "created in Christ unto good works"? If the plan is in Christ how will you find it unless you go to Christ? Therefore go to God simply, trustfully, prayerfully and ask *Him* to show you what *He* has chosen for you from all eternity. And as you walk in the daily light which He sheds upon your path He will surely lead you into *His* appointed life-plan. So shall you be saved the sorrow, disappointment, and failure which follow in the wake of him who "chooses" his own path, and, all too late, comes to himself to find out that it pays to trust God in this great concern of his life, even as in all others.

* * *

Every child of God may find and enter into God's plan for his life.

You remember the story of the engineer of the Brooklyn bridge. During its building he was injured. For many long months he was shut up in his room. His gifted wife shared his toils, and carried his plans to the workmen. At last the great bridge was completed. Then the invalid architect asked to see it. They put him upon a cot, and carried him to the bridge. They placed him where he could see the magnificent structure in all its beauty. There he lay, in his helplessness, intently scanning the work of his genius. He marked the great cables, the massive piers, the mighty anchorage which fettered it to the earth. His critical eye ran over every beam, every girder, every chord, every rod. He noted every detail carried out precisely as he had dreamed it in his dreams, and wrought it out in his plans and specification. And then as the joy of

achievement filled his soul, as he saw and realized that it was finished exactly as he had designed it, in an ecstasy of delight he cried out: "It's just like the plan; *it's just like the plan.*"

Some day we shall stand in the glory and looking up into His face, cry out: "O God, I thank Thee that Thou didst turn me aside from my wilful and perverse way, to Thy loving and perfect one. I thank Thee that Thou didst ever lead me to yield my humble life to Thee. I thank Thee that as I, day by day, walked the simple pathway of service, Thou didst let me gather up one by one, the golden threads of Thy great purpose for my life. I thank Thee, as, like a tiny trail creeping its way up some great mountainside, that pathway of life has gone on in darkness and tears, failures and falterings. Thou hast at last brought me to its destined end. And now that I see my finished life, no longer 'through a glass darkly,' but in the face to face splendor of Thine own glory, I thank Thee, O God, I thank Thee that it's like the plan; *it's just like the plan.*"

Then, too, while we do need to walk carefully and earnestly that we miss not God's great will for us, yet let us not be anxious lest, because we are so human, so frail, so fallible, we may make some mistakes in the details and specifications of that plan. For we will do well to remember this. God has a beautiful way of overruling mistakes when the heart is right with Him. That is the supreme essential. The one attitude of ours which can mar His purpose of love for our lives is the refusal to yield that life and will to His own great will of love for it. But when that life is honestly yielded, then the mistakes in the pathway which spring from our own human infirmities and fallibleness will be sweetly and blessedly corrected by God, as we move along that path. It is like guiding a ship. Our trembling hand upon the wheel may cause trifling wanderings from her course. But they seemed greater to us than they are in reality, and if we but hold our craft steadily to the polestar of God's will as best we know it, she will reach her destined port with certainty, notwithstanding the swervings that have befallen her in the progress of her voyage.

* * *

But now we come face to face with a question of supreme importance. And this is this, "How shall I ascertain God's plan for my life? How shall I be safeguarded from error? How shall I discern the guidance of God from the misguidance of my own fleshly desires and ambitions? How shall I find the path in which He is calling me to walk?"

NOTE: Be sure to read the rest of this splendid article in next issue.

The Cure for Discouragement

(Continued from page 6)

but by also trying to instill courage into faint-hearted folks who are always ready to throw up their hands in defeat.

Jehovah well knew the discouraging influence of such folk when He rid Gideon's army of them before the encounter with the Midianite forces. When Gideon raised his banner, a large number of men joined him, but when that first enthusiasm wore off, the reaction came. So the order went forth, "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead." Better to let them leave early instead of fleeing during the battle, and perhaps turn victory to defeat. Gideon's army was greatly reduced in number, but they won a notable victory after the faint-hearted folk went home.

Discouragement has closed many churches. The membership has decreased; the finances have diminished; the course of least resistance is to close the church. The wail of despair goes forth; the faithful few are overruled; the church is closed. Time and again this action has been repeated across the breadth of our land. Church buildings have been sold to other organizations, and once where souls were won to Christ, other business is transacted.

In many places where the church has failed, courageous souls have continued Sunday schools. Thank God for the loyal hearts whose faith is great enough to defeat this giant, Discouragement.

What is the best weapon to use against this enemy? What will fill hearts with courage and hope? What resource do we have when doubts assail us? We have a weapon by which we can conquer. Faith in God! He can win where we would fail.

If the heart is filled with faith, there is no room for doubt. Filling a glass with water forces the air out. Filling the heart with faith—forces doubts out. "And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Let discouragement look as large as Goliath as it attacks us, if we have a faith in God such as David's, the giant will fall to the ground to be trampled under feet. "We are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

If you are discouraged, if your situation seems hopeless, if the battle is going against you, then turn to God and Jesus Christ in full and complete faith, and you will find victory in place of defeat. Let your faith be so great that doubt and discouragement are crowded out of your life in complete defeat.—*L. L. Wightman.*

The Vision

(Continued from page 3)

standing under the rampant plaster arch between the living-room and the dining-

room. The moment his eyes met hers, she looked away, turned and moved toward the door near the fireplace on the west, and stood looking out on the snow-covered solarium. It was snowing now, Rodney noticed, snowing and blowing.

He adjusted the steel needle in the play-back pick-up arm, turned the volume control to PHONO, the selector switch also to PHONO, placed the pick-up arm on the record. In another moment he would be sitting in the chair with its green pussy willow cover design, listening.

The telephone rang—or was it the doorbell?

It was the doorbell. A solicitor, perhaps. Shera drifted across the living room and into the reception hall. Rodney heard the vestibule door open, then the outer door; heard the voice of John Nystrom saying courteously, "I represent the Riverview Memorial Church. May I present this folder announcing our pre-Christmas services? We are canvassing the neighborhood, securing information about . . ."

That was all. Shera's voice cut in coldly, "We are definitely not interested."

The outer vestibule door went shut, then the inner. An instant later, Shera, smiling, but with evidence of recently creased forehead reappeared in the living-room. "These church peddlers!" she said, "mother absolutely refuses to see them—Rodney! You look—!"

He snapped off the motor switch. Through the front window he saw the sober-faced architect pushing through the storm to the next house, a man of influence and wealth, humbling himself to do house-to-house visitation, taking time to do it!

Rodney's spirit melted within him. This was neither the time nor the place to listen to the record he had just made. He wanted suddenly to be out in the storm with Johnny Nystrom, plowing with him from door to door, taking the rebuffs that he took—and in the way he took them, carrying on in the name of Christ the work which *He* had begun to do, but which now could be done only through the Spirit-filled and Spirit-directed members of His church.

While Rodney watched and thought, John Nystrom, braving the storm and the scorn of an unfriendly world, was changed into One with marred visage, climbing a hill called Calvary. The thorns that pierced His brow were the lanceolate words of Shera Thorwald and a whole world full of people who did not love Him.

He admired lavender-eyed, dawn-haired Shera very much. She was beautiful; and beauty had wielded a subtle sword. He knew not that he had never before seen the real Shera. In her presence on other occasions, he had felt with-

in himself a subtle paralysis of soul which, enhanced by his unbelief, had tempted him to yield his locks to the lap of worldly ambition. What matter if Delilah's shears made him one who was "as other men!"

All this . . .

He laughed a triumphant laugh. All this had lost its appeal.

Lovely, refined Shera Thorwald could be mean, could be brutal. She who denied the reality of sin, could sin against the Spirit! She had so sinned this very moment, for John Nystrom's visit to the Devonshire with an invitation to a gospel service had been under the direction of the risen Lord Himself; and Shera had rejected His messenger. Had not the Lord once said to His disciples, "He that receiveth you, receiveth me"?

His eyes were truly opened now, washed clean of their delusion. Gladness surged within him and he wanted to play and play and play. He turned to the piano and plunged with all his soul into the seething prelude to the Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody.

The Liszt Rhapsody was a hilarious, spasmodic composition. Rodney entered into it with feverish abandon. His fingers charged with fury down the measured fields, went over the top in fierce assault upon the enemy notes . . . He knew that at last he had reached the climax of the struggle and that the Victor of the wilderness temptation, who had refused. "All this," and who now lived within him—if the Bible were true—since the Bible is true,—was winning another victory over the same subtle enemy in the wilderness of his soul.

From Liszt the pendulum swung to Luther's A Mighty Fortress, which Rodney played in stately style and believed that he had found a fortress that no foe could conquer—while Shera stood at the solarium door, looking out upon the drifting snow. What could she know of the joy of being restored to fellowship with the Father, she who had never known it? She who lived for the pleasures of this world—who had chosen all this, whose spirit lay sleeping in its own death chamber within her. A beautiful girl, with a rebellious heart. A wave of pity for her swept over him.

From Liszt to Luther; from Luther to Sankey—and Shera still pouted at the solarium door—

"Lord, here Thou hast Thy well-fed sheep,

Are they not enough for Thee?

But the Shepherd made answer, 'Millions sleep

On the brink of eternity;

*And these, my sheep, within the fold,
Care not for the dying, outside and cold . . ."*

He finished the hymn, slid from the piano bench and went over to her, generating in the half dozen steps, the de-

termination to tell her of the Shepherd who was seeking the lost—Who had chosen him to assist in the seeking, Who was continuing the seeking and saving, after His resurrection. Superintending His own work from Glory.

At the fireplace he stopped,—was stopped by the wall her spirit erected between them.

"Shera—" he began.

She did not move but stood looking down at her trembling fingers as they twisted into a little rope a wisp of aqua handkerchief. Then she raised slow, dismal eyes to his, and quickly dropped them again, as if criticizing the tiny budding callouses on the finger tips of her left hand.

He began again—this time he would not stop—"Shera—!"

There were tears trembling on her lashes. Why were they there? Because of the song? Because she knew that she, too, was a lost sheep, needing to be rescued?

Quick as a flash, she turned, "Look!" she said, "it's snowing! Isn't it beautiful?"

He looked, and in the look saw John Nystrom coming back down the street on the other side.

It's snowing! Her attitude was more than a wall between them. She had reached a hand through that wall and struck him. It had happened like this again and again during the past year when he had tried to talk of spiritual things and of his life work—"Look, Rodney! The sunset! It's like great golden bars of music."

He had looked and had loved the beauty of it, while being grieved because she could not see the beauty of the Lord Jesus Himself . . .

"The lake! See it, Rodney! Like a sea of silver!" She had said that one afternoon when they were strolling by the lake in the park. The lake had been beautiful, and he had loved it, for his nature too was ascetic, but a beautiful lake or sunset did not deny the fact of sin in the hearts of men, nor of their need of a Savior. The history of sin was written on the faces of men the world over—written in letters that spelled sorrow and heartache and dissipation and brutality and war. The lake, which was the world of men, was not always beautiful, but sometimes its anger arose, and men, toiling in rowing, knew its terror.

But in his blindness, because of his infatuation for her, he had taken each subtle rebuke. Her esthetic nature shrank for the thought of any soul being lost, of a Savior shedding His blood upon an ugly cross to die for sinners. Men were not sinners, not actually, she said. Sin was only relative. A loving God would not allow anyone to perish.

No? Had not the loving God Himself in His revealed Word told of His love in giving His only Son to the Cross that

"whosoever believeth in him should NOT perish, but have everlasting life"?

Men were already lost, Eloise Deland had taught her children. The Bible declared it. Unless the gospel was preached to them and unless they believed that gospel and humbled themselves to confess their lost condition, they would continue to be lost forever.

Shera, worshipper at the shrine of beauty, did many questionable things because she saw first that they were pleasant to the eyes, or because the advertisements of those things were artistically done—when she saw that they were "pleasant to the eyes and a tree to be desired to make one wise"—as Eve had been deceived in the Garden of Eden.

Rodney understood it all now. Satan himself, who, the Bible declared, had once been beautiful before his fall, still used beauty as a bait to lure unwary souls. Happy-faced men and women were pictured in his advertisements to inveigle youth into evil habits. Flowers and birds on artistic labels were used to lure men into sin.

Sin? There was no such thing as sin, Shera believed. Sin was only a principle of evil in all of us. Sin was relative. It depended upon one's motives, whether the thing was right or wrong to do. To Shera, the modern dance, whose aftermath reality knew was vile, was a medium of esthetic expression. The theater itself was not evil, as Rodney had been brought up to believe, but was only another medium of expression for actors and actresses whose esthetic souls demanded such expression. It was also entertainment for those who hungered for the beautiful. The world was made, not to be saved, but to be happy in.

Rodney's nature, too, was esthetic. He too loved the beautiful, and to him the Lord Jesus Himself was altogether lovely. Today He had become so again, not historically as a lovely character of the past, but as a Living Presence.

The Lord Jesus had not evaded reality, nor denied it. He had faced the terrific realism of life, and, carrying an ugly cross, with blood drops falling all the way to Calvary, had died upon that ugly cross, made of wood from once-beautiful trees which He had caused to grow. He had died upon that cross because a woman in a beautiful garden, which He had made, had been beguiled by her love of beauty into an act of disobedience, and because the sons of the woman and the man Adam who also rebelled against God, could be saved in no other way.

Things beautiful and right were not wrong, but Satan knew how to make things wrong seem beautiful and right. Oh, thou youth of today! Beware of the plausible!

It's snowing!

During the next hour Rodney tried

to break through the wall, and could not. Shera was living in another world from his own.

During that hour, while he mechanically joined her in the making of candy, and while they talked of different things, he felt the nearness of the Altogether Lovely One.

At four-thirty the telephone rang—it was the telephone this time. Shera answered it, protested vigorously to someone at the other end of the line, then changed her tone, and Rodney heard her say, "Oh, all right! Sure, we'll go. That'll be fun—wait just a minute."

Her eyes were alight, her face flushed with excitement when she came from the telephone to announce, "Daddy's being held up at the office until late. After that he has to attend some kind of business conference at the Sheridan. Mother is in Fayette and somebody has to drive down to get her. Daddy says he'll send the car out right away. We're to start as soon as it gets here.

"We can eat at some little roadside lunch counter on the way. It'll be more fun—a lot more fun than staying here and fighting with each other."

Rodney's thoughts frowned. His eyes circled the room, saw the brief case in the hall, a newly-made record on the turntable, the pussy willow design on the window draperies, came back to Shera's questioning eyes. *Fayette!* In the city hall there tonight an intellectual and spiritual giant would preach the gospel in the power of the Spirit. If Shera could hear Dr. Webber speak . . .

It was already dark when the Thorwalds' high-powered car glided out of the city onto the paved highway leading to Fayette. Rodney was at the wheel. The headlights plowed a great white furrow through the night. Powdered snow drifted like white fog across the road, wave on wave, the tone waves of nature singing a minor melody.

But the tempter had not ended his temptation. He continued to wield his subtle sword all the way to Fayette.

"Your doubts, Rodney, what will you do with them? You will be a hypocrite to pretend you believe what you do not believe . . .

A jack rabbit darted from the darkness into the blinding light of the headlights. To the left, to the right; across; back. It crouched, trembling, in the center of the road while the car bore down upon it, then it leaped into the air. There was a sickening thud as it struck against the radiator. The car sped on into the night toward Fayette.

While life went racing on, other life lay quivering and bleeding in the road behind. The light of Faith was carrying him on and on. Doubts darting across the path, bewildered—to the right—to the left—which way? Doubts dying in

the trail behind him while Faith projected itself onward to its goal

Shera's voice broke into his reverie. "Here's where we stop for lunch!" Her gloved hand caught at his arm.

He applied the brakes, swerved into a snow-packed driveway and came to a stop in front of a roadside tavern. An innocent-looking blue neon sign above the entrance said, "THE TOADSTOOL." There was a two-pump gasoline station next door. Rodney saw a row of a dozen or more parked cars, with as many tourist cabins adjoining the parking lot. He had never entered a Dine-and-Dance rural hot spot, yet he was sure he knew all a young man needed to know about them. The Federal Bureau of Investigation had issued warnings to the public to beware of them. A series of articles by the director-in-chief in current magazines, branded them as potential breeding places for crime. There had been one at a country crossroads near Rexville a few years ago—a Crime-and-Dance hang-out for low-minded thrill chasers, a whoopee-den for careless youth, a dug-out where lawlessness was safe from the bombs of enforcement.

The lid of the Rexville tavern had blown off one summer night, and the stench had filled all the countryside. Four so-called "hostesses" operating from near-by tourist cabins had been sent to jail. The place was closed now, as this one ought to be, Rodney thought. These were but boils oozing with pus from the poisoned blood stream of the sinful nature of men.

The sign above the entrance advertised a popular brand of beer . . . It was on a night like that "that other driver's slow reaction time" had sent Douglas Deland into an untimely eternity. The blinking sign leered at Rodney and stirred his blood into hate. He was not going in!

Shera already had her car door open and was climbing out. He caught her arm and protested, "Shera! We don't want to go in here!"

"Come on!" she cried. "It's beautiful inside, newly decorated in cream and blue. You'll love it!"

He blurted out his objection. "I hate beer. It's a liar. A murderer! If it's right to drink it, it's also right to kill . . . for men kill when they are under its influence."

"We don't have to drink it," Shera said, "although I'm not so sure it's so terrible to do it. Come on! Let's go in and get warm, I'm cold!"

He thought of crushed and splintered bones, of shattered glass. It was on a night like this—it was on this very road that the fatal accident had occurred!

In a flash Shera was out of the car and saying, "Hurry up before I freeze to death!"

Her squirrel coat would keep her from

doing that, he thought, but she looked pitifully cold, standing there in high heeled pumps and sheer hose, with the snow whirling all about her. Nearly every eating place in the modern city—in this modern day—sold beer. He could not let her go in alone. Perhaps The Toadstool was a more respectable place than the Wagon-Wheel had been. It looked innocent enough except for the sign, and Shera had evidently been here before.

"Look what the storm blew in!" the patent-haired, agate-eyed host greeted Shera when they passed him. He eyed Rodney skeptically.

"Hi, Lesh!" she tossed back at him over her furred shoulder.

A mechanical phonograph was blaring in an adjoining wing where rows of dimly lighted booths sheltered a dozen or more patrons. Glasses and bottle tinkled. A number of uniformed waitresses minced from booths to kitchen, to counter to booths. Rodney and Shera accepted a booth near the howling phonograph.

"Quite a change from conservatory music," Shera said, removing her gloves.

"Small change," he returned. He felt himself hating the place.

Both men and women patrons were smoking and drinking. Several couples were in the center of the room, swiveling and pivoting in accompaniment to the profanity of the phonograph.

Suddenly Rodney rose, lifted Shera's coat from its hanger. "We're not staying!" he announced grimly. "I have something to say about where I take a young lady for lunch."

The stubborn little tuning fork reappeared on Shera's forehead. "Don't be a Puritan, Rodney. This is the way the world plays. They don't see anything wrong in it."

The world! She was right.

"I think you'd like it better at the White Grille at Fayette," he insisted courteously, holding her coat for her.

"You're in the wrong key, Rodney," she laughed at him. "The food is delicious and they serve it so artistically." When had she been there before and with whom? he wondered.

Then it was he heard Gael Schillman's voice. Gael came swaggering down the aisle with a dainty little brunette on his arm, his big voice booming with laughter. Seeing Rodney, his baritone fortissimoed a hilarious, "Well, well, well, well, well! If it isn't old Sober-Sides himself! Having a little interlude of jazz, eh? Don't blame you! Don't blame you at all! Here, Marsha," he diminuted to a gentle tone as he introduced his companion, "Meet Caruso, the Second—Lanny Ross the Third, Professor Rodney Deland in person! And this is the famous violinist, Shera Thor-

wald. Marsha Brevere is a ballet artist," Bill announced with a flourish. "She's on at the Egyptian this week down at Fayette."

Marsha's face was frozen in the latest blase style. She tossed Rodney and Shera a left-over smile and, tugging at Gael's arm, indicated that she was bored already and would he please find a booth where they could be alone.

Glasses and bottles continued to clink; voices laughed stridently; whiskey flasks were slipped covertly from overcoat pockets; soft drinks were spiked; smoke hung low; the ventilating fan above the entrance to the kitchen whirled noisily; the nickel-a-number phonograph pumped rhythmic swill He hated it, hated it, hated it!

Sin had written on the table of men's hearts with the point of a diamond, and this, this was the play-back!

(To be continued)

Will You Do Likewise?

Some time ago an old man gave his heart to Jesus and became a Christian. Soon after this he began to think how he could make himself useful, and be doing good. He had a great many friends who were very wicked men. He was very anxious that these should become Christians too. He made out a list of the names of his old associates. When he had finished this and counted it over, he found that it contained one hundred and sixteen names. Some of these were infidels, some were drunkards, and some were among the worst men in the town where he lived. He began to pray for these people. He talked to them when he had an opportunity, and gave them tracts and good books to read. Some refused to listen to him, and others made fun of him; but still he went on praying and working for them, trying to do them good. And what was the result? Within two years from the time when that man became a Christian, one hundred of the persons whose names were on his list had become Christians too, living stones for the Temple of God.—*The Elim Evangel and Foursquare Revivalist*.

A Fortune Indeed

"Why, mate, you look as if someone's died and left you a fortune."

So the conductor of a tramcar said to one who recently had been converted at a tramps' mission, from the lowest degradation into which he, a scholarly gentleman, had been brought.

"You are right there—Jesus Christ has died for me and has given me riches in glory."

"Well, He might dress you better," was the sneering remark.

The inward change had been wrought. The outward result soon after became apparent.—*Scattered Seed*.

As Ye Would Be Done By

(Continued from page 4)

may feel hungry before we get back," said Milly.

After driving for some distance Uncle Howard stopped on the top of a hill, the sides of which were heavily wooded.

"Now, Milly," he exclaimed, "we are going to leave these folks in the car for a while, and we will make a voyage of discovery into the woods."

Milly leaped from the car and danced merrily along at her uncle's side. After a time she returned, her arms laden with red and white trilliums and yellow dog tooth violets. In her basket she had bunches of anemones, hypanthias and white and purple violets.

"Aren't they wonderful?" she cried as she approached the car. "I didn't bring any of the blood-root because, while the flowers are lovely and white, the juice in the stems stains dreadfully. These violets are especially for you, Mabel. Don't they smell sweet?"

"Indeed they do," Mabel said as she clasped the delicate flowers in her thin hands.

Milly was rather afraid that the lunch she had brought would not be suffi-

cient in all my life. I was satisfied to stay with Mabel, because I would have felt bad if I had gone away and left her; but isn't it wonderful how Uncle Howard happened to come along and take us to the woods after all?"

"Do you think he just 'happened' to come, Milly," questioned her mother. "I believe that Jesus put the idea into his mind, as a reward to a little girl who had acted most unselfishly."

"Oh! Mother, I didn't expect a reward," said Milly quickly.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," quoted Mrs. Watson, softly. "Don't you know that Jesus said that a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple would not go without a reward? The Master is never slack concerning His promises."—*Light and Life Evangel*.

Father's and Mother's Page

(Continued from page 5)

while they are in school may want someone or "the government" to hand them something all their lives. Those who make their own way in school may develop the resourcefulness and independence which will help them during the years which follow.—*The Free Methodist*.

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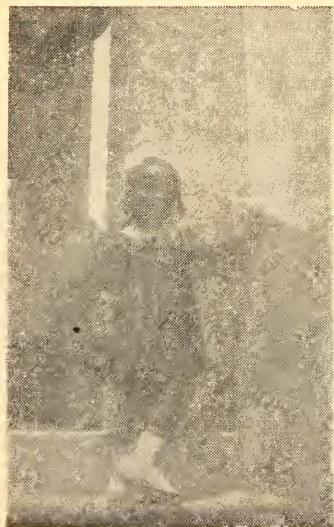
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Little Joanne Wolf was Sister Carl J. Hughes' Sunday school scholar in the Bahamas. She was the smallest in the class and Sister Hughes said she was a very bright little girl. She never missed a Sunday. If it rained or if it didn't rain she was there.—*Editor*.

ent, but Uncle Howard had a bag of oranges and Mrs. Dean had brought a box of dainty sandwiches, so every one had plenty.

When Mrs. Watson kissed her little daughter good night several hours later, Milly exclaimed,

"Mother I have never had a happier



Glints of Knowledge



The Debt of Judaism to Christianity

is propounded by B. C. Goldberg, a prominent Jewish journalist of New York. In the New York Jewish Day he quotes Dr. Klausner to the effect that Jews have never been able to survive as a living, creative organism in any part of the world save where Christianity is dominant. "Both in China and India, where there were once large Jewish communities and where they were not persecuted but on the contrary given every opportunity to live their own lives, Jews became spiritually atrophied and vanished from the scene. Only where Gentiles believe in the Bible and where the Bible is part of the dominant culture have Jews been able to carry on their existence as Jews." So he insists that Jews must stand shoulder to shoulder with Christians for the defense of justice and brotherliness.

We want them to kneel side by side before the Messiah, Christ Jesus, the source of all justice, brotherliness, and pre-eminently, of all forgiveness for sin.—S. S. Times.

Religion in the News

Of the 365 churches in Rome, it is reported that eighty are dedicated to the Virgin Mary while only one is dedicated to Jesus Christ; the others to various saints. Of the 166 Beads of the Rosary, according to the book, *What I Saw in Rome*, fifteen are to Our Father and one hundred fifty are to the Virgin Mary.—*Weslevan Methodist*.

Southern Baptists claim that in the twenty years preceding 1938 they added to their Sunday schools 1,347,189, while the nine other largest denominations only added 873,208.

What would our enrollment be if the Church of God should make an intensive drive for new Sunday school scholars?

The Bible in China

Perhaps the most important item of munitions that is going into China over the famous Burma Road is the Bible. Here is a startling statement from the Christian Cynosure: "China bought more Bibles last year than any other country in the world. The total number of volumes was 5,400,000 as against 4,000,000 for the United States."—*Gospel Minister*.

A Contrast

The difference between listening to a radio sermon and going to church, says an esteemed contemporary, is the same as the difference between calling your girl on

the telephone and spending an evening with her.—*Christian Reader's Digest*.

Jewish Compatriots Teach Generosity

Having experienced the meanness of the anti-Jewish propaganda that still filters so easily throughout body politic, thousands of Jews in our Army and Navy voluntarily relinquished their Christmas furloughs in favor of their Christian neighbors in the ranks. This should bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of many an anti-Semite, and should close many a careless or hasty mouth. It is too bad that we Christians must be taught Christian tolerance and generosity by our Jewish compatriots.—*The Presbyterian*.

The Christian Victory Magazine relates that while walking down the alley near the school, a student of the Northern Baptist Seminary, Chicago, was held up by a thug. The startled student handed over his money, a five dollar bill, and said, "Mister, I guess you got the wrong man this time; I am a student in the Baptist Seminary." The thug scratched his head and pondered a bit, and then said, "Oh, I'm sorry; I'm a Baptist, too," and he handed him back his five dollars.

Jerusalem

No city in the world has the underground protection from air bombing equal to that of Jerusalem. These are the so-called quarries of Solomon, vast in extent, which are being prepared rapidly for the accommodation of the inhabitants of the city.—S. S. Times.

A Walking Preacher

Fifty-year-old Guy Howard has earned the title of "Pedestrian Parson of the Ozarks." He claims he has walked 30,000 miles to conduct religious services. Tire restrictions will not affect him much.—*The Christian Minister*.

The Kansas City Star has the reputation of never having gone to press without a Scriptural quotation, nor with a liquor advertisement. It has a circulation of approximately 331,000.—*The Christian Minister*.

The Chinese Ambassador to the United States says of himself, "I have been playing a royal game of statecraft now for a good many years, as foreign minister and prime minister of this and that, not one of which is as important as being a good minister of Jesus Christ."—*The Christian Minister*.

A Good Investment

The City of Rangoon, in Burma, has recently become the recipient of two strikingly different gifts from across the seas. Japan has sent bombs; America has sent Bibles—five and a half tons of them, destined for the New China up the Chungking. The effect of the bombs has been terrific, immediate, and painfully visible; the effect of the Bibles will not at once become obvious, but will develop, as the years pass, in the lives and homes of thousands of Chinese. We are sending to China vast supplies of many things; but the planes, tanks and munitions that pass through Rangoon and up the winding road have by no means the constructive value of these Bibles. Incidentally, Chiang Kai-shek personally gave two thousand dollars to the Bible Fund.—*The Presbyterian*.

Restore the Christian Home

When three out of five English refugee children, now cared for in rural homes, do not know who was born on the first Christmas day, the British Parliament arouses itself and passes a law providing for the religious training of every child in England, in public schools and board schools. Meantime, we, too, have raised a generation that is perhaps as pagan as the children of England. To Christianize our schools would help to end this heathenism; but to restore the Christian home would accomplish far, far more.—*The Presbyterian*.

The First Baptist Church of America, located at Providence, Rhode Island, founded by Roger Williams, thus the oldest Baptist church in America, still opens its doors every Sunday for worship.—*Sel*.

The Religious Telescope observes that Texas is rapidly voting dry, 124 counties now are totally dry. Eighty-one counties are partially dry.

Alcohol Kills

Dr. Arthur Hunter, actuary of the New York Life Insurance Co., after studying the records of sixty large companies involving over two million persons, finds that even moderate drinkers of alcoholic liquors reduce life's expectancy from four to six years. Dr. Hunter figures that every drink costs the moderate drinker, not only the price on the counter, but twenty-five minutes of life.—*Bible News Flashes*.

Thankfulness

Lucille Lee, Townsend, Tennessee

*Thankful am I, dear Lord, for eyes to see
The beauty 'round that Thou hast given
me;*

*The beauty of a clear sky—blue
In spring when nature seems to smile at you,
With birds and budding flowers and bud-
ding trees,
The caw-caw of the crow, the buzzing of
the bees;
For these things, dear Lord, right thankful
am I,
I'm thankful for the love of God on high.*

*O Lord, help us to ever thankful be
For the many beautiful things we see;
The wonder of the summer's beauty bright,
The full-blossomed roses—red and white;
The magic of the summer's twilight hour,
The time to lift our heads to God in prayer,
For summer's beauty so thankful are we,
God gives us beauty that we never see.*

*Lord, our voices ring out in everlasting
praise,
With thankfulness in our hearts, we bless
Thy name;
The wind so strong we dearly love to hear
Blowing leaves of red and yellow far and
near;
The bending trees on mountains high
Are things magnificent below a dreary sky;
Autumn's beauty is a thing of old,
But ever do we love it to behold.*

*For cheer, for peace, we bless Thy name,
O God, Thy love is yet—will ever be—the
same;
The blust'ry winter winds about me blow,
Against my face come flakes of falling
snow,
I step through snow so deep, so cold,
Yet love it, for I'm young, not old;
O God, we're thankful for the winter cheer
About a fireside, the best time of the year.*

The Lighted Pathway

Vol. 13

APRIL, 1942

No. 4



JESUS APPEARS TO
MARY MAGDALENE—HACKER

"Jesus,
the Light of the World"



The Editor's Easter Message



Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

It has not been long since the Christmas songs were ringing out over the air, and how often we heard during those days the comforting words of the angels, "Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."



At this time we want to think of another angel and another "Fear not" which comes to us in the midst of all the turmoil of life.

Just a little while ago the disciples had looked up with tears flowing from their eyes because their wonderful friend was being nailed to the cruel tree. He had tried to tell them about it but they didn't understand. Now it is being revealed little by little but still they do not fully understand. They go away from the tomb with troubled hearts, but soon they return to find an angel sitting by the tomb, in glistening raiment. He said, "Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay," Matt. 28:5,6.

A risen Christ, an empty grave. Here is the fulfillment of the Christmas message, "Unto you is born a Savior." This is the triumph of Christianity. It is the message of salvation and the hope for a weary world. And surely this is a weary world.

Though it may not always be acknowledged, the human heart instinctively seeks after Jesus and those things which He alone can offer. In the midst of the turmoil of war, of nations fighting and destroying one another, of dictators' reign of terror in the midst of cruel suffering and bitter disappointment, there is one answer.—*The Risen Christ.*

When the dictators of foreign countries have failed, when the noise of airplane propellers has been stilled, and the noise of cannons is stopped, Jesus will still be crowned the Lord of all—Jesus who died and rose again.

When Sir James Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform, was asked what was his greatest discovery, he said, "That I have found Jesus Christ as my Savior." It is a wonderful thing to know beyond the shadow of a doubt that Jesus is our Savior and to have an ear attuned so as to hear His voice saying, "Fear not." There are many "fear nots" in the word of God and if we know Him we will all take courage in these perilous times.

Job said when all was dark and uncertain about him, "I know that my redeemer liveth." If you know that your Redeemer liveth then you can take courage, for He is saying to you, "Fear not."

There is much sorrow today in the world, but can't you look up like this old apple-vendor? It was a cold winter day at an apple stand kept by a rough-looking Italian. Someone alluded to the severe weather. The old apple-vendor, with a cheerful smile and tone, said, "Yes, pretty cold but by-and-by, tink of dat." The thought of the time was warm skies, flowers and singing birds being near comforted him while the cold winds blew. Yes, it may often be cold and cheerless, but by-and-by think of that.

At the close of a lecture engagement in a neighboring town, Wendell Phillips' friends entreated him not to return to Boston. "The last train has left," they said, "and you will be obliged to take a carriage into the city. It is a sleety November night, cold and raw, and you will have twelve miles of riding before you get home." But he replied, "I shall find Anne Phillips at the other end of the line."

You may find life's journey like the cold midnight drive of the famous orator. But just think, as he did, of those loved ones you are to meet at the end of the way. Jesus said, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid . . .

In my Father's house are many mansions."

A man was once staying in Marazion in Cornwall, where he had a lovely view of St. Michael's Mount. He looked out the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. Someone happened to speak of the pleasure derived from it to a native, who immediately said, "Just wait till you see the other side. I'm afraid you won't think this is beautiful then. It is one mass of flowers over there. You must go across and see the other side." I'm afraid if we could see what waits for us over there we wouldn't want to stay here.

"Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?" Luke 24:32. Have you walked the Emmaus road with the risen Christ?

If you are defeated today in your inner life, I point you to the Emmaus road. If your heart is disquieted and troubled, I point you to the Emmaus road. If the burdens of life weigh heavily on your heart and if these burdens are too much for human endurance, let us walk together down the Emmaus road with the living Christ. He is the answer and the only answer to all our needs.

When our hearts burn within us from the walk to Emmaus, we will become beacon lights which will light the pathway of others. Only those who know the risen Christ can witness for Him.

It is not the Christ of the tomb we should know; it is not the Christ of Palestinian days, but it is the risen Christ, the reigning Christ we should know. Do you know Him? If you do, let us walk down the Emmaus road together today and tomorrow and all the tomorrows. Let us walk and talk with Him. He will carry us through while our boys are in a distant land. He will carry us through when trouble and death enter our home. He is our only hope.

And now just a short message to our boys who have been called into the service of our country. May I say to you, if you are God's child you can claim this "fear not" for your very own, for it means you.

(Continued on page 26)



The Vision

By Paul Hutchens

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(Continued from last issue)

Rodney slipped Shera's squirrel coat back on its hanger, seated himself opposite her in the booth. Above the din and confusion he had heard a familiar voice at the entrance, a contralto. What was she doing here! He hid his face behind his hand while he gave unseeing attention to the menu: Lamb Chops, Orange Sherbet, Toasted Sandwiches . . .

For one tumultuous moment, he kept his eyes glued to the page, then he looked, and in that look saw a green-flowered turban crowning rufous-brown hair, a silver fox collar . . .

The patent-haired, agate-eyed host was grinning tolerantly, listening to what she was saying. In his hands he held a little folder. In her gloved hand, which Rodney remembered was suede-palmed, was a little packet of the same folder.

Lesh Kidaire was studying the profile of the trim little lady before him, and Rodney wondered what he would think of the gray-green eyes—the wildcat eyes that betokened a disposition that could if it would, fly into a spasm of temper because of his insolent attitude, that would if it were not controlled by the Greater Love.

Le Vera gestured toward the booths, the folders in her hand. Lesh shook his head, frowned, indicated a blank space on the counter near the cash register, then in an attitude of dismissal, gave attention to an incoming customer.

Le Vera hesitated, made a little gesture of disappointment, then turned and looked straight into the eyes of Rodney Deland. Her lips parted in astonishment, her eyelids narrowed. She took a step toward him, turned again, laid the packet of folders on the counter and went out.

Raucous voices talking and laughing; dishes and silverware rattling; ice tinkling in beer glasses; ventilating fan whirring; electric phonograph spouting musical balderdash;—and in the midst of it all the Holy Spirit of God wooing a

young man's heart, pulling, tugging, drawing him toward the Cross, using human instrumentality to assist Him in His saving work. Was He drawing Shera also?

The waitress came and went, conversation flooded the booths with empty words; while at the same time weighty thoughts inundated Rodney's mind:

"Ab, Ninety and Nine! Dost thou hear His voice?"

"Then go forth to the work so great . . ."

He knew what was on the little sheaf of folders lying there by the cash register . . .

"For beyond life's span, there is no choice For those outside the gate . . ."

Le Vera would have wanted to hear him sing the song; she would have wanted to hear the play-back. Shera for all her beauty and refinement was dead to the things of the gospel. She was a beautiful, "animated" sarcophagus.

The Webbers were en route to Fayette, he decided. They had stopped at the two-pump oil station for gas, and in the interval of waiting Le Vera had entered The Toadstool to distribute the folders announcing the pre-Christmas services at Riverview Memorial Church; it was Christ Himself carrying on the work which, during His earthly ministry, He had begun to do. Le Vera and John Nystrom and Dr. Webber and all other soldiers of the cross were now the instruments of Christ's continued ministry on the earth. He had performed mighty miracles but He had promised His disciples that they should do a greater work—"Greater works than these shall ye do, because I go to the Father."

And so it was. East and west, north and south, in every nation and province of the earth, the "greater ministry" was going on: Greater in scope in that it reached, not local Palestine, but a world; greater in every way because Christ risen and glorified could do a mightier, more far-reaching work through His body, the Church, than He could have done while He was imprisoned in His not-yet glorified body of flesh and blood and bone—greater because the preaching of the gospel now looked backward to a Finished Work of Redemption.

Le Vera and John Nystrom and Dr. Webber were doing greater things, yet they were not doing them, but Christ that dwelt within them. When, a moment ago, Le Vera had stood at the Toadstool entrance, asking permission to distribute invitations to God's house of worship, Jesus Himself had been there, dwelling within her, smiling through her, being grieved through her. He had gone away grieved, spurned. He was not welcome in this, the world's hi-ho house, the world's whoopee den, Satan's sin factory.

Time agonized slowly past, and Shera

and Rodney were once more in the car en route to Fayette, where at eight o'clock Marsha Brevere and a dozen other chorus girls would cater, puppet-fashion, to the lying lusts of men; where at the same hour in the city hall, Dr. Stephen Webber would address a much smaller audience of Bible lovers on the "Grace of God."

There had been accusation in those gray-green eyes; accusation and disappointment and pain, as there had been surprise and questioning at the Y. Cafeteria at noon.

At seven-thirty, as scheduled, Rodney and Shera were in the lobby of the fashionable Sar-Ben hotel. Wenda Thorwald, popular club woman, came flurrying toward them, seal coat swaggering, fur-topped boots flapping, her face penciled with pleasure.

"Rodney Deland!" she beamed, extending her hand. "What a thrill! Where's Daddy, Shera?" She was gracious, as always.

"Couldn't come. Some kind of conference at the Sheridan. Rodney was out to the house anyway, so here we are. We stopped at The Toadstool for lunch."

Wenda's frown was fleeting. "Should you have? Isn't it—The Toadstool doesn't have a very good reputation," she explained to Rodney. "But that's Shera for you, always going cross-grain with the conventional."

Generously absolving me from any blame, Rodney thought, and didn't care anyway. The audience would be gathering at the City Hall now.

"Now that you're here in such good time," Wenda suggested, "we may as well take in the city. There's a thriller on at the Egyptian, I think."

The suggestion started Shera off on a glowing account of their having met one of the dancers at the Toadstool—"Marsha somebody; she didn't seem at all like you'd expect.—What was her name, Rodney?"

He didn't remember. It didn't matter. He was not going with them to the theater. Too much had happened to him during the past twenty-four hours for the world to have any further claim upon him. He had reached the climax of the years. Tonight the world in its evil sense, and all its charms, was a sickening, revolting thing to him. It reeked with the sulphur of the pit. Only one—and that One, the Altogether Lovely One, held the center of the stage for him. No, not the stage, but the throne, and that throne, Rodney's heart.

"Do we go now?" Wenda's eyes were eager, solicitous. "Or shall we go straight home and have an evening of music? I do want to hear you sing again."

With that, Shera was reminded of the afternoon at the Devonshire. "What do

(Continued on page 31)

Children's Page

Cripple Tom

J. H. HUNTER

Cripple Tom listened intently as the Sunday school teacher explained the lesson. An accident when he was five had deprived Tom of his left leg. He was now ten. He was one of a dozen boys who attended Sunday school at Grace Mission in the slums of the large city of Milchester. For twenty years Miss Manly had taught slum boys there. Many of her pupils had grown to manhood, and God had permitted her to see that her labor had not been in vain. Not one boy had ever passed through her class that she did not seek to lead into a definite experience with Christ. Little Tom Harris was a shining trophy of grace. Tom had come to the class more than a year ago, and like a beautiful flower his heart had opened to the love of God. And the little crippled lad had sought to witness among his newsboy friends of Jesus Christ. Many of them he had brought to Sunday school to be dealt with by Miss Manly.

It was Easter Sunday, and the teacher had told the boys the story of the resurrection of Christ. That the story had laid hold upon their imaginations and touched their hearts was evident from the rapt attention. Simply, graphically, the teacher pictured the closing scenes of the Lord's life, His death and His resurrection. In simple words she told them that this was the one story that would bring men to God and that no one was too weak or too young to tell it. "Remember, boys," she said, "because you know that the Lord Jesus Christ died for you and rose again from the dead that He might destroy death, you, too, should tell that story." She had drawn a picture from the world of nature. The cold, frozen, unresponsive earth was like the heart of man, she said, until warmed by the sun of God's love it burst into a new life of faith, hope, and trust in Jesus Christ.

The story touched Tom that day as he hurried home to his father, his crutch tap, tap, tapping on the pavement. His father stayed in bed all Sunday to sleep off the effects of his drunken spree on Saturday night, and it was Tom's supposed duty to go home on Sunday afternoon and put the kettle on for his parent

and make him tea. As he hurried along, the teacher's words were ringing in his ears. He was only a little fellow with one leg, and it never occurred to him that God might use him much in His service. Of course he had asked other fellows to come to Sunday school, but that was not much, he thought. It was so good to be there, he thought others might enjoy it as much as he. But to speak for Christ was different. He did not know much, but he did know Jesus had done something for him that made him happy, and perhaps he could tell someone that He had risen from the dead. Tom won-



"Tommy, my boy," he cried, "tell your poor father some more. Is it true? Can Christ save the likes o' me?"

dered if he dared tell his father the good news. While he did not object to Tom's going to Sunday school he said frequently he "had no use for religion." "Still," Tom thought, "I don't want to talk about religion, but about Jesus, and He is alive today."

When Tom reached the third floor of the tenement in Hogan's Alley he found his father sitting on the bed with his head in his hands and the picture of despair. Tom hastened to put the kettle on the miserable stove. He hopped about on his crutch for all the world like a little sparrow. He placed a loaf of bread on the rickety table, two cups without saucers and no handles, one knife, and a microscopic piece of butter. This finished, the boy then hopped to an overturned box in front of his father and sat down. The man lifted his head and peered at his son through eyes that were bleared with drink. "Tommy, lad," he said, "never take a drink. Look at me.

I once was a man, and now I'm an animal. You are a good boy, Tommy, to have such a father as me."

Tom looked at his father, and his face glowed with suppressed excitement, and a fire was in his bones to tell him about Christ. "Father," he cried, in a voice that thrilled with excitement, "Christ is risen." It was the first sermon that the lad had preached and his father looked at him in amazement. Reaching out his hand Tom laid it gently on his parent's arm and said it again, "Father, Christ is risen from the dead. Teacher told us today. He is alive. He has all power and He can save you. Father dear, won't you believe it and trust Him to save you from sin—and the drink?"

For a minute or two the bemused eyes of the man looked at his son uncomprehendingly. It seemed as though the words had penetrated no further than his ears. Then gradually it seemed they entered into his mind and he muttered to himself "Christ is risen." Rising from the bed he walked the length of the garret and back again and murmured "Christ is risen." And then the Sword of the Spirit of God pierced his heart and he turned with eyes overflowing to his little crippled son. "Tommy, my boy," he cried, "tell your poor father some more. Is it true? Can Christ save the likes o' me?"

For a moment Tom was stricken at the change in his father. The tears of remorse and repentance were streaming down his cheeks. The lad could not preach but he remembered his Testament that Miss Manly had presented to each of her class. "Listen, father," he said, "I'll read you what it says." Opening his Testament at the place they had been studying that day Tom read to his father the story of the crucifixion of the Lord. "And father," he said, "that was for you and me. If you will believe it Jesus will forgive your sin."

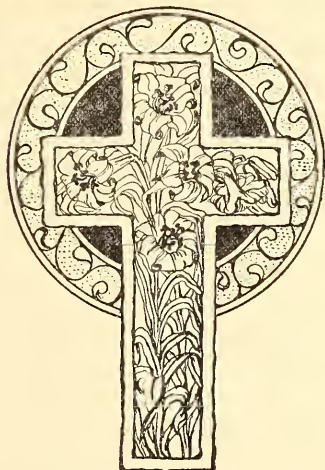
Eagerly the man listened to this crippled son. "Tommy, lad," he said hoarsely, "do you think He can take away the craving for the drink?"

"Listen, father," said the child eagerly, "I'll read the story of the resurrection." And Tom read the wonderful story that tells of the first Easter morning when the mighty Savior rose from the tomb. "Father, see what it says, 'All power is given unto me in heaven, and in earth.' The Lord can break the power of the drink if you ask Him."

The man put out his hand and laid it on his son's. "Tommy, lad, you ask Him for me." And there on the floor of the garret knelt the dissolute father and his

(Continued on page 28)

Father's and Mother's Page



MEMORIES OF A HAPPY EASTER

And Some Thoughts on Building for Your Children's Future

BY MABEL BROWN

Why do we keep Easter? What is it for? I was thinking of this more particularly in connection with a time when several people were saying, "It doesn't seem like Easter this year." Why didn't it? Or why did it? What is necessary to make a day "seem like Easter"? In other words, what is the one indispensable essential without which we can not feel that the day is being properly observed?

I've been getting out my memories of that Easter Day and looking them over to see which of them would interest you—as I sometimes get out my piece bag and look through it to get material for Christmas gifts—and in spite of all that I heard about how it "didn't seem like Easter," I've found much that is beautiful and precious. Why didn't it seem like Easter? I think it did. I think in many ways it was the happiest Easter I ever had.

So I decided that the difference

must be in one's point of view. It seems like Easter or it doesn't seem like Easter, according to one's conception of what Easter ought to be. And one's point of view is usually established in childhood. It may be changed later, of course, but it usually isn't. So this brings me back to the topic I've so often discussed with you: The importance of establishing a correct viewpoint when children are small.

Looked at in one way, it didn't seem a bit like Easter. It was wintry-cold, and somebody told me it had snowed all evening the night before. I didn't notice this, because—well, I'll go into that later on, when I come to show you my Easter from the other point of view. I didn't see more than a few flakes of snow, but it *was* a cold Easter; I couldn't help noticing that! I had gone down to Pennsylvania for the holiday week, and I thought it was going to be warmer down there than in New York, but it was cold. My hostess had piled blankets on the guestroom bed as if it were winter, and I was glad for every blanket. I slept with my head under them, too, in bold defiance of the health rules, yet I lived to tell the tale, so maybe it is not always immediately fatal to sleep with one's head under the blankets!

When I woke up on Easter morning, the room was cold. I stuck my head out from under the blankets and saw my breath in the cold air. And when I did find courage to get up and close the window, it was a wintry landscape that met my eye. Leafless trees, dead grass, a field swept bare by the wind, and snow piled along the fences—on this Easter morning there was neither a feeling nor an appearance of spring. No, as far as the weather was concerned, it "didn't seem like Easter." But does Easter depend upon the weather? Not at all, I think.

Or does Easter depend upon a new dress? I didn't have one. The dress I had was nice and becoming and in good condition, but it was not new, and neither was my hat, though I'd bought new trimming for it. If my thoughts of Easter had been inextricably bound up with thoughts of new clothes, it would not have seemed like Easter to me then.

And the church didn't look like Easter, or not like the Easters I'd been accustomed to in New York. Easter had al-

ways been associated in my mind with stained-glass windows, crimson-cushioned pews, an altar banked with costly flowers, and a fine organ peeling melodiously while an expensive choir sang elaborate anthems. That had been Easter, from my earliest memory of it; but here the church architecture was so simple and the decorations so unpretentious that some of the people felt called on to apologize for what they supposed must seem bare and unsatisfactory to their visitor.

"I suppose it doesn't seem at all like Easter to you," one of them said. "You're accustomed to a rich church all trimmed up." But does Easter depend upon the flowers?

My life was not as rosy as usual just at that time, for trouble had come to me, and I had reason to suppose it would grow heavier before it grew lighter. There was trouble, and there was perplexity as to what I ought to do and how I ought to decide certain matters for the best good of all concerned, and so I did not go to church with a perfectly carefree heart that morning, but does Easter depend upon one's personal happiness?

Health is always a large factor in any one's contentment, and this, too, had left me for the time being. But does Easter depend upon one's personal health?

All this goes to make up a picture of the cheerless side of that Easter, but I had to put considerable time and thought onto the task of getting the material together to make this picture for you. Those memories had sifted down to the bottom of my memory box, as things do that are not often wanted. The other memories, that I look at so many times, were on top, and I had to lift them all out to get at those dark ones I hardly ever use.

But my bright memories of that Easter are so many and so glorious. There was love, to begin with—a warm welcome waiting for me when I reached the end of my journey, late Saturday afternoon. On our way up from the station I noticed a few flakes of snow falling, but they didn't spoil my feeling of Easter. The affectionate greeting I had just received had warmed me beyond the possibilities of snow to chill me. And then there was a cozy evening by the fire, while I heard the wind whistling outside, but indoors I found warmth and love and the happiness of Eastertide. Yes, I spent a delightful evening, but my Easter happiness did not depend even upon this.

What is Easter? It is the day on which we commemorate our Savior's resurrection and think about the new life He died to win for each one of us. Not simply a new

(Continued on page 30)



Helps for Tempted and Tried

FROM DEFEAT TO VICTORY

FLORENCE S. STUDEBAKER

An old man walked humbly away from the ruins of what had been a thriving business enterprise. Tongues of flame in a few short hours had reduced it to ashes. "It is the hand of God," he whispered, "to punish me for my sins."

A mother wept bitterly over her only child lying cold in death and said, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." She yielded to despair, saying through the years, "I can never sing again," and she held to her vow.

Somehow punishment seems a harsh word to use in speaking of God's dealings with man. To punish means to give pain; it means loss or penalty inflicted for a crime or a fault. Discipline is a more gentle word, and yet expresses more fully the attitude of a loving father toward his children. To discipline means to train to obedience or efficiency; to regulate, to chastise.

God's aim in the severest chastisement is the reformation of the offenders and their restoration to true blessedness. In Isaiah 1:24-27, God's purpose in laying His hand on Jerusalem is not to destroy, but to purify her, as silver is purified in the furnace. Through this painful process she is to be restored to her former dignity and blessedness. It is for this purpose that God chastises nations and individuals today. Indifference to chastisement brings on severer strokes, while despair defeats the very object for which our chastisement is sent. God has loving purposes toward us and our prayer should be not that the affliction be removed, but that God's purpose in us should be fulfilled.

To Israel a famine was a special mark of God's displeasure (Lev. 26:19, 20), and chastisement meant discipline. Jehovah explains the weary wilderness privations as sent "to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart." Christ, for mere trial sometimes, for sin at other times, covers Himself with a cloud. Whatever the reason, the divine purpose is the same—discipline.

Peter had to undergo cer-

tain experiences which served as valuable discipline. His fall undoubtedly drew him closer to Jesus than ever before, for thus he learned more of His pardoning love and mercy. Could he ever forget how Christ loved and kept him? The rope that is broken is strongest where it is spliced, not because it was broken, but because a cunning hand has strengthened. We may be the stronger for our sins, not because sin strengthens, but because God restores. It is possible that we may build a fairer structure on the ruins of our old selves and we may turn every field of defeat into a field of victory. Maclaren says, "It is possible that we may fall to rise; be beaten to fight better." Upon our closeness to the Lord, our Strength, depends the fulfillment of the promise that whatever our failures, self-denials,

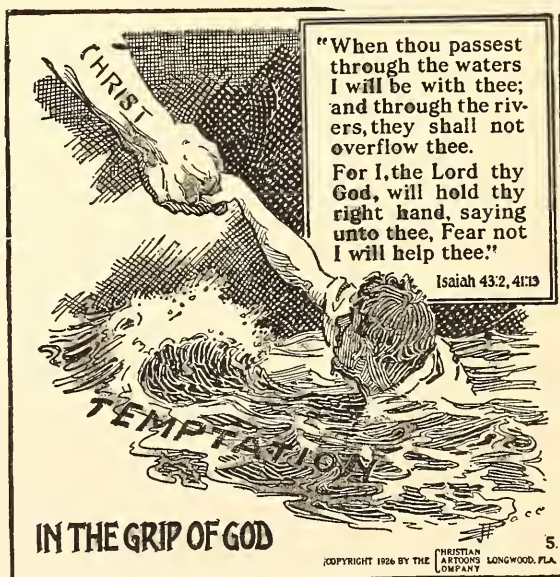
inconsistencies, "though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with His hand."

A writer in a prominent magazine says: "A mistake is a fine chance to learn something." He then relates an interview with the head of a big industry who declares that mistakes have been his school books and that they have taught him nearly all he knows. Other men of affairs give similar testimony. In the years when they were trying to find themselves, they made plenty of blunders. But these blunders did not sap their self-confidence. They kept on trying, and after being thrown by many a loss, they acquired a ripened judgment and a weathered courage which made them bigger than anything that could happen to them. He finishes by saying: "Some men live and learn—others just live."

When we learn that life is a period of training, a school teaching efficiency, self-control, and obedience, we will not yield so often to self-despair, nor with the stricken mother say: "I shall never sing again." How often we have heard the expression: "I have failed—utterly failed with that task. I can never undertake it again." Back of such a declaration is lack of faith in God. To Caleb, chariots of iron, cities with walls up toward heaven, the giants of Anak—all were nothing because he followed the Lord fully. His confidence was in God and all things were possible. So with Nehemiah, when all around him were giving way before formidable dangers, he remained steadfast, saying in substance: "So did not I because the hand of my God was upon me."

Someone has said, "Suffering seasons have generally been sifting seasons in which the Christian lost his chaff and the hypocrite his courage." In the discipline of life God may be bringing to you experiences in suffering which will tend to remove the chaff. Let them be to you seasons of self-examination and earnest searching to prove what is in thine heart.

The Athenian women had a custom of making a picture
(Continued on page 30)



A SONG OF TRUST

"I cannot always see the way that leads to heights above;
I sometimes quite forget He leads me on with hands of love;
But yet I know the path must lead me to Immanuel's land,
And when I reach life's summit I shall know and understand.

"I cannot always trace the onward course my ship must take;
But, looking backward, I behold afar its shining wake,
Illumined with God's light of love, and so I onward go,
In perfect trust that He who holds the helm the course must know.

"I cannot always see the plan on which He builds my life;
For oft the sound of hammers, blow on blow, the noise of strife,
Confuse me till I quite forget He knows and oversees,
And that in all details with His good plan my life agrees.

"I cannot always know and understand the Master's rule;
I cannot always do the tasks He gives in life's hard school;
But I am learning with His help to solve them one by one,
And, when I cannot understand, to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

The God-Planned Life

(Continued from last issue)

Believe.

The trouble with most of us is that we do not believe God has such a life-plan for us. We take our own way, we lay our own plans, we choose our own profession, we decide upon our own business without taking God into account at all. "According to our faith is it unto us." And if we have no faith in God's Word in this regard, what else can we expect but to miss God's way for our lives, and only come back to it after long and costly wanderings from His blessed, chosen pathway for us? Ephesians 2:10 is as surely inspired as Ephesians 2:8. The promise of a life-plan is as explicit in the one as the promise of salvation is in the other. Brood over this Ephesian verse. Is it plain? Is it God's Word? Does it not say clearly that God has a life-plan for you in Christ Jesus? Then settle down upon it. Believe it with your whole soul. Do not be shaken from it. Again—

* * *

Pray.

Dr. Henry Foster, founder of the Clifton Springs Sanitarium, was a man of marvelous power with God. A man, too, of great insight into the mind and ways of God in the matter of guidance in the affairs of life. What was the secret of that wondrous power and wisdom? Visitors were wont to ask this question of one of the older physicians on the staff of that great institution. And this was his response. He took the visitor by the arm. He led him upstairs to the door of Dr. Foster's office. He led him into this little chamber, across to the corner of the room. There, kneeling, he lifted up the border of a rug and showed to the visitor two rugged holes in the carpet, worn by the knees of God's saint in his life of prayer. "That, sir, was the secret of Henry Foster's power and wisdom in the things of God and man."

Friend, when your bedroom carpet begins to wear out after that fashion the man who lives in that room need not have any fear about missing God's life-plan. For that is the open secret of wisdom and guidance in the life of every man who knows anything about walking with God. "Does any man lack wisdom? Let him ask of God."

"Are you one of the men who lack wisdom concerning God's plan for their lives? Then ask of God. Pray! Pray trustfully, pray steadily, pray expectantly and God will certainly guide you into that blessed place where you will be as sure you are in His chosen pathway as you are of your salvation."

* * *

Will.

Will what? Will to do God's will for your life, instead of your own. Do not launch out upon the sea of life headed for a port of your own choosing, guided by a chart of your own draughting, driven by the power of your own selfish pleasures or ambitions. Come to God. Yield your life to Him by one act of trustful, irrevocable surrender. And then begin to choose and to do His will for your life instead of your own. So shall you come steadily to know and see God's will for that life. Our Lord Jesus clearly said this: "If any man will do *my will* he shall know." Without a shadow of doubt, we will begin to know God's will as soon as we begin to choose His will for our lives instead of our own.

Thus the spiritual field-glasses through which we come to see God's will for our lives are doublebarreled. Side by side are two lenses. The one—"I trust." The other—"I will." When a man can hold both of these to his eyes he will see God's will

with unclouded clearness. But suppose a man says to God, "I doubt." Then a veil falls over that lens of faith. And suppose he says, "I will not." Then the veil falls over the other, the lens of the will, of choice. Straightway that man's spiritual vision is in eclipse. He walks in a darkness of his own making, springing from his own unfaith and self will, yet the source and cause of which he, in his blindness, wholly fails to perceive.

Friend, are you walking in such darkness? Do you say, there is such a veil between you and the will of God, for your life? Listen. Begin to *believe* in God's plan for your life. That veil will become translucent. Begin to *will* to do God's will. That veil will become transparent. Begin day by day, actually to *do* God's will. That veil will vanish! And when it is gone, and you are walking in the full light of God's will for your life you will see that it was self-will alone which shut out the clear vision of God's will. For no man can see the will of God save through these two crystal lenses—the trustful heart, and the yielded will.

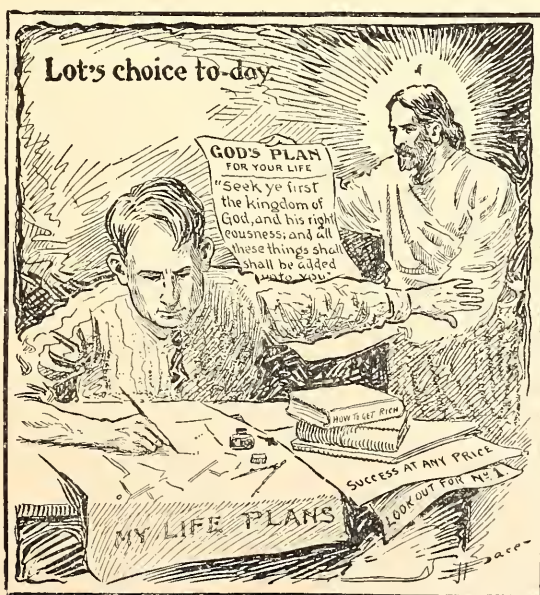
Does someone say at this point: "But suppose I have given my life to God to enter into His will for it. What change shall I make in it? Shall I seek a new environment, a new sphere? what shall I do?" We answer—

* * *

Stay where you are, and do the next thing.

Talk God's plan, and consecration to it, to Christian men and straightway many of them think you mean them to give up their business and head at once for the pulpit or the foreign missionary field. To come into God's plan-life is to go into some other place, as they view it. But there never was a greater mistake. Consecration is not necessarily *dis-location*. Not by any means. God's plan for a man's life does not of necessity lift him from his present realm of life and surroundings. It is not a new sphere God is seeking. It is a new man in the present sphere! It is not transference. It is transformation. The trouble is not usually with the place. It is with the man in the place. And when a man consecrates his life to God to find and enter into God's perfect plan for that life, God will *usually* keep him right where he is, but living for God

(Continued on page 28)



The Delivering Cross

A Man Who Knew God

I forget his full name, but we all called him "Brother Tom." He had been an unruly drunkard miner, but during the Welsh revival the lion had been transformed into a lamb. I have never met a more gentle soul than he. I never saw one riper for the glory than he was when the Lord took him Home. I can see him now, preaching in the open air, telling all the passers-by of the lovely Savior he had found; then, laying his misfitting derby hat on the curb, kneeling down in the street and praying with great fervor for all those who had heard him, always ending up with this petition, "And dear Lord, bless everybody under the canopy of heaven!"

A Revelation of the Cross

Brother Tom used to spend hours of absolute stillness at the footstool of the Throne. He would say, "Father knows what I am there for. Father knows better than I do what I need." In one of these seasons of waiting on God he was given a vision of a capital I, and he saw a cross upon it. The Spirit of God said to him, "That is what will happen when the cross of Christ is made a reality to you, the capital I will be crossed out, and when that happens, Christ will be all in all to you, and will always be exalted in your life and testimony."

Yet Not I

Is not that the experience of the Apostle Paul? Three times in his epistles we come across that significant expression, "Yet not I." In 1 Cor. 7:10 he says, "I command, yet not I, but the Lord." In 1 Cor. 15:10, "I laboured more abundantly than they all: yet not I but the grace of God which was with me." Again in Gal. 2:20 he says (we quote from the R. V.), "I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live but Christ liveth in me." The old I had been crossed out, and a new I with a new testimony had been created. That testimony was, "For me to live is Christ."

Crucified and Risen

Paul knew a good deal concerning the cross, concerning the Son of God who was crucified there, but he longed to know more. Writing to the Philippians he appeals to them, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who ^{**}humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." He coveted for these saints the pos-

session of the lowly mind of the Lamb who had set Himself unflinchingly to go to Calvary. In the same letter the Apostle tells us of his longing, "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death." And that death was crucifixion. And God gave him his desire—to be a crucified follower of his crucified Lord. Listen to his testimony to the Corinthians, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh." Paul had learned that the more he experienced "the dying of the Lord Jesus," the more he experimentally knew of the power of the resurrected life of his risen and ascended Lord.

The Place of the Empty Skull

A young lumberjack went into the city, attended a revival service, and was gloriously saved. A skeptic met him, and with all the artifices of a clever intellect,

attempted to swerve him from the path he had chosen. The lad listened patiently to all the skeptic had to say, and then quietly remarked, "Friend, I am afraid I cannot argue with you. You see I have just been to Golgotha, the place of the empty skull, and it was there I got my own skull emptied of all my carnal reasonings. I have experienced and I know that Golgotha is a place of great deliverance; and friend, I counsel you to take a journey to Golgotha, too."

The "Own"

When Paul sent Timothy to the church at Philippi, he wrote, "I have no man likeminded^{***}. For all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's." Later on in the Epistle to the Philippians the Apostle writes, "For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ:^{***}who mind earthly things." Alas, it is the many and not the few who choose the "own" and the "earthly." The life has become self-centered instead of being Christ-centered. Instead of their lives proclaiming Jesus Christ and Him crucified, the cross is obscured behind a bloated and exalted human personality.

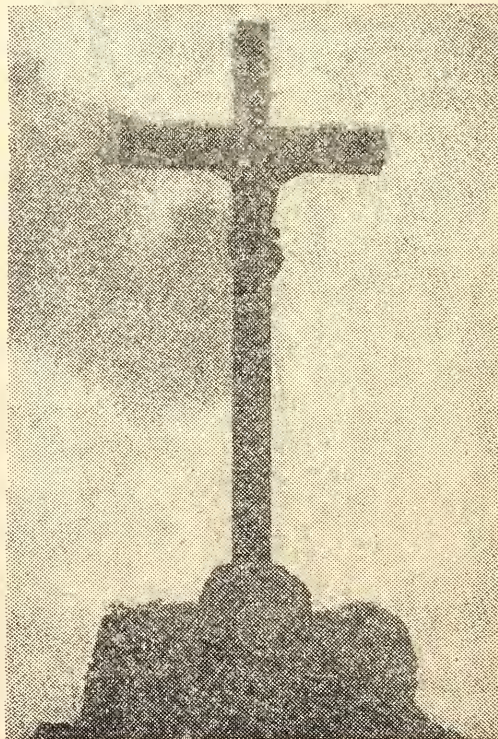
The Delivering Cross

As I read this Epistle I have been convicted of how much "own" and "earthly" there has been in my life. But, thank God, when the Spirit convicts us of our shortcomings and failures, yea, and of our sins, He always leads us back to a place called Calvary, the place of deliverance. Let us once more traverse the road to that place where Christ died for our sins. Upon that sinless Lamb, Jehovah laid all our iniquities. But more than that! In God's reckoning not only His Son died at Calvary, but we also died there. He declares, "If one died for all, then were all dead." That word "all" includes both you and me. Gazing at that blessed cross we can each say in faith with Paul, "I have been crucified with Christ: and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me: and that life which I now live in the flesh, I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and who gave himself up for me." (R. V.) He died for all, He died for each, He died for me.

A Heart Cry

And faith says, "Yes, Lord, I believe the inspired Word. My 'old man,' my carnal, corrupt nature, was crucified on that cross of Thine. Enable me by Thy

(Continued on page 28)



The Gate of Life

John 11:25

A poet represents one coming up to a gate on a mountainside, over which were written the words, "The Gate of Death," but when he touched the gate it opened, and he found himself amid a great brightness and beauty; then, turning about, he saw above the gate he entered the words, "The Gate of Life." If we are in Christ, death is abolished, and the point which earth calls the point of death is really the point of life.—*Doran's "Minister's Manual."*

"For He Is Risen"

Matthew 28:6

A missionary was preaching in a bazaar in North India. After he had finished, a Mohammedan came up and said, "You must admit that we have one thing which you have not, and it is better than anything you have." The missionary smiled, glad to have gained his interest, and said, "I shall be pleased to hear what it is." The Mohammedan replied, "When we go to our Mecca, we find at least a coffin; but when you Christians go to Jerusalem, which is your Mecca, you find nothing but an empty grave."

The missionary responded, "That is just the difference. Mohammed is dead; Mohammed is in his coffin. The founders of all these other systems of religion and philosophy are in their graves. But the Lord Jesus Christ, whose kingdom is to include all nations and all tribes, is not in the tomb; He is risen, and all power in heaven and earth has been given unto Him. This is our hope: He lives."

Triumph Over Death

1 Cor. 15:20

When opportunity came, a man went to his minister and said, "I hoped you would select that hymn for the service this morning. I wanted to hear this Easter, above everything else, those stirring words of Wesley's:

Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

The minister fully understood. He knew that since the previous Easter the speaker had stood twice beside an open grave, first in the sunshine of July and again amid the snow of January, and had seen the caskets containing two members of his small family laid in the earth. But the Easter hymn, with its assurance of Christ's victory over death, brought a healing message of comfort.

"Sing, soul of mine, this day of days,

The Lord is risen . . .

Toward the sunrising set thy face.

Behold, he giveth strength and grace;

For darkness, light; for morning,

praise . . .

Arise, O soul, this Easter Day!

Forget the tomb of yesterday,

Treasured Gleanings For Ministers and Christian Workers

*For thou from bondage art set free.
Because the Lord is risen."*

A Brilliant Reply

Phil. 2:5-11

The story about the answer a brilliant French statesman once gave to a celebrated infidel has a new significance in our own way. It seems that the infidel was devising a scheme which should supersede Christianity, but was not gaining many followers. "What shall I do?" asked the infidel of the statesman. "I hardly know," was the reply, "what you can do. Still," he added after a pause, "there is one plan you might try. I recommend to you that you be crucified for mankind, and rise again the third day."

The Living Christ

The living Christ still satisfies sincere doubters. When John R. Mott was a student at Cornell University he planned to take up the legal profession. He was interested in religion but he had doubts about the resurrection. He made a thorough study of the evidences of the risen Christ with all available information at hand. With the papers containing his notes spread out on the desk before him he declares, "I was able with the doubting Thomas to say to Christ with intellectual honesty, 'My Lord and my God.'" Instead of a lawyer Mott became one of the world's great Christian leaders.

The News of Victory

Luke 24:1-12

One of the traditions of the cathedral of Winchester in England is the story of how the news of the battle of Waterloo was first received. It came by sailing ship to the south coast of England, and by signal flags was wigwagged to London. When the message reached Winchester, the signals on the top of the cathedral began to spell the message, "WELLINGTON DEFEATED." Then the fog descended, hiding the signals from view. The sad news of the incomplete message went to London. When the message, "Wellington Defeated," was read, the whole of England was in de-

spair. But after awhile the fog lifted, disclosing the signals on the Winchester Cathedral still at work spelling the complete sentence, "WELLINGTON DEFEATED THE ENEMY." The thrilling news raced across the land, lifting the hearts of all out of gloom into joy. So the heavy gloom of Calvary fled before the victory of Easter. Out of all the dark shadows of the tomb, our hearts leap up at the news of victory.

Fellowship in Christ

On the fateful day in August, 1914, before the ultimatum between England and Germany expired, Dr. Henry Hodgkin of London was saying farewell to the German, Dr. Siegmund-Schultze, in Cologne. As the two men were in the railway station where troop trains were pulling out, the German Christian said to the English Christian, "Whatever may happen, nothing shall come between us." It was the expression of a faith and a fellowship in Christ which united men of different nations beyond the ability of earthly governments to break.

Love Thy Neighbor

One day a mover's wagon came past Farmer Jones' gate. Farmer Jones was friendly to everybody, so he asked the movers where they were going. "We are moving from Johnstown to Jamestown," they told him. "Can you tell us what kind of neighbors we shall find in Jamestown?" Farmer Jones asked, "What kind of neighbors did you find in Johnstown?" "The very worst kind," they said. "Our neighbors were gossipy and unkind and indifferent." "You will find the same kind of neighbors in Jamestown."

The next day another mover's wagon passed Farmer Jones' gate and a similar conversation took place. The second party asked what kind of neighbors they would have in Johnstown and they were asked what kind of neighbors they found in Jamestown. "The very best. Our neighbors were kind and considerate." "You will find exactly the same kind in Johnstown," said the farmer.—*New Century Leader.*

God's Power House

E. E. BREWER

"Power to heal the leper, power to raise the dead, power to fill the empty pots with oil." Wonderful power!

Power is not a tangible object, yet it creates tangible miracles. Indeed, if one were willing to turn himself over to the Lord completely, he would witness the power of God in his life, but would never be able to define it.

Huge wheels, intricate machinery create the world's power to accomplish its ends, but God's power was never created; it always existed even as He Himself has always existed.

(Continued on page 28)

An Easter Squall - - -

FLORA SWETNAM

It was Saturday morning, and tomorrow was Easter. A chilly Easter it was going to be, for the wind was blowing a regular gale, and the air was filled with snowflakes. But for all that, spring was in the air, and in the shop windows and a few other places. Sallie Davenport and Maude Roberts walked along slowly, looking at all the windows. They realized that they should be hurrying, for they were out to get lilies to decorate the church, but they had found so few they were somewhat discouraged. Some really fine ones upon which they had been counting had been left on the porch on a pleasant night, and had been found blighted by the cold wind on this blustery morning. Suddenly Sallie clasped her hands ecstatically and turned to Maude.

"Look," she said, "this office window's full of 'em. Aren't they beautiful!"

Maude glanced up at them and started on. "Yes," she agreed indifferently, "but we're not stopping here. He's the grouchiest man in this town. Daddy said so. Besides, he doesn't belong to our church, nor to any church."

"Wait," cried Sallie. "I want to look at them, at least." And as Maude paused, "I—I—think I'm going in and ask for them. We've got to have some flowers."

"Oh don't," begged Maude. "He'll order you out—maybe."

Sallie laughed. "If he does, I shall certainly obey, but I don't think there's a dog to put after me. If you're afraid, you may stay right here."

"Oh, I'll share your fate," said Maude, "but he's a lawyer, and it would serve you right if he made you pay for your call."

But Sallie was already walking in, and there was nothing for Maude to do but follow. The office was the most attractive place they had found that morning, and, after a time out in the cold wind, seemed coziness itself. And the lilies looked better from within than they had from without. Everything shone except the face of the man in the office chair. But he managed to bring up from the depths behind that glum mask something almost resembling a smile.

"Have seats, young ladies," he invited them. "Now what can I do for you?"

Sallie's eyes turned toward the window and then back toward the man's face. Her courage was fast oozing away. It did not now seem such a simple thing to do. She had to make the plunge quickly, and her heart was thumping so, she

felt rather breathless.

"Would you—lend us your lilies—to decorate the church for tomorrow?" she gasped between puffs.

The man was so astonished, he could only stare for a few moments. In all his experience, nothing like this had happened to him before. His scowl returned as he found his voice—a voice slightly contemptuous.

"Funeral, or something?"

"It's Easter!" cried Sallie. "Don't you remember?"

"Oh, I'd forgotten. But what's Easter more than other days?"

Sallie's courage was returning. "It makes you think of the resurrection," she explained. "That's why we love it."

"Then you love something that never happened," he grunted. "What reason have you for believing it did?"

Sallie smiled brightly. "The Bible says it did, and I believe the Bible, and there are other reasons. We've been studying them in our class. Do you want to hear some of them?"

He shook his head. "I guess I've heard 'em all. They're about as flimsy as that first one. Nobody believes the Bible these days, and nobody lives by it."

"I don't want to argue that," said Sallie. "Maybe folks aren't as good as they ought to be, but they're lots better than they would be if they didn't have the Bible."

"What reason have you for thinking that?" he asked.

"Because people in heathen lands get better when the missionaries take them the Bible," she said.

"Then they're different from the ones we have in this country where folks are supposed to live by its teaching," he retorted. "You see, I learn a lot in my business, and I'm getting ready to bring suit against one church member for another one. A suit that will take away his home."

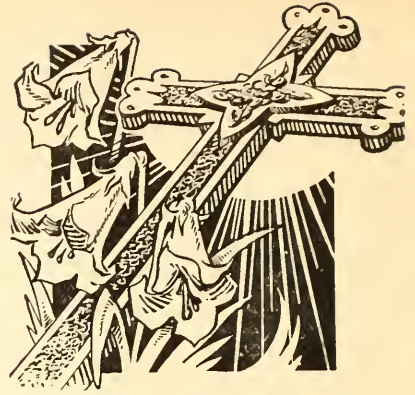
"Is it my uncle, John Davenport?" inquired Sallie.

"I didn't know he was your uncle," his voice was a bit kinder.

"I'm Sallie Davenport," she informed him. "I'm sorry Uncle John is going to do that. We all are."

"Yes," he said grimly, "you're all sorry, but you'd all do the same thing. Church members are noted for that sort of acts. I make my living, mostly, by suing church members for other church members. If I could see that religion had made a change in one life, I might—"

"Oh, but they don't all sue each other," broke in Sallie. "Your business doesn't



The Easter Life

Homera Hodgson

Sing aloud the glorious tidings—
"Christ is risen today!"

Far and wide the echoes answer,
"Death has lost its sway."

Sing till in the breeze the message
Sweeps around the earth—
Sing till clouds and hills and forests
Ring with holy mirth.

Christ is risen, death is conquered—
Tell it far and wide;
Sing aloud till all creation
Knows the Crucified.

Sing aloud the Easter message;
Live the message, too!
By His grace let Easter's triumph
Show itself in you.

Let His pow'r and wondrous glory
Fill your heart today;
Live an Easter life at Easter,
Live an Easter life always.

—John Three Sixteen.

bring you in contact with the ones who don't. And, anyway, that's not what I want to talk about. I'm not going to bring suit against anybody. I—want—some flowers for the church."

To her surprise, he laughed outright. "Did you know my time is worth money? and you've used up—"

Sallie laughed too. "If you'll come to church tomorrow," she told him brightly, "you'll feel repaid for your time, especially when you see your own flowers in that kind of a setting."

"Do you think they would look better there than here?"

"Certainly," she replied. "I'm sure you'll think so, too."

"I don't expect to be there, however," he told her. "Not unless I have some better evidence about church members. You may have the flowers if you'll wait till this afternoon."

Sallie beamed. "Oh, thank you," she

(Continued on page 29)

The Garden of Gethsemane

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"—the triumph note of Easter—is the clarion which blasts forth the glorious emancipation of humanity from death and the grave. But in contemplating the end, we should not allow ourselves to forget the means. In enjoying the victory and triumph, let us remember that it became ours only at a tremendous cost.

The Garden of Gethsemane, a scene of which adorns our page, was the place where perhaps the most vital part of the price was paid. It was here where Jesus retired to pray immediately before going to the Cross, and where He shed blood in His agony. Very likely here amidst the olive trees and shrubs He could commune unmolested with His Father for the short time remaining for such opportunity.

The old Garden stands today with what experts claim to be some of the live trees of Jesus' time remaining. They are gnarled and misshapen, as our picture plainly declares, showing signs of decay as evidence of their great age, but still bearing fruit. It might be of interest, too, to notice in the lower trunk of the tree at the left, how the olive puts forth new wood, recreating itself through the years. What could these trees say if they could but speak! Shrubs and native plants abound which are cared for by a robed caretaker. Some who have been there tell us that the whole Garden is now enclosed in a fence, making it more garden-like than it was when the blessed Savior sought refuge there.

It is claimed that in the time of Jesus there was an oil press in Gethsemane, which is very possible by reason of the many olive trees, planted undoubtedly for the very reason of obtaining oil from their fruit. The oil press would likely have called for a house, too, on the premises, for them that kept the Garden and operated the oil press. It lay east of Kidron and was part of Mount of Olives.

Franciscans obtained this site in 1681, and in 1848 they enclosed it and laid it out as a flower garden. In the 4th century a sanctuary had been erected in the "Grotto of Agony" as they called the supposed site of Christ's agony, but was later de-

stroyed. Then in the 12th century, another church was built. However, in 1920, a very interesting occurrence took place. When the present possessors of the Garden were rebuilding the old 12th century church, they discovered the remains of the 4th century edifice. Plans were then altered and re-erection proceeded on the plan of the primitive church.

Pilgrims to Jerusalem leave the somewhat noisy city and the humdrum of crowded days, to find an oasis of peace and beauty in this old Garden with its many poignant memories, and to think on what it meant to the Son of God to



GETHSEMANE

C. M. Truesdell

Among life's gardens there'll never be
Another so fair as Gethsemane:—
I hear the zephyrs rustle through its olive limbs at night,
I see its brooding shadows softly bordered with moonlight,
And somehow I glimpse a figure kneeling yonder on the way.
After telling His disciples that He must go on and pray:
Though I do not know if other flowers decked its winding road,
There my Lily of the Valley bowed for solace from His load;
There my tender Rose of Sharon, crushed and with a bleeding heart,
Shed His sweet perfume profusely, through the ages to impart
Grace and strength for every struggle that the debtor might be free;
So I'll never find a garden fairer than Gethsemane.

take place in suffering and death. No more fitting place could have been chosen by the Lord as the environment for His supreme pressure and agony, than this old olive garden, the oil press of Jerusalem.—*The Gospel Herald*.

Earliest Possible Easter

Jasper B. Sinclair

It may be interesting to note how widely Easter Sunday varies in the dates upon which it falls to be solemnized through the passing years. For example, more than a century ago Easter occurred on the 22d of March. That was in 1818. It is the earliest possible day upon which it ever can fall under the present calendar.

So rare is this earliest possible Easter that it occurs only once in the two hundred years covered by the nineteenth and twentieth centuries!

In 1845, in 1856 and again in 1913, Easter fell on the 23d day of March. But even that will not happen any more between now and the year 2000. This year (1940) it comes on March 24th, and that is its earliest appearance for all the remaining years of the twentieth century.

Perhaps everyone knows why the date of Easter Sunday is so variable. It may be worth repeating, though, just by way of a reminder. Easter Day is always the Sunday next after the full moon that falls on or next after March 21st. That date was fixed by a Council of the Christian Churches held at Nicaea, in Asia Minor, back in the year 325 A. D.

That is the reason March 22d is the earliest date upon which Easter could possibly fall. That also makes the Easter Sunday of 1818 something of a red letter day in the modern history of the Christian era. It is the only time it has happened or can happen with the two hundred year span of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

On the other hand, Easter Sunday's latest arrival at any time in the nineteenth century was in 1886, the date then being April 25th. Not till 1943 will it again be observed on so late a date, for the only time in the twentieth century.—*The Friend* (Dayton).

There are many ways to get to many different places, but heaven can only be reached by the way of the cross.

Hymn Stories

Joe Emerson, the Hymn Singer

JOE Emerson has been singing hymns since boyhood, and now he thinks he has the finest job in the world. Ever since his boyhood days, when he and his father entertained their North Carolina neighbors with vocal duets, Joe has dreamed of singing to huge audiences.

Even his wildest boyhood dreams, however, never envisioned the millions he sings to each Monday, Tuesday and Thursday at 9:45 a. m. (EST) over a CBS network during his "Hymns of All Churches" broadcasts. Ever since the program made its debut in 1934 over Station WLW in Cincinnati, Emerson's fame as a hymn singer has grown.

During the first three years Emerson was the sole performer on his programs, but during the last four years he has been assisted by an instrumental group and a mixed choir of eight voices under the direction of Fred Jacky, a talented musician formerly with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

Emerson can boast one of the most versatile careers among radio artists. He was an aviator, a Wall Street bond salesman, from which he was "graduated" in due time to become a millionaire real estate operator in Florida. Emerson thanks the dark days of 1929 for his present eminent position as a hymn singer. He had always accepted invitations to sing for clubs or other private functions, but after practically his entire wealth of seven figures, gained in the Florida real estate boom, was wiped out in the stock market crash, he found himself desperately in need of a job. It was shortly after this that the now-famous program, "Hymns of All Churches," was born.

The title of the program is accurately descriptive of its character. Joe Emerson and his choir sing the hymns of all the outstanding religious faiths—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish, as well as the Negro spirituals. Such a presentation calls for great tact as well as sincerity and reverence. No creed is given predominance over another. None is slighted or ignored. The finest inspirational music for each great religion is chosen that listeners may hear their favorite hymns, and also that they may appreciate the hymns which others know and love.

Requests from listeners assist Emerson in planning his programs. He is honestly glad when such requests come in by the bale—"because, after all, we sing for our listeners," the baritone-soloist explains. Emerson's fan mail comes from practically every corner of the globe—from as far away as "down-under" Aus-

tralia. Governors, foreign consuls, mail carriers, salesmen, factory superintendents, teachers, backwoodsmen, church officials—people in every walk of life—are among those on the hymn singer's lengthening fan list.

Joe reports that Methodists, always known as lusty hymn singers, are most represented in his mail, indicating they are the largest single group in the program's listening audience. Catholics and Baptists rank second and third, respectively.

Seven years of singing hymns on the air has proved to Emerson that the old time gospel hymns are still the most popular with the average listener. Though some church authorities may claim the theology in such hymns is not all it should be, Emerson says that apparently makes no difference to Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public.

Hymns sung to such secular tunes as "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and "When You and I Were Young, Maggie" have made rapid gains in popularity during recent years. An example of this is "Carry Me Back to Calvary's Mountain," sung to "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny."

Emerson also has found that hymns sung to the old classical works are among the newer favorites. He cites "Be Still, My Soul," set to the music of Silelius "Finlandia," as one of the most striking examples. Although written only about six years ago, this hymn already is included in many hymnals.

While the old favorites in hymnology keep a prominent place on his broadcasts, Emerson's program has recently become a proving ground for many new compositions. He is in close contact with modern hymn writers, and many of these send him unpublished works for his consideration. If Emerson and Jacky consider them worthy of being included on a broadcast, listener response often determines whether they will be published.

Some of the hymns Emerson's broadcasts have made popular are: "Nearing My Home," by Rev. M. Homer Cummings, pastor of the First Methodist Church in Williamstown, W. Va.; "The Little White Church on the Hill," written by Rev. W. H. Haverfield and P. M. Haas, and "Loyal and True," by Rev. W. H. Walsh, S. J., of New York. "Loyal and True" has been adopted as the theme song of the Boy Savior Movement, a Catholic organization in New York.

Emerson also receives volumes of contributions from amateur hymn writers.

These come to him inscribed on anything from grocery bags and wrapping paper to box tops.

Joe admits that the vast majority of such contributions have to be rejected, but he never discourages an amateur composer. He examines each composition with the same eager interest a gold miner sifts for nuggets, constantly expecting to find among the many poor little efforts of aspiring but talentless hymn writers a new Fanny J. Crosby, Charles Wesley, P. P. Bliss or George Bennard.

Joe is cautious about anonymous authors, as listed in many hymn books, because recent research in such matters by religious groups has turned up the names of writers of hymns whose origin was formerly obscure. He became even more wary after a recent broadcast in which he said the author of a hymn was unknown. During the next week he received 170 letters and 60-odd clippings informing him that a religious magazine shortly before had given complete information about the author of that particular hymn.

An outstanding feature of "Hymns of All Churches" is the manner in which Joe Emerson introduces each song, telling how it came to be written, or relating an interesting story about its author or composer. The material for these introductions has been gathered from years of research into old records, and from information sent in by listeners. Incidentally, Joe has a collection of more than five thousand hymnbooks.

Joe Emerson was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, of Swedish parentage, his father being a foundry engineer. His mother encouraged his early love of hymns, and until he was eleven years old he sang as a boy soprano in the choirs of St. Mark's Episcopal Church and the Rescue Mission in Grand Rapids. At that time the family moved to a farm near Sparta, Michigan, where several years of farm life gave Joe a rugged physical strength for the vigorous years which lay ahead of him.

He now lives in Chicago, where the Emerson family centers around an old-fashioned spinet piano. Mrs. Emerson is also an excellent singer, as is Carolyn, his twenty-year-old daughter. The family often gives informal musicales for their friends.

Joe Emerson has a very definite sense of humor, and is an extremely likable sort of person. His friends are numbered in the millions—friends who have perhaps never seen him, but who look forward eagerly to each successive program of his inspiring "Hymns of All Churches."—*The Christian Advocate*.

A humble heart furnishes good soil and atmosphere conducive to the growth of the fruits of the Spirit.

Personal Evangelism

An Atheist Hits the Sawdust Trail

A message delivered by Andrew Wyzenbeek at the Gospel Fellowship Club, Chicago, Illinois.

I enjoy giving my testimony, but in so doing there is always the danger of a man telling what *he* has done and not what the *Lord* has done. I do not wish to boast, but instead desire to let you see what God has accomplished in the life of this poor sinner.

I was born in the Netherlands, the land of wooden shoes and dykes. Although it also is a land of churches, I never was touched by the gospel. No one ever asked me to go to church; no one ever spoke to me about my soul.

My folks prided themselves on being atheists. Mother was educated in a convent school, but she and my father ridiculed everything religious. I was taught that people who went to church were softheaded; therefore, when our family immigrated to this country in 1907 I was prejudiced against churches and the gospel.

Father did not like it here. "Such a country! Such a language! I cannot learn it. Everything is 'box' in this country."

"What do you mean by 'box'?"

"You have a wooden carton which is known as a 'box.' You hit a man in the face and it is called 'box.' Something bites you and you say 'box' (bugs). You use a baby carriage which you call 'box' (buggy)."

So my father went back to Holland. But I had no difficulty in learning the language; it came to me quite easily.

Invited to Church for the First Time

While in a little town in Iowa, for the first time in my life someone took an interest in my soul and asked me to go to church. "Church?" I exclaimed. "I have never been there in my life!" It was a young lady who asked me and I did not refuse her. On that occasion I heard my first sermon, but what touched me most was a solo sung by a man:

*"For you I am praying,
I'm praying for you."*

The repetition of the words, coupled with their simple message, touched me. I could understand it. I knew that young lady was praying for me. When I left that town for another I did not enjoy the pleasures of sin as I had done before. I learned afterwards it was due to that girl's prayers. I am stressing the point that we should not forget to pray through for the sinner. Because that young lady prayed, sin lost its attraction for me.

I married that girl a couple of years later and we established a Christian home. What a contrast to the home in which I had been reared, where there had been nothing but discord and wrangling. The new home was a peaceful one where Christ was honored.

Observing the Change in Others

But I must tell you how I was saved. I was a foreman in a factory where a number of Swedes were working. A lone Dutchman among a group of Swedes does not have much of a chance. They were all big, powerfully-built fellows and I was a little man. They paid as much attention to me as I did to them. I despised them. They chewed snuff. It looked bad and smelled worse. I was like the man in the temple who prayed, "*God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men,*" and I added, "even as these Swedes." I did not associate with them.

Then something happened. One of the Swedes came to work clean, well-dressed, and wearing a white collar. I thought he was going to ask me for a day off to attend a funeral, but he did not. He kept on working. Five others also were radically changed. After a lapse of several days I finally asked one of the fellows, "What is the matter with the Swedes?"

He answered, "They walked the sawdust trail at the Billy Sunday meeting. But it won't last long. I give them two weeks."

It worried me. Instead of playing pinochle at noon, they read a little black Book. I asked one, "Is there going to be a regular Sunday school every day?" I could not sleep. I could not think straight for watching those six fellows. I wondered what had caused the change.

Finally I approached one of them by the name of Olson: "What has happened to you fellows?" He responded, "We have become Christians. Old things have passed away, and all things have become new. The things we once hated we now love, and what we once loved we now hate."

One Hundred Thirty-three Surrender to Christ

I could not sleep nor eat because of what had happened to those six men. I felt that I wanted whatever they had. I entered the back door of the Billy Sunday tabernacle at Ottumwa, Iowa, and got the same thing. I was one of a hundred and thirty-three men who hit the sawdust trail that day. As we sat on the front seat Billy Sunday gave us three rules of Christian living that I have never forgotten.

"If," said he, "you have not a Bible, get one, because this Book is God talking to you. Never forget to pray. When you pray you talk to God. And I want you to talk to someone else. You cannot keep what you have unless you give it out to others. *'For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.'*"

I went to a bookstore to purchase a Bible. "Here is a nice Bible for \$13.50."

"Are they that expensive?" I asked.

"I have Bibles that are cheaper."

He sold me one for \$1.80. I asked, "Is the inside the same as in the one that is more expensive?" He assured me it was. "All right," I said, "I will take it." But I brought that Bible back to him the next day. I could not understand *thee* and *thou*, and the big words. When I explained my difficulty to the salesman, he said, "You must be one of those Billy Sunday converts. I have here a Twentieth Century Testament." It was not a very good translation, but it introduced me to the Lord Jesus Christ and gave me a clear picture of how He was led to the slaughter for my sins. As I read of how He took my place, it broke my heart; I had to go and tell others.

A Christian Repents

At the factory I had been transferred to another department and I felt I had to tell somebody of what the Lord had done for me. But I was scared stiff. I did not have the background that most of you have. I was not brought up in church and Sunday school. It was difficult for me to testify, but I determined I would speak to the man next to me. So I said, "Jake, I want to tell you that something has happened to me; I have become a Christian. The grass has become greener and the sun has shone more brightly since I became a Christian."

Jake jumped to his feet, "Indeed, I am glad to hear it. I am a Christian, too. I am a deacon in the Baptist church. I want you to come to church with me next Sunday night."

I drew back. "What? Are you a Christian? I have worked alongside of you six weeks and never knew that you were a Christian. You act like all the rest. You even smell like the others. A deacon, eh? What is a deacon? If all were like you I would still be on my way to hell." And Jake Carlson sat there and wept.

Tears trickled down his face as he said, "Andy, forgive me. So help me, God, it will never happen again. I will be a better Christian. No man again will work alongside of me six weeks and not know that I am a Christian."

"All right, Jake," I said, "I will go with you to church."

A "Peculiar" People

When I came to Chicago I went in and
(Continued on page 21)

Dear Sister Harrison:

I take this opportunity to tell you and the readers of the Lighted Pathway how wonderfully the Lord has blessed us at Riverside and helped us to reach our goal in selling forty-two rolls of Lighted Pathways each month. We have been selling forty-two rolls for several months now, and we find it is as easy to sell forty-two rolls, with the help of the Lord and all working together, as it used to be to sell six rolls, with only one or two working.

We have moved our goal up to fifty rolls each month and I hope the next time we write you we can tell you that we have even passed that, because God is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us.

I will tell you the plan we use to sell this many; maybe it will help other Y. P. E's, as we are admonished to provoke one another unto love and good works. We get as many members that can, or will, take a roll and pay for it, then they can sell them or give them to someone who can't afford to buy one, or who is sick, or in the hospital. They have the privilege of disposing of them in any way they please. I think this is a good way to work for the Lord and this is a service that is unlimited, as we never know how many souls will be saved or blessed by reading the Lighted Pathway.

My heart overflows with praise and gratitude as I think of the goodness of the Lord. I am glad I have found in Him, individually, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption and it is my desire to serve Him without fear.

We are thankful to have our good pastor, Brother G. R. Watson, and wife back with us another year. We feel that their ministry is powerful and far-reaching as over eleven hundred souls were reported saved in our last Assembly year, through the influence of the Riverside church.

May God bless you, Sister Harrison, and may your path be as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—*Mrs. Mary Smith, Chattahoochee, Ga.*

My dear Sister Harrison:

It has been sometime since I have written to you. I often think we don't get under your load and help you bear it as we should. Your labor of love has greatly inspired me. I look forward to getting a copy of the Lighted Pathway each month and as I read I want to store in my heart all the good thoughts and instructions therein. I have endeavored to get the paper into many new homes and institutions, always having the confidence that it will prove a blessing.

May God continue to bless you in your

labor for Him. Please pray for me.—*Exelma Holley.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

I take this opportunity to let you know what a blessing the Lighted Pathway is to me. I think it is one of the best monthly papers I know of. I have just finished reading the February issue and certainly enjoyed it.

Our Y. P. E. here at Friendship studies the inspiring Bible lessons each Sunday night and considers them the basis of all the programs. Please pray for me and the Y. P. E. here at Friendship.—*Martha Mae Williams.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

I surely enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. It is food to my soul. I praise the Lord for the great work you are doing. I am a booster of the paper and sell all I can.

I am fourteen years of age, saved, sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost. I don't get to attend church regularly as we do not have a church here. My sister and I are the only young girls in this community who have the baptism.

Exchange Page

If the young people could get a picture of the beauty of holiness, there would be more of them saved.

I would enjoy hearing from any young people who care to write to me. May the Lord continue to bless you in your work. Please pray for me that I will be drawn closer to the Lord.—*Dorothy Robertson, Casar, N. C.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have never written to you before, but I surely enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. Your messages are a great encouragement to me. I am glad to say I am a child of God and that I am a member of the Church of God at Hazelwood.

Rev. S. C. Lowery is our pastor. He certainly has been a blessing to the young people and the church at Hazelwood.

I am only sixteen years of age but still I am doing all I can to live for God. Our Y. P. E. president is just a young girl but she has been a great help to us young people. We have a wonderful Y. P. E. and Sunday school. Our young people's class is growing. Our Sunday school teacher, Sister Vaughn Palmer, is a great help to the young people also.

Some of our young people have salvation and still there are a number who need to be saved.

My mother and father both belong to the Church of God. Pray for my brother who is in camp at Fort Jackson, S. C. Please pray that he will be sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost. Pray for me that I will get closer to God.—*Juanita Moore, Hazelwood, N. C.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have never written to the Lighted Pathway before, but as I was reading the paper, I decided to write you and try to express my appreciation for such a wonderful paper. I can hardly wait from time to time to read the Lighted Pathway.

The Editor's Message is always a great blessing to me and I know it is to many other young people. I enjoy it very much and it is always very encouraging.

When the story, "At the Crossroads," was being published, it was my first experience in reading the Lighted Pathway. Since then, I have been a constant reader of the paper. Meanwhile, you have published several very good stories, but that one has been my preference.

May God richly bless and inspire you is my prayer.—*Loretta Chambers, Cleveland, Tenn.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a lover of the Lighted Pathway and, of course, a reader of it. I don't know which part I like best, for I just love reading it from cover to cover, and reread it too. I surely don't see how you could improve it in any way.

May God continue to bless you and supply all your needs to carry on with this great work.—*Henry Douglas Dill, Winchester, Idaho.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

I certainly enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. I think it is the most wonderful paper for the young people I have ever read.

I surely enjoy the Editor's Message. I thank the Lord for what He means to me. I am saved and have the Holy Ghost and am a member of the Church of God. I have been saved over eight years and, praise the Lord, I have no thought of turning back.

I am a Gideon for the Lighted Pathway and enjoy selling them very much.

I would be glad to hear from Christian young people. Please pray for some unsaved friends to be saved.—*Miss Virginia Lloyd, Amelia, Va.*

Love puts things over for God by putting self under.

**DON'T MISS THE MOTHER'S DAY
ISSUE**

CONTRIBUTIONS

The Effects of Death

Closed eyes can't see the most beautiful flowers of the universe, neither can they see the tiniest rose. Still hands can't clasp them to the bosom or feel the velvety petals mingled with fern. In death one has that solemn and resigned look that "all is finished."

When a person dies people always think of the good points about the deceased friend; the time he spoke an encouraging word when the battle was tough, and it seemed that life wasn't giving them a square deal. Even if he wasn't so good apparently, one hunts and searches his mind as if to say, "Wasn't there something good about him?" And then, like a flash, oh yes, he was so patient and longsuffering in his poverty, or, he was free-hearted with his riches, and dozens of good thoughts just flood your mind that you really had not thought of before.

It seems that we sometimes forget that we, too, are going to lay still in death and friends and loved ones are going to pass by, one by one, and view our face in the casket for the last time. Then you cannot say with an early writer, "Turn backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight," for not even the living have that power.

You cannot live yesterday, a month ago, a year ago or five years ago again. You are taught to take life as it comes. Live in the present. Forget the past with its blunders—you realize them. Take no thought of tomorrow, it may never come. We live in the present always. We don't know whether we will be living when tomorrow's sun rises to chase away the darkness of the midnight.

Soon we will not know the friendship of the sun that gives heat for the universe, for we will be in Glory where Jesus is the light, shining even brighter than the noonday sun.

We don't want Jesus to come and catch us unfaithful to our duty. He said He would catch us "so doing." That also means if we are doing nothing He will catch us doing just that. If we want to be faithful, we must work. Work in the present always, for opportunities that come today may not come in our life again. If you are not faithful begin today. You say you're a soldier of the cross but yet you're unfaithful. Start today to be a good soldier. If you're going to be a soldier at all, why not be a good one? That is what God desires and needs most in His service, good soldiers who will not be afraid to die.—Mrs. Fletcher Phillips.

By

Young Writers

SIN—THE SHORT ROUTE TO RUIN

LOUISE VAN METER

Ezek. 18:30, "*Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin.*"

Sin stands between repentance and ruin. On one side a call is being given for the sinner to forsake his ways of sin and accept Christ, while on the other side is ruin.

The Bible says, "The way of a transgressor is hard." One will be paid for involving in the racket of sin, but many times he is paid with heartaches, unhappiness, and in the end an eternally doomed soul. Sin is the most dangerous thing in the world.

Parents, if you knew a mad dog were in the streets, you would keep your child in until the dog had been killed.

Today there is something worse than any mad animal, raging the towns. On every corner, every turn and alley, there is lurking to grasp into its clutch your innocent boy or girl. That is sin.

All too often people fail to realize the danger of sin, and are willing to take a chance at its consequence. Many who would not go out into the baser kinds of sin, hold on to what may be called little sins.

There are leaders in our religious world today who try to preach that one has to sin every day. They fail to declare that, "the wages of sin is death." They try to sugarcoat the Word of God and to dilute it so it won't be strong enough to do the people any good. It looks as if they are afraid the devil would get mad at them if they told the truth as God has given it. But regardless of their doctrine, we find the question settled in 1 John 3:8, "He that sinneth is of the devil, for the devil sinneth from the beginning." For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil. Sin ruins our relationship with God.

First, it hinders our prayers. Ps. 66:18, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." We cannot pray the prayer of faith if we are rebelling against God's plan.

Second, it separates us from God. Isa. 59:2, 3, "Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save, neither

is his ear heavy that he cannot hear, but your iniquity has separated you between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you."

Adam and Eve had a holy communion with God until they sinned. But after this there was a great chasm between

man and God caused by sin, which could not be bridged by good works.

There was required the greatest sacrifice that the world has ever known to restore fellowship with man and God, and that was the debt Christ paid on Calvary.

Third, sin keeps blessings from you. In Jer. 5:24-25 the prophet tells Israel that the blessings of the former and latter rain had been withheld from them because of their sins. I believe this is the reason of the low spiritual tide in our churches today. We don't only have to go to formal churches to see that people are drifting from God, we can go to our holiness churches and find the same thing.

The reason we just have campaigns now instead of Holy Ghost revivals is because of sin. You may wonder how to get out of this rut. Repentance was Israel's way out. When one sins and brings God's displeasure upon him, He gives him space to repent. He didn't say to reform, or join the church, neither turn a new leaf, but He said to repent.

So many today are eating the husks of the world, when if they would only give up their sins, they could have the best things of life.

Sin has been the ruin of nations, homes and individuals. We turn the pages of history and can see how great nations have flourished for awhile, only to crumble and fall.

Babylon and Rome played a great part in the world's drama, but what of them today? Sin is the cause.

Noted religious speakers have said that unless America has a nation-wide revival of old time religion, we are headed for the rocks and ruin.

America will not continue in Sabbath desecration, drunkenness and crime waves without being punished. The wages of sin means three types of death—spiritual, physical and eternal.

Where sin continues, the spiritual body perishes. The spiritual body requires spiritual food, just as the physical body requires natural food. Without prayer, the Word of God and His blessings the spiritual body is soon deceased. Sin pays with a wretched physical death. More than one life has been hurled into eter-

(Continued on page 18)

Reading Circle



A BOOK REVIEW

F. R. HARRAWOOD,
Pastor of North Cleveland, (Tenn.)
Church

God Runs My Business

The Story of R. G. LeTourneau

By ALBERT W. LORIMER

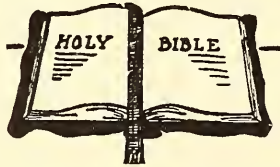
Should be read by every Christian. Converted at the age of sixteen, he tells of his wonderful experience of heartfelt salvation, but sixteen years later he consecrated his life to God and received the fullness of His joy. Feeling at this time that God might want him to go as a missionary, he went to his pastor's study and talked it over with him. After prayer his pastor told him that, "God needs business men as well as missionaries." His answer was, "I will do my best to be God's business man."

From a humble beginning in 1920 to three large plants doing two and one-half million dollars worth of business each month, is the result of this contract. In his own words, "From the minute I made God my business partner, things started to go." Once when there were debts in the amount of several thousand dollars, and that in the beginning of the last business depression, at a missionary convention he pledged \$5,000 and instructed his bookkeeper to pay it first. She replied, "Then you might as well give up." Read the amazing story of how God helped him to pay this pledge, settle all accounts, add two large factories, and give millions of dollars to God's cause.

The writer, in company with Rev. E. L. Simmons, visited Mr. LeTourneau at his large Toccoa, Ga., plant a few days ago, and after friendly Christian greetings he said, "I am trying to follow that still small voice that speaks, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.'" Working as much as sixteen hours a day, yet he speaks as many as 500 times a year, flying in his own planes and at his own expense from his factories to his appointments. At present he is booked over twelve months ahead for his week-end speaking engagements.

I am sure that the story of this man's life will prove an inspiration to the life of all Bible-loving and God-fearing peo-

ple. If you doubt God's promises to the tithe-payer, read this remarkable book, and remember, this is not 500 years before the law or during the period of the law but in 1942 a citizen of the State of Georgia, who made a vow to take God as his partner, from a small contractor with a secondhand tractor and scraper, has come to the present place of millions, and no longer gives ten per cent but keeps ten and gives God ninety per cent. This book sells for \$1.00.



"This little Book I'd rather own,
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
Than all their diadems."

Bible Readings For April

April 1	Deut. 27-28	Acts 2
April 2	Deut. 29-30	Acts 3
April 3	Deut. 31-32	Acts 4
April 4	Deut. 33-34	Acts 5
April 5	Joshua 1-2	Acts 6
April 6	Joshua 3-4	Acts 7
April 7	Joshua 5-6	Acts 8
April 8	Joshua 7-8	Acts 9
April 9	Joshua 9-10	Acts 10
April 10	Joshua 11-12	Acts 11
April 11	Joshua 13-14	Acts 12
April 12	Joshua 15-16	Acts 13
April 13	Joshua 17-18	Acts 14
April 14	Joshua 19-20	Acts 15
April 15	Joshua 21-22	Acts 16
April 16	Joshua 23-24	Acts 17
April 17	Judges 1-2	Acts 18
April 18	Judges 3-4	Acts 19
April 19	Judges 5-6	Acts 20
April 20	Judges 7-8	Acts 21
April 21	Judges 9-10	Acts 22
April 22	Judges 11-12	Acts 23
April 23	Judges 13-14	Acts 24
April 24	Judges 15-16	Acts 25
April 25	Judges 17-18	Acts 26
April 26	Judges 19-20	Acts 27
April 27	Judges 21	Acts 28
April 28	Ruth 1-2	Psa. 1-3
April 29	Ruth 3-4	Psa. 4-6
April 30	1 Sam. 1-2	Psa. 7-8

Recommended Books For Your Library

For Young People

A Christian Girl's Problems, by Mary S. Wood. Price, 50c.

The Modern Girl Decides, by Mary S. Wood. Price, 50c.

Twelve Brave Boys, by Esther E. Enoch. Price, 75c.

The Sermon in the Kitchen, by Mary S. Wood. Price, 50c.

Fiction

At the Crossroads, by Minnie E. Ludwig. Price, \$1.00.

As By Fire, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.

Sally Jo, by Zenobia Bird. Price, \$1.00.

To These Also, by Bertha B. Moore. Price, \$1.00.

Though He Slay Me, by Ella M. Noller. Price, \$1.00.

One More Year, by Bertha B. Moore. Price, \$1.00.

Together For Good, by Ann Harvey. Price, \$1.00.

The Return of the Tide, by Zenobia Bird. Price, \$1.00.

Blaze Star, by Paul Hutchens. Price, \$1.00.

Under Whose Wings, by Zenobia Bird. Price, \$1.00.

The Pilot's Voice, by Isabel Byrum. Price, 75c.

Lighted Pathway Rating

Sold for March Total

Alabama	1,512	10,128
Arizona	70	392
Arkansas	304	1,482
California	231	1,173
Colorado		1,003
Delaware	56	238
Foreign	289	1,561
Florida	1,960	13,679
Georgia	4,180	28,879
Idaho	76	451
Illinois	1,004	4,775
Indiana	211	1,282
Iowa	70	381
Kansas	154	1,061
Kentucky	1,576	14,249
Louisiana	456	2,457
Maine	140	714
Maryland	400	2,660
Massachusetts	28	196
Minnesota	70	364
Michigan	619	2,705
Mississippi	406	3,005
Missouri	281	1,599
Montana	84	740
Nebraska	28	154
New Jersey	84	610
New Mexico	85	576
New York	14	92
North Carolina	3,919	23,757
North Dakota	231	910
Ohio	882	5,184
Oklahoma	212	1,637

(Continued on page 18)

Murray Mill's Easter

HOPE DARING



AFTER a quick look around, to make sure that no one saw her, Della Parker left the rough highway for the weed-grown yard of the abandoned church. She sat down on the steps of a small side entrance. There a tangle of untrimmed and leafless vines hid her from the sight of anyone who passed along the road.

Della, at eighteen, was bookkeeper for the Murray Mill. This was situated far up in the northern woods. Around it there was only a tiny settlement: The big boarding house, two scores of small houses for the workmen and two bigger ones, where the owner of the mill and his office force lived, a store, a schoolhouse, and a church. This last had been built first when the coming of the mill had "boomed" the place. The first mill burned down, and the second had been installed only six months before.

"I can't stand it," Della told herself. "It's bad enough any time; but Easter here! Oh, I can't! And I haven't time to cry just now."

The girl was so engrossed in fighting back her tears that she did not hear shrill boyish voices. It was the unmistakable rattle of small stones against the building that brought Della to her feet. She ran around a jutting angle of the wall, to find a half dozen ragged and not very clean boys. They were trying to see how near they could come, with stones, to the glass windows and not hit them.

"Stop! Don't you dare throw another stone!" Della cried.

Jim Warren, whose mother did Della's washing, recognized her. "Now what's the matter with you?" he inquired sneeringly. "They are our stones, and the building hain't yours."

"But it's God's house, boys. And it is bad enough for it to stand empty and neglected. But to stone it now—when Easter is only a few days off—it is more than I can stand."

To the astonishment of the boys the pretty little bookkeeper, who usually had

a smile and a gay word for them, covered her face with her hands and began to cry. And she really cried; her slender form was shaken by sobs. Jim came a step nearer.

"Aw, now, Miss Parker! We didn't mean to make you feel bad. And what's Easter?"

Down came Della's hands, so that she might stare into the boyish face. "Don't you know, Jim? Honestly don't you know about Christ's resurrection?"

Jim hesitated; Miss Parker so plainly expected him to know that he hated to confess ignorance. Billy Ray, only eight, tried to step into the breach.

"We don't know that, not 'bout Easter and 'bout—ah, rection. But my dad says Christ! It's one of his swear words."

"And you do not know who He is, Billy?"

The boy shook his head. Then Della cried again, and as she cried she resolved that at least the boys of Murray Mill should know what Easter meant to the world.

Della was late that afternoon in reaching the office, an unusual thing for her. However, her employer, gray-haired, silent, stern Thomas Murray had not yet arrived. She had not been entirely successful in removing the traces of tears from her eyes. Mr. Murray's stenographer, Harriett Hunt, a woman of thirty, asked a little carelessly:

"Anything wrong, Miss Parker?"

"Yes, there is. When we get through tonight I am going to ask you all," with a glance at Hugh Longworth and Lynn Price, the two men who made up the remainder of the office force, "to help me set it right. No, I'll not say anything more now, for here comes Mr. Murray."

It never occurred to Della that their employer might linger after closing time. It was rarely that he did, but that evening was one of the times. When Lynn Price saw that the older man was not going, he asked:

"Now what was it you wanted help about, Miss Parker? I'm ready for anything that will make a change."

Della looked questionably at her employer. Then she caught her breath. Why should he not help? Indeed it was his problem, his responsibility. And she prayed for wisdom, to tell the story aright.

"That is so. You did say something of that sort," and Miss Hunt turned around, her hat in her hand.

"It began when I was on my way back here after dinner." Notwithstanding her

efforts Della's voice would tremble. "I—I've been homesick for a week. Yes, I know I have the week-end at home once a month, but it broke my heart to think of Easter—here. I went into the yard of the old church and sat down on the steps of the side entrance to cry."

"But why did you go there?" Hugh Longworth asked, a sneering look on his middle-aged, worn face.

By that time Della had lost her fear. The peace and assurance in her heart was surely God's answer to her prayer. "Well, dreadful as it is to have a church that is never open, it seemed to me I could stand the thought of Easter here a little better near a building that had once been dedicated to the worship of the Risen Christ. Some boys came along, on their way to school, and began to stone the church. I—I fear I wasn't very Christianlike about it, but I flew at them. Mr. Murray, all of you, half of those boys did not know what Easter meant. And Billy Ray knew the name of Christ only as one of his father's 'swear words.'"

A silence followed the stopping of her voice. When it became a bit awkward, Longworth asked:

"Well, what of it?"

"That's what I want all of you to help about. It is your, our responsibility. We are all grown up, we have been educated, and I hope that each one of us has some church connection. If not now, surely we did in the past."

Again she paused. It was the voice of Thomas Murray that broke that silence. When Della heard it she knew she had won.

"You may be right, Miss Parker. What do you suggest?"

Spring comes slowly to that northern land. Ice still lingered on the edge of the bay into which the river on which the mill was situated emptied. The day before Easter was the first really warm one. Night followed, clear and starry. It was dark when the first signs of life began to show about the mill settlement on Easter morning. A half-dozen slim boyish figures appeared out of the gloom and went up and down the single street where the dwellings were ranged. One stopped at each house, pausing only long enough to slip an envelope under the door, then passed on.

Before this was finished Della and Miss Hunt left the house where they boarded, to walk to the church.

"I hope we said it just right in the notes, Miss Hunt. Each was the same and ran, 'Every member of the family is invited to attend service at the church here at ten-thirty today. There will be music and a sermon. Come and join with us in singing about the Risen Christ.'"

"You say the words as if you loved

(Continued on page 25)

Bible Training School

My Return to Bible Training School

James C. Morton

As our motor car glided swiftly through the silvery moonlight of the serene and peaceful September night, my heart began pumping the rich, red blood to my body through its veins and arteries to a much higher degree than is normal. Many times have I felt this increase of pulse movements when aroused by the impulse of fear, excitement, or consternation, but seldom, if ever, in my rather drab life, have I experienced this soul-stirring emotion from the overwhelming expectancy of pure, serene joy. Yet an ever-increasing expectancy of joy it was which caused my blood to pump to ever-increasing proportions, as we drew nearer and nearer to our destination.

Coasting smoothly down a long graceful inclining curve of asphalt highway, our headlights suddenly flashed upon a signboard announcing the city limits of a small town snuggled in the foothills of the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee. As we entered this little town, my eager eyes flashed from store to store, from the court house to the bus terminal and on to the post office building. Each of these familiar structures brought a new thrill of joy, equal almost to the renewing of a long lost and extremely intimate friend.

Continuing through the business and residential sections of this town, my eagerly searching eyes were rewarded by an outburst of light gleaming through a multiple of windows and glowing afar, manifesting the living presence of humble humanity in the world's outstanding institution. As this beautiful building falls upon my eyes, my soul is made to sing aloud the joy and praise to my Maker, for at last, after struggling for days and weeks and months, I am privileged again by the Omnipotent Maker of man to return home—home to Bible Training School. It was no other cause but the expectancy of returning to Bible School which has been uppermost in my mind and soul these many weary hours I have spent in traveling, proclaiming the dying love of my Savior to a wicked and restless world.

At the entrance way I was inclined to stop and gaze upon this lovely scene. My heart is entranced as I gaze up the sandy, curving driveway and watch the silver moonlight shimmer and play upon the aluminum-like dome of the administration building and the slight, balmy, southern breeze wave the fern-

like foliage of the bewitchingly beautiful mimosa trees, upon which the light from the dormitory falls in its silent, secret flight into the enchanting night. Never has one experienced a fuller, freer, or deeper joy than I, as I sat silently and gazed upon this alluring scene.

Nor does this exquisite rapture decrease and fade after arrival, but rather grows in depth and appreciation as one goes about day by day learning—ever learning more of the boundless compassion of Jesus, until it finds its outlet, like the fragrance of a lovely rose, in our daily lives; in thoughts, actions and conversations, for not only do we learn more of the ideals of Christian ethics and religious training, but we put to work day by day the sheaves we gather from the vast fields of knowledge in our own lives, influencing each moment of the day our fellow students and consecrating and setting apart our lives for the Master's use. Truly the joy of returning to Bible School is not to overshadow the many years in my life, for it will long be an outstanding milestone toward victory in Jesus.

Freedom

St. John 8:36, "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

Rom. 8:1, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

There has never been a greater struggle for freedom than the present one. Today twenty-six nations are joined together to defend freedom. They are fighting a battle to preserve freedom only in the natural, but they are not considering the freedom which comes from Christ. Though millions live in the great U. S. A., a free nation, they can still be prisoners bound by sin. The chains of sin are too powerful to be broken by physical forces.

Battleships, tanks and guns can win a war, but it can't bring freedom to the soul of man. If we are to be free we must be freed by the Son of God. While the army camps of the U.S.A. are training men how to preserve freedom in the natural, the Church of God Bible Training School is training young men and young women to preserve freedom in the Spirit. We are learning how to use the armor of God, Eph. 6:13-17, so that we might fight the wiles of the devil successfully. The Christian of today has a greater enemy to fight than Hitler. While Hitler

is only flesh, Satan is supernatural and an enemy we can't see. There isn't a better place in the world to learn to fight this enemy than B.T.S. Here we study the Word of God, which is sharper than a two-edged sword. It is the duty of every Christian to prepare himself to fight sin. We are living in a day when the dive-bombers of the devil are destroying the best of our church members. Why? Because they are sleeping on the job, and neglecting the warfare of their soul. Awaken! Let us be about our Father's business, for the night cometh when no man can work. While the world is fighting for freedom, let us not forget the freedom of the soul.—Charles Frank Tedder, Sanford, N. C.

Contributions By Young Writers

(Continued from page 15)

nity because of sin. Sin causes worry, trouble, and perplexing problems which often lead to suicide. Drinking, smoking and night rambling have tendencies to put one in a grave at an early age. Sin will give eternal death to all its partakers. Many poor souls have taken part in this racket only to find in the end they are paid with a lost soul.

Some have played with the social cup only to find it bites like a serpent and stings like an adder. They have drawn the cords of iniquity only to find they are bound with sin, as if by a rope. Sin causes the disappearance of high aspirations and victims become moral wrecks, no will power, and passion and lust will overrule them. There is no color so dark as could paint sin in its blackness.

Won't you obey the words of this text while you have the opportunity?

"Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin."

Lighted Pathway Rating

(Continued from page 16)

Oregon	112	605
Pennsylvania	725	4,856
South Carolina	5,317	39,549
South Dakota	106	753
Tennessee	6,480	22,054
Texas	995	11,588
Virginia	843	5,615
Washington	112	673
Washington, D. C.	140	498
West Virginia	1,418	14,610
Wyoming	14	84
	35,894	228,979

A person who is not afraid of work does not have to waste much time hunting for something to do.

The man who knows what he does not know as well as he knows what he does know is well qualified to keep his place and keep out of the other fellow's road.

Letters From Boys in Training Camps

Dear Sister Harrison:

May the Lord richly bless you as your paper has blessed me. As I read the paper each month, I think of the people back in the states and especially of those I would like to see, although I am not lonesome for Jesus is still with me. I am as near heaven here as I would be back at my home in Arkansas.

I belong to the Church of God at Cave Creek, Ark. I first received the blessing five or six years ago and still receive great blessings. I receive letters from all over the state and it encourages me very much. I went to church this morning and received a great blessing from God.

Please pray a special prayer for my pastor and wife, Brother and Sister Bill Johnson. They are laboring hard for friends to be saved. And my sister, Miss Zalal Ann Barnett, Pfeiffer, Ark., is working hard in the Y. P. E. Pray a special prayer for her. Also pray for my dear old father and mother. I know they enjoy the letters from their son. God bless them.

I am as happy as I can be for God takes care of me. He is always with me to own and to bless.

I have felt for some time that God was calling me for a special work. If I had obeyed His voice in every respect, I might be out carrying the gospel to the lost. If God speaks to you, please obey His voice, for the lost need the gospel preached to them.

Please pray that the Lord will have His way in my life from now on.—Pvt. Clyde F. Barnett, I. N. F. A. S. N. 37060817, Annette Island, Alaska.

— — —
Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a soldier in the U. S. Army. I am a reader of the Lighted Pathway and I find it is one of the best books I have ever read and I enjoy reading it. I find it very encouraging and a great help to a lonely soldier.

I am a Christian and a member of the Church of God at Boaz, Alabama. I find it hard to live a Christian life here but I have a determination in my heart to serve the Lord. I desire all Christians to pray for me that I may live a better life and endure to the end. May God bless you in your good work.—Pvt. Buddy Thornhill, Btry. A-10BN 4th Reg. F. A. R. C., Fort Bragg, N. C.

— — —
Dear Sister Harrison:

I am pleased to take this privilege to thank God for such a good paper as the Lighted Pathway. I surely enjoy reading it and thank God for a good Editor like you. I have never seen you but I hope to see you in heaven, walking with Jesus.

I have been saved, sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost for about six years and have found no place to turn back and am now a member of the Church of God.

My home is in Texas but I am in the U. S. Army now. I am a soldier for the Lord and my country. I am in the medical corps department in noncombatant service.

There are many boys here who are not saved. They need Jesus in their hearts and lives. There are some who know Jesus for the free pardon of their sins. Most of the boys here are very wicked. Some few will listen to the Word of God. The first two or three days I was here some of the boys became curious about the Bible until they found out what we believe and how we stand and then began persecuting me. They say we are crazy and need to be stood up and shot. Well, they did Jesus the same way. I can still feel the presence of God here in the army camp.

I have just received my Lighted Pathway and have already finished reading it. It surely was a help to me. It gave me new courage to press on to victory. I want to work for Jesus anywhere I may be.

I would like to hear from anyone who cares to write encouraging letters to me. I surely would appreciate them very much.

There is another Christian boy in the same barracks that I am in, which makes it a little better, but we need your prayers. Please take this to the Lord in prayer.—Your brother in Christ, Pvt. Rev. John T. Owens, Co. B 27 Bn 6th Medical Training Group, Barracks No. 263, Camp Grant, Ill.

— — —
Dear Sister Harrison:

This is my first time to write to you. I certainly enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. I receive so much encouragement from it. I never read it before I came to the army but I read it now and will as long as I can get it. My grandmother has been sending it to me but I am subscribing for it so I can get it sooner.

I am glad to know that I am a Christian and, oh, how we need to pray for ourselves and others as well. I have been in the army for eight months and do not find an easy road, but it is sweet to trust Jesus. He will not tempt us with more temptations than we can overcome.

I like the old song, "It pays to serve Jesus, It pays every step of the way." How true those words are.

It is not God's desire to have this war raging or any war but it is the people

losing faith and forgetting God. The only thing we can do is to put our faith in God and obey our government. We love our country but we love God more.

Hold fast to your faith in God and His mercy. I pray that God's richest blessings may be with you all, in the army and out of the army, in sickness and in health, in life and in death, and may He have mercy on us all.—P. F. C. William R. Roser, Co. L, 5th Regiment, 2 M. R. T. C., Ft. Francis E. Warren, Wyoming. Home address, Enfield, Ill.

— — —
Dear Friend:

As a Christian, I must ask you for a list of books which will help me in the study of the Word of God. I love to study the Word and want a book to help me learn more about it. I'm in the army and would like to have some kind of a book to help me in my studies.

I read the Lighted Pathway and Evangel.—Pvt. Henry Herndon, Co. M. 12th Inf., Camp Gordon, Ga.

A Good Example

The Church of God at North Cleveland, Tennessee, has lately closed a Y. P. E. contest which resulted in great and marvelous good from a city, state, and national point of view; but perhaps the one outstanding accomplishment was the circulation of Lighted Pathways in army camps. Hundreds of Lighted Pathways have been sent in rolls to the army camps to be distributed in the reading rooms for our boys, that they might have good, wholesome literature to read during their hours of rest and recreation. Many wonderful letters have come to the office from chaplains, thanking the Lighted Pathway in the highest terms for remembering the boys in camp, and assuring us that these magazines would receive wide distribution. Some of the chaplains have commented on the value of the material which is contained in this, the official organ of the Y. P. E., and what a wonderful work it is. The North Cleveland Y. P. E. tells us that they are not through but they are going to continue to send these young people's magazines to the boys in training, for not only are they helping the boys but they themselves are getting a great deal of joy out of such work. It is to be hoped that churches all over the country will follow this example and send Lighted Pathways to the boys in camp.—E. L. Simmons, in *Church of God Evangel*.

(Continued on page 26)

**DON'T MISS THE MOTHER'S DAY
ISSUE**

Our Y. P. E. Poets

Were I To Die

Were I to die,
What friends would look upon
My quiet face before they laid it in
Its resting place?
What friends would call to mind,
With loving thought,
Some kindly deed my cold,
Still hands had wrought?
The mem'ry of my hate
And greed and pride
And escapades would all
Be cast aside.
Were I to die,
Some hearts estranged would once
More turn to me,
Recalling other days
Remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with
Averted glance,
Would look upon me as
Of yore, perchance.
Keep not your flowers for
My cold dead brow;
The way is lonely—let
Me see them now,
For life is short, and death
May intercede.
When dreamless sleep is mine
I shall not need
A friend when resting 'neath
The silent clod,
I will have gone at last
To meet my God.

—Jan Josef Pundt.

Service

Cidney Lucile Waldrop

I have but one life here to live
And so, with every passing day,
I want to do some little kindly deed
That lingers on when I have passed away.

I want to plant some flowers here,
And I shall scatter sunshine too,
And when the sunset of my life has come
'Twill leave the dawn of memories for
you.

I have but one life here to give,
God grant that I may serve my best,
And when my hands have ceased to bear
the cross,
I shall be worthy of eternal rest.

—Port Arthur, Texas.

My Jesus

Wanda Boyles

Who walked the shores of Galilee?
Who healed the lepers and set them free?

Who miraculously fed the multitude
With five loaves and two small fish for
food?

My Jesus.

Who bore His own cross to the city gate,
And never grumbled o'er His fate?
Who was crucified at Golgotha then,
And made to suffer for others' sin?

My Jesus.

Who arose a conquerer o'er the grave,
And to His disciples loving instructions
gave?

Who ascended to heaven in a cloud,
And to us a comforter allowed?

My Jesus.

Who helps us through each trial and
test?

Who always knows just what is best?
Who heals our every ill,
And keeps us ever in His will?

My Jesus.

Who can give us life eternal?
Who can give us joy supernal?
Who can make a sad heart glad,
And can to us blessings add?

My Jesus.

Who is coming back to earth again
For all whose lives are free from sin?
Who has built for His own a city fair,
With which none of earth can compare?

My Jesus.

—Elkins, W. Va.

The Things God Made

Ruth Allen

God made the birds that sing,
God made the snow and rain,
God made the hail and sleet,
He made the deer and sheep.

He also made the beautiful trees,
The beautiful lanes and creeks,
God made the summer and winter,
The fall and the spring.

The flowers that bloom in the summer,
The snow that falls in the winter,
The beautiful flowers and the fruits on
the trees,
These are "the things God made."

The Lighted Pathway

Christian Erickson

Inspired to write after seeing the beautiful magazine, the Lighted Pathway, October 22, 1941.

The Lord is my Shepherd, He leadeth me
In the valley beside the still waters.

His goodness and mercy, His grace every
day
Has been my strength all the way.
And the great "Lighted Pathway" in the
eve'
I shall see when here my life's journey is
o'er.
I'll rise! meet my Savior, and greet a new
day,
And walk in "God's glory" forever.

Ode to the Torchbearers

Dedicated to the Class of 1940-41 of the Northwest Bible and Music Academy

A torch—a light—to hold on high,
Giving light to all that will draw nigh.
In the darkness it casts its glow,
Dispelling gloom, and misery, and woe.
Not a light to be hid, nor indeed
To be stifled, but there is need
Of torches to shine forth alway,
Hence, torchbearers are required even to-
day.

New times bring new ideas, new ways
Of shedding light. The bright rays
Go forth, but sometimes the glare
Blinds those who in the wayfare.
But the torches! How their kindly light
Shines on those lost in deep night,
Stumbling along the road. The bright
lights gleam,
But the torches shed a soft beam.

Hold it high, comrade true;
No fault in the light. Perhaps you
Have failed to let it shine afar.
Let nothing its usefulness mar.
I pray God, comrade, that you
Will ever hold aloft that torch, too,
Be a light in a dark place,
Till we see Jesus face to face.

In Spring

J. Gilbert Mortimer

Playing with the dancing sands
Gushes forth the spring;
Chants this song to thirsty lands:
"Liquid food I bring."

Birds in flight will seek thy banks;
And with panting breast
Shall bow down to give God thanks
For this bounteous feast.

Down to the quiet, flowing stream
Straggles the thirsty cow;
Drinks her fill, then stands to dream
Under a shady bough.

Coming from his work at night
The horse will rush to drink
Of the cooling spring's delight;
Doesn't pause to think.

Daily they come in pilgrimage,
Thirsty beasts and birds;
But the springlet's only wage
Is their grateful words.

—Sunday School Banner.

Personal Evangelism

(Continued from page 13)

out of various denominational churches, trying to find one that I would care to join. I first became a Methodist, and then a Baptist. I did not care what the label was so long as souls were being saved, and for that reason I became active among the Gideons.

They said to me: "We do not care to what church you belong, but if you want to witness for the Lord we have an association that will give you an outlet for your testimony. Nothing will hold you down as long as you are enthusiastic." Someone said to me today, "I suppose you will talk about the Gideons." How can I help it? I am a booster for my Lord. The name does not mean a thing to me.

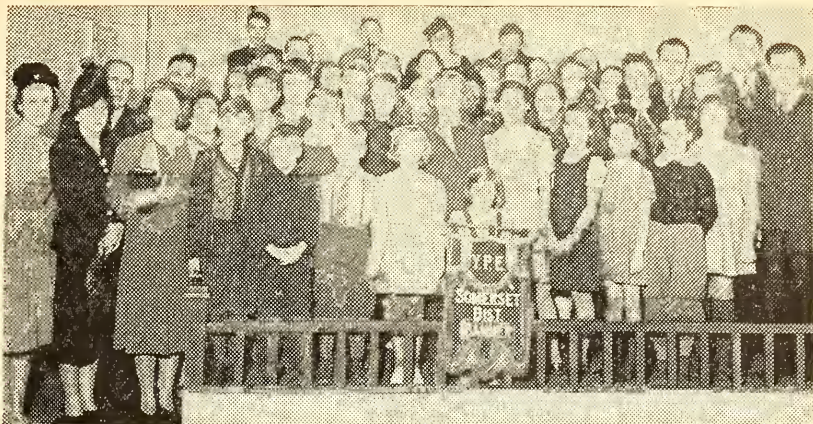
At the time of my conversion I feared I had to become one of those *peculiar* people spoken of in 1 Peter 2:9. I had known some peculiar people. I met a person in Ohio who had long whiskers, did not wear a tie, and wore no buttons on his coat, and I thought, Must I be like that? I finally became reconciled to the idea that I had to become a *peculiar* person.

But as I read the Bible in Dutch, Spanish, and French I became interested in this word *peculiar*. My Dutch Bible did not read *peculiar*; it stated: "a begotten people." I find the explanation in the same Book (1:18, 19): "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." We belong to the Lord because we have been purchased by His blood.

We should be peculiar in our love for the Lord and in our interest for the salvation of the lost. I want those with whom I associate to know where I stand. I desire that they shall be acquainted with the fact that Christ came to seek and to save that which is lost. We are lost sinners for whom Christ died. That is why I stand before you today. I am a sinner saved by grace, looking for my Lord.—*The Gospel Call*.

Christ wept for love's sake for the wicked Jews of Jerusalem who were shutting the door against mercy, when they themselves should have been weeping for gratitude to Him for His unmerited offer of such a bounteous gift.


All men would be spiritual paupers were it not for the fact that they have become beneficiaries of God's will and have been redeemed from sin and spiritual bankruptcy and capitalized with a spiritual inheritance received through God's will, thus making them rich.



This picture was taken at the close of the Windber, Pa., Y. P. E. contest. Approximately one hundred dollars was raised during the contest.


Standing to the right is Brother Homner, the pastor, Brother Paul H. Walker, overseer, and Brother D. N. Lykens, state Y. P. E. and Sunday school superintendent. Standing to the left is Brother Koshewitz, pastor of Easton, Md., Sister Homner, Sister Walker, Sister Mihalcik, Y. P. E. president, and Dorothy Roundsbey, captain.

BIBLICAL EYE-OPENERS



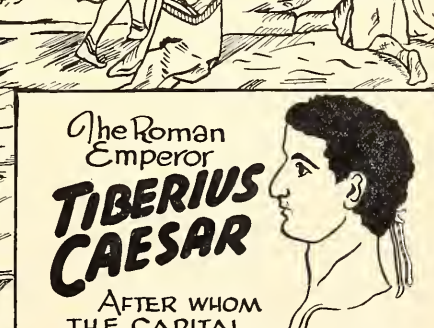
The Prophet ZECHARIAH

SAW CHRIST'S TRIUMPHAL
ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM....
—BUT HE HAD DIED FIVE
HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE
IT TOOK PLACE.....
GOD REVEALED IT TO
HIM, AND LATER IT
OCCURRED JUST AS HE
DESCRIBED IT IN
PROPHECY.
Zech. 9:9; Matt. 21:4,5



CLAUDIA

A CHRISTIAN LADY MENTIONED
BY PAUL IN 2 Tim. 2:1, IS RELATED
BY HISTORY TO HAVE BEEN
THE DAUGHTER OF A
BRITISH KING, COGIDUNUS.
SHE LATER MARRIED
PUDENS, A ROMAN KNIGHT,
WHO IS MENTIONED ALSO
IN THE SCRIPTURE
REFERRED TO ABOVE.
THE TWO MET WHILE SHE
WAS BEING EDUCATED IN ROME.
THEIR SON, NAMED TIMOTHY,
HELPED CONQUER THE BRITONS.
"Claudia"—Fausset's Bible Cyclopaedia



The Roman Emperor TIBERIUS CAESAR

AFTER WHOM
THE CAPITAL
TOWN OF *TIBERIAS* ON
GALILEE WAS NAMED
BY HEROD ANTIPAS.....
(John 6:23) (Josephus)
IS REPUTED BY HISTORY
TO HAVE BEEN THE
ADOPTED SON, STEPSON,
SON-IN-LAW and SUCCESSOR
OF AUGUSTUS CAESAR.
Ref. Arnold's Practical S.S. Commentary, 1942, p.26



Bible Lessons



Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

Topic: The Resurrection

BY THE EDITOR

Scripture: Col. 3:1-4.

Thoughts for the Leader

For not only the greatest but for the very beginning of all "Easter messages in literature" one must go to the Bible. It is the Christ of the Bible, "our Savior Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel," 2 Tim. 1:10. Banish Him from the scene and the future is dark with despair instead of bright with hope. Turn away from the full atonement He has made for sin, refusing to personally accept Him as Savior, and death becomes a great intangible mystery in contemplation of which the stoutest heart quails, instead of merely a passageway leading to Father's House and into which even timid women, whose affection is set on things above, enter without fear, yea, even joyfully.

Comfort in Sorrow

1 Thess. 4:16-18

As our lesson text was such a joy to the women as they went to the tomb that first Easter morning they found that their Lord had risen, so 1 Thess. 16:18 should be a great comfort to us as we realize that the day is coming when we may see the tomb open and see our loved

ones rise with us to meet the Lord, whom we love, in the air. The resurrection is our only hope of meeting our loved ones again. Then why should this not be a happy day for us and why should we not get ready for that great resurrection morning? It's going to be a wonderful time. Are we looking for His coming and trying to put on that wedding garment so that we may be ready for the marriage supper of the Lamb? Only those with robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb can be in this first resurrection.

Dying With Christ

Gal. 2:19-20

One of the notes of Easter time is sacrifice: things must die to come to life again. Before the flowers and the vegetables can spring forth the seed must die. Before the trees can blossom they must pass through a stage in the winter that is equivalent to death. Before the life in Christ could be vouchsafed to men He must needs endure the cross. Before some of the finest of the virtues can be born in human life sacrifices must be made.

"For that high cross upraised on Calvary;

The broken seals—the rolled-back stone—

Forever opened through His life in death;

For that brief glimpse vouchsafed within the veil;

For all His gracious life, and for His death

With low-bowed heads, and hearts im-

passionate—

We thank Thee, Lord."

Risen With Christ

Rom. 6:1-11

It was fitting that Christ should come forth from the grave into the new, spiritual, resurrected life during the springtime. In the spring everything is taking on new life. Sleeping trees are awaking and putting on their foliage afresh. Flowers are springing forth to new beauty, birds are aroused to new song. Men take on fresh activities by planting gardens and crops. The air becomes fragrant with perfume and alive with the activities of insect, bird, beast, and man. From the apparent death of bleak winter nature comes back. From the apparent defeat of the tomb Christ came back. Thanks be to God! From our defeats, and our sins, and our failures, we can come back. There is always another opportunity, another possibility of beginning afresh and anew.

Identity in the Resurrection

The divinely-chosen analogy of the

seed and the plant is to me the most suggestive regarding our spiritual body as it shall be hereafter. For, take the bulb of the hyacinth, or of any other flower, submit it to the naturalist, and he will tell you by aid of the microscope what the perfected flower will be; yet who that did not know the mysteries of vegetation could believe that from the unpromising bulb would spring the gorgeous flower enveloped in its sheltering leaves? Yet such shall be our body then compared with our body now.—*E. H. Bickersteth.*

Immortality

The Easter message may be summed up in this: There is no death. Life is ever lord of death. Life is immortal. Christ could not die; He had in Him the germ of an immortal existence. Neither can those who have linked their life to God in Him perish. Death and the grave have no victory for those who love Him.

Topic: Rewards

ALDA B. RANKIN MCLENDON

Scripture: Rev. 22:12; Romans 2:6-11.

Thoughts for the Leader

According to Webster's dictionary, reward is something given or received in return or recompense for service, merit, or hardship. There are, of course, various types of rewards. We see people all about us working for reward. There are those who will endure great hardships, even to the endangering of their own lives, to gain a reward or worldly applause. On the other hand, there are those who will suffer great hardships and endure much who are not looking for a reward, but do it because they are helping someone and have joy in doing it because they are following in Christ's footsteps.

It is certainly true according to the Word of God that we do receive rewards, not only in this life but in the life to come. Whether we be righteous or unrighteous we will be rewarded. We see people who are serving the devil faithfully and they will be rewarded. On the other hand, we see those who are serving Christ faithfully and they will be rewarded. In this lesson we wish to consider the rewards and compare those of the Christian and those of the sinner from the Word of God, as God hath said, let us "study to shew ourselves approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Timothy 2:15. May God bless us in our study together.

Reward of the Righteous

The righteous is oftentimes rewarded here on earth for the service he renders. Just to be instrumental in leading a soul to Christ and be able to witness the happy experience brought about in his or her life rewards us for our effort. Just to give a word of encouragement to some discouraged soul and see him press on

with renewed courage rewards us for the effort. Yes, many times along the journey of life we are rewarded but our reward does not end here, for in St. Matt. 5:12 we are told to rejoice and be exceeding glad for great is our reward in heaven.

The reward of the righteous consists of being with Christ in heaven, for He said, "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also," St. John 14:3.

The reward of the righteous consists also of being like Christ, as we are told in 1 John 3:2, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

Another reward of the righteous will be the privilege of living where there is no evil. "And God shall wipe all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away," Rev. 21:4. "And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life," Rev. 21:27. There is on the other hand the presence of all good as we are told in Psalms 16:11, "In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

From these scriptures we learn that the reward of the righteous is an abundant reward, but how disappointing it would be if these rewards lasted only for a while as the earthly rewards do. But as we search the scriptures we find these rewards are eternal. "But he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life," St. Mark 10:30. So it is that the reward is great if we give up all to follow Christ, and God grant that none of us will fail to receive the eternal reward which shall be given unto the righteous.

Reward of the Wicked

The sinner as well as the Christian receives rewards here on earth. The Bible says, "the way of transgressors is hard." Sometimes it may seem the wicked is prospering and getting along better than the Christian. In Psalms 73 David tells of how he was envious at the foolish when he saw the prosperity of the wicked, but when he went into the sanctuary then he understood their end. So let each of us search the scriptures that we, too, may understand and know the reward that the wicked receives or shall receive.

In our study of the rewards of the righteous we learned that the reward of

the righteous will be enjoyed in heaven, but in this we will learn that the reward of the wicked will be endured in hell. Notice the contrast "enjoyed in heaven" and "endured in hell."

The reward of the wicked will consist of separation from God as we are told in 2 Thess. 1:9, "Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power" and also from the separation of all who are pure and holy. The wicked will never be privileged to enter heaven, for nothing that defileth will be permitted to enter heaven. Rev. 21:27. Not only will they not be permitted to enter heaven but they will be in actual torment because of the realization of what has been lost and it can never be regained, also the memory of past misdeeds and lost opportunities and the torment of conscience. In St. Luke 16:23 we are told of how the rich man lifted up his eyes in hell, being in torments, and he called to Abraham to send Lazarus that he might dip the tip of his finger in water and cool his tongue; for he was tormented in the flame. "But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." There will be knowledge of God's condemnation, for they will cry for the rocks and mountains to fall on them and to hide them from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb. Rev. 6:16.

This is a state which one would wish did not exist eternally, but in St. Matt. 25:46 we are told, "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment," and also in 2 Thess. 1:9, "Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power?" Yes, the reward of the wicked will be terrible. "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire," Rev. 20:15.

Future Reward Is the Result of Our Own Choice

In Deut. 30:19 we have these words, "I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live."

It is up to each of us to make the choice which will determine our reward in this life or in the life to come. "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance," 2 Peter 3:9. We are told in 1 Cor. 3:8 that every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor. How sad it is for anyone to spend his life serving the devil, seeking

to gain the things of this present world! "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works," St. Matt. 16:26, 27. Jesus said, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent," St. John 6:29. How important it is that we yield our lives to Christ while we are young that our lives may be spent in His service instead of waiting until life's race is almost run and have to enter heaven empty-handed with no sheaves to lay at the Master's feet. It is far better to get in at the last than not at all, but how much better to give our entire life to the Master to be used as He sees best. Yes, it may be we may have much to suffer, but if we suffer we shall also reign with Him. 1 Timothy 2:12. And again He said, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: But rejoice, inasmuch as ye be partakers of Christ's sufferings; that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy," 1 Pet. 4:12, 13. Truly no one will ever regret a life spent in serving the Master, for He says, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," Rev. 2:10. And "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne," Rev. 3:21.

God forbid that any of us should fail to make the right choice.

NOTE: Young people, spend much time in study and prayer and never fail to consider it a great responsibility when given a part in a young people's lesson. If you give your part faithfully, you may be able to win some soul to Christ. If you fail to do your best in giving your part, some soul may be lost because of your failure. Never fail to study your part carefully; pray over it, and ask God for His anointing to be upon you and His Spirit to guide you. God is depending on you to hold up the light. Don't fail Him.

Topic: God's Three Requirements

PAULINE WEAVER

Scripture: Micah 6:6-8.

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and

what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Thoughts for the Leader

It seems a vital question always—"What does the Lord require of me?" We find many people who tell us many different things that are required of us; things that we must do if we would be sons of God, and blameless before Him. But today, we find the clear, concise requirements that are His—not complicated, not lengthy, but simple as are all His teachings. Not to bring burnt offerings, not to give Him material things that He already owns, not even to give our firstborn for our transgressions, but to "do justly, love mercy, and to walk humbly with God." Simple words, are they not? And yet, as we analyze its contents, we find it contains not just three things but every one of the teachings Christ came to earth and taught us.

To Do Justly

Isa. 26:7.

"The way of the just is uprightness." When we think about being just, there is something to it besides just paying our debts. After all, that is a person's duty here, he must do that, or else the law of the land will punish him. I have always thought that God never especially noticed that we did the things we had to do, but rather the things we did because we thought He would have us do. Are we always just in our dealings with people? Do we pray for them which spitefully use us, remembering to be just, and that Jesus prayed even for the people who put Him to death? Col. 4:1, "Master, give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven." I think we often forget our Master in heaven in our dealings with people we happen to be master over, and forget to be as just as He was.

To Love Mercy

Mercy—whenever I think of that, I think of the great mercy of God to the human race. How very merciful He is to me today, to give to me the things I need and ask, and yet to know that I am unworthy. To see how merciful He is to unsaved people, giving them chance after chance to seek Him, while they go wilfully on in their way, even blaspheming Him. And I wonder if we are always merciful, or if we do not condemn a little easily? I often think of the sinful woman brought to Christ about to be stoned, how much like those men we are today, ready to hurt and torment a person for some badness, yet never being merciful because He was and is. We find the story of the good Samaritan and Jesus' last words concerning the story are "go and do likewise," Luke 10:37. We find also, "He is kind unto the unthankful" and that He tells us to "give

to every man that asketh of thee." It means something to show some of His great mercy to our fellow man; to help those poor men and women who have sunk to the lowest parts of the slough of sin and despair, and to teach them of Jesus, His mercy and love.

To Walk Humbly With God

I thought as I read this scripture, "but in order to walk humbly with God we will have to do all the things which Jesus said do many years later, when He walked the shores of Galilee and told His disciples to preach to all people. We will have to be merciful, just, tender, forgiving, to do good, to pray for sinners; we will have to be real Christians in order to walk humbly with God." WALKING WITH GOD—it is a beautiful thought, and an even more wonderful and beautiful experience. To walk with God—feel His hand on ours, hear His voice, know He's guiding us! But if we would walk with God we must forget the world and its follies, we must choose Jesus' voice and Jesus' hand from the hand and voice of the multitudes today. And we will be humble if we walk with Him. We'll realize the greatness of Him, the smallness of us—the ability of Him, the inability of us—the strength of Him, the weakness of us; and as we see and hear and feel Him daily, daily we'll see ourselves more and more humble, and it is then we will find ourselves in a closer walk with the great God.

Topic: Complete Consecration

Scripture: Rom. 12:1.

Leader's Thoughts

God chooses to have our entire being, our all. He can only use us as we surrender ourselves to Him. Therefore, we are to study what "complete consecration" means. As we look in the Bible for a number that will stand for completeness, we find that the number seven is used more than any other to stand for completeness. Our lesson this time has to do with consecration in a sevenfold way. Each speaker will take a different part of our body and tell why it must be given over to the Lord's use for the whole body to be consecrated to God. It takes giving our mind, hands, tongue, eyes, ears, feet and heart. Consecration as a word is not found in the Bible, but this Scripture means giving or presenting our bodies a living sacrifice, which is consecration.

Presenting Our Minds

First, we notice Rom. 12:2, "Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God." So unless we present or give our minds to God so that they will receive that renewing from Him, we can not know the will of God. The question might be asked,

"How can I give my mind?" God's Word is His will, so if we study the Word we should not be ignorant concerning His will. We find then that we can give our minds by study of God's Word. The person who feeds his mind on poor thoughts will soon starve his soul to death. Let's not starve our souls. We need a mind to work. If we study the Word we cannot but find plenty to do.

Giving Our Hands

Eph. 4:28

"Let him that stole steal no more: but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." The Bible also says that he that hath clean hands and a pure heart shall ascend into the hill of the Lord. The hill of the Lord is the height that every Christian is seeking with God! so we see it is important to give our hands to the things that will help us to go higher with God or to be more consecrated to God. Another important reason is that he who fails to place his hand in the hand of God is easy to be led astray. Our hands must be dedicated to God. If we would give more of what we make with our hands, we would have more blessings coming our way from God.

Giving Our Tongues to God in Consecration

Our tongues must be tamed as we find in James 3:5-9. (Read the reference and comment.) The tongue depends more or less on the consecration of the ears, eyes and other parts of the body. If the ears are consecrated to God, they will refuse to hear some things that the untamed tongue will pass along as gossip. If the eyes are consecrated, they will not see some things that the untamed tongue will pass as news. The same way with the mind that is consecrated not having time to think on some things that an untamed tongue will delight to pass to someone else. Surely the tongue is a fire. We know that God alone can tame the tongue, therefore the great need of sanctification by the blood of Jesus Christ.

Eyes To See God

Matt. 26:41, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." We should behold Jesus always! Praise His name! Look for things like Him in our fellowmen and ourselves will be lost sight of. That is the great secret of entire or complete consecration, losing sight of ourselves. If we look on Christ always instead of looking back into the world of material things, we will always be qualified for God's use and kingdom.

We find in Psa. 5:3 that David declared that he would look up. And you will notice that he said when he would do this too. He said he would pray in the morning and look up. Now we should begin early in the day and consecrate ourselves daily to God. Luke also tells us

that we will see the Son of man coming in the clouds with power and great glory, then to look up for your redemption draweth nigh. Then why not look up always to Jesus, seeing only those things that would please Him for us to do? Let us consecrate our eyes whereby we can only see God and not the things that would make our tongues gossip and displease Him.

Ears That Hear God

"Doth not the ear try words?" Job 12: 11. In this verse we find that even as the mouth tastes meats presumably to see if it is the kind to be desired, so doth the ear try words to see if they are the right kind. Oh, how we should be careful to weigh words or try them out before we pass them on with our lips or lodge them in our minds.

Prov. 17:4 tells us that a liar gives ear to a naughty tongue, so we see that our members or the different parts of our body are dependent on each other. We must be completely consecrated, dedicated or sanctified. Praise the Lord for Matt. 13:16, "Blessed are your eyes, for they see: and for your ears, for they hear." Acts 7:51 should be a warning to us along this line.

It keeps our minds busy to grade the things that come into our ears.

Feet That Walk With God

Heb. 12:1; 1 Pet. 2:1, 2. If we are to lay aside the weights, what are they? You know the Word of God should take the place of other things. If we fill ourselves with the milk of the Word and also build a wall of protection around us with the Word we will be able to grow toward Him in praise and thanksgiving. However, if we are weighted down with these things, all malice, guile, hypocrisies, envies and all evil speaking, we cannot go on in the race that is set before us. If we have feet that walk to church whenever there is any service that we can receive a blessing from (that is all of the services) or go to someone in need to help him, in other words, if we go only where we can glorify the Lord, by going our feet then are consecrated feet. These are the things that will prove whether we are consecrated, mind you.

Leader's Closing Points

Now we can see our complete or sevenfold consecration in the service of the Lord. If we are doing all that we can along all these lines, then we are given over to God. It takes constant living in faith. We must have praise to God with thanksgiving. We must praise Him for everything as the Bible says. We cannot grumble at our circumstances and keep the sunshine of God's love upon us. You have heard, no doubt, some object that we can give thanks in everything, but we cannot give thanks for everything.

In Eph. 5:20 we are definitely instructed of the Holy Ghost to be "giv-

ing thanks ALWAYS FOR ALL THINGS unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." Does this give any room for complaining about anything? No, praise Him! Why are we not told by the preacher in Ecclesiastes 3 that there is a time to pray or a time to praise? Because we are called on to pray without ceasing, and also to offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks unto His name. The Bible does not contradict itself anywhere.

Entire sevenfold consecration that is a result of giving over our wills to that of the Father's. Praise God! Let us praise Him for the hard places as well as the joys we have through salvation.

Murray Mill's Easter

(Continued from page 17)

them. I think it was said in the best way possible. Della, have you any idea who the man is that is coming here to preach today?"

"Not the slightest. You know Mr. Murray promised to provide a minister, and I think he came last night. Mr. Murray went into Almo to meet the evening train."

"Della, he told me the church should be kept open. You had suggested our organizing a Bible School. He approves of that, and said he thought he could arrange to have this minister come to us at least once in two weeks."

There had been a little curiosity in the settlement when, two days before, it had been known that the old church was open.

Della stopped at the doorway, her heart singing with joy. "How it will surprise some of these poor women who I've discovered are hungry for help to lead Christian lives. Oh, I am sure Easter—the spirit of the Risen Christ—has come to Murray's Mill."

A little later the boys who had distributed the notes came in. They assembled in the body of the church with the two ladies, Mr. Murray, Lynn, and Hugh Longworth. With Mr. Murray was a tall, dignified-looking man whose head had been silvered by the passage of years.

"My brother, the minister, Harvey Murray," the mill owner said. "He will preach to us this morning and for the summer. As he is recovering from a long, severe illness he has been obliged to give up his regular work. Are we ready now?"

The little group of men and women, their number reinforced by the boys of Murray's Mill, walked down the aisle, grouping themselves before the pulpit. Harvey Murray repeated from memory St. John's wonderful version of the resurrection morning. He talked for ten minutes, dealing with the thought that they, the few assembled here, had, like the sorrowing ones of long ago, received the

command to "go quickly, and tell*** that He is risen from the dead." Then, after a few words of earnest prayer, words uttered in a spirit that brought them all near to God, they passed out into the early morning to find the soft rose flush of sunrise coloring the eastern sky.

"You know you are all, especially the boys, to go home with me for breakfast," Thomas Murray said. "My brother wants to talk with these boys and see what they will pledge themselves to do, to help on His work here."

"Their mothers? Will they not be uneasy?" Miss Hunt asked a little fearfully.

The mill owner laughed. "We had to let the mothers know there was something afoot so the boys could get out so early. And I delivered my invitation for the boys to the mothers."

The church at Murray's Mill was not crowded that morning, because the entire population of the settlement would not fill it, for they were all there—men, women, children. Arrayed in their poor best, many of them prompted by curiosity, and others by a desire for something, anything that would break the dull monotony of their lives, they came. But that was not all. There were some eager to worship God in His own house and others eager to learn about Him and His Son whose resurrection they were remembering.

And the children? Already Della, aided by their middle-aged school-teacher, who was easily aroused from the lethargy of indifference, had told and retold of the resurrection. The children were there that morning, bright-eyed, wistful, glad. Looking forward, the boys and the girls, even more than the older ones, saw the promise of the years to be.

There is just one more thing to record of that meeting. When it was breaking up, Della chanced to leave the church at the side of the minister, Harvey Murray. He looked down upon her, smiling benignly.

"It has been a wonderful morning, Mr. Harvey."

"Indeed it has, and there is one secret of it my brother and I want to share with you. For years we have been estranged. Thomas hotly resented my urging him to use a part of the great wealth he has accumulated for others and for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God. So hot was his resentment that he refused to answer my letters or to see me. He wrote and asked me to come here to help him and you in this great work. Dear little lady, you have obeyed the Easter message of carrying on the glad tidings, the message, 'He is risen.'"—*The Youth's Companion*.

DON'T MISS THE MOTHER'S DAY ISSUE

The Editor's Message

(Continued from page 2)

There is a story of a young man who was at sea in a raging tempest and, when all the passengers were at their wits' end for fear, he only was merry; and when he was asked the reason for his mirth he answered that the pilot of the ship was his father, and he knew his father would take care of him. So if you are a Christian, you have a Father who will take care of you, and this angel who stood at the tomb that morning is still saying, "Fear not, he is risen." Keep your eyes lifted to the hills from whence cometh your help.

The answer of a Christian sailor, who was not sure that he could swim, when asked why he remained so calm in a fearful storm was, "Though I sink I shall only drop into the hollow of my Father's hand; for He holds all these waters there."

Another says, "My life hangs by a single thread, but my Father holds the thread." Boys, if you were a Christian when you went into the service of your country, do not fail God in this critical time. He needs you as a torch among the thousands of unsaved boys. Now is your time and chance to win souls for Christ. You will find many chances to let your light shine, by your actions, without pushing yourself on others. It is not always best to try to make men see your way, but let them see your life and make them hungry for salvation. There will be many boys there from Christian homes and their parents are at home praying for them and they will need help. Stand ready to be an instrument in God's hands.

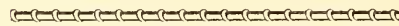
Boys, if you are in the class whose parents are praying for your salvation will you not surrender your lives to the Master? It will be the greatest day for you that you have ever known and that letter you write home to Mother and Dad will be the greatest letter you have ever written, and there will be rejoicing in that old home and also among the angels in heaven, and then you can accept the "fear nots" as your very own. And to you I am dedicating this beautiful verse which is called the golden text of the Bible, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John 3:16.

Will you just remove that "whosoever" and place your own name there? Let us see how it sounds—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that Robert believing in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Isn't that grand? God bless you!

**DON'T MISS THE MOTHER'S DAY
ISSUE**



Little Jimmie McGee, of Tucson, Ariz., is a good Lighted Pathway salesman. He sold a number of Lighted Pathways in one afternoon and for one he received 30c.



Letters From Boys in Training Camps

(Continued from page 19)

List of Camps and Number of Lighted Pathways Sent to Each

Chaplain, Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Little Rock, Ark.	100
Chaplain, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.	100
Chaplain, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.	100
Chaplain, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.	100
Chaplain, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.	100
Chaplain, Kelly Field, Tex.	100
Chaplain, Fort Knox, Ky.	100
Chaplain, Post Field, Fort Sill, Okla.	100
Chaplain, Selfidge Field, Mount	

Clemens, Mich.	100
Chaplain, Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss.	100
Chaplain, Sunset Airport, Spokane, Wash.	100
Chaplain, Tucson Air Corps Facility, Tucson, Ariz.	100
Chaplain, Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyoming	100
Chaplain, Camp Forrest, Tullahoma, Tenn.	100
Chaplain, Fort Bragg, N. C.	200
Chaplain, Fort Benning, Ga.	100
Mr. William Retts, R. G. LeTourneau, Inc., Toccoa, Ga.	14
Chaplain, Naval Training Station, Norfolk, Va.	60
Pvt. Clyde S. Barnette, I. N. S. A. sn. 37060819, Annette, Isn., Alaska	25

Dear Sister Harrison:

Enclosed you will find 50c to send the Lighted Pathway to the boys in the army camps.

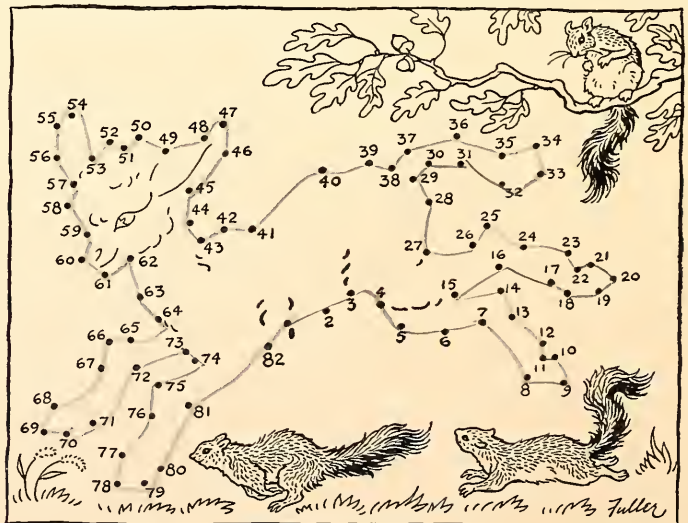
I received the notice of my subscription expiring. I had only 50c and God spoke to my heart this morning something like this, "Would you be willing to take that 50c and send the Lighted Pathway to the boys in camp and do without your paper?" I said, "Yes, Lord." So I am sending it, asking God to direct the paper to the ones it will do the most good.

I love the Lighted Pathway. It is a real help to me.—Mrs. J. L. Criner.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am sending a small offering of \$5.00 to the fund for sending the Lighted Pathway to the camps, for the boys need Christ more than anything in the world.

I am praying that this might lead some lost soul to Christ—Mrs. A. V. Russell.



From London Slums to Evangelism

Called to Preach

Although following my conversion I desired to do God's will, feeling that He had laid His hand upon me for service, yet at the same time I resisted, for I was prospering in business. The price seemed higher than I could pay. About this time, my sister Rose, now married and living in Canada, wrote strange letters home, telling us about the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. At the time I could not understand them, and wrote back to her that I had the Holy Spirit, but that I had not had an experience such as she mentioned. But, thank God, today it is very real to me.

My sister Rose took very sick, and we received a letter stating that she would like one of her loved ones to come to Canada to be with her. As I was the only one in our family who was free to go, I took a leave of absence from my job and traveled over two thousand miles across the ocean to Montreal, Quebec, with no intention of remaining in Canada. God works in mysterious ways, doesn't He?

One Sunday night I went to the church about which my sister had written while I was still in England. It was located at 81 Drummond Street, Montreal, and pastored by Charlie Baker. While at the altar worshipping the Lord, a mighty rushing wind from heaven filled the place. I began to shout the praises of God, and that night He filled me with the Holy Spirit. For over four hours I was prostrated at the feet of my Lord, and when I arose I was so filled with the power of God I could hardly walk straight. From that time, I knew God had a work for me to do, but I could not bring myself to the place of yielding to Him.

A dear old Scotch woman one evening placed her hand upon mine as she said, "Son, don't fight against God. Go to your room and pray it through." Tears ran down my cheeks, and I rushed to my room, where for the next three and a half hours I lay across my bed, trying to make excuses to God. Finally my stubborn will was broken, and I looked toward heaven and cried from my heart, "Lord, I'll do what You want me to do."

Fields of service began to open up to me. I went out into the highways and byways by faith, with nothing but the Word of God. I availed myself of every opportunity to witness for Him. It didn't matter where, in empty schoolhouses or stores, I proclaimed God's Word as best I knew how, and where I lacked, He helped. Precious souls were saved, the sick were healed, and God's peace was in my soul. There is no joy on earth like that of pointing lost men and women to Christ.

*The Thrilling Life Story of Percy T. King,
Pastor-Evangelist of the Christian Assembly, Zion, Illinois.*

(Continued from last issue)

I continued in this type of service for some time but, feeling my need of a greater grip on and knowledge of God's Word, I decided to go to Bible college. I worked, skimped, and saved until I had enough money to travel fourteen hundred miles west to Winnipeg, Canada. There I started my training. The lights burned until the wee hours of the morning, as I read, marked, learned, and digested the Grand Old Book. On week-ends I traveled over the western plains, sometimes with the temperature forty and fifty degrees below zero, preaching Christ to hungry hearts. Many times my remuneration for a week-end amounted to fifty or seventy-five cents, for the people on those western plains were very poor.

Remarkable Deliverance from Death

Then came dark days. I had been accustomed to earning a good wage, and it went against my nature to depend upon people for offerings. When I graduated from Bible college, the money that I had saved to go through school was gone. I had always been sort of independent (most Englishmen are), and so decided that rather than to take the meager amount that came in on Sundays, I would work. During the week I worked, and on Sundays I preached. I planned on doing this only until I had sufficient money to buy things that I wanted, without depending upon people to give them to me. How convincingly the enemy of our souls argues at times! The devil saw to it that I prospered; it seemed that everything I touched turned to money. The deceitfulness of riches was slowly but surely gripping my heart and crowding out the desire to launch out again into the ministry.

I was traveling along a dark road one night in Saskatchewan, Canada, on my way to the next town to close a business deal which was to bring me several thousand dollars, when suddenly the car plunged over a high embankment. Something hit me on the head and knocked me out. When I came to, blood was pouring from my mouth and my chest was crushed. Another fellow was in the car with me; his head had gone through the windshield, severing an artery in his face. Since my car had folded up like an accordion, it was with great difficulty that I forced my way out of it. I discovered the steering wheel had broken

in, crushing my chest. I seized my fellow traveler and dragged him to the roadside.

Amidst the blackness and horror of the night, with blood streaming from both of us, I cried unto God for help. I felt a presence hover us, and then the Lord spoke very plainly: "Son, you're a Jonah!" Then and there I made a covenant with Him. If He would only restore me to His favor, I would preach the gospel should I receive no more than fifty cents a week for doing so. As I look back on that tragic night, many years ago, I thank God for it, because I have not gone back on His call since. By His grace He will find me preaching Jesus when He comes.

My Coworker

After traveling in Canada for a while, calls began to come from the United States. Among them was one from Niagara Falls, N. Y. Naturally speaking, I had little desire to go, but as it seemed the Lord would have me hold a revival campaign in Niagara Falls, I went. After arriving there I knew why God had sent me, for in Niagara Falls I met the girl who became my precious wife. Great was my fall, and I have never recovered. In fact, I never want to do so. She has proven to be God's gift to me, as a real coworker and soul-winner. Her singing and musical ability have been a blessing to the Lord's cause. Today, as I look back upon our strenuous evangelistic work, I can point to hundreds of souls who have been won because of her tact and ability as a personal worker. The Lord has also given us a precious little fellow, Bobby, who had a very definite experience of the new birth when just four years old.

Another Marvelous Healing

While in the midst of a glorious revival in the great City of Detroit, Michigan, I became suddenly afflicted with a severe cold. Because of overexertion in the Lord's work my resistance was low. I spent one day in bed, but felt I had to get up that night and preach, as an extraordinary move was on in the church. In spite of a fever and a general feeling of illness, I preached and six precious souls wept their way through to God that night. I went home from that service conscious that I was a very sick man. For three days and nights my fever raged between 104 and 105 degrees. The pains through my head seemed more than I could bear. Every few minutes a severe pain would strike and almost raise me off the bed. Finally, my wife became so alarmed that she called the doctor. After examining me, he left the house, saying he would return in a few minutes. When he came back another doctor was with

him. Together they held a consultation. Both decided I had pneumonia and meningitis. They gave Mrs. King little hope for my recovery.

A dear fellow minister had died of the same diseases, and he was a husky man: so Mrs. King reasoned: "If pneumonia and meningitis killed such a big man, surely there is no possible chance, apart from God, for my husband to pull through."

Before the doctor had been summoned, my wife had called the elders of the church. They arrived just as the doctor was leaving. Seeing them enter the house, he asked them what they wanted. They replied that they had come to pray for Evangelist King. He exclaimed, "If you have any praying to do, pray for yourself. Don't enter his room; he is too sick." But I insisted that they come in and pray, for I knew I was dying. They gathered at my bedside. And when they saw me suffering, those big, strong deacons wept like babies. Mrs. King was as pale as death. Thanks be unto God, while they were praying for me, the Lord spoke to my heart: "Son, you are going to live." Although I felt no better, I claimed the promise, and immediately told the brethren that God had given me the assurance I was going to live. It was difficult for them to believe, especially Mrs. King, for the doctor had told her that if I did survive I would not be normal because the high fever had burned up the brain cells. But, hallelujah! two weeks later I was driving my own car again, and in a month I was back in the pulpit, and have been going strong ever since. To God be all the glory.

In order to tell of all the marvelous and miraculous deliverances from sin we have witnessed in our revivals, I would have to write a book. We have traveled multiplied thousands of miles through Canada and the United States, from coast to coast, preaching Jesus. It has been our joy to see thousands brought into the safety of the Shepherd's fold. We have seen seven in one family saved and filled with the Spirit. Signs and wonders have followed the preaching of the Word, and my only desire is that God shall keep me low at His feet, where I can be used of Him, until He comes. —From *Gospel Call*.

The Delivering Cross

(Continued from page 8)

Spirit and by a living faith that Thou dost Thyself impart, to reckon it so. That cross of Thine is where Thou hast crossed out the I in me. Make this a glorious reality in my experience from this moment forward. Oh, Thou blessed crucified, risen and ascended Christ, from this moment be Thou my life, my righteousness, my holiness, my all."

The Walk of Faith

In Romans 6 where the Apostle reveals the fact that our old man was crucified at Calvary he shows us that we must do two things. First, we must enter into a reckoning of faith. "Reckon*," he says, "yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin." Dead indeed! Every time the tempter comes around sound out that truth, "Dead indeed! I died at Calvary." Further, count on the new creation life He abundantly supplies and reckon yourselves "alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Do you get that? Not through straining, but through Jesus Christ our Lord. You can safely trust the work of your salvation to Him who has had such long experience in this salvation business. Then, realizing you are no longer your own, for you have been bought at infinite cost, even the lifeblood of the only begotten Son of God, yield yourselves unto God as those who are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God.

In Christ

That was a wonderful prophecy of our Lord Jesus just before He went to Calvary, when He was telling His disciples of the coming of the Spirit, He said, "At that day (the day of Pentecost) ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." If you have been truly born again say it over and over until you realize it. "I am in Christ, and Christ is in me." What happens when we come into Christ? We become a new creation. The Creator who made everything beautiful at the beginning, making man in His own likeness, is the Creator who undertakes the work of this new creation and He will make us like unto Himself. Don't stumble at that wonderful word in Rom. 8:29. We accept and often quote Rom. 8:28, but the next verse we read, "For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son."

Daily Crucifixion

There are many chips that have to come off the marble before we come into the glorious image of His Son. Accept every phase of crucifixion that the Lord allows to come to you with a glad "Amen; Alleluia," for that is the language of the "crucified Bride" of the crucified Lamb, Rev. 19:4. Suffering will come. There is no such thing as a painless crucifixion. After saying, "We which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake," and giving a list of things he suffered, Paul says, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which

are not seen are eternal," 2 Cor. 4:17, 18. Here the cross, yonder the crown.—S. H. F., from *Gospel Herald*.

Cripple Tom

(Continued from page 4)

little crippled son. But that garret was as the gate of Heaven to a poor soul that was born anew through the faith of a little child.—*The Evangelical Christian*.

Treasured Gleanings

(Continued from page 9)

If one can so implicitly trust manufactured power to carry him safely from one floor to another, from one city to another, etc., why is he so fearful to trust the real power, divine power, the power that never fails?

If you trust the mechanism of the city's power plant to supply you clean and purified water to drink, how much more ought you to be able to trust the power house of God which supplies Living Water for your souls? God's power and supply can be depended upon.

The power of God is available for all and is a wonderful resource for those who need a spiritual tonic. Visit God's power house today for your supply.—*Gospel Herald*.

A True Friend

When Lord Haldane was a busy member of Parliament, a close friend of his lay dying of cancer in Edinburgh, and according to his doctors he had only a few months to live. In order to lighten his affliction, Haldane visited him every day for three months, taking the Scotch Express each night, arriving at Edinburgh in the morning. He spent a few hours with his friend, and then returned each day by the day train to London in time for the debates in the House. Only when the friend died did Haldane's exhausting tribute to friendship cease.

The God-Planned Life

(Continued from page 7)

and His kingdom instead of living for self. So, until God shows you different, stay where you are, and live for God.

* * *

If God wants you elsewhere He will lead you there; be sure to follow.

We have seen that consecration is not necessarily dislocation. Yet it may be. That God usually keeps a man where he is, when he yields his life to Him. Yet *not always*. God may lift you clear out from the sphere in which you are moving. God may completely change your environment, as well as change you. God may take you out of your business or profession, and send you to the uttermost parts of the earth as a chosen messenger of His. But how will this come about, do you say? As you do the next thing. The golden chain of God's great purpose for

your life and mine is woven of the single links which we lay hold of, one at a time, along the pathway of daily opportunity. By and by, when we have gathered enough links, the chain begins to appear. The man who faithfully picks up the links need never fear about missing the chain. Therefore do the next thing. As you do it this thread of daily service becomes in God's hands like the clue to a maze. By it God leads you on in your pathway until you are out from all the labyrinth of darkness and uncertainty, into the clear shining of His will for your life. Therefore do it patiently, faithfully, lovingly. Teach the class, visit the sick, comfort the sorrowing, preach the Word, use the tract and leaflet, witness for Him just where you are. And as you thus serve if God wants you elsewhere, He will surely lead you there. Only do you *be sure to follow*. And thus following some of us will land in China,—India,—Africa. And some of us will abide just where we are. But all of us will be where He wants us. And that is, *in the plan*.

"As," says someone, "this is all very well for the young and the strong who have all of life before them. But it is too late for me. My life has been full of blunders and failures. It is only after years of wandering that I have come to Christ. There is naught left for me but the memory of mistakes and the fragments of a vanished and broken life." Listen, friend, to this truth, as we part tonight:

God is the only one who can take a seemingly shattered life and make a beautiful life from the fragments.

Have you ever heard this story? In a certain old town was a great cathedral. And in that cathedral was a wondrous stained glass window. Its fame had gone abroad over the land. From miles around people pilgrimaged to gaze upon the splendor of this masterpiece of art. One day there came a great storm. The violence of the tempest forced in the window, and it crashed to the marble floor, shattered into a hundred pieces. Great was the grief of the people at the catastrophe which had suddenly bereft the town of its proudest work of art. They gathered up the fragments, huddled them in a box, and carried them to the cellar of the church. One day there came along a stranger and craved permission to see the beautiful window. They told him of its fate. He asked what they had done with the fragments. And they took him to the vault and showed him the broken morsels of glass. "Would you mind giving these to me?" said the stranger. "Take them along," was the reply, "they are no longer of any use to us." And the visitor carefully lifted the box and carried it away in his arms. Weeks passed by; then one day there came an invitation to the

custodians of the cathedral. It was from a famous artist noted for his master-skill in glass-craft. It summoned them to his study to inspect a stained glass window, the work of his genius. Ushering them into his studio he stood them before a great veil of canvass. At the touch of his hand upon a cord the canvass dropped. And there before their astonished gaze shone a stained glass window surpassing in beauty all their eyes had ever beheld. As they gazed entranced upon its rich tints, wondrous pattern, and cunning workmanship the artist turned and said: "This window I have wrought from the fragments of your shattered one and it is now ready to be replaced." Once more a great window shed its beautiful light into the dim aisles of the old cathedral, but the splendor of the new far surpassed the glory of the old, and the fame of its strange fashioning filled the land.

Reader, do you say that your plans have been crushed? Thank God and take heart. Have you not long since learned that the best place for many of your plans is the trash pile? And that often you must fling them there before your blinded eyes can see God's own better plan for your life? And how is it with your life? Has sin blighted it? Have the mistakes of early years seemingly wrecked it? Have joy and sweetness vanished from it? Does there seem nought left for you but to walk its weary treadmill until its days of darkness and drudgery shall end? Then know this. Jesus Christ is a matchless life-mender. *Try Him*. He will take that seemingly shattered life and fashion a far more beautiful one from its fragments than you yourself could ever have wrought from the whole. In Him your weary soul shall find its longed-for rest. And the fragments that remain of God's heritage of life to you shall mean in glad-some days to come, more than all the vanished years that are crooning their sad lament in your innermost soul tonight.

* * *

*Why do I drift on a storm-tossed sea,
With neither compass, nor star, nor chart,
When, as I drift, God's own plan for me,
Waits at the door of my slow trusting heart?*

*Down from the heavens it drops like a scroll,
Each day a bit will the Master unroll;
Each day a mite of the veil will He lift,
Why do I falter? Why wander, and drift?*

*Drifting, while God's at the helm to steer;
Groping, when God lays the course, so clear;
Swerving, though straight into port I might sail;
Wrecking, when heaven lies just within hail.*

*Help me, O God, in the plan to believe;
Help me my fragment each day to receive,
Oh, that my will may with Thine have no strife!
God-yielded wills find the God-planned life.*

**DON'T MISS THE MOTHER'S DAY
ISSUE**

An Easter Squall

(Continued from page 10)

cried. "Thank you very much. But I'd be happier if you'd come to church."

He waved her away. "Come back at five."

"We'll be here," she promised as she obediently sought the door.

Maude followed silently. She had not spoken during the whole time, but had sat, very uncomfortable, and just ready, if things got worse, to jump up and run. Now she heaved a sigh of relief and gladly faced the cold wind outside.

"Thank goodness, that's over," she said. "Now what?"

"Don't you think this will be enough with what we have?" asked Sallie. "No, I don't want to go home," as Maude turned in that direction, "I want to go around to Uncle John's office a minute."

"Well—what for?"

"Oh, to speak to Uncle John."

Maude hesitated, scenting an unpleasant interview, but finally decided not to desert Sallie. So they walked on. It was not far. Uncle John's office had nothing but a fern in the window, but it was a pleasant, comfortable room, and seemed quite cozy after facing the wind. Sallie walked in with the air of one who is sure of a welcome, and Maude followed.

"Hey, Uncle," cried Sallie, "is this what you call an Easter squall?"

Uncle John sat at a desk with a formidable looking book and a bunch of papers before him. He did not appear exactly pleased at sight of them, but that disturbed Sallie not the least. She smiled so brightly at him that he simply had to smooth out his face.

"Why, yes," he answered, "this is an Easter squall. Nothing else. But—I'm very busy just now."

"So are we," Sallie told him sweetly. "We've been collecting flowers for the church."

"You may have the fern," said Uncle John, indicating it.

"Thanks, Uncle John, but it wasn't flowers we came for—exactly."

"Well?" he waited with an air of patience.

"I wanted to ask you not to take Mr. Orval's home from him," she began.

He frowned. "What do you know about it?"

"Only what Daddy told me."

His frown deepened, but now it was not angry, only thoughtful. He shuffled the papers in his hands and looked through them before he spoke again. Sallie waited in silence.

"Your dad is my only brother," he said at last, "and I think more of him than 'most anybody, but he mustn't interfere in my business."

"Oh, he wouldn't!" cried Sallie. "He doesn't know about this. I just decided to do it on the spur of the moment."

"If he didn't put you up to it, how did the question come up, anyway?"

"Well, you knew there is a little new baby there, didn't you?" inquired Sallie.

He shook his head. "I don't keep up with such thing."

"There is," said Sallie, "and yesterday Mr. Orval had to go to the hospital for an operation for appendicitis. Before he went, he sent for Mother and asked her to look after his wife, for there's nobody to do that but Dot, and she's only twelve. Father went with him to the hospital. That's how we found out. He said he might have met the payment that was due if all these things hadn't come on him at once."

"Oh," said Uncle John soberly. "Oh," he added.

"Dad never said a word," went on Sallie, "except that he was sorry, and that he was sure you didn't understand."

"As a matter of fact, I didn't," said Uncle John. "I've sold several houses in the past few years, and had the buyer move in, stay just as long as he could, and then turn the house back to me. Nice way of getting a house rent free."

"That was ugly," agreed Sallie, "but Mr. Orval's your brother in the church, and—"

She stopped. Uncle John was reaching for the telephone on his desk. A minute later he called a number. Sallie's heart beat madly. She so hoped it was the lawyer's number, and sure enough, it was. Uncle John spoke.

"Mr. Harper, I wish you to stop proceedings on that case I gave you. I'm coming around Monday to settle up." He listened a minute and laughed. "Oh—ah—I just happened to be in a bad humor that morning. I—ah—have changed my mind."—"Eh?"—"Oh well, it's Easter, and—well, call it off. See you Monday. Good-bye."

Sallie's eyes were shining. She hugged Uncle John heartily and kissed him squarely on his bald spot.

"Uncle, you're a dear!" she cried. "You're an angel! My, I'm so glad to have an Easter squall!"

"What's that got to do with it?" he demanded.

"Oh, if it hadn't been for the weather, we'd had more flowers. The cold spell came suddenly, when a lot of flowers had been left out on porches, and it blighted them. I'm going to love Easter squalls after this."

"You have my permission," smiled Uncle John, "to love any kind of weather, if you'll only run along and let me work."

"Good-bye," said Sallie, and she blew him a kiss from her finger tips.

Maude followed her out again, but this time with a good deal of enthusiasm. It was a fine thing Sallie had done, and she

admired it, though she confessed to Sallie that she would never have had the courage to do it herself.

From there they went straight to the hospital to take the good news to Mr. Orval. They were informed by a white-capped nurse that the morning visiting hour had been over for about ten minutes, but seeing their disappointment, she offered to take a message. Sallie wrote a little note, and then there was nothing to do but to wait till five in the afternoon to go for the lilies.

By that time the skies had cleared somewhat but the wind was still cold. They found the lawyer waiting for them and putting paper sacks over his precious lilies to protect them from the wind. He greeted them pleasantly.

"Don't dare let my flowers freeze," he warned.

"We won't," promised Sallie, "if we have to sit up with them." She added, "But we'll be lots gladder to have them, if you'll come to church in the morning and see them."

"I'm going to do that," he said, "and I won't mind telling you girls that your earnestness in trying to do something for the church had a bearing on my decision. Then—I had another surprise today. I won't tell you what it is, but you may look for me in the morning."

Sallie held out her hand impulsively. "I'm glad," she said simply, "and we thank you very much for the flowers."

He helped carry them out to the car which stood waiting for them, saw them safely tucked in place and went back to the office. Maude's enthusiasm mounted still higher.

"Do you know," she said, "I think I'm never going to grumble at the weather again."

"Nor I either," Sallie echoed heartily. —*The Youth's Comrade.*

Helps for Tempted and Tried

(Continued from page 6)

of famine every year, and driving it out of their city with these words: "Out famine, in food; out penury, in plenty." Let us say in word and second it in deed, "Out sin, in sanctity; out defeat, in victory." Then we shall accept the discipline of life with meekness and hope, knowing that all things work together for good to them that love God, who are called according to His purpose.—*The Gospel Messenger.*

Father's and Mother's Page

(Continued from page 5)

life in another world by and by, but a newness of life in the world right now—a new way of living—a resurrection from the dead past into a better life in closer union with Him.

This is the true meaning of Easter and the foundation for true Easter happiness.

And I thank the Lord He gave me good parents who taught me this heartwarming truth when I was a child. They took me to church where stately Gothic arches and glorious colored windows filled my beauty-loving heart with joy, but they taught me that these things were only pictures and the presence of God was the reality, and so, on that precious Easter in the little white meetinghouse down in Pennsylvania, I saw the reality of God's glory and I felt the tenderness of His love.

This is the reality of Easter. It is pictured by symbols, such as soft spring weather and pretty new clothes and fragrant flowers, but these are only symbols. When one sees the reality, one doesn't need the symbol, and that Easter, perhaps more than at any other time, I was vividly conscious of the reality.

There is another reality, too, in which I was thoroughly taught to believe—the reality of sin. If there were no sin, there would be no need of a Savior and no need of His forgiveness with a new life to follow. But the Lord Jesus came to save us from sin, and, therefore, there can not be true Easter happiness unless it is preceded by sincere repentance.

If this had not been thoroughly ingrained into my habits of thinking, I might have forgotten it that Easter, being away from home and out of the old habits. Out of *most* of the old habits, I should say, for a few were so strong that they could not be broken by any change, and this was one of them. I spent a happy evening in my friends' home the night before Easter, but even that pleasure could not crowd out my unbroken habit of taking a little quiet time for recollection and prayer. I went into the empty church and sat there thinking carefully over the days that were past, and then I prayed that this Easter would be a step upward and forward to new and better days in the future, and I did not need anything in the way of colors or flowers or Gothic arches to tell me I was in the presence of God. I knew He was there, and I knew He heard my prayer and would answer it. Kneeling there in the presence of the Savior whose resurrection we were to celebrate tomorrow, how could I but feel the reality of Easter?

Seem like Easter? Indeed it did! And the next morning, when I heard the dear old words repeated once more, "This do in remembrance of me," I took the sacred symbols with a deep sense of thankfulness that again I had seen, perhaps more clearly than ever before, the realities for which they stand.

The communion set used in that church was given in memory of my father, now keeping Easter with the angels, and yet—I was sure of this beyond

question—he was also keeping Easter in heart-touch with us. “Jesus kept the passover with His disciples, and when the evening was come He sat down with them,” I heard my father’s dearest earthly friend say as, in God’s name, he was about to consecrate the bread and wine, and my heart answered with a warm assurance that this was true and that Jesus was with His disciples now—His disciples in the church militant here, and His disciples in the church triumphant over yonder. “Jesus kept the passover with His disciples” that Easter morning, and, knowing this, how would I say, “It doesn’t seem like Easter”? *Of course* it seemed like Easter, with that vivid consciousness of His presence!

Those are my happy memories—the ones I keep near the top of my memory box where I can look at them often. As for the cold and the pain and the old dress and the renovated hat—those are memories I don’t suppose I have looked at more than once or twice from that day to this.

Seem like Easter? Indeed it did! I knew it was Easter, for I was able to see the reality clearly, and to grasp firmly the knowledge that the Lord was risen, and that He would help me to rise into a new life and new happiness. Everything that had troubled or pained or perplexed me fled like shadows before the rising sun of that Easter morning. Yes, it did seem like Easter.

It seemed like Easter in spite of everything, but why? I was thinking this over as I was making my plans for writing to you, and the more I think of it the more clearly I see that I could not have had this happy Easter if it had not been for the foundation my parents laid years ago. Suppose they had taught me to place my Easter happiness in new clothes, or in fine weather, or in freedom from pain or trouble or sorrow! Then, indeed, it would have been true, as some people were saying, that it “didn’t seem like Easter.” Yes, but that is not the way I was taught to think of Easter. I was taught to think of Easter as a day to rejoice in the certainty of the Lord’s resurrection, and the resurrection of all who have died in Him, and a day for every one of us to rise a step higher in our life with Him here and now.

This is what I was taught, and I’m thankful for it now. I didn’t understand or appreciate it then, but I was told to take it on faith and hold it against my future need, and I’m glad now that I did. And I’m glad my parents gave it to me then, for they are not here to give it to me now. And so, in gratitude for the wise parents I had then I urge you to be as wise in the teaching of your children now.

Yes, I know I said very much the same as this when I wrote to you last Easter-

tide, but it will bear saying again and again. Every Easter, as long as I live, I am going to thank the Lord for the wonderful parents He gave me, and every Easter, as long as I live, I am going to urge the parents of the next generation to give their children the same cause for gratitude.

Happy Easter to you all! May it be, for you and yours, the happiest Easter you have ever had, and may it be the beginning of a new and happier life than you have ever lived before. And so may each Easter lift you one step higher, until you reach the happiest Easter of all, when faith is lost in the sight of your risen Savior.

Happy Easter to you and yours, and may you never forget that a large part of your children’s Easter happiness, for many, many years to come, depends upon the training you give them now. God bless you, and give you wisdom to set their feet on the homeward path.—*The Baby’s Mother.*

The Vision

(Continued from page 3)

you suppose, Mother? I almost forgot to tell you. Rodney and I made a record just before we came out; it was beautiful, the same number we played at the recital.”

We made a record.

They decided to go to the Egyptian. That is, mother and daughter decided. Only for a moment Rodney considered the thing: What would John Nyström do? What would Le Vera Webber do? What would Jesus do if He were living in me? . . . He is living in me!

“Well, here we go!” Wenda caught one arm, Shera the other.

His song was in the key of faith; theirs in the key of worldly pleasure. Could two—or three—sing together except they be in the same key? Either he must modulate into their key, or they into his . . . He was needed tonight in the city hall, where men and women would gather to hear the gospel of salvation! Some lost one needed to hear his song.

Christ living in me, ruling me, would not approve of my going to the Egyptian tonight, or any night. He knew what would be there. Beauty, yes. Everything would be disguised in beauty. The dancers would move in rhythmic unison—seminude dancers. The leading actor and actress in the movie there tonight were drinking, adulterous, many-times-divorced, beautiful human beings. Rodney knew the steps downward into sin. Dr. Webber had mentioned them in his talk last night; “First we condemn; then we condone; then we conform.” But “be ye not conformed to this age . . . !”

Squirrel and seal and sheep! What a

threesome! Shera in gay squirrel, Wenda in luxurious, silken seal, and Rodney in gray, full-belted wool!

“My sheep hear my voice and they follow me!” They were at the revolving exit door. Squirrel first, then seal, then sheep. A stinging, snow-spattered wind swept up the avenue. Across the street above the Egyptian entrance, jiggling, vari-colored lights screamed:

“VAUDEVILLE! 16 BANG SMASH GIRLS IN GLAMOROUS FOLLIES!”

All up and down the avenue, the city lights played: Red, green, white, blue,—on and off. Racing, whirling, rotating, zigzagging, shimmering, dancing; arrows, circles, triangles, wings, peacock fans with blinking, iridescent, eye-like spots: Red eyes, blue eyes, green—“What are you doing here at The Toadstool?”

He knew the answer now: He had been a sheep in a pig sty! Watching others glutting their souls with the husks that the swine did eat! Doing the things that were attractive to them—because they were lost!

And then, temptation jabbed him with its sword. It was getting colder. The roads might be drifted full in a few hours. Perhaps they could all three modulate into a compromising key and go neither to the theater nor to Dr. Webber’s meeting.

But with the temptation came also a way of escape. Rodney stopped suddenly. His body stiffened. “I neglected to tell you,” he said to Shera, “that I have been asked to sing tonight at—at the City Hall.”

He felt their gloved hands clasp and tighten on his arm, heard an excited gasp from Wenda and an echoing gasp from her daughter.

“Really?” Wenda cried, trying to read his facial expression.

“I was never more serious in my life,” he said. “We’ll have to hurry now or we’ll be late.”

They were incredulous. Shera exclaimed, “Why, Rodney Deland! You never said a word to me about it this afternoon! Why didn’t you tell me!”

“I didn’t know I was coming,” he said. “My music is in my brief case in the car. I almost forgot it,” he added, grinning. This, he told himself, was going to be good. He laughed a low, triumphant laugh while he turned and ran down the street to the garage where the car was parked.

Ten minutes later the three of them were at the old city hall entrance. A spotlight located in a near-by tree shone upon a large A-shaped bulletin board near the lighted double-door entrance. The lettering said, “Hear Dr. Webber tonight on the theme, ‘WHAT IS JESUS DOING NOW?’”

Shera stopped abruptly. “Rodney!” Her eyes met his in a painful clash of

will. "You aren't going to sing—here! Why this—this is a revival meeting!"

"I am!" he said. His face was grim, his body tense. Crucify me, Lord. All the old Rodney. Let me die to what men think. To what the world calls fame and success . . . to Shera's opinions . . .

Shera drew back, her lips set in a firm hard line. Suddenly she whirled, angry. "I—I'll wait for you at the hotel," she said. "I don't care for Dr. Webber's type of preaching at all. I . . ."

"Sh!" Wenda cautioned, "let's not make a scene!"

And Rodney said, "This can't be any worse for you than The Toadstool was for me." Tears glistened between her dark lashes, and he knew he had hurt her, yet how could he have helped it?

People were going in, not in large crowds as they had been at the Egyptian, but going in nevertheless. Many were carrying Bibles, and many, Shera noticed, were young people. She stood for a moment, biting her lips, the cold wind blowing hard against her, then she said, "All right, if we have to, let's go!"

They followed her inside.

Rodney was sitting on an improvised platform in front of the stage in the old City Hall. With him sat two pastors whose churches were sponsoring the series of meetings. The audience was composed of not more than five hundred people.

Dr. Stephen Webber was speaking: "Let no one confuse this series of meetings with the insipid 'Religious Emphasis' programs now being sponsored in America by certain religious groups and in many of our colleges and universities, the keynote of which religious emphasis is a social gospel rather than personal soul relationship to a Living Christ.

"We are not presenting a Christ who merely founded another religion, but One who is the very Son of God and the only Savior. We know that all men must believe in Him as He is revealed in the Bible or be eternally lost. Christ is not, as these religious educators teach, 'a great teacher and radical' of the past, but a precious Savior with whom every believer may have intimate fellowship today!"

A printed announcement handed to Rodney when he came in explained: "In these days when the ministry of so many churches has been diverted to an impotent social gospel, when literally millions in America have never had impressed upon them the fact of their lost condition apart from the grace of God, the Lord has raised up, to meet the need, a Bible teaching ministry. Thousands of church members, as well as millions of unchurched, do not know what the Bible teaches; they have never heard the sim-

ple gospel . . ."

It had taken only a moment for Rodney, when he came in, to explain things to Dr. Webber who, with a smile, had said, "The Lord wanted you here tonight, Rodney. He knew how to get you here."

Le Vera's eyes still carried that hurt expression which he had seen at The Toadstool. Behind that gray-green veil she was thinking—what? He wished he knew. He wanted her to think well of him, to believe that he was sincere, that Shera Thorwald meant nothing to him, that he was looking with her "unto the hills." Tomorrow morning, perhaps, if he went early enough to the dental office, he would find her alone and would explain.

She was to accompany his solo tonight, which he had decided was to be "He Loves Even Me." She had said "Thank you" when he had handed her a copy, and had added, "I think I know it from memory. I like it very much."

Shera and her mother were sitting near the center aisle in one of the back rows. What were they thinking? It did not seem to matter quite so much, except for their own sakes.

The hastily scribbled notes on a card in his hand contained the outline of a brief talk which he had planned to give before he sang. The emotion throbbing within him was more than ordinary "stage fright." He knew it was the moving of the Spirit Himself.

There was congregational singing, prayer by the pastor of one of the sponsoring churches, a special musical number, the offering; and now it was time for Rodney's solo.

He arose, black, leather-bound, loose-leafed solo book in his hands. He laid the opened book on the pulpit desk. His eyes swept out across the audience, saw the faces of five hundred people, saw especially Shera and her mother; and at the piano, Le Vera Webber. He felt himself under the pendulous arm of a great spiritual unit, the Word of God was cutting, chiselling, reaming out all the decay of his soul . . .

His speaking voice carried little of the beauty of his singing voice tonight. He heard himself saying not what he had planned, but instead a humble, faltering confession of his own need for the Lord Jesus Christ. "All last night," he said, "and all day today, I have felt Him near, very, very near . . ."

He wanted to tell them more, of his loss of faith and of the vision of service, that last night and today Faith had come again and he had been able to believe once more. Instead he stood speechless, spiritually numb.

And then he saw the gray-green veil lift, saw behind it a kindled fire of sympathy. He nodded to indicate he was

ready to sing.

Quickly she established for him the rhythm: "When I think of my Savior's great love . . ."

Again as it had been when he was making the record, the Spirit came upon him, tone waves moved out across the trees and the river and the fields of corn and wheat moved with the harvest winds—for the fields were white already to harvest. The tone waves soared, dipped and tossed like sea gulls in flight—above a sea of faces, hundreds, thousands . . .

"When I think of the thorns on His brow . . ."

He saw the sin-tipped thorns that composed the crown of the Son of God. He was making the audience see them; making Wenda Thorwald see them; making sophisticated, dawn-haired, callous-hearted Shera see them. Making her see the sin of her own heart which had helped to drive the nails.

How the piano sustained him! Never had he had accompaniment like this. A man could break the heart of an audience if he could have such accompaniment—O God, break their hearts—and mine! For a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise . . .

While he sang, he knew, knew as he had known years ago, standing on the rocky ledge of Crawfish river, that he was a man of destiny, knew also that he was God's chosen—foreordained to take his father's mantle . . .

When he finished the last stanza and sat down, every doubt was gone. The miracles of the Bible were all true; an omnipotent God who had made the laws of nature, could, at His own discretion, set in operation a higher law; He had done so in the resurrection of His Son from the grave . . . Like a lightning flash—like a bolt striking at the unbelief in his heart, he knew as Paul of old had known, *Now is Christ risen!* His experience confirmed the written Word, that it was so. The Living Word had come alive within Him!

Shera's face was a painted blank as she stared at the platform. Her mother held a wisp of handkerchief to her lips, and was leafing through a hymn book.

"What is Jesus doing now?"

During the address, Rodney sat on the front seat, facing the platform. All his life he had needed to hear such a sermon. How very much he needed it tonight! The Sovereign God, superintending His work, choosing and training His workers, had known of his need and had sent—brought—him here.

While he listened and understood, and while doubt lay quivering and bleeding and dying in the road behind him, he thought of lovely, black-eyed Norda at

home, who that night—that last night at home, had come to him with her own unbelief, seeking an answer, and he, in the very slough of doubt, had been unable to help. In an unguarded moment he had exclaimed, "Don't ask me! I'm a heathen myself!" And Norda, standing with him under the grape arbor, had gasped, and fled from him into the house.

If only Norda were here tonight. Gay little Norda, so sunny on the surface—how long had she suffered within her heart the anguish of unbelief? . . . Oh how subtle the enemy!

"What is Jesus doing now?"

Dr. Webber's face was the face of a man of power. Shaggy eyebrows overhung the gray fire that burned beneath them . . . His heavy auburn hair was remindful of pictures of some old musical genius. He gestured to emphasize his climaxes, not with the shaking of a fist or the pointing of a finger, but by the shaking of his leonine head and with the fiery arrows that leaped from his eyes.

"What is Jesus doing now?"

"He is continuing to do and to teach that which He began to do and to teach in the days when He lived and walked by Galilee; only now His ministry is not confined to Palestine, but is everywhere—everywhere you are! Everywhere His followers carry the message . . .

"He is seeking the lost NOW! You, dear sinner friend, will not find Him by seeking for Him, for He is not lost—you are the one who is lost. He will find you and save you, the very moment you stop running away. For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost.

"Let us not forget that in the seeking and the saving of lost souls, He uses chosen men to carry the message. He not only chooses His messengers but He trains them . . . He may even use the devil's sifting process to bring out the wheat in those whom He calls . . ."

It was this last statement that sent Rodney to his knees that night in his room, that made him wonder at the mystery of his calling, the strange things that had happened to him during the past years. He did not understand it. He resolved to seek an interview with Dr. Webber at the earliest moment; and as the sermon proceeded and he came to see the world and the church from the eternal sight-seeing place of God Himself, saw the lethargy and the worldliness of the great mass of Christian workers, their ambitions for self-glorification, he saw also himself, and was humbled to the dust. He resolved to seek that interview tonight in the inquiry room, at the close of the service.

Other things in the sermon were for other listeners, but this one thing was for him . . . and for Norda.

It was morning in Dr. Thorwald's dental suite. Le Vera emerged from the retiring room in fresh, crackling whites, ready for the day. The melody that sang in her heart today was not frolicsome. It was deeply spiritual, yet its rhythm was irregular, complementing the mood of a tenor's impassioned singing; it moved in consonance with that tenor's will.

She saw as she had seen last night, crimson-tipped thorns piercing her Savior's brow, and her heart was warm for the One who wore for her that bloody crown—that some day she might wear a crown bejewelled with glory.

There had been a look of distress in Rodney's eyes last night while he had stood fumbling for words with which to express his thoughts . . . "When I think . . ."

She made the rounds quickly: Retiring room, reception room, business office, laboratory, operating rooms one and two. The temperature was right—73 degrees—ventilation good—the expediency of a modern ventilating system.

Across the street there was the grind and roar and scoop and pound and drone of heavy machinery, excavating for Civilization's new molar. On the farther side of the excavation, a great wall of dirt trembled, crumbled, caved in. Two men working below leaped back in time to avert being buried alive. Rodney must not play too near the walls of sin** Shera and her mother . . .

Le Vera typed a list of the day's appointments. Rodney's name was the first on the list. She could visualize him now, after the meeting had closed last night, while others were moving toward the inquiry room for consultation. He had started to go in, and would have gone, she thought, if Wenda had not clutched his arm and said, "Hurry, Rodney. Shera has a frightful headache!"

There had been an SOS in his eyes when, with Wenda on one arm and Shera on the other, he had looked longingly at the inquiry room—and at her. She had wirelessly to him sympathy, and then because she was needed in the inquiry room herself, she had not seen him again—except when she had given him a final backward look from the inquiry room door . . . There he goes, policed on either side by the world's secret agents, the wife and daughter of Beade Thorwald, my employer!

He might come early this morning as he had done yesterday. If so and if the opportunity afforded, she would answer his SOS.

She always carried two mirrors in her handbag—one a tiny mirror on her book-style compact, and the other a dainty, French Morocco, ultra-thin New Testament,—the one for cosmetic purposes and the other in which to behold as in a glass the glory of the Lord, and

in beholding, be 'changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.' Father's sermon last night! No wonder people had been moved! Oh, no one could preach like Father Webber: so fierce in his denunciation of sin, so loving and tender in his attitude toward sinners . . .

"What is Jesus doing now?"

He is indwelling all who are truly His own. . .

Precious!

Le Vera opened the drawer in the office desk where she kept her handbag during office hours, and read once more from her New Testament the verse which had been her companion all the way down-town on the street car: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—Gal. 2:20.

"Christ liveth in me!" That was for Christians only; true Christians. Rodney had looked so pathetic, so restless and unhappy and so out-of-place in the smoke-laden Toadstool . . .

The annunciator sounded. Was it Rodney, perhaps? One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . It took a long time to count to ten . . . In her thoughts he was haloed with the love of Christ of which he had been singing last night. . . eight . . . nine . . . ten.

With white uniform crackling, her breath a little spasmodic, she appeared in the doorway, "Good morning, Mr. De-land!"

(To be continued)

The Season I Love Best

Alice Montgomery Barr

I love the Springtime with its leaves
And grass of dainty green
And flowers bursting all around
Of every shade and sheen.

I love the Summer with its weight
Of ripened fruit and grain,
Its sighing wind, its singing birds,
And silvery falling rain.

I love the Autumn with its wreath
Of rainbow tinted hills,
And Jack Frost hiding in the grass
And by the flowing rills.

But when King Winter comes along
And wraps the earth with snow—
The other seasons—I forget—
Because I love it so.

—Publisher Unknown.

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The North Cleveland Y.P.E. is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

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Explanation

If you have not received answers from your personal letters and are thinking strange of my neglect, I want you to forgive me. I have been ill since Christmas and am still not able to leave my home. I need your prayers for a speedy recovery.

I have not even thanked my friends for the beautiful Christmas cards I received at Christmas time. How I wish I could write you all a personal note of thanks, but I'm sure, under the circumstances, you will excuse me.

Sincerely, Editor.

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Glints of Knowledge

Gideons Place Bible in Planes

A letter from one of America's great airlines gives the following interesting information: "Because the Holy Bible has followed man to the ends of the earth, sustained him and provided guidance for his spiritual life, it seems appropriate to invite your attention to the fact that the Scriptures are now available to man as he takes to the air."**Through the courtesy of the Gideon Society, a copy of the Holy Bible has been placed on every plane of the Eastern Air Lines' great 'Silver Fleet.' A special metal pocket has been installed on each plane to receive the Bible. And the response by our passengers has been most gratifying. Here again, the universal appeal of Biblical truths is apparent."—*The Watchman Examiner*.

In 1864 President Lincoln wrote: The question is asked, When is the war to end? We accepted this war for an object, a worthy object, and the war will end when that object is attained.

Under God I hope it will never end until that time.

Adolph Hitler Picked the Wrong Cross

The Nazi swastika really signifies bad luck, according to Miss Virginia Herrick, of Cherokee, Iowa.

The word "swastika" comes from the Hindu name for the good luck cross "su asti," said Miss Herrick, who owns a collection of sixty-five crosses which she has gathered in Europe in the last thirteen years.

However, the emblem which Hitler chose is the reverse of the good luck cross. It is the Hindu "kabber," which is an omen of ill fortune.

Miss Herrick thinks Hitler picked the wrong cross, believing it means good luck.—*LeTourneau*.

Have preacher boys a chance in life? James M. Landis was recently appointed head of civilian defense. Mr. Landis graduated from Princeton University in 1921, the first in his class and the salutatorian. In this high attainment he followed his father, Class of 1883, Princeton, who was also salutatorian. The Rev. Henry M. Landis, '83, became a Presbyterian missionary, and James M. Landis was born in Tokyo, where he learned to speak Japanese at the same time he learned English.

Let us add that three members of the Winston Churchill's Cabinet are sons of the manse. Keep on preaching, your boy will beat the son of the millionaire.

Russian Christians are estimated to

number 25,000,000 in spite of all that has been done against Christianity in that country.—*Gospel Minister*.

During 1940 a total of 258 persons committed suicide in Tennessee and there were 485 murders. Motor vehicle accidents caused 379 fatalities.

There were 17,195 children born to Tennessee mothers between the ages of twenty and twenty-four in 1940, the largest number of any age group.

There were 557 sets of twins born in Tennessee in 1940 and 9 sets of triplets.

There were 126 children born to mothers between ten and fourteen and four born in the age group from fifty to fifty-four he reported.—*Director of Census Bureau*.

Senator Brewster of Maine states that since the declaration of war the sale of liquor has been banned by the authorities at Pearl Harbor. Senator Brewster used this as an illustration of the way liquor is viewed in an alert area.

Relief For War Victims

Figures released by the State Department on December 30 show that Americans contributed \$46,344,900 for relief in belligerent counties from September, 1939 to December, 1941.

Disgusted Pagans

Twenty Arnhem natives, from the Australian bush, walked four hundred miles to Darwin, Australia, to see their first moving picture. Word of the entertainment had been brought to the tribe by one of their number who had been jailed in Darwin for a crime, and had watched the crowds going into the theater. Prevented from seeing a picture, by the police, he had headed the procession of tribesmen who spent forty days on the journey. But inside the picture theater the tribesmen became disgusted with the kissing scenes and walked out in the middle of the show.—*Christian Advocate*.

The Watch-night service of New Year's Eve originated at Kingswood, England, with some converted coal miners. In Southey's "Life of Wesley" we read that these miners had been accustomed to sit up late at night at their ale houses, and felt that they should spend as much time in psalm singing and praying, which they did far into the morning. Wesley capitalized this novelty and the last night of the year came to be the time when the Watch Night was most universally observed, especially by Wesley's followers.

—*Herald of Holiness*.

The *Christian Century* states that the nation-wide campaign for \$1,000,000 for immediate war work, launched on January 12 by the Presbyterian United World Emergency Fund, is said to be the most popular thing the Presbyterian church, U. S. A., has ever attempted. In one hundred cities a seven weeks' series of rallies has been conducted with gifts ranging from small sums to several thousand dollars.

Winslow Wilson, Methodist pastor of the Brownsville and Dexter churches, who has been released after serving a prison term of a year and a day for refusing to register for selective service, faces the possibility of further prosecution upon his disclosure that his views against war remain unchanged. Victor E. Anderson, U. S. District Attorney in St. Paul, reports that the warden at Sandstone, where Wilson was imprisoned, registered the young minister for the draft before his release. If he refuses to fill out the questionnaire submitted by his draft board, Wilson will face the likelihood of another prison term. He has been reinstated by his bishop.

How To Get Along With Russia?

Harold Sprout, professor at Princeton, declared that the most important single post-war question would be how to get along with Russia. He said: "Failure to do so will be the most dangerous thing that can be imagined. And what are we going to do with 80,000,000 Germans, 70,000,000 Japanese and 50,000,000 Italians? Any peace that doesn't let these people earn a living—and I don't pretend to know how—will merely be the prelude to another war."

A newspaper report says that there are 60,00,000 people in the United States without birth certificates because they were born before the establishment of a reliable registration system. Even now it is reported that 250,000 births each year go unrecorded.

Sees European Revolt Soon

F. John Scroggie, of London, conducting a preaching mission in Denver, said: "There will be revolt all over Europe. When the Germans begin to crumple—and it may be this year—the conquered people will rise and murder them. There is no fear and panic in Great Britain. We know we are going to win. But what of the peace that is to follow? How can we attain a decent Christian life for the peoples of the world?"

In the Cross of Christ

SIR JOHN BOWRING



*In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.*

*When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.*

*When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.*

*Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that thro' all time abide.*

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

The Sighted Pathway

Vol. 13

MAY, 1942

No. 5

*God's Word says that Daddy
and I hold the keys to Heaven
or Hell for our child.*

— PROVERBS 22:6



EWING GALLOWAY

"Thy Word is a Light Unto My Path"

Psa. 119:105



The Editor's Message



Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

I am visualizing this morning as I attempt to write a Mother's Day message. First, my mind runs back to my own dear little mother. I am thinking of her



Alda B. Harrison
Editor

sacrificial life. Her children were always uppermost in her mind, and not one of us ever called upon her for a favor that she did not grant our wish, if it were within her power. She took us by the hand and led us to church and showed us the way of salvation. I am sure some of you are thinking, too, of a mother like that;

but there are others who do not have a vision of this kind. Some cannot ever remember of hearing their mother pray. Some never had their mother speak to them of Jesus and His love. God pity them. But there is hope for you, for God's love and tender care is even greater than a mother's love.

We are catching a vision of the mothers who did not start their home Christian. They did not understand what it would mean after awhile. A wedding, a honeymoon and a home of gayety and worldliness were uppermost in her mind, and that of her husband whom she had chosen to walk by her side, down life's pathway. And Jesus was left out. No place for Him. Then little Martha came along unwanted. Recently I heard a young mother say, "Oh, I never thought of the responsibility of motherhood when I married." How often this is the case. Some of these mothers wake up in middle life, when the birds begin to fly away, to realize their mistake, but it is too late then. Those early years will never return. Only one word can give her any hope, that is God. He can unravel all the tangled threads if that mother will trust Him.

I recently heard a little story that comes to me just now. A little boy was very naughty and his father tried every way to help him. The boy wanted to do better, so the father said, "Son, here are some nails and a hammer and here is a post. Every time you do a bad deed drive a nail in the post." So the boy did this and in a few days the post was filled with nails. Then the father said, "Now, son, every good deed you do pull out a nail." It had become very interesting now, so John began to do good deeds and pull out the nails. After awhile he got

them all out and by that time he learned that it made him happier to do good deeds than bad ones. But as he looked at the post he said, "Daddy, I can take out the nails but the holes are still there." Yes, if parents fail in the beginning of their home life with their children they can overcome in some ways, but they can never erase from their minds the realization that the most important part of their lives with their children was lost. I am saying this, not to discourage those who have had this experience, but for the purpose of helping those who are just now starting their home.

We are catching another vision of the mothers who have dedicated their boys to the service of their country, and when

we pray we especially pray that God will bless them and comfort their hearts. I can feel for them because I am the mother of one of the dearest boys in the world. At least I think so. He is not yet in service but may be sometime in the future. I am not the kind of mother who could smile and say, "I'm glad to see my boy go." Oh no, I couldn't do that. I imagine you could see the big tears roll down my cheeks as the train, which carried him away, pulled out from the station. Of course, I'd submit because it was necessary, but I couldn't smile. I doubt if any real mother could. I might say since it had to be, that I was glad I had a good, clean, honest boy to lend

(Continued on page 25)



GOOD NIGHT, MY BOYS, GOOD NIGHT!

C. M. TRUESDELL

Good night, my boys! Your busy day is past,
The twilight's here, and sandman calls at last,
Your toys have served you well, and you've been told
How Christ brought back the lost sheep to the fold,
—A bed-time truth which makes your clear eyes glow—
Tonight He's watching o'er the lambs, you know.
Your prayers are past, your Bible verse is said;
I've kissed your locks and tucked you both in bed:
So rest and dream sweet dreams, 'twill all be bright
When you awake. Good night, my boys, good night!

Good night, my boys! You've bathed and reached manhood now,
The war and duty calls—and we must bow:
Your train is waiting, let me kiss each head
As I did when I tucked you both in bed;
Just read your Testaments, be brave, and pray
That God will bring you safely home some day;
Don't mind your mother's sabbings, and her tears,
They tell of love that's grown through all these years:
I dedicate you now to truth and right,
. . . Good night, my boys, . . . good night!

The Vision

By Paul Hutchens

(Used by permission of the Eerdmans Publishing Co.)

(Continued from last issue)

The veil was down again, he thought—No, it was lifted.

"And how is lower left molar this morning?" she smiled.

"Lower molar is still all gummed up," he said. "Is the doctor in?"

Her pussy-willow eyes glanced at a gold wristwatch, her forehead wrinkled slightly. He should be here in fifteen minutes."

It was good to see her again, to see her rather than Shera, to know he could, if he liked, say something about spiritual things and she would not freeze up as did Shera—or act bored.

She indicated a walnut-finished costumer near the alcove for his coat and hat. He slipped his coat on a hanger and deposited it on the lower horn of a bronze double hook on the costumer, set his hat on the top horn and was immediately transported in his thoughts to last night at the Toadstool—"Don't be a Puritan, Rodney. This is the way the world plays . . ."

The world! He did not belong to the world, he had been chosen out of it. There had been a wall of fire about him last night, protecting him from the enemy, making him hate not only the cheap and vulgar things that grew in the Toadstool, but the compromising things—the things that border-line Christians seemed to indulge in without qualms of conscience, that were stumbling blocks to weaker Christians.

He had not slept well last night, because he knew he should have followed the little parade of inquirers into the consultation room. His faith had come again like that of a little child, and he desired more than anything else in all the world to be in the center of the Father's will, yet he was not satisfied. He wanted to be filled with all the fullness of God.

He had awakened this morning with the same heart hunger. There was still too much chaff in his life, in his

thoughts, too much pride—he was too proud of his beautiful voice—there was too much selfishness in his ambition. He knew it now—God could never have used him as he was, even before he had lost his faith and his vision of service. The mantle of his father had been a beautiful garment to wear, rather than a cloak of spiritual power. And so because God could not use him, he had been set aside. . . . Was that the meaning? Had he been sifted as wheat? Delivered over to Satan as Job had been,—as Peter in the New Testament,—that he might learn life's greatest lesson—humility? . . . There was so much of depth in the Bible's teachings. So little that he knew and understood in his heart. . . . He was not yet ready for his life work. He had trained his voice but not his heart. He knew music, but not the Book. . . .

Because he was still hungry to know more, and because he believed that LeVera Webber could explain the one problem that was troubling him, he turned to her with the question, his face sober, "Tell me," he said, "what do you know about the sifting process of which your father spoke last night?"

Queer subject of conversation for a dental office, but her attitude of sympathy, her own love for the Book and its Author, had vacuumed the words from his mind.

There was no veil now. The gray-green room into which he looked was one of peace and of the deepest and purest sympathy, whose atmosphere was love, not for him, for he was not thinking of that at all now, but for the One who wore the crown of interlaced thorns. Eyes were more beautiful when there were tears about to break through, he thought. Love-tears in a woman's eyes were like cellophane wrapping about an already lovely thing.

She hesitated only a fractional instant, turned toward the office for her New Testament, discovered it was already in her hand. . . .

Luke, chapter twenty-two, and verses thirty-one to thirty-four, was the passage to which she opened the little book. They were standing near the window on the north side of the reception room. In the street below, cars whirled dizzily along, pedestrians hurried across intersections into stores. Taxicabs threaded through morning traffic. LeVera's eyes strayed from the book for a moment, saw in the interval a flash of squirrel coat and knew that Shera was on her way to the office. "O Father, help me to explain the problem as the Spirit would have me. Don't let Shera—"

His eyes followed the verses her polished, but untinted, fingernail pointed out to him. Untinted, also unstained, he thought—the fingers were unstained — and he was glad. It was a symbol of her

yieldedness to the Master. There was no chaff . . .

They read the verses aloud—Oh, hurry! hurry! Before Shera gets here!—

"And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat:

"But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren,

"And he said unto him, Lord, I am ready to go with thee, both to prison and to death . . ." And Rodney, reading, exclaimed to himself, "That's you, Rodney, five years ago sure, sure, so very sure of your love for Christ—so boastful of it . . ."

The final verse read: "And he (Jesus) said, I tell thee, Peter, the cock shall not crow this day, before thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me."

There had been a bitter period of sifting that need not have been if he had not been too proud, too proud to attend a humble Christian college, rather than the University.

"I don't understand it very well myself," Le Vera said. "It's a terrible thing to have happen to one—to have to be given over to Satan until the sifting process is complete. God cannot tolerate selfishness and lack of spirituality in His own children, and so because they seem to prefer the service of Satan, He allows Satan to sift them as wheat. It is a limited power, of course, that Satan is permitted. It seems also that Satan himself uses human instrumentality to help him in his work. If you read the story further, you will notice that it was a woman, a maid, who asked the question that provoked Peter's denial . . ."

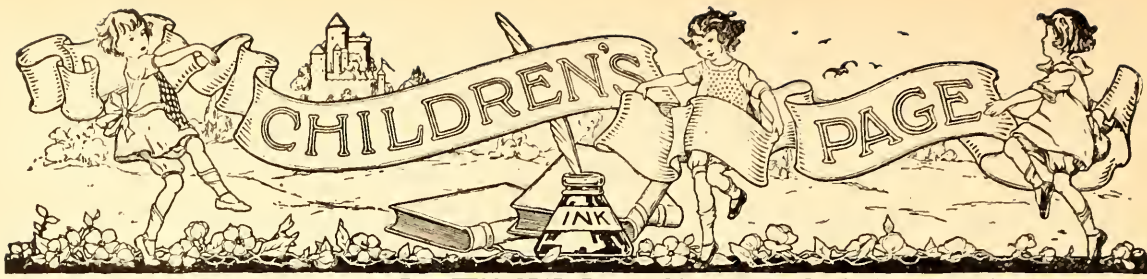
It must have been the squirrel coat, and the memories of last night that made her say the thing. It was entirely unpremeditated, though true, and it must have been unnecessarily embarrassing to him—it might cause him to think she was jealous of Shera,—but it was too late now, the thing she said:

"So many times in the case of a man, it seems to be a woman whom Satan uses—"

She did not finish the sentence, and he did not finish the thought that was forming in his mind. He had heard footsteps tap-tapping down the hall outside. He heard them stop at the vestibule door, the same footsteps that yesterday had tripped down the hall at the conservatory and stopped outside practice room number 4422.

The annunciator signalled, and Shera in squirrel coat and feathered fur hat, swished into the room. She stopped abruptly when she saw them. In her lavender eyes Rodney saw an expression which was new and troubled. Was it fear? Or jealousy?

(Continued on page 31)



SUNNY'S GIFT

BY ROSALIE HAWTHORNE

"I'll try to be home by five o'clock," said mother as she gave Sunny a good-bye kiss. "Be a good girl and don't leave the yard while I am away."

"All right, mother," said Sunny, and stood at the gate waving until mother disappeared around the corner. Then she wandered about looking for something to do. The house seemed so lonely and big and empty without mother in it that Sunny didn't care to stay indoors. So she picked up Annabelle, her favorite doll, and took her out on the porch. She hadn't been sitting there long when she spied her three best friends skipping down the street.

"Sunny! O Sunny!" they called.

Sunny dropped Annabelle in the porch hammock and ran to the gate to see what they wanted.

"We're going over to McRae's meadow to pick flowers so we can make some pretty bouquets to give our mothers tomorrow," explained Pauline. "You can go, can't you?"

"Of course she can," Dot answered for her. "Hurry up and come along, Sunny. We have to get home before five."

Sunny's eyes sparkled like stars at the thought of making a bouquet for mother. Then she remembered and sobered. "Oh, I'd just love to go with you, but I can't," she sighed. "Mother is away, and she told me not to leave the yard."

"Oh, she wouldn't care if you just went over to McRae's meadow," Dot assured her. Dot was older and often tried to decide for the others. "That's such a little way," she argued. "My mother told me to stay at home this afternoon, too, but tomorrow is Mother's Day, and there is no way I can get any flowers to give her except to go over to McRae's meadow for them. I'm sure she won't care when I explain to her."

"I don't believe mother would care if I went, either, if she'd known about it before she left," reflected Sunny. "If I could only ask her, I'm pretty sure she would let me go."

"Oh, come on, Sunny! We can't wait all afternoon for you to make up your mind," urged Nell. "We have to get home before Dot's mother does."

"We-ell, just wait till I get my sun

hat," said Sunny. She ran up the stairs to her room and snatched her hat. But as she turned to leave her eyes fell upon the picture of her mother that stood in a little silver easel frame on her desk. Sunny hesitated.

"If I don't go, I won't have any flowers to give her for Mother's Day," Sunny told herself. "And I didn't exactly promise her I wouldn't leave the yard. I just said all right when she told me not to. But if I stay at home I won't have any flowers for her, so I'll just go and explain afterwards." She had her hand on the door knob, but mother's eyes seemed to be following her.

"Maybe she would rather have me mind than to have the flowers," thought Sunny. "And saying all right was really just the same as promising."

"Whoo-whoo! Sunny! Hurry up!" shouted the girls at the gate.

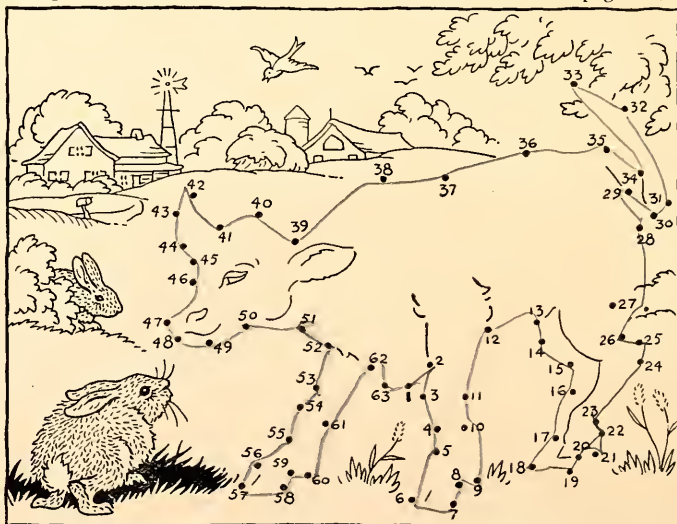
Sunny flew down the stairs and out to her friends. "I'm sorry I kept you waiting," she said. "I've decided not to go."

After the girls had hurried off without her, Sunny felt more lonesome than ever. She couldn't think of a single interesting thing to do. She picked Annabelle up and put her down again. She nibbled at a gumdrop. She turned a few pages in one of her story books, but she knew the pictures and stories by heart. Then she began to think about Mother's

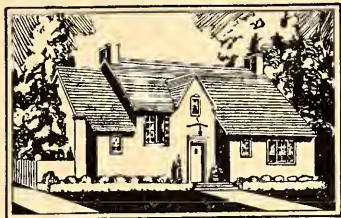
Day. She wouldn't have any flowers to give her own dear mother, and her friends would all have some for theirs.

Just then the postman came. There was one of mother's magazines that had a page for children in it. Sunny opened it and turned to the Children's Page, and at the first glance she saw in the middle of the page a picture of the prettiest little bouquet—and you never could guess what it was made of! Sunny couldn't have guessed either if the secret hadn't been told in black print right there on the page. She jumped up from the hammock and ran into the house to find the things needed for making the bouquet. They were easy for Sunny to find—fifteen of the small-size gumdrops that mother had brought home to her yesterday, a spool of green wire, and a piece of ribbon. Sunny collected the articles, tucked the magazine under her arm, and went up to her own room to make her gift, so mother wouldn't discover the surprise if she should come home sooner than she had expected to. The little bouquet was very simple to make. All you had to do was to cut the wire into three-inch lengths for stems, stick a stem into each of the gumdrops turned upside down to look more like a flower, and then arrange them all together with a ribbon bow tied around the stems.

When the bouquet was finished it was
(Continued on page 34)



Father's and Mother's Page



Home, Sweet Home

THE EXAMPLES WE UNCONSCIOUSLY SET OUR CHILDREN

By MARGUERITE FAUST

"This is not the first time that you have told me a deliberate lie," John's aunt said to the boy in a distressed tone of voice. "Don't you know that telling lies is a very serious matter? If your mother were here she would punish you severely!"

"I know," returned John sullenly, "I'm just a boy, so I am punished for lying. Gee, but I will be glad when I grow up and then I can lie all I want to and nobody will say a word!"

"It's just as bad for grown-up people to lie as it is for children," exclaimed Aunt Helen. "No nice people tell lies!"

"Oh, yes they do!" answered John, "I've heard them!"

"I am sure that you are mistaken! Why, your father and mother and teachers and the nurses who were so kind to you at the hospital when you were sick don't tell lies. They are good, upright men and women and would not think of such a thing."

"You bet they lie—everyone of them!" interrupted John. "I am just waiting until I get as old as they and then I can lie too and get away with it like the rest of you grownups."

"John! John!" pleaded his aunt, "wherever did you get such an impression? Whatever gave you the idea that all your elders are liars?"

"Well, you just told a lie a few minutes ago, didn't you?" challenged the boy.

"No, indeed I did not!" denied Aunt Helen stoutly.

"But didn't you just tell Mrs. Hayes that the chickens were not laying well and that you had no eggs to sell? That was a lie! Because just this morning at the breakfast table Uncle William said there were three dozen extra eggs this week and be sure to save them for Mrs. Catmer as she always paid the highest price."

A queer look came into Aunt Helen's face as she listened.

"But John," she hastened to remonstrate, "if I told Mrs. Hayes that I had eggs to sell to Mrs. Catmer and not to her it would make her mad and she would never come here again. Besides it's business and—"

"But it is a lie just the same, isn't it?" demanded John. "You're not the only one though for I have often heard my mother tell our next-door neighbor that she had no coffee or milk or whatever it was that the neighbor was trying to borrow while I knew all the time that there was plenty of it in the house. Then one day when I was at Tom Irving's his mother sent him downstairs to tell a caller that she was not at home because she did not want to be disturbed. Oh, yes, they all do it! Even my teacher at school tells the visiting superintendent that we have not yet reached the part of history or geography that he begins to question us about when sometimes we have been studying on it a week. But she is afraid that we won't give the right answers and show off to good advantage. As for the nurses at the hospital, not a day passed that they did not lie to me. Every morn-

ing they told me that I could go home the next day. It was always tomorrow, tomorrow! And their tomorrow lasted a month! They knew all the time that I would have to be there that long for they told me so when I left."

"O John, John!" was all Aunt Helen could say in reply, so stunned was she by the truth of what the boy had been saying.

And wasn't John right?

How could he be expected to tell the truth when his elders did not? Of course the mother and aunt and teacher did not realize that they did not always adhere strictly to the truth and much less did they expect a little boy to see through what they called business or social etiquette or little white lies!

And that is where most people make a mistake, for children can very often see through us in a surprising way and the impressions they receive are not only very strong but very lasting.

Children are less inclined to behave as you tell them to than they are to copy the example of the behaviour they see in those around them.

What kind of living examples are you giving your children today?

Courtesy To and By the Child

"Oh, Mother, Mother!" cried little Elsie, running into the parlor, her feet dancing happily, her little face alight. "I've found—"

Mother looked up, smilingly. "Will you wait just a minute, dear, until Mrs. Barker has finished speaking?" And she reached out and drew the excited child tenderly close to her side.

When Mrs. Barker had quite finished her remark and Mother had answered her she turned to her little daughter. "Now, what is it, Elsie?"

Elsie related her wonderful discovery and Mother rejoiced with her. Then Mother said pleasantly, "I hope Mrs. Barker will excuse my little girl for interrupting her while she was speaking. Usually Elsie remembers pretty well, but sometimes she forgets to notice whether people are talking or not."

"Please 'scuse me, Mrs. Barker," said Elsie. "I wanted to tell Mother about those kittens. I forgot to listen if you talked!"

When pardon had been granted and Elsie had run happily away, Mrs. Barker spoke her thoughts. "You were as polite to little Elsie as if she were an adult acquaintance! Are you always that way? Is that the reason she generally exhibits such unusually good manners? I'm afraid I should have

(Continued on page 29)

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Dear Jean:

Perhaps you will wonder why I am writing you so soon after seeing you, but I can't wait any longer to tell you about the outcome of that class I spoke of starting. It has been going four weeks now and I find myself looking forward to it quite as much as the children. We started with only four, two little friends of Betty and Bill, so the ages range from seven to eleven. In four weeks it has increased to twelve members, about all I can accommodate in my living room and do them justice.

Can you picture one (who used to say I could never do such a thing) standing up in front of a group of children, leading them in singing? One of the girls plays, but we often sing without music—they don't mind. In this short time they have almost memorized one of the songs.

Would you believe that I could hold someone's attention by telling a story? Honestly you can hear the proverbial pin drop when I commence the story. Never did I dream Bible stories could fascinate youngsters as they do. They seem to get meaning from them without my moralizing. I remember I always hated to hear my teacher "draw the moral" so I let the children do it themselves. As a special treat we sometimes act out the story.

Until now I didn't realize there were so many interesting ways of putting what we learn into tangible form. Our scrapbooks are works of art and our maps (salt and flour) have given us all a living interest in Bible geography. You should see the Bible story posters we are making, using linings of envelopes in the process. Really it is hard to stop when the hour is up, but I feel it is better not to keep them more than an hour.

Some of the children have asked if they could come to the house on Saturday mornings to play Bible games. I am terribly tempted to do this, for I am realizing more and more that unless some of us mothers wake up to the most important thing in children's lives, we shall be held responsible.

Excuse me now. I just had to write to let you know how happy I am in this bit of service. I am sure that if you (who are so much more versatile than I am) would get started with your town, your Christian life would take on a new meaning as mine has. I'm going to speak to some other of our friends. Be sure to write soon. Best love to you and the family.

Your old chum, Jane.
—From Christian Home Builders.

Helps for Tempted and Tried

GOD'S COMMANDS TO JOSHUA

"Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed" (Josh. 1:9).

After the death of Moses the servant of the Lord, Joshua was appointed by Jehovah to lead the children of Israel across the Jordan to the promised land. It was a very great responsibility and Joshua forthwith accepted the Lord's appointment with all humility and faith for he fully believed that what God had promised He was able to fulfill.

The charge to Joshua was a threefold promise. "Be strong" means that he felt weak. Be "of a good courage"—means that he was affrighted. "Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed"—means that he seriously considered whether he would not have to give up the task.

It is when men are in this condition that God approaches them with summons to undertake great responsibilities. He calls the weak to confound the wise. The Bible gives us many illustrations of poor, insignificant men being called by God to do His work. Think of Ehud, the left-handed man; Samuel, the youngest boy; Gideon, who was the least in his father's house; Matthew, the publican; Peter, the rough fisherman and Saul of Tarsus, the erstwhile Pharisee and persecutor of the Christian Church.

In like manner the voice comes to us—"Be strong," "I will be with thee." Are we willing to surrender our lives to Him; to be obedient to the heavenly call?

If we accept God's plan, and then trust God utterly for the needful grace, we shall find it. All things are added to the man who seeks first and only the kingdom of God.

Most of us, however, have our own plans of service; we are too strong for the Lord to use us; we are too full of our own schemes, and plans and ways of doing things. He must empty us and humble us and bring us down to the dust of death, so low that we need every straw of encouragement, every leaf of help; and then He will raise us up and

make us as the rod of His strength.

The world talks of the survival of the fittest, but God gives power to the faint and increases might to them that have no strength; He perfects His strength in weakness, and uses things that are not to bring to nought things that are. If Gideon had been the greatest instead of the least in his father's house, he would never have vanquished Midian; if Samuel had been the biggest man in his village and a leader of his tribe he may have been passed over; if Peter had been a rich and educated Jew and a leader of the synagogue, possibly he may have missed meeting Jesus; and if Paul had been as eloquent in his speech as he confessed himself to have been contemptible, he would never have preached the Gospel from Jerusalem

round to Illyricum.

None of us can tell for what God is educating us. We fret and murmur at the narrow round and daily task of ordinary life, not realizing that it is only thus that we can be prepared for the high and holy office which awaits us. We must descend before we can ascend. Most of us would like the shining without the burning.

God's will comes to you and me in daily circumstances—in little things equally as in great. Let us meet them bravely; let us be at our best always even if the occasion be one of the least; dignify the smaller summons by the greatness of your response, so will the call come.

St. Paul, writing to the Hebrew Christians, pleaded with them to present their

bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God. That was the highest and best gift God wanted of them and wants of each one of us today. To that soul who gives himself wholly to God, life is transformed beyond his fondest hopes; the blessings of the abundant life become richer and fuller as the days go by; God does exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think. He is "strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man," filled with all the fullness of God and made to abound more and more.

When we surrender our lives absolutely to the will of God, to be swayed and directed by His blessed Spirit, He unlocks the treasures of heaven and we receive an uninterrupted flow of power and grace to do many things which bring honor to His name.

Happy is he who when he hears the voice behind him saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it," take up his cross with joy and gladness to walk with Him until he too, can say, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

Out of God's will man is like an ocean derelict, adrift without pilot, port or purpose. But once yielded to God, and finding His appointed place, he is like the ruler of a well-laden merchant ship voy-

(Continued on page 30)



"Put Your Hand in Mine"

MABEL STUBBS

One day, in a busy street of a large city, a little girl stood crying. Somehow she had got separated from her mother in the crowd, and now she was lost! Lost and hopeless—poor little mite. But there was someone who was willing to help her. A big policeman had noticed the crying child, and came up to her. Holding out his hand, he said, "Little girl, don't cry. Put your hand in mine, and we will find your mother." At once the tears were dried, and it was not long before the little one had found her mother again.

What a wonderful picture this little incident is of the Lord Jesus! He came to us in our lost and sorrowful estate, leaving His Home in Glory in order to comfort and help us. Now He says, "Put your hand in Mine, which was wounded for you, and I will take you safely Home."

The Reward of a Mother's Faithfulness

Socks for John Randall

MRS. P. H. PHELPS

IT was a matter of talk that Widow Randall knit so many socks for the soldiers. She was a poor woman and had little to do with, but she must have spent a great deal of money for yarn, buying so much of the best at war prices. Knitting seemed almost a mania with her. She was sometimes seen knitting, and her needles flew, click, click, faster even than they did when her fingers were young and supple; while her pale, sad face bending above them made one almost weep to look at her. She was one of those who did not weep, but who ever carry a full mountain of tears sealed up within them.

Not a society box in all the country near was sent to the soldiers that did not contain a pair of Widow Randall's socks; and box after box from the Sanitary Commission carried her contributions. Always welcome they were, so soft, so warm, so nice were her socks; none softer, nor warmer, nor nicer were found among the gifts of the loving women of the North, to their cherished, half-worshipped heroes on the Southern battlegrounds. The appreciative could not help unrolling them, feeling their softness, and giving them their praise; and always carefully attached within them they found a letter. Sometimes it was only, "To my dear son, John Randall, from his ever-loving mother." Sometimes it told of her love and hope, and earnest prayer; sometimes it implored him to write to her and tell her that he lived, and tell her of his welfare if he lived.

It was a long time that Widow Randall knit on untiringly, scattering her gifts as widely as she might, that so by chance someone might reach the lost loved one. Knit, knit, knit; the longer she knitted, the faster, for the more must be done, since the chances were growing fewer, the field growing wider. How many soldiers were thus blessed through her love for one!

How many felt a glow of thanks as

they drew her comforting socks over their numb feet, and dropped a tear upon her tender letter to the son who might then be perishing uncared for, unknowing how a mother's love had sought for him, labored for him, prayed for him unceasingly.

A pair of "socks for John Randall" once fell into the hands of a poor motherless English boy. His lone, yearning, orphan heart responded to the maternal tenderness which he had missed and mourned for in his own life; and with the instincts of a son he wrote the widowed mother a letter of love and thanks in the name of all the absent and wandering sons, and sent her gold, and offered to be to her a son, if God had bereaved her of her own.

An old soldier, a rough, hard, swearing man, was given a pair of "John Randall's socks," and carelessly drawing them upon his travel-stained feet, he felt the mother's letter in them. He drew them off with an oath, and read, "To my well-beloved John." Was it to him? His name was John. So his mother had addressed him once; but he had no mother now. She had been long dead, and no one would write him now; no one cared for him; and he had tried to think that he cared for no one, cared for naught. But the roughest have a tender, human spot in them; he cared for the dead, and he

could not help shedding a tear over the words "son" and "mother" for they had come to him so inspired by a mother's love and devotion that they carried him back to his own mother, his boyhood, his home, his early hope of heaven. He sat with uncovered feet, looking through his tears at the socks before him, turning them, admiring them.

"They look like my mother's knitting," he said at last.

"I didn't know you ever had a mother; you don't seem like it," exclaimed a comrade still rougher than himself.

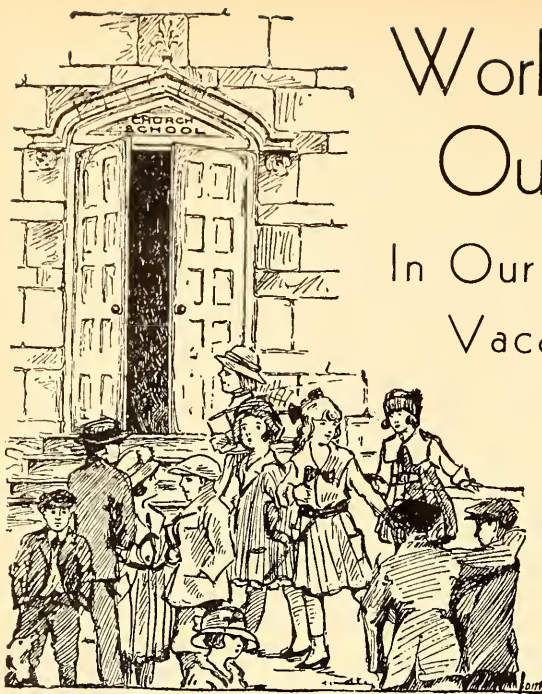
"None o' that," replied the veteran, "none o' that joking with me. I had a mother like an angel, and it's for her sake I never see a woman wronged, as you well know I won't."

The rude listeners were hushed, for there was strength and sacredness in the old soldier's utterance, and he still looked at "John Randall's socks," and said again they were just like his mother's knitting; and read the note again; and it might have been long before he could have had the heart to put the socks to common use, had not the drum sounded and hurried him to the review.

A pair of "John Randall's socks" worked their way into a Kentucky regiment at the west. There another rough man got possession of them, and found

(Continued on page 26)





Work Among Our Children

In Our Daily Vacation Bible Schools



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Send for "How to Conduct a Daily Vacation Bible School," by Alda B. Harrison. 136 pages of choice material. — Price 75c. — Order of Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn.

We always have a devotional service at our Daily Vacation Bible School.

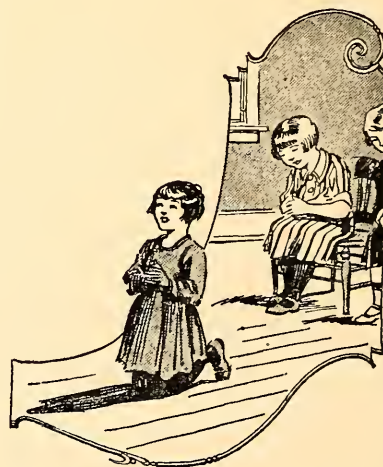
Come to Daily Vacation Bible School at our church. We have some great times and it is wonderful what we learn about the Bible.



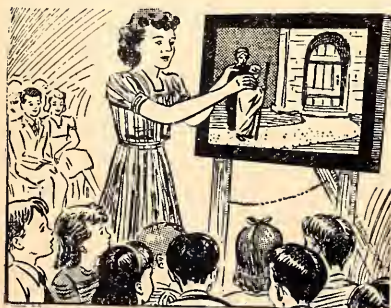
We learn how to sing at Daily Vacation Bible School.



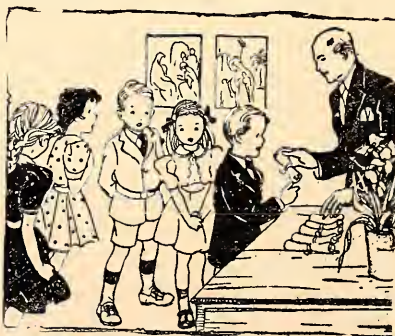
Sometimes we play together at Daily Vacation Bible School.



We learn how to pray at Daily Vacation Bible School.



It is fun watching the teacher give the lesson on the flannel board.



This man is handing out diplomas to those who have worked hard through Daily Vacation Bible School.



There are many things about the Bible that we children can't understand, but our teacher answers our questions at Daily Vacation Bible School, then we can understand them better.

Keep Faith in God

A little boy who had not been to Sunday school before, was greatly pleased with his picture card and its text, "Have faith in God." He sat in the street-car by an open window still deeply interested in his lesson card, when a sudden gust of wind came along and blew it out of his hands.

"Oh, there goes my 'faith in God!'" he cried in distress. "Stop the car, please. I must get my 'faith in God' back; it blew out of the window."

The kind conductor gave the signal to the motorman and soon the little boy, all smiles now, had regained his precious card, his "faith in God."

Sometimes the gusts of misfortune and loss, sorrow and trouble, spring up suddenly and blow our snug little scheme of living all askew. The angry winds may even try to snatch away our faith in God and blow it out of the window.

Sometimes there are long days of sickness and nights that know no rest. Dear ones may even be snatched away by the hand of death. In heart anguish we may feel like calling out, "There goes my faith in God!"

When we are thus overpowered with great loss or sorrow, let us turn to the kind Conductor of our train of life; let us confide in Him and seek His guidance and help. He will make it possible for us to find our faith again. Then we can once more resume our journey feeling that all is well.

William Hone—who wrote the *Every-day Book*—was an unbeliever. Traveling through Wales he saw a little Welsh girl reading a Bible. He said to her, "Ah, little lassie, you are learning your task I see."

"What do you mean, sir? I am reading my Bible; you don't call that a task, do you?" Well, he did think it was a task; it would have been to him; but she said, "Why, it is that that makes me happy all day long. I am learning a bit of it certainly, but that is no task to me; it is a great pleasure."

William Hone came to confess his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, guided by the joy which he saw in that poor young girl's face.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Who Is Your Friend?

"My friend," said Thoreau, "is one whom I can associate with my choicest thoughts."

A Spartan general once met a young neighbor lad and his companion, and the boy blushed so deeply that the general halted him, regarding him keenly, "Nidas," he said then, "you should always aim to keep such company that, whoever sees you, you will have no reason

Treasured Gleanings

For Ministers and Christian Workers

to change color."

Aesop puts the same truth in a clever little tale about some cranes and geese who fed on a farmer's field of young corn until the exasperated man set a trap for them. When he came to take them from the net, a stork was among the lot, and the latter began straightway to plead for his life. "Spare me, good sir," he cried earnestly, "I have eaten none of your corn. I am a stork, as you know, the most pious and dutiful of birds. I—"

But the farmer cut him short, "That may be very true," he said. "However, I have taken you in bad company, and you must share the fate of your companions." One should not expect to be counted innocent when found in guilty company.

Bad pictures and bad books go in the same list as bad companions. Sir Peter Lely, the noted artist, once said that he made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found, by experience, that whenever he did so his pencil took a taint from it.

An Eastern proverb says: "I am not the rose, but I have been with the rose, and therefore I am sweet."—*Publisher Unknown*.

Meeting the Standard

At the height of his career, Claude Monet, the famed French painter, destroyed twelve pictures of a sheet of water, the fruit of three years' work, because they did not rise to his standard. If our sense of what is good in conduct were as high and sensitive as that of this artist, we would be dissatisfied with many of the choices that we make.

How often we accept the second best simply because we have no standard of excellence! When we are too easily influenced by the crowd, we stop short of the best; our decisions are made in accordance with poor, human ideals instead of in obedience to the will of God.—*Forward*.

He Prayed and Worked

Believing and doing is like the narra-

tive of an old man who was shipwrecked out in the ocean, and trying to get to shore. He said, "I prayed to God to help me, and He did help me. I found some boards, and got on them. Well, what did I do then? Did I stop praying, and think because I had got a few boards I could go alone now, and did not need the Lord's help any more? No! I kept on praying, and held on to the boards. Well, what did I do then? Sit still, and expect the Lord to carry me safely through, and think that I had nothing to do? No I took a stick for a paddle, and went to paddling and praying. I did not sit still, like those that have a name to live, and are dead; but I just went to paddling and praying till I got through. So God expects us to pray and also to paddle, and not wait for Him to do the work that He has set us to do."—*Gospel Banner*.

Personal Beauty

I have found a kind, gentle, and most loving heart under a rough exterior, reminding me of the milk and meat stored up within the coconut's dry, hard, husky shell. On the other hand, look at Absalom! What winning manners, what grace and beauty! How much of all that in form and feature pleases the eye and ministers to the pride of life are united in that man to the greatest moral baseness! as if God would show us in how little esteem He holds what He threw away on so bad a man; as if He intended to rebuke the silly vanity which worships at the mirror, and feeds on charms that shall feed the worms of the grave. Nor is his the only case where a fair form has lodged a foul heart, and crimes of treachery and murder have stained the hands of beauty.

There is an island on the coast of Virginia where the people in times past had not been "righteous over much." During the past year a missionary has labored among them with considerable success. Not long ago, as this good man was busy working in shirt sleeves on a new church which was in process of erection, a stout sea captain hailed him.

"Are you the minister here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I've got ten dollars for you."

"For the church?"

"No, for yourself. I like your way of doing things here. I've come to this island for clams for a good many years, and have always found them a thousand or fifteen hundred short when I got home. It will pay me to have you keep preaching doctrines which make the people count their clams honestly."—*Sharp Arrows*.

Our Own Little Click

We were in a large telegraph office
(Continued on page 30)

Personal Evangelism

God Is Still On the Throne

By Harold Parks

Answering the telephone, I heard a voice say to me, "Will you visit a sick patient on the second floor in the hospital at Marshaltown?" I promised I would without delay.

On arriving at the hospital, I found that the man had a cancer between his eyes, and had had an operation which caused somewhat of suffering. I immediately went to God in prayer and asked about his soul.

The wait was not delayed, for the opportunity came immediately. I asked him how old he was, and he gave his age as eighty-five years. I then asked him whether he was a Christian. He told me he was living the best way he knew how. I pointed out to him that he could not live within himself and please God, and then presented to him the finished work of Christ on Calvary. I quoted Romans 10:9, 10; John 3:16; 5:24 and 3:36.

At the close of our talk I told him Christ was waiting for him to believe on Him and be saved. I then waited for a few minutes and asked him what decision he had made, for this was for him to decide.

"No one but you must make this decision. Will you take this Savior, this blessed Savior?"

He hesitated for a moment. He could not see me for the drainage from the operation. He answered slowly, "I will accept Him. There is none other to trust in."

What a Savior! God is still on the throne. This man has been attending regularly at the services.

On visiting another family, I met a man fifty-five years of age. We walked out the lane from the house a little way. I prayed to God to open the way for me to speak to this man about his soul. This was granted. (What power in prayer to those who abide in Him!)

"How is it with your soul?"

"All right," was the answer.

This man was a bachelor, living by himself. I said to him, "It is a great comfort to be able to retire and know that if you do not wake in the morning you will be with Jesus."

He looked at me for a moment and said, "Do you know that has been worrying me for a long time? I am afraid to go to sleep some nights for fear of not waking up."

I then said to him, "It is not well with your soul, is it?"

He then confessed that it was not, and that he had not attended church for fifteen years. I pointed him to the only Savior of the world, and being led by the Spirit, quoted John 3:1-9. I pointed him to the finished work Christ accomplished for him on the Cross, and showed that nothing he could do would ever get him that peace he needed. Quoting Ephesians 3:8, 9, I then asked him to make his decision and make it today.

"Are you willing to believe on this great Savior, and accept Him as your Lord, Master, and Savior?"

His answer was, "I will."

Oh, what glory God received at that moment! God is still on the throne and will use those who abide in Him.

I had just arrived at the entrance of a cemetery five miles east of the church, planning to cut the grass with the power

lawn mower I have. A man stopped to wait for the mail. He told me that his father had given to the community that plot of ground for burial purposes. Immediately I asked God to lead in the next word which I must say, and sure enough, He did.

I said, "It is a wonderful thought to know that when you pass out of this world into the eternity beyond you will rest with Jesus."

"I suppose so," was his reply.

"Are you saved?" was my question.

He said, "No."

I then found out that he was sixty-five years of age, never knew the Lord, and was just waiting for death to take him. Oh, personal worker, look around you! Think of those that are dear to you, and think of them in this man's position. What are you going to do about it? — not just study, read about it, write about it. Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only.

This man and I sat down on the running board of our car (for the car belongs to the Lord first), and I gave him the old, old message of Jesus Christ and His marvelous work for the sinner. In closing he yielded his life to Jesus. How wonderful! How marvelous!

Must I go empty-handed to Glory? Oh, must I? Must you, dear reader? Must you?

Going out the church door on June 4th I asked a young man whether he was saved.

He said, "I don't know."

I replied, "You can know," and he went on.

June 8th I went in search of this soul with a prayer in my heart and a song on my lips: "Lord, lay some soul upon my heart, and bless that soul through me, and may I humbly do my part to win that soul for Thee."

I drove five miles over dirt roads to a little house. Finding no one at home, I began to look around. Over on the hillside in a strawberry patch was this young man. (By the way, he was a bachelor.) I drove around his home and almost drove over a grade that had been made for the road, but God was with me and saved me from ruining our car.

On arriving in the berry patch, I offered a silent prayer to God again for His leading. I began to help the young man pick strawberries. It was not long till the opportunity came.

(Continued on page 24)

"O GOD, FOR A BIGGER BOAT"

The many tragedies at sea, caused by the present war, and the heroic effort put forth to save the lives in each instance, calls to mind the disaster of Princess Alice, which collided with another boat in a dense fog on the river Thames half a century ago. The boat was crowded with excursionists and the loss of human lives was great, about six hundred perishing in the dark waters. Mr. Herbert Lockyer tells of an interesting little sidelight of the tragedy concerning two ferrymen, which is worth repeating.

It appears that these two ferrymen were mooring their boats for the night close at hand, when the crash happened. One heard the crash and the cries, and said, "I am tired and I am going home; no one will see me in the fog." At the coroner's inquest, both had to appear. The first was asked:

"Did you hear the cries?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Are you an Englishman? Aren't you ashamed?"

"Sir, the shame will never leave me till I die."

Of the other the coroner asked:

"What did you do?"

"I jumped into my boat and pulled for the wreck with all my might; I crammed my boat with women and children, and when it was too dangerous to take even one other, I rowed away with the cry, 'O God, for a bigger boat!'"

There are thousands of men and women shipwrecked in the waters of sin, lost and doomed to an eternal destruction and punishment in hell. The Christian who has been gripped by this fact, and who is earnestly trying to save some out of the many, may well cry, "O God, for a bigger boat." The Apostle Paul was having a feeling something like that when he cried, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren," for they were lost without Christ.—Brethren Missionary Herald.

An Old-Fashioned Mother

"I don't care—I think it is a shame. I never can do anything that other girls do," and Helen Gray threw herself down on the little white bed in her own room and gave way to heartbroken sobs as she buried her hot cheeks in the cool pillows.

Surely she was the unhappiest, the most abused girl in the world, and she sobbed as she considered all her wrongs. As she lay there, giving way to her grief, the door softly opened and some one entered, and then going up to the bed where she lay curled up in a disconsolate heap, that some one laid a tender hand on the brown curls as she bent over the white pillow.

"What is it, dearie? Tell auntie, won't you?"

The tears came faster as Helen tried to speak. Then, springing up, she crept into the arms that had always proved themselves a refuge in time of trouble.

"Why, auntie, it's just this," she said chokingly as she dabbed at her wet eyes. "Nellie Stewart is to give a party next week and I am invited. Each girl is expected to have some boy as an escort, and Will Howard asked me to go with him, and I promised. Now mother says I may go to the party this once, but she does not approve of parties during school sessions, but she spoiled it all because she says I must ask to be released from my promise to Will, and go the party with one of my brothers." The tears again began to flow.

Auntie was silent for a time as she smoothed back the damp hair that covered the white brow. Then, "Do you love your mother, Helen?"

"Why, of course, auntie! What a question," and the blue eyes opened wide in wonder.

"Do you think she loves you?"

"Why, auntie, I know she does. Why do you ask?"

"Well, then seeing you love her and she loves you, don't you think you can trust her to do what is best for her daughter?"

Helen was silent for a long minute. Then she answered, straightening as she spoke, "Why, yes, I suppose so, but auntie, I am fifteen years old, and don't you think I am old enough to take care of myself?"

Her aunt smiled as she patted the soft cheek tenderly. "We can decide that later on, dear. But what else?"

"What else? Why, auntie dear, isn't that enough? How would you like to be laughed at by the whole school as I shall be when they find out? And very likely I shall never be invited to another thing as

long as I live. I do wish mother was not so old-fashioned. She even objects to my walking about after school with a boy. All the other girls do—they say their mothers don't care."

For a few moments Aunt Jean's face was quite grave. Then she spoke.

"Listen, dear, while I tell you a story—a really, truly story, as you always insisted it must be, when a bit of a girl, you were teasing for a story.

"When I was about your age I attended high school in a neighboring town, for we lived on a farm, and the country schools did not afford the advantages my parents wished for me and my brother who attended school with me. I was a 'regular' girl, as you say, full of life, always ready for any kind of frolic, and I was invited to everything that was going on, with an invitation from some boy to be my escort.

"But I was blessed with an old-fashioned mother, and so, of course, I was not allowed to accept invitations to parties very often. Just once in a while I could go, and then my brother was to be my escort. My mother knew that a girl of fifteen was not old enough to be the young lady she considered herself to be, and that also her studies needed attention.

"Of course I rebelled, but mother

made me understand there was to be no questioning of her authority, so I had to make the best of what I thought was hard treatment.

"Among my classmates was a very pretty girl, Kathleen Avery, as full of fun and mischief as she was of the kindly ways that made her a favorite with all. She was my chum, and many wonderful plans we confided to each other as we walked to and from school.

"How I used to envy her when I saw her ready for some frolic that I was not allowed to attend except with my brother, and often I went to my room to cry and think all sorts of unkind things about my mother, who was so old-fashioned.

"I did wish my mother were like Kathleen's. 'My mother,' Kathleen would boast, 'thinks I am old enough to take care of myself. Don't you wish your mother were not so old-fashioned?'

"Well, the days went by; I was busy with my studies, Kathleen enjoying good times in parties.

"One morning, at the beginning of the third term of school, I missed my chum from her accustomed seat, and all day I was uneasy, but I made up my mind that tomorrow would find her back in her place at school.

"But tomorrow came, and no Kathleen. After school I went to her home as fast as my feet would carry me, expecting to have her greet me.

"When I reached the Avery home in-

(Continued on page 24)

The Watcher

MARGARET WIDDEMER

*She always leaned to watch for us,
Anxious if we were late,
In winter by the window,
In summer by the gate;*

*And though we mocked her tenderly,
Who had such foolish care,
The long way home would seem
more safe
Because she waited there.*

*Her thoughts were all so full of us—
She never could forget!
And so I think that where she is
She must be watching yet,*

*Waiting till we come home to her,
Anxious if we are late—
Watching from heaven's window,
Leaning from heaven's gate.*



Importance of Winning Children

(A part of an address delivered at the State Church, Chicago, Illinois, by Willford C. Pearce.)

During one year we worked in twelve churches in a certain state. Over twenty-seven hundred children were brought into Home Bible Classes, and over twelve hundred of these were reported to have accepted Christ. Someone asks, "Do you believe in child conversion?" Most assuredly I do. Spurgeon said that he had more confidence that the profession of salvation of a six-year-old child would be permanent than a similar profession from a man of sixty.

A man once asked Mr. Moody, "What result did you have in your meeting last night?"

"There were two and one-half saved," replied Mr. Moody.

"Two and one-half? You mean two men and a boy?" questioned the friend. "No, two boys and a man. Two boys—two whole lives saved, to live for Christ; and a man—half a life wasted in sin, and only half saved to live for Christ."

Friends, we have discounted the salvation of children long enough! We should ask God to help us recognize the importance of reaching out and saving them. In the United States we have thirty-six million children and young people under twenty-five years of age who have had little or no religious training or influence. Of these, twenty-seven million are nominally Protestant, but there are only fourteen million in our Protestant Sunday schools. For every child in our Sunday schools there are two not in Sunday schools! In addition, there are the millions of Catholic and Jewish children who also need Christ. What are we doing for these millions of unchurched children?

As a full gospel people, through such regional and local conferences as this one, we should become diligent in setting up a program for ourselves. A teacher training program is vital in rais-

ing the standard and in preparing a vast army of new workers. We should begin immediately to reach hundreds and thousands of children in every town and city. With the available teaching material in your church you can start Home Bible Classes right away with very little expense.

A few weeks ago a sister in a certain church said to me, "We just sit and soak up sermons all the time." Yes, no matter how good the pastor and the evangelist may be unless we take the Word preached and go and put it into operation, we will never grow spiritually.

A pastor stated, "Brother Pearce, I fully appreciate the privilege of reaching the many new children who are coming into our Home Bible classes, but this is not the only definite benefit of this program. One of the greatest blessings to my church is the effect of this work on the workers themselves. Campaigns come and go. Some just 'sit and soak' but some have really gone to work."

He went on, "I want to tell you about a young woman in my church. She was one of those 'problem young people,' about eighteen years old. From the age of thirteen she had rebelled against parental restraint, and came to church only when made to come—Sunday school, morning worship, and young people's meeting. One day a girl who was teaching a Home Bible Class asked her to help with her class.

"Don't ask me to help," she replied. "You know I am not anywhere spiritually. I could not help you any." But the other girl insisted she come and just take care of the attendance, help with the children's wraps, give out prizes, and the like. So she went along. She assisted her again the next week. The third week she asked if she might tell a short Bible story. And the fourth she asked if she could teach

the lesson. The regular teacher was glad to see her interest and let her continue to help. That night was the regular prayer meeting night.

"When we went to prayer, to my surprise, this girl hurried to the altar. As she dropped to her knees sobbing, I knelt by her side and asked what she wanted. 'O pastor,' she cried out, 'pray for me! I am backslidden! I have been trying to help Charlotte with her class, but I am not in the right place with God myself. I must have peace and power.' She prayed earnestly, and before that service was over she had been gloriously filled with the Spirit. Since then she has been one of our best workers."

WHO CAN RESIST THE CHALLENGE?

This pastor's story illustrates what is happening wherever this type of work is started. The challenge of the need strikes fire in the hearts of Christians, and many reconsecrate themselves to God and, after seeking earnestly, are filled with the Spirit to continue the activity. It creates real revival in the church. What urging, preaching, encouraging, and even commanding will not do, the challenge of the need will do. Evangelists come and go, and folk listen to the most soul-stirring sermons unmoved. But when the challenge of these little, upturned faces stirs the heart, who could resist yielding his or her heart fully to Christ to guide those little feet to Jesus!

A young man of eighteen said to me, "I'll try to help, Mr. Pearce. I've never done anything like it, but my sister and I will visit the neighborhood and see if we can gather some children for the class." They did and came to the report meeting at the church with faces aglow. He rose and said, "I never felt like this before. I have a real bonfire in my heart." They had had a chance to witness for Christ and something up-to-date had happened in their hearts. Such young people are an attraction to others.

I recall a dear, elderly couple in Long Beach. He was a retired railroad man and spent every winter in southern California. He attended our training classes, and one day said, "My wife and I take a walk each morning. Don't you suppose we could do some visiting, too?" These two were among our finest workers in a group of forty. This company of workers reported fifty-three adults had accepted Christ during their first month of house-to-house visitation.

I like the idea of canvassing every home in a neighborhood. If it works in the sale of vacuum cleaners, silk stockings, and life

DID YOU KNOW?

Did you know that probably one-half of all the Sunday school members are never won for Christ?

Did you know that 70 per cent of all conversions occur under twenty years of age, and that critical age is between twelve and sixteen?

Did you know that there are more than 20,000,000 boys and girls of the teen age in North America?

Did you know that half a million boys and girls of the teen age drift out of the Sunday school every year?

Did you know that very many Sunday school teachers have never realized that they had a definite responsibility in the work of leading the children to confess Christ?

Did you know that it takes four Sunday school officers and teachers a whole year to bring one soul to Christ and into the church?

Did you know that it is an exceedingly rare thing for an adult who has not had religious instruction in his youth to give his heart to Christ?

Did you know that there are more children and young people in North America not receiving religious instruction of any kind, Protestant, Catholic or Jewish, than are enrolled in all the Sunday schools?—Christian Home Builder.

insurance, it will work in selling salvation," if we may so describe witnessing for Christ. It is a ministry that can be carried on throughout the year. "How much time do I have to devote to it?" you ask. Whenever you can spare an hour, have a talk with your neighbors, or go from house to house in the territory assigned to you.

A CLASS BEGUN WITHOUT EFFORT

While holding a campaign in Milwaukee, a lady said to me, "I would like to tell you how I started a children's Bible class in my home. I am a mother of three children. I heard over WMBI (Moody Bible Institute radio station) of the child evangelism work and I felt I would like to start a class, but having a baby less than a year old and two girls, five and seven years of age, I excused myself. But one day little Mary, aged seven, brought a chum home from school. 'Mama, will you tell Elizabeth the story of Esther which you told us at the family altar this morning?'"

"So I wiped my hands, sat down, and retold the story. The next afternoon she came home with three little girls and the same request. This went on nearly every afternoon till I had to tell her she could bring her playmates to the house only on Tuesday afternoon. Almost every day she would ask, 'Mama, is this Tuesday?' And so it started.

"My husband heard about my 'class' which in a few weeks had filled my kitchen to overflowing; so he cleaned up half of the basement, constructed walls, and furnished tables, chairs, and a blackboard. Now for two years I have

held my 'class' one afternoon every week, with from fifteen to twenty-five children each time hearing the gospel. Many of them have been saved."

Hundreds of thousands of children are being reached every week all over the United States and Canada in these Home Bible Classes. Most of the work, however, is being done independently of the regular Sunday school and church organizations. If we could only have the backing and the cooperation of the pastors, this work could become an integral part of the church school, and we could sweep millions of children into the fold of the good shepherd. If you, pastor, will put your shoulder to this "wheel" within the wheel of the church school, you will find that within a short time you will be contacting three times as many children as you are now reaching in your school.

SYSTEMATIC WORK ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS

A child of about four years was playing with her dolls outside her home. Just beyond the yard was a vast wheat field which stretched for miles over the western plains in Minnesota. Taking her dolls and other playthings over into the edge of the field, she "mothered" her dolls that were bound to stray away into the tall, waving wheat. It was not long until she herself was lost in the wheat which was taller than she. Night came on and, though her mother called loud and long, the little child could not hear her voice. The parents called the neighbors and hunted late into the night, but to no avail.

Finally recalling the neighbors, the

father organized the search. Stretching out in a long line with every one in plain view of the one nearest to him on either side, and constantly calling, they searched every foot of ground systematically. Soon a glad cry went up from a certain man as he stumbled over the little form fast asleep and benumbed by the cold of the night. If they had not joined hands, they never would have found the child alive.

If this great full gospel movement will join hands we can catch the vision and carry out Christ's great commission in our day. May God help us not to be satisfied with the few we already have contacted, but to reach out till we have gathered in the millions of unchurched children for Christ.

Since the foregoing address was delivered in Chicago on September 9, we have received a most glowing report from a campaign which was underway at the time of that convention. We were in Moline, Illinois, assisting Pastor A. W. Kortkamp in the Moline Gospel Temple. After three weeks of training classes in which one hundred and sixty-five were enrolled as scholars, the visitation program began with over a hundred volunteers.

In the first two months of work twenty-two Home Bible Classes (in Moline termed Afternoon Bible Classes) were started, and the eighth week five hundred eighteen children were in attendance. Nearly a hundred children had accepted Christ during those weeks. The pastor reported that in one week fifteen (adults and children) had been saved.

At the pre-Christmas festival over seven hundred children and about two hundred adults (parents of the children) were in attendance. The visitation work had brought many adults to Christ and to the church. The reports from the workers showed that the thrill of witnessing for Christ had brought a real revival to their hearts.—*The Gospel Call*.

Happiness In Prison

Samuel Rutherford, in prison, used to date his letters, "Christ's Place, Aberdeen." He wrote to a friend: "The Lord is with me; I care not what man can do. I burden no man. I want nothing. No king is better provided than I am. Sweet, sweet and easy is the Cross of my Lord. All men I look in the face, of whatsoever rank, nobles and poor. Acquaintance and strangers are friendly to me. My Well-beloved is kinder and warmer than ordinary, and moveth and visiteth my soul. My chains are overgilded with gold. No pen, no words, no engine, can express to you the loveliness of my only Lord Jesus. Thus in haste I make for my palace at Aberdeen."—*Publisher Unknown*.



NOTE: Last year Mr. Marshal Neil, of Bob Jones College, came to my home looking for a place to hold a children's neighborhood Bible class. I opened my doors and this is the result. I am proud of our little group. We hope that the next picture we have made of them, we will have fifty children in the class.

Mr. Jimmie Threlfal, another student, has joined us this year and these young men are in the picture, Jimmie Threlfal left and Marshal Neil right.—*Editor*.

Exchange Page

Dear Sister Harrison:

I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway from the front cover to the back. It makes me feel like traveling on and doing more for the Lord.

We have a good Y. P. E. here. Sister Stella Palmer is our president. Pray for her and all the young people that we will stay on the firing line for Jesus. If there ever was a time when we need to serve God, it is now. The devil is working in every way to turn our thoughts to the pleasures of the world. But if we will trust in Jesus, He will take us through. I want the prayers of every Christian that I will stay true and humble and ever be found doing His will.

May the Lord bless you, Sister Harrison, and may you continue in this work until Jesus comes. — Ellene Smith, Pfeiffer, Ark.

Dear Mrs. Harrison:

Sometime ago I bought a copy of the Lighted Pathway and read it through, beginning with your Thanksgiving message first, and enjoyed every word of it. I really think you are doing a wonderful work. It made me realize how many things I had to be more thankful for.

Sometimes we are too busy to appreciate the small things which really are the main things in our lives.

I have always tried to live a Christian life, and my prayer each day is that my two wonderful girls will live a life pleasing to the Lord. We all are members of the Christian church in Spray, N. C., and attend regularly. We have a wonderful pastor and Sunday school leader.

I realize that my life isn't half as good as I would like for it to be and my mistakes are many. May I ask that you pray for me and my family that we may live each day as the Master would have us.

May the Lord bless you in your wonderful work and may it be an inspiration to others as it was to me. Wishing you the best of luck always and may God be with you and yours.—Mrs. C. B. Rakistraw, Leaksville, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I surely enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway and obtain real soul food from its contents. It makes me want to pray

and hold on to God a little harder than ever before.

I thank God for the Editor's Message in the January, 1942, Lighted Pathway; it just helped me so much and made me want to become more consecrated than ever before.

Please pray for our Y. P. E. at Lake Wales that it will continue to grow and do more for the Lord. Pray for me that I will stay in the center of the Lord's will at all times. God bless you in your great work.—Mrs. Bessie Lewis, Lake Wales, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I thank the Lord for the Lighted Pathway. I am always anxious to get one because there is something good in every page that lights up our path and makes us rejoice in our souls.

My heart goes out for the young people who are in sin. There are so many bright young people who need to be in the service of the Lord. I have worked as a Y. P. E. leader with the young people for five years. I just delight in this work. Pray for our young people at Mt. City that they will be more interested in the work of the Lord. I think it is an honor for young people to hold up the standard for Jesus everywhere they go.

I was reading the Pathway where the army boys were writing to you. I think it is wonderful. God bless them. May God bless you in your work, Sister Harrison.—Lula Dover.

Dear Sister Harrison:

It is a great pleasure to write you. I am a reader of the Lighted Pathway. I surely enjoy reading it.

We have a Y. P. E. here at Cave Creek. The Lighted Pathway is a great help to us. We have a good number of boys and girls but just a few have the Holy Ghost. I'm sure that if all our young people would get right with the Lord, we would have a better Y. P. E. Please pray for us, and may the Lord bless you in the good work you are doing for Him.—Thelma Jane Smith.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Enclosed find \$2.00 for the Lighted Pathway fund to send to the soldiers. I have some friends in the army in Porto Rico and Texas but do not know their correct address. I am asking God to direct some of the Lighted Pathways into their hands.—Miss Mildred Daugherty.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am sending you \$1.00 to go on Lighted Pathways for the soldier boys in camp. I think that is a grand idea to spread the gospel in every way and every time possible. May God richly bless your efforts in my prayer.—Mrs. B. F. Willard.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been reading in the new Lighted Pathway. I thought I would write and tell you about our Y. P. E. We have a wonderful Y. P. E. at the Church of God at Texla, Tex. Most of our members are saved and filled with the precious Holy Spirit. We have a wonderful time in the Lord.

One of our girls is in B. T. S. We miss her very much but know she will be a blessing to us all when she comes again. We hope that more of our young people will get to attend B. T. S. next year.

May the Lord bless you and your good work.—Evelyn Humble.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Just a few lines to express my love and appreciation for the Lighted Pathway; it is food to my soul. I appreciate our good Editor, and may God keep you in His love and care until He should call you home. I am thankful that I ever learned about your good paper, the Lighted Pathway. I am always glad when the time comes for me to get it.

I am very thankful for the Sinner's Page, for I was a sinner one time but, thank God, I can say that my sins are under the blood and He will not bring them up against me any more.

Your paper has also been a blessing to a friend of mine. She enjoys reading the paper and I get one for her monthly.

Please pray for me that God will keep me humble, and may God bless you abundantly.—Florence Saunders, Devonshire, West Bermuda.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I enjoy the Lighted Pathway. It has proved a great blessing to me. In the past two weeks I have been real sick. The doctor was called for me last Wednesday morning and he told them to take me to the hospital Wednesday evening. He said I had acute appendicitis. I didn't want to go to the hospital, so I called for the members of the church to pray for me and the Lord healed me. I truly thank the Lord for it today.

Sister Harrison, I read the Lighted Pathway while I was sick and it proved a great blessing to me. I like the Exchange Page.—Thelma Dunn, Steeds, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I really enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. It helps all the young people to get a closer walk with Jesus. When little boys and girls are idle, they could be reading the Lighted Pathway and getting a blessing from it. It is worth more than a dime.

It is a pleasure to mothers and fathers when their children make a start for God.

I am thirteen years old and I do not
(Continued on page 23)

Contributions

By Young Writers

BRIDLE YOUR TONGUE

MRS. GLADYS CHILDERS

I am just a young mother with two children; a girl age four and a boy age two. I feel the responsibility of rearing my children in the right way. There is a great responsibility resting on the fathers and mothers of this age. We will have to live the life before them if we expect them to grow up to be Christian men and women.

I was saved, sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost. There is nothing better this side of heaven than the power of God but one can lose it very easily, if he is not careful, or at least I did. I could tell when I went to pray that I couldn't get in connection with heaven, but yet I hadn't completely lost my blessing. I knew where the trouble was and tried to throw it off within myself but failed. One day my stepfather told me about a wonderful sermon he had heard over the radio from Jas. 1:8. I got my Bible and read the entire chapter.

In the meantime, a friend came in and the subject was mentioned about a party who had done wrong. After she had gone home I took my Bible again and read that same chapter. I got on my knees and prayed but didn't feel any better. I couldn't be satisfied, so I studied James 1 carefully and got more in earnest with God and He wonderfully blessed by soul, and I came through with the victory. I am still free from all sin and mean to do more for my blessed Savior.

You cannot speak evil of any one, and keep the victory. If you do it will sap your joy. Please read James first and second chapters. Live true to God for some day He is coming again, and won't it be wonderful to meet the Lord Jesus Christ?

If you are not saved, may God send conviction on you and save you, for it is time we should make a start for Christ. Christ suffered and died for you and me on the cross that we might have life and have it more abundantly.

Pray for me, I have a stronger zeal than ever before to fight this battle of faith.

MY SAVIOR'S LOVE

HAZEL E. STAFFORD

Love! Love is what the world is seeking today. But it has forsaken that great love, the love of God which taketh away the sins of the world. A love which lightens every burden and gives gladness day by day.

I am happy in my soul that I have accepted this love and am trying as much as is in my power to return it. I love the Lord with all my heart. He is all in all to me, praise His name.

God so loved me that He sent His only Son down to this old sin-cursed world to suffer and die on the cross of Calvary that I might be saved.

Oh, how precious was the price my Savior paid for me! How great must have been His love when He suffered the lash to be laid to His back and the crown of thorns to be placed on His head; when He suffered the spikes to be driven in His hands and feet and that sword to pierce His side; when He let Himself hang from the old rugged cross while the onlookers mocked and scoffed and spit upon Him that this poor girl might be saved. How great is my Savior's love!

*"Oh, the precious love of Jesus,
How it thrills my ransomed soul,
More and more I'll sing His praises
While the happy ages roll.*

To show my love for Him I must walk in the light of His Word; I must love His people and the things of God; I must love the soul of the sinners and my enemies and try to win them to Him.

Jesus is my lover. He has gone away for a while but He will soon return or call for me. We are going for a heavenly ride on the clouds of glory to a marriage supper the Father is preparing for us. Therefore, I am getting ready for this wonderful, rapturous journey because I know He is coming soon to take me to that glorious, eternal dwelling place He has prepared for me.

HOW WE MAY HELP OUR COUNTRY TO WIN ULTIMATE VICTORY AND PEACE

MRS. MARY KEHELEY

2 Chron. 7:14

"If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

Solomon had just finished building the beautiful temple which God had promised David that his son would build. God had given directions for every minute detail of building and furnishings. When everything was complete Solomon called the people together for a dedication service. The king and all the people

made a great sacrifice of sheep and oxen which could not be told nor numbered for multitude. When everything was in readiness the glory of the Lord filled the place in a cloud so thick that the priests could not minister by reason of it.

Then the king faced the congregation and blessed them, and they all stood while he prayed. He stood before the altar and spread forth his hands to pray. Many times holiness people are criticized for raising their hands in prayer and praise to God, but Solomon was in earnest about God blessing his people.

1 Tim. 2:8, "I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting." He prayed that God would hear every prayer that was made in that temple; that if a man sinned against his neighbor, and came there repenting, that God would forgive; that if Israel be put to the worse by the enemy for their sins and should return and confess and pray, that God would forgive, and restore them to their land; if they should be afflicted by drought, pestilence, disease, or trouble of any kind, and should come to this house and confess their sins, and call upon God and come back to Him, that He would hear from heaven and forgive and heal them.

When Solomon had made an end of praying, God sent fire from heaven to consume the offering and sacrifices and the glory of the Lord filled the house.

At the end of the feast of seven days, after the people had all gone home and Solomon was alone, God appeared to him by night and said, "I have heard thy prayer." And thank God, He answered it too.

Surely the same promise is good today. "If my people, which are called by my name," America is called a Christian nation, Christians are called by the name of Christ, especially Church of God people are called by His name. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted;" "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much;" "The face of the Lord is against them that do evil;" "Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved;" "Let the wicked forsake his way... and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him." We cannot expect mercy while living in our wicked ways.

Surely now is the needed time for Christian people to come before God in His sanctuary and there tarry before God, repenting of sin and wickedness, seeking the face of God until the answer comes. America is facing the greatest crisis in history and it is up to the people of God to pray. Then God will hear from heaven, will forgive our sin, and heal our land.

Reading Circle



BOOKS RECOMMENDED FOR DAILY VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL

How to Conduct a Daily Vacation Bible School, by Alda B. Harrison. You will find this 136-page book very useful in the conducting of Daily Vacation Bible Schools. Many of our churches conducted a school last year and the results were really surprising. You will also find the book helpful in the home. Price 75c.

Manual of Visual Teaching—Through the Eye to the Heart. This book contains material for relating and applying the lesson by means of object talks. Art cut-outs and all materials required for visual teaching are included in the Manual. Price \$1.00.

WIN THE CHILD NOW With Visual Teaching Materials

Life of Christ—Twenty lessons about the life of Christ, including the birth of Jesus, parables, miracles, trial of Jesus, crucifixion and resurrection. Excellent for Bible Clubs, Vacation Schools, etc. Complete in two volumes, \$2.00; each volume, \$1.00.

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Salvation Songs for Children, by Ruth P. Overholtzer. Price, 35c. This book has one hundred beautiful songs and just the choruses you will need for your Vacation School.

Another book is **Juvenile Hosannas**, by R. E. Winsett. It will also be good for your children's work. It contains 65 songs. Price, 15c. Send 50c for both of them.

Early Genesis Stories. Price 10c.



"This little Book I'd rather own,
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
Than all their diadems."

Bible Readings For May

	Morning	Evening
May 1	1 Sam. 3-5	Ps. 9-10
May 2	1 Sam. 6-8	Ps. 11-12
May 3	1 Sam. 9-10	Ps. 13-15
May 4	1 Sam. 11-13	Ps. 16-17
May 5	1 Sam. 14	Ps. 18
May 6	1 Sam. 15-16	Ps. 19-20
May 7	1 Sam. 17	Ps. 21-22
May 8	1 Sam. 18-19	Ps. 23-25
May 9	1 Sam. 20-21	Ps. 26-27
May 10	1 Sam. 22-23	Ps. 28-30
May 11	1 Sam. 24-25	Ps. 31
May 12	1 Sam. 26-27	Ps. 32-33
May 13	1 Sam. 28-29	Ps. 34
May 14	1 Sam. 30-31	Ps. 35-36
May 15	2 Sam. 1-2	Ps. 37
May 16	2 Sam. 3-4	Ps. 38-39
May 17	2 Sam. 5-6	Ps. 40-41
May 18	2 Sam. 7-8	Ps. 42-43
May 19	2 Sam. 9-10	Ps. 44
May 20	2 Sam. 11-12	Ps. 45-46
May 21	2 Sam. 13-14	Ps. 47-48
May 22	2 Sam. 15-16	Ps. 49
May 23	2 Sam. 17-18	Ps. 50
May 24	2 Sam. 19-20	Ps. 51-52
May 25	2 Sam. 21-22	Ps. 53-55
May 26	2 Sam. 23-24	Ps. 56-58
May 27	1 Kings 1-2	Ps. 59-60
May 28	1 Kings 3-4	Ps. 61-63
May 29	1 Kings 5-6	Ps. 64-65

May 30 1 Kings 7-8 Ps. 66-67
May 31 1 Kings 9-10 Ps. 68

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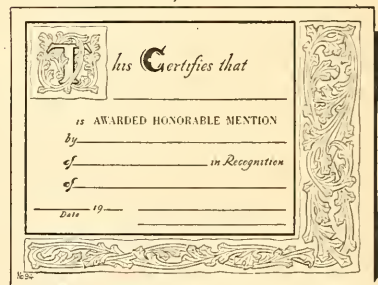
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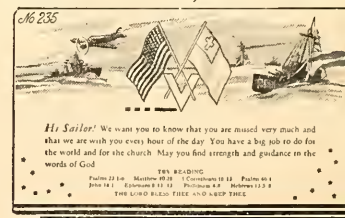
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THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Temperance Page

HIS MOTHER'S RETURN



"She's immensely rich—the only rich patient you have. We cannot afford to offend her, father; you haven't been doing particularly well lately."

There was an earnest note of pleading in the young man's voice and the other man sighed.

"You've saved her life and she's grateful," the young man urged. "Can't you humor her a little—stretch a point once? You know she'll have it whether you order it or not, so what does it matter?"

The older man sighed. "She shall never say her medical man ordered it as long as I fill that post. I'm glad enough to have her patronage, and I know I have served her well, but I will never go against my conscience if I lose my practice to the last man, woman and child. How could I give to the people who have confidence in me the very thing that I believe to be the most harmful to them? How could any honest man do it and keep his self-respect? What though they may desire it? I've known children to cry for the carving-knife."

"She'll have it all the same," the son persisted.

"I'm afraid I can't prevent that," Doctor Wentworth sighed. "Once and for all, my boy, I will never order my patients intoxicants. I'd sooner beg. I'd sooner die in a ditch than put that which I abominate into the hands of any fellow creature. I wish you saw eye to eye with me in this matter, Frank."

His eyes were wistful as they rested on his son, and he laid his hands lovingly on the lad's broad shoulder. "I've had to be father and mother to you, lad; you were such a bit of a chap when you lost your mother, and I have prayed—"

Frank Wentworth moved restlessly.

"I've been a good son to you."

"I know you have. But in this matter of drink, my boy—a very vital matter in my estimation—we don't see eye to eye. You are a doctor like myself, and it seems to me that a terrible responsibility lies with us."

The young man laughed rather un- easily.

"I think you are a bit of a crank. I suppose most people have their pet fads,

especially medical men like ourselves, but for myself, I've always tried to steer clear of that sort of thing and I shall continue to do so."

He turned on his heel and was leaving the room when his father called him back.

"Frank, you understand that while you are my assistant, I cannot allow you to —"

"I think I understand your meaning, sir," the young man broke in, "and I think, since you feel so strongly in the matter, it would be as well to get an assistant who—"

"Don't be in a hurry, my boy."

"Someone who is more to your way of thinking," he finished.

"Frank, you are all I have. Why cannot we pull together? You have more than ordinary ability, and you are ambitious. I sympathize with your desire to get on. I was ambitious and young myself once, lad—stay with me if you can, help me to fight this curse."

"And be poor all my days?" the young man cried bitterly. "Sir, I hate poverty; I want to receive the recognition my ability deserves, the recognition you should have had. And if, at the very beginning of my career, I'm to knock my head against our most influential patient when nothing in the world will keep her from the drink—"

Doctor Wentworth sighed helplessly.

"When you've seen as much of the effect of drink as I have, Frank, I think you'll hate it as I do. In the years that lie before you, you'll have plenty of opportunity of studying its effects. Doctors see the seamy side of things, and you'll find that drink's the cause of a good deal of it. You'll find my old bete noire cropping up in the most unexpected places and you'll be called upon to patch up the bodies of its victims, for you'll find they can't be mended." "And," he added solemnly, "if you persist in your present attitude you will probably blunder upon some poor innocent in whose very blood the unexpected craving lurks. They need a pick-me-up, and you, their trusted medical adviser, prescribe it."

He looked his son in the eyes, and his voice shook.

"My lad, it would be far kinder to give such people prussic acid."

There was a long pause, then—

"Now, my boy, you know my mind. Think it over. It would grieve me more than you know to lose my son. I'd sooner work with you, Frank, than any

other man I know, but—"

For the best part of a week Frank Wentworth thought about his father's words. He was clever and ambitious, and the limitations put upon him by what he termed his father's quixotic ideas irritated him unspeakably.

His black brows were drawn together into a heavy frown as he stood looking into the dreariness of a winter twilight. Across the road a poor wreck of a woman, weather-beaten and dirty, shuffled along in the snow, clinging now and then to the palings for support. She wore no hat, and Wentworth noticed that a vivid scar ran right across her gray locks about her face. She drew her rags more closely about her with a shiver. His eyes followed her with a growing disgust, and when she paused suddenly just opposite the window, he drew back into the shadows with a hasty movement. While he watched she stepped unsteadily off the curb, lurched forward, righted herself and started to cross the road, regardless of the busy traffic. There was the soft hum of a motor as it turned the corner of the road, and the man at the window gave a startled cry.

Half an hour later the woman breathed her last. Doctor Wentworth and his son had done their best; but she was beyond the help of human hands. The young man turned from the bed with a sigh of relief.

"Gone?" he asked, with his eyes upon the falling snow.

"Yes."

"Well, you've done what you could, father. If she had been your best patient you couldn't have done more."

He turned to the door, but the elder man called him back. In the dim light his face was strangely white.

"What's up? Are you ill?"

Doctor Wentworth did not reply. He was fumbling in his pocket, and presently drew out something which he handed to his son.

"You have seen this portrait before, boy?"

"Of course—mother," he answered tenderly. A shade of displeasure crossed his face as he took the little picture and looked into the smiling blue eyes of the mother he had scarcely known.

"It seems a bit out of place—sacreligious, almost—to mention her here. I

(Continued on page 25)



Mother's Poems

Where Mother Prayed

By Myra Brooks Welch

In a quiet little village
Where the hillsides kiss the plain,
Stands a seasoned old brick chapel
Marred by time and weather stain.
There's no beauty in its structure
And few linger at its door,
But I'll hold its mem'ry sacred
Until time shall be no more.

Though I seek a grand cathedral
With its high uplifted spire,
Where the organ chime peals softly
Souls to comfort and inspire;
With the roses sweetly fragrant
Massed about the altar fair—
Sweeter still, that old brick chapel
Where my mother knelt in prayer.

Oh, there are no roses climbing
O'er its walls so bleak and bare,
And no chiming organ message
Floats upon the evening air.
Yet a fragrance growing sweeter,
Lingers in my memory,
From that little old brick chapel
Where my mother prayed for me.

Over on those shores eternal
Where our memories are stored,
At heaven's grandest inspiration
Breaks forth in love's sweet accord;
There methinks the fragrant incense
Lingers o'er the jasper sea,
Of the prayers from that old chapel
Where my mother prayed for me.

God Bless My Mother

MARIE B. PEARSON

Dedicated to Mrs. R. G. Spink, of Portland, Ore., and Mrs. Chester Pearson, of Kingston, N. Y.

God, bless my Mother today, on her day,
God, wipe all her cares and her sorrows away;
Bestow on her blessings so pure and divine,
Bless her so richly, this Mother of mine.

For the many acts of kindness I cannot repay,
For tears and anxious longings of child's yesterday,
For encouragements and smiles so sweet,
Reward her, dear Lord, this debt I can't meet.

I loved her in childhood, I still love her now,
I'll try not to grieve her or bring grief to her brow;
And as she prays to her Father above,
Fill her, dear Lord, with heavenly love.

God, bless my Mother, to me there's no other.

God, keep her happy alway;
The best I wish for her, let the angels watch o'er her,
God, bless my Mother today.

WHEN MOTHER PRAYED

Melville Winans Miller

Somehow, God always seemed so real,
Somehow, I could not doubt, nor feel
That God was ever far away,
When I would hear my mother pray;
Somehow, when she would kneel in prayer,
God always seemed to meet her there.

When she would kneel beside my bed,
With her dear hands upon my head,
My little heart would cease to fear,
And God would seem to come so near;
Somehow, some way, when mother prayed,
I could not, dared not, feel afraid.

And when she prayed for Him to keep
Me through the night, and give me sleep
And rest until the break of day,
I felt that it must be, some way,
That round about me was His arm,
And He would keep me safe from harm.

Somehow, God seemed so good and kind;
He seemed not harsh, nor hard to find,
Not angry seemed when mother prayed;
Ah, yes, God seemed, when mother prayed,
To make her face divinely bright,
And fill her soul with heavenly light.

When mother prayed! O precious hour,
When God would come in mighty power!
O memory sweet! O hallowed place!
Where God did shine in mother's face!
Somehow, in prayer she found such rest;
Somehow, her soul God always blest.

When mother prayed! Ah, then I knew
Within my soul that God was true;
I could no longer doubt His love,
And, yielding all, born from above,
My soul was filled with peace divine,
And mother's God was thenceforth mine!

And though the years may come and go,
This heart of mine can never know
A sweeter time than that sweet hour
When Jesus came in saving power;
Though other scenes may be forgot
While life shall last this one cannot—
When mother prayed!

—Christian Monitor.



Mother Mine

I love each furrow in thy face,
The silver in thy hair;
There's naught but beauty I can trace,
There's none that's half so fair.
The love shines out from those dear eyes,
How well I know the sign
Of kindness, sweetness—all that's good—
Dear mother—mother mine!

You nursed me through my infant years,
You loved me as a child;
You shared with me my hopes and fears,
With counsel good and mild.
And when my erring footsteps strayed,
How sad that heart of thine!
You loved me better than before,
Dear mother—mother mine!

And now, when those dear eyes grow dim
And pain clouds that dear face,
The love that you still have for him
Who ofttimes fell from grace,
Will yet bear fruit a hundredfold
In love, dear heart, like thine,
More precious far than virgin gold,
Dear mother—mother mine!

Mother

You may tramp a thousand cities
From equator to the pole,
Drain the salt brine from the ocean,
Bare a mountain's inner soul;
Sift the sand of the Sahara,
Trail the Yukon into Nome—
You will never find a treasure
Like the one you left at home.
For a Mother's love is rarer
Than the finest grade of gold,
And its value will not lessen
'Til the sun and stars grow cold.

—Charles N. Hodge.

A PRAYER FOR MOTHER

Lord Jesus, Thou hast known
A mother's love and tender care;
And Thou wilt hear while, for my own
Mother dear, I make this morning prayer.

Protect her life, I pray,
Who gave the gift of life to me;
And may she know from day to day
The deepening glow of joy that comes
from Thee.

As once upon her breast
Fearless and well content I lay,
So let her heart, on Thee at rest,
Feel fears depart and troubles fade away.

Ah! hold her by the hand,
As once her hand held mine,
And, though she may not understand
Life's winding way, lead her in peace
divine.

I can not pay my debt
For all the love that she has given:
But Thou, love's Lord, wilt not forget
Her due reward—bless her in earth and
heaven.

Letters From Our Training Camps

Dear Editor:

I received a Lighted Pathway from my aunt, Mrs. Grover C. Scott, of Spartanburg, S. C., and I wish to express my appreciation to you for this wonderful little paper. I especially like your Y. P. E. poet page because a simple poem sometimes brings one closer to the Lord than a lot of flowery lectures and sermons. In your March issue you have a poem entitled "Welcome", a masterpiece if ever there was one.

I am in the United States coast guards at Cobb Island, Oyster, Virginia, and have been in service since Dec. 31, 1941. Please remember me in your next issue and also all of the boys in service.—Warren Lingle, U. S. C. G., Cobb Island, Oyster, Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

While reading your message tonight it touched me very much. Little did I think what my tomorrow would bring, when I was a small boy. I am now in service for my country. Still I know not what tomorrow will bring. It may be as the boys of Pearl Harbor.

May God help me to do my best in Personal Evangelism, while it is still day, for night will come when no man can work. I pray that I will be the soul winner you described in your paper. Jesus is so wonderful that we can't do enough for Him. I wish to be His humble and obedient servant.

I am a member of the Church of God at Cookeville, Tenn. The people here in Florida have done their best to make me feel welcome. I feel at home in the Church of God at Sulphur Springs. Thank the Lord for the fellowship here.—Albert White, 21st Recon. Sq., MacDill Field, Tampa, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

This is to acknowledge receipt of the periodicals, The Lighted Pathway, you so graciously sent to this office and to thank you for them.

These magazines were placed in the Service Club reading rooms where they are available to quite a large number of men.

Again allow me to thank you for this fine contribution and commend the fine spirit that prompted you to make it.

Sincerely,

William V. Barney,
Chaplain (Major),
Camp Chaplain,
Camp Shelby, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the one hundred copies

of "Lighted Pathways." I will make distribution of same as widely as possible in my battalion.

From now on I may be reached at 29th Battalion, Medical Replacement Center, Camp Grant, Illinois. Wish you much success with your publication.

Sincerely,

David W. Barclay,
Captain, Chaplain,
Camp Grant, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the one hundred copies of The Lighted Pathway which arrived this morning.

I am placing them at the disposal of the Protestant chaplains here at Fort Knox for use with their soldiers.

Sincerely yours,

F. C. F. Randolph,
Post Chaplain,
Fort Knox, Ky.

HEADQUARTERS

Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyoming
Chaplain's Office

Dear Sirs:

Your shipment of one hundred copies of the Lighted Pathway was received today and we are sure that they will be an inspiration to all who read them.

We assure you that these monthly periodicals will be distributed among the soldiers at this station.

Thank you for your interest and consideration in behalf of those who are serving their country. We are truly appreciative of this contribution of our literature.—Sincerely yours, A. P. Donnelly, Post Chaplain.

Dear Sirs:

We greatly appreciate the periodical, The Lighted Pathway, you sent us, received this date. We have distributed them among the Chaplains at this post, and they will be made available to the men.

Your contribution of these periodicals is not only useful, but appreciated. Thank you again.

Very sincerely yours,

Daniel W. Fielder,
Camp Forrest, Tenn.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have noticed in the Lighted Pathway that the paper is being sent to the boys in camp. I want to have a small part in this good work. The boys certainly need good religious literature to read. My daughter and I are sending a small offering of \$5.00. May the Lord

richly bless is our prayer.—Mrs. C. C. Groves, 1400 Barham Ave., Johnston City, Ill.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am sending \$5.00 for the Lighted Pathway to be sent to the boys in camp. May God bless them all.—Mrs. R. L. White, R. F. D. 2, Summerville, Ga.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am contributing one dollar for the fund to send Lighted Pathways to the army camps.—A brother in Christ.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am sending a small offering to the fund for sending the Lighted Pathways to the army camps. I think this is a wonderful work and want to have a part in it. If we can do something to help our boys gain that spiritual life, it will be the means of helping to win the war.—Mrs. George Faris, Olla, La.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I think it would be a wonderful idea to get the Lighted Pathway in the army camps. I am sending an offering of \$2.00 to help in this good work.—Mrs. Clarence Hough, Clay City, Ill.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am enclosing \$1.00 to help send the Lighted Pathways to the boys in camp. May God bless everyone who reads it.—Violet Sherrod, Orlando, Fla.

Dear Friend:

I am sending an offering of \$2.00 to help send the Lighted Pathway to the boys in camp. Perhaps this will be the means of winning some for Christ.—Mrs. Anna Warrburn, Box 161, Mission, Tex.

NOTE: We will be glad to receive other letters from boys in Training Camps and will publish them as soon as possible. We give a page to this each month.

We have received a number of nice letters from chaplains where the papers have been mailed and a few are published on this page.

All who wish to send to this fund for the purpose of mailing the papers to the camps will be greatly appreciated. So many boys have been helped and encouraged by you making it possible for them to have the paper. Come on, coworkers, and help us get the Lighted Pathway in each camp. Mail all contributions to the Lighted Pathway, Cleveland, Tenn.

Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

Topic: **How the World Learns About Christianity**

By C. M. TRUESDELL

Thoughts for the Leader

The "world," as we have used it in the lesson title, means the earth and its inhabitants; sum of human affairs and interests; hence, mankind. We should like to present four questions and their answers in the hope that our audience may better understand the world's relationship to God, His present condition and the avenue through which it accepts or rejects the only approach to God and eternal blessings, i. e., Christianity or the religion of Christ.

How and By Whom Was the World Made?

How and by whom was the world made? The answer will be found in Gen. 1:1, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." This scripture refers to God's original creation of the world which may have existed countless centuries before the first man. Scriptures infer that its inhabitants were angelic beings, ruled by a beautiful angel named Lucifer, who later rebelled against God and became Satan, or the devil. Then God smote the earth and made it a place of devastation, which is described in this condition in Gen. 1:2, "And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

Now we shall go to a passage which tells how the earth or world was MADE after it had already been CREATED and

Bible Lessons

destroyed. Creation, you know, is making something out of nothing; while "making" means the construction of a thing or object out of something which already exists. Going to the gospel of John, we find these words about Christ, the second member of the Triune God, who assisted in both the creation and the later making of the world, John 1:10, "He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not." We can clearly conclude from these passages that the world was made by God.

Is the World in Harmony With God?

Mankind is born under the curse of Adam's fall in Eden, 1 Cor. 15:22a, "For as in Adam all die."

Hence, it is alienated from God, Eph. 4:18,

And friendship with it is enmity with God, Jas. 4:4.

For it is evil, Gal. 1:4, and hates genuine Christianity, 1 John 3:13:

Therefore it produces philosophies through its wisdom which attempt in many institutions of learning and elsewhere to isolate God in the minds of people, 1 Cor. 1:18-24, such as atheism, behaviorism, etc.

What Is the Condition of the World?

It is guilty, Rom. 3:19, 23; condemned, Rom. 5:18; and lost, 2 Cor. 4:3. Although it will never completely accept them, provisions have been made for the whole world to be saved, and in every part of it there are those who will separate themselves and accept this free salvation which is the only salvation, CHRISTIANITY, John 4:42; 3:16; 1:29; 14:6.

How Does the World Learn About Christianity?

Through the Bible? Certainly not. A world which does not love God will neither love His Word. We live in a busy, dizzy day when worldly people, filled with a depressed restlessness and the cares which sin affords, seek diversion from their tension and worry through a movie thriller or light reading. Many of them are skeptical regarding the Bible and many believe it is a book for the preacher alone, while it is so confusing and hard to understand to some who lack a proper knowledge of its setting that after reading a few lines they throw it aside in despair. The Bible then, grand old book which has brought peace, consolation, and the message of God's will to millions who have pillowed their faith

on its promises for eternity, is, generally speaking, not consulted by the world. Then how can the world learn of Christianity when they do not read the Bible? The answer is simple. Let me quote it from the Old Book itself in the language of love, "Ye are our epistle . . . known and read of all men," 2 Cor. 3:2. My Christian brother and sister, regardless of who you are or what you do in life, the world is reading you. The words and deeds which you and I say and do are making history in the hearts of our neighbors. They learn all about Christian religion; most of them know from our conduct. Many folk will decide for or against Christianity from the impressions we make upon them. Oh! had you ever realized the responsibility which goes with this high calling?

If the sun is hidden behind murky clouds, the world cannot benefit by its light. If our Christian lights are veiled with the shadows of hypocrisy and deceit, they cannot illuminate the way to Christ. As a city which is set on a hill beams its welcome to the traveler in the valley below, so let us shine, diffusing rays of pity, sympathy and charity, for God the Father sent Christ the Son to us through love. Peradventure we shall take Him to many others through a proper use of that same sweet virtue. The world learns the religion of Christ through Christians. It learns to appreciate Calvary and the Word of God because our lives testify to their good effects, and no sooner does it taste of the sweetness of Christian fellowship than it begins to hunger for more. Let us not forget that before Jesus went back to heaven, He left one solemn charge to His followers: "Ye are the light of the world," Matt. 5:14. We must be true to our vocation. Christians, hold out your light!

Topic: **Jesus Grew**

By OTTIS HEWETT

Scripture: Luke 2:52.

Thoughts for the Leader

Jesus is our pattern in all things. If we follow Jesus in a few things why not follow Him in all things? In this one verse we have Jesus developing spiritually, physically, intellectually and socially. All of these are important to a well-rounded and balanced Christian. Many writers state that Jesus was the most balanced person who ever lived. I'm inclined to believe this because He is the nucleus around which is thriving a well-balanced, practical religion. If we are to follow Him more closely, let us study how He developed and then try to develop ourselves.

Spiritually

"In favor with God." All of us need to grow in favor with God. The person

who has more favor with God has more power and preaches the better sermon. It is a source of power. Jesus was tempted as you and I but He retained that favor with God. Jesus gained with God by doing His will and He was up and about His Father's business. He would steal away to lonely spots and commune with God and learn the will of His Father. We need to stop talking to God and saying "Gimme," so God can talk to us and tell us His will. If you report to a new job and talk to the boss until he has no time to tell you what to do, you never will know what to do on that job. The same thing applies to letting God talk to us. Spirituality is more than shouting and singing all the time. A member's spirituality is tested by his life, his service, his character, his position, along with his conduct in church. A lot of people shout every time they go to church but you never can get them to give anything or do anything. We can measure ourselves physically with a weight machine and a tape measure but only God measures us spiritually.

Physically

"Grew in stature." It is only natural that an active boy in good health should grow. The period called youth is a period of activity which cannot be curbed. To try to curb healthful activity is courting danger because if this activity is not directed into the right direction and to the right, it will spring out into something detrimental to all concerned. 1 Tim. 4:8 says that bodily exercise profiteth little, but the little foxes spoil the vine. James says that to be guilty in one point is to be guilty of the whole. We see that it is the little things that are important. Too many today have a sound mind in a crippled body or a sound body and a crippled mind. I believe in a sound mind in a sound body. Take one from the other and you have nothing and vice versa and you have less. When you see a youth throwing a ball, don't run him into hell, he is just blowing off a little steam and it is better to do it this way than a lot of other ways you know.

Intellectually

Luke 2:47

No one will question that Jesus was educated. How did He acquire it? Early in life He knew His relationship with God and recognized that Sonship required service and service required preparation. He felt the need of a deeper knowledge of God's Word and at an early age began planning and preparing His life's work. His sainted mother and Joseph reared Him to the best of their knowledge and ability. Any real mother will mold and make the character of her child what it should be because she has him when he is at the age to be made or ruined for life. Jesus applied Himself

and learned quickly. Many have a wrong conception of "education." Education is not merely having book knowledge, but it is knowing how to live a life beneficial to God, to the Church, to the state, to your home and to yourself. Jesus was educated in that sense of the word, and with the divine power, knowledge and wisdom imparted unto Him from the Father, was able to astonish the world. The Scripture was His chief textbook.

Socially

"In favor with man." To grow in wisdom, knowledge, and physically, will come to naught if we do not grow socially and put what we have learned into practice and gain favor with man to the extent to draw him to Christ. We have an influence for good or for evil. If those with whom we associate see Christ in our lives, conversations, and expressions they will be drawn. On the other hand, if a person sees a so-called Christian and his actions are repulsive, even though he is religiously inclined, he is driven further from Christ. Some parents think that when their children are born that their job is finished, but, my dear friends, it has only begun. Rearing children in the fear and admonition of the Lord is a tremendous task and those who take it lightly fail. Very little is known about the childhood of Jesus from the time of His birth until He was twelve years old. In this period a boy or girl is usually reared right or reared wrong. Some parents are too lenient and others are too hard on their children. Each child is an individual and has to be reared accordingly. The home life of a person determines his status socially, with few exceptions. The person whose home life is pleasant, has had the right rearing, has had access to the right literature, has a good case of salvation, in the will of the Lord, just naturally has favor with man.

Topic: The Cost of Not Being a Christian

MINNIE BELLE CLAYTON

Scripture lesson: Prov. 14:12; Rom. 6:23.

We sometimes find out what principles are by studying out what they are not. In other words, we look at the negative side to see the positive side of a question. We are going to look at the negative side of the question of becoming a Christian. So many people refuse Christ because of the sacrifice it involves. It costs too much for them and they are not willing to pay the price. Yes, it does cost something to become a Christian, but you know it is said that we value what we purchase by what we pay for it, so if we pay the price, no matter what it is, then the value of salvation so exceeds the price that one

never regrets having paid whatever it cost to obtain it. Let us see just what it costs to live without Christ and to do without Him. Unlike the value we receive for paying the price of salvation, the price paid for not becoming a Christian is never returned in value, for nothing is gained by not accepting Christ.

Not Being a Christian Costs the Sacrifice of Peace

"Great peace have they which love thy law." "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." This is the portion of the Christian. He has peace with God, and the peace of God, and the God of peace besides. The Christless soul doesn't know anything about this, for "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." He knows that he is disobeying God, and he is all the time fearful. "Who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

Besides, he is conscious of an unseen force which is continually working against him. "The way of the transgressor is hard," we are told. Yes, God makes it hard in order that the sinner may weary of it and turn his feet into the path of righteousness. "Behold, I will hedge up thy way with thorns, and make a wall that she shall not find her path."

Not Being a Christian Costs the Sacrifice of the Highest Joy in This Life

We can't say that the Christless man will have no joy. He may know the joy of health, and friendship, and domestic life; he may acquire money, and power, and fame, all of which are very nice to have for a while; but there are greater joys than these which he will lose entirely. He cannot know the joy of sins forgiven, or the comfort and companionship of the Holy Spirit, or the joy of becoming like Jesus Christ.

It is God's purpose that all His children shall be joyful—"full of joy." "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be full." How different the feeling of a Christless soul!

"Aged friend, how is it that an old man can be so merry and cheerful?" asked one man of another.

"Because I belong to the Lord." "Are no others happy at your time of life?"

"No, not one." Then straightening up, and with the glow of hope upon his countenance, he said, "Listen, please, to the truth from one who knows; then tell it everywhere, and no man of threescore and ten can be found to gainsay it—the devil has no happy old men."

Not Being a Christian Costs the Sacrifice of the Highest Success in Life

Everyone wishes to make of himself the most it is in his power to make, or to be a success in life. However, this is impossible unless he yields himself to Christ, and fulfills His plan for that

life. Does God know what is for the good of the creature better than the creature himself? It is foolish to think that one can live in God's world and achieve the highest success, and yet disobey the laws of God Himself.

Let us remember that money and popularity and power over men do not mean success. One may have all these and yet be a complete failure. "There is a way that seems right unto man but the ways thereof are the ways of death." So the seeming success of money and power is followed or accompanied by the sacrifice of the real success of life. Christ came into the world that we might have life and might have it more abundantly, so if one rejects Him that abundant life that makes for success is denied him.

The true object of life is to know God's will and do it, and the person who is without Christ, living without Him as the mediator between God and himself, misses the mark completely, and a very great sacrifice is made.

Not Being a Christian Costs the Loss of the Soul

Man was made to know God, to enjoy Him, and to become like Him. This ability to become like Him, however, weakens by not being used and may be lost entirely. Sin is doing what one wants to do, rather than what he ought to do. "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." This little habit of having his own way gets so strong in the sinner until even God is unable to change it. Nothing can subdue his stubborn will. Indifference to God is followed by disobedience, defiance, and sometimes the soul even curses God to His face.

Not only does the ability to be thoroughly acquainted with God weaken, but sin eats out all the divine image until there is nothing left but the spirit of Satan to whom the sinner has yielded his life, instead of unto God. It has been said that Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whom many of us young people have studied in English literature in high school, as he was a great poet, had the brightest mind of any that lived in England. However, a recent critic in a biography of him brought out that he was "an archangel slightly damaged." Coleridge himself showed how his life plan had not been followed and what he might have been at thirty-five when he wrote a little poem on the fly-leaf of a Bible that his mother gave him when he was seventeen years old:

*"When I received this volume small
My years were scarcely seventeen;
When it was hoped I might be all
Which, then, alas, I might have been.*

*"And now my years are thirty-five;
And every mother hopes her lamb,*

*And every other child alive
May never be, what now I am."*

Not Being a Christian Costs the Loss of Heaven

Having one's own way here is rewarded, not by a home in heaven where everything is lovely and everyone delights in doing the will of the Lord, for He is the center, the light of it all, but having his own way in this life is rewarded by a home in hell where, eternally, his life will be a torment to him. If heaven is missed, then everything is lost that is worth while.

The Christless soul must prepare to part forever from all his dear ones who have chosen Christ; his mother who taught him to pray, his faithful wife, his children whose little hands have long been beckoning, to woo him home to heaven.

When Dwight L. Moody died he looked up and said, "Is this death? If so, it is glorious. Earth is receding, heaven is opening. God is calling me." Instead of this welcome (and many, many more could be recalled to show what a sinner misses when he misses heaven), the Christless person dying will hear the sad words, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

Topic: Andrew, An Example

GRACE CHURCHMAN

Thoughts for the Leader

Tonight we are taking for our subject, "Andrew, An Example." Each Bible character is given to us that we might see the glorious and happy life of the Christians and the wasted life lived by the wicked. Certainly there are some Biblical characters whom we know well, such as Moses, Isaiah, Peter and Paul. But tonight we are going to study one of the lesser characters, yet one who is truly an example for us. We hear a great deal of Simon Peter but little of his brother, Andrew. So we will study about Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, and we shall find why he is an example.

Andrew Walked in the Light

Andrew, like his brother, was a fisherman, Matt. 4:18. He was a disciple of John the Baptist and was present with John when he uttered, "Behold, the lamb of God." He was a faithful disciple of John, however he didn't continue to follow John after he heard of Jesus. Instead, he walked in the light and became a follower of Jesus of Nazareth.

How we need people today who will walk in the light! There are many people who have been truly saved, but who refuse to accept sanctification and the Holy Ghost. Take heed! Do as Andrew did—walk in the light.

Andrew Was a Soul Winner

The greatest work that any person can accomplish is to win souls to God. There are many ways in which we can help mankind, but none can compare with this. So when Andrew found Jesus, he went and found his brother Peter and brought him to the Lord. John 1:41-42.

When we first find Jesus real in our hearts we want others to know of His great love and we will tell others. But soon we (or many of us) become neglectful in this respect. We fail to grasp the opportunities we have. However, this is a task that we should continually do, just as did Andrew. Whether we work on the farm, in the factory, or in the office our real job is to be a soul winner. Lord, help us that we might be able to bring sheaves into Thy fold!

Andrew Was a Worker

A wise man once said, "Here is my suggestion for success. You spell it with four letters and you must keep it going with a definite goal in view. It is w-o-r-k." Certainly if we are a success we will be a worker as was Andrew. Jno. 6: 5-13.

This scripture reveals two things about Andrew—he was always on the job and he knew the conditions of those around him. The three great disciples, Peter, James, and John, were there; yet we have no record of their knowing of the loaves and fishes. No doubt their minds were taken up with more lofty things than noticing those who came to hear the Messiah.

Today, as then, we need to always be on the job and to know the conditions of those who surround us. The church needs people who will do the little things as Andrew did.

Andrew Was Always Faithful

Every scripture we find concerning Andrew, we find that he was faithful in his service to the Lord; and he was faithful in helping others. Although he never boasted, as did his brother, he could be depended on.

Almost every time Andrew is mentioned he is referred to as Simon Peter's brother. He was not known for any great things he did, yet he was faithful.

Today we need people who can be depended on to do whatever is necessary to carry on God's work, people who will lead, or just as gladly follow. People who are faithful, as was Andrew.

Concluding Thoughts

We have learned tonight that although Andrew was not so well known as his brother, he was a true Christian and one whom we may take as our guide.

Let us do the little things. Let us walk in the light. Let us be soul winners. Let us be faithful. Yes, let us be a "Little Andrew," for he is a Christian example.

**Sister Huff, Wife of Rev. R. Huff,
Pastor, South Cleveland, Tenn.**



Dedicated to Sister Huff in 1938

By Mae Tucker

Truly a mother in the Lord
If one ever was, it is you,
It seems that without your presence
We do not know just what to do.

I believe in giving the roses
While on this earth we still live,
So I present them to you now
With this verse I'm going to give.

Truly a mother in the Lord,
A helper on life's weary road,
A light to shine out for others
Pointing to the soul's true abode.

I praise God for you, Mother Huff,
Folks like you are not found everywhere,
But when I get through to heaven
I shall expect to find you there.

CORRECTIONS: In the March issue we had the picture of little Joanne Wolf from the Bahamas and it should have been Bermuda.

Also the Bible lesson entitled "Jesus Christ, the Son of God," should have been by Henry M. Spangler instead of Harry.

Vacation Bible School

Beginning Monday, June 1, at the North Cleveland church there will be a one-week school for teachers who plan to conduct Daily Vacation Bible Schools in their church this summer and feel the need of additional help in planning and conducting your school. The school will be in charge of competent teachers and the board and tuition will be reasonable.

If interested, please write us for further information.—F. R. Harrawood, pastor.

Lighted Pathway Rating

	<i>Sold for April</i>	<i>Total</i>
Alabama	1,689	11,817
Arizona	56	448
Arkansas	219	1,701
California	383	1,556
Colorado		1,003
Delaware	112	350
Foreign	191	1,752
Florida	2,007	15,686
Georgia	3,766	32,645
Idaho	112	563
Illinois	1,003	5,778
Indiana	217	1,499
Iowa	56	437
Kansas	88	1,149
Kentucky	1,675	15,924
Louisiana	423	2,880
Maine	98	812
Maryland	420	3,080
Massachusetts	28	224
Minnesota	56	420
Michigan	422	3,127
Mississippi	505	3,508
Missouri	224	1,823
Montana	70	810
Nebraska	56	210
New Jersey	134	744
New Mexico	85	661
New York	14	106
North Carolina	3,877	27,634
North Dakota	196	1,106
Ohio	747	5,931
Oklahoma	387	2,024
Oregon	112	717
Pennsylvania	749	5,605
South Carolina	5,508	45,057
South Dakota	126	8,879
Tennessee	1,921	23,975
Texas	1,890	13,478
Virginia	927	6,542
Washington	126	799
Washington, D. C.	98	596
West Virginia	1,636	16,246
Wyoming	14	98
	32,421	261,400

Exchange Page

(Continued from page 14)

have the blessing but I want it very much. Every time I get my hands on a Lighted Pathway I turn to the Children's Page and read the good stories.

Our Y. P. E. is doing fine. My cousin and her little sister, who is five years old, and I sing together.

The Lighted Pathway is a blessing to many people. Sister Van A. Pritchard enjoys selling it.—Arlene Morse, Poncha-toula, La.

Dear Sister Harrison:

We have so much to praise the Lord for today that I felt like I should write and tell you so you could rejoice with us.

Last night, November 9, was a night never to be forgotten in our Y. P. E. here at Potosi, Missouri. At 6:15 I started to read Isaiah 60:1 ("Arise, shine") for our scripture reading. As I told the young

people how we need to be more on fire for God and take an inventory of ourselves to see if we were shining for God as we should, God put His approval on our Y. P. E. and two messages and interpretations were given by the pastor, Brother J. R. Berry. People all over the house were crying as God said in His messages for us to search ourselves for He was coming quickly. Men sat back in the audience and cried. Two men and two women came up to find Jesus as their Savior. Then the young people started weeping and ten of them knelt for a closer walk with God.

Then our precious little Juniors began to come to the altar. Almost every one of them was crying and asking God to save his soul. What a beautiful sight it was to see twenty-three Juniors kneeling and the wonderful expressions on their faces after God saved them. One little girl, eight years old, got so blessed that she stood up and shouted. There was shouting in the camp when the mothers and fathers saw that God was blessing their children so much. The testimonies of the Juniors were so impressive that any unbeliever would be made to realize that God had saved their souls. Today while visiting in one of the homes, a four-year-old girl told us Jesus saved her last night, and she wasn't ashamed to tell anyone what Jesus had done for her.

The Juniors are surely an inspiration to our church. We have a Booster Band for them and they surely enjoy singing. They really enjoy coming to church and often ask their parents if tonight isn't the night to go to church. Isn't it wonderful how God puts a desire in children to want to serve God and that it makes their parents realize the need of coming to church? How true the scripture is that a little child shall lead them.

We are also thankful for our young people. They are really more enthused to do more for Jesus. We have a local Y. P. E. rally the first Saturday night in each month for our young people and have a play each time. Even the older people look forward to these rallies.

I look forward each month to the Lighted Pathway. It surely has been an inspiration to me. I'm thankful that God has led you to be such a blessing to us young people of today.

Pray for us here at Potosi that God will continue to pour out His blessings upon us.—Mrs. J. R. Berry, Potosi, Mo.

Lesson Thoughts

A traveler in Europe discovered a beautiful custom. In a certain little village, she saw the people going to church at night, each carrying a little bronze lamp. These lamps were placed in sockets by the pews as the people entered them. These little lamps furnished the light for the service. If a member was absent,

there was a dark place. Now you do not carry a bronze lamp to church, but you do shed forth light by your presence, and when you are absent, there is darkness in your place.

An Old-Fashioned Mother

(Continued from page 11)

stead of seeing Kathleen, I met her mother at the door, sobbing as if her heart would break. 'O Jean,' she said, 'Kathleen is gone!' Then she told me the sad story.

"Kathleen had attended a party two nights before, coming home for some things she needed, and promising to be back early. She did not come back, and the next morning her mother found a note pinned on her pillow, saying she had gone away with Ted, and not to worry, some day they would come back to see her.

"'Not worry?' and Mrs. Avery broke down again. 'No, it will do no good to worry now. I should have done that long ago. Oh, Jean, if only she had been like you—so steady and sensible, so attentive to her studies!' and again she broke into sobs.

"'Like me?' I felt my cheeks burn. What credit do I deserve for being sensible and studious? That belonged to my dear old-fashioned mother, whose love and care I had so often resented. What might have been the end of all for me if I had no loving mother to check me in these very things I had been so anxious to do?

"After many months Kathleen came back, a saddened girl, to the home that had once meant so little to her, now a place of refuge from the storms that beat about outside.

"The years went by, her mother passed on, poor Kathleen seldom went outside her home, for the finger of scorn was pointed at her all too often. She still lives in the little old-fashioned house, a saddened, white-haired woman, who is seldom seen to smile. And yet, it is said that oftentimes girls go there who wish for comfort, for advice, and they are always told to go to mother in their perplexities, for a good, old-fashioned mother is a pearl beyond price.

"Dear, are you not glad that you have an old-fashioned mother—the greatest blessing that youth can possess? An old-fashioned mother means an old-fashioned love—a love that though old, never dies, never wearies in protecting the one so loved. Don't you think you ought to go down and tell that mother of yours that you are willing to trust her love and experience to guide her daughter right, with God's help? Don't you want to see her eyes shine as you tell her this?"

A "yes," softly whispered, a hug to the aunt who had comforted her since babyhood, and the girl went downstairs to find her mother, to whisper some-

thing in her ear that would bring a tender smile to the face of an old-fashioned mother.—*Selected.*

Personal Evangelism

(Continued from page 10)

I said, "I have come to speak to you about your soul," and went on helping him pick berries.

He stopped and sat down, and I stood up. He told me he was not saved and admitted he was a sinner. In fact, he said we are all sinners.

"Yes, only you are not under the blood, and I am."

I told him of the sacrifice that God has made for all those born into the world, and pointed him to the Cross where Christ poured out His blood that cleanseth from all sin. At the close I asked him if he had any questions.

He asked, "Will Christ save me now and forever?"

I took him to the Book of Mark. Here I told him of the blind man:

On the roadside there was a man named Bartimaeus. Begging for alms, he had heard that Jesus would come that way and he waited. "And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth" going by, "he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." The Master called him to come, and he arose and came. Jesus asked, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto Him, Lord, that I might receive my sight. And Jesus said unto him, go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way."

I then said to this young man, "Suppose you were there that day and had seen this great healing. The next day you would come by that way and you would see this same man, sitting in the same place, saying the same thing, with his eyes closed, begging, what would you say to him?"

He said, "I would have called him an imposter."

"This," I said, "is your position when you accept Christ: You are blind, needing a Savior. Jesus has come by you today, and if you take Him as your Savior, Lord and Master by faith, believing from your heart, confessing with your mouth, you will be touched by that hand, made to see, and need never return to the blind state again. His blood that saves you can keep you saved."

I then told him salvation is free. Christ gives it to us, but it costs something to be a follower of Christ. I then pointed out to him this illustration:

"The king is visiting this country. He is riding along in his beautiful streamlined train. He sees a bum along the track. He has the conductor stop the train. He goes up to this bum and says, 'I want you to come with me and live in my palace in England.'"

"The bum wants to know what it will cost. The king informs him it will cost him nothing. All has been taken care of. It will be free!

"The bum says, 'Are you sure it will be all free?'

"'Yes,' is the reply.

"So the bum gets on the train, and on arriving at Buckingham Palace he is taken through the great gates, and they close behind him. He comes into the lovely palace—my, what a beautiful place!—and the king said it was all free! He sits down in one of the great, peaceful chairs. The door opens and the butler comes in.

"'Your bath is ready.'

"'What? Bath? I haven't taken a bath in many a moon. Me take a bath?'

"The bum says, 'I knew there was a catch in this. Take a bath? I thought this was free.'

"The butler says, 'It is free, but all those who live in this palace must take a bath.'

"After his bath the man looks for his old clothes.

"'Where are they?' he storms.

"The butler points to a beautiful suit and says, 'These are your clothes.'

"'What, now you take my old suit with its holes in it? I always felt comfortable in it. And the king said this was free. I knew I would have to pay.'

"The butler says, 'All those who live in the palace must wear a new suit.'

"Coming down to the table the man sees fine silverware and dishes and much different food.

"He asks, 'Do I have to eat with these tools and eat this food? Where is an old tin can and a loaf of bread? I will make my own meal.'

"The butler informs him again that those who live in the palace must live as those in the palace."

Then I said to this young man, "Salvation is free, but it costs something to follow Jesus. He informs us in His Word that those who do not take up their cross and follow Him are not worthy of Him."

Then I asked him to make his decision. There in the berry patch it took some time, but God still sat on the throne.

The young man said, "I will take Jesus."

Sunday morning, June 11, he came forward, and in the afternoon he with another was baptized.

Oh, what a blessing it is to win those who are lost to Christ. Have you tried it, Christian? Have you? There is a crown waiting for you up there for this service. Every one around you is either saved or lost. Can you see the need?

I pray that this bit of experience will inspire many to take up the work of winning souls and those who need encouragement. *God is still on the throne.* Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world.—*The Brethren Evangelist.*

His Mother's Return

(Continued from page 17)

wish she had lived," he sighed.

"She was a beautiful girl — your mother."

He went over to the bed and stood looking down at the woman who lay there. His hand went out and gently parted the gray hair from her furrowed brow.

"Father."

The man seemed to have forgotten his son's presence.

"Nell! my poor, poor Nell!"

"Father, what—what can you mean?" he cried wildly. "My—mother died—years ago!"

The old man tottered over to where his son stood, and turning, pointed to the bed.

"She died there, five minutes ago."

There was a long, tense silence, then—

"I had not meant to tell you, my dear lad, but—." He was clinging helplessly to the young man's arm. "Yes, it may be as well that you should know."

Frank Wentworth found his voice at last.

"That my mother?" he cried in horrified tones.

"Yes, there she lies; your mother, Frank. She was a beautiful girl."

That night, as the two men sat over the fire, Frank Wentworth turned to his father.

"Father," he said brokenly, "I'm a young man and life is before me. I'll fight this curse with every ounce of strength God gives me. Your cause is my cause from today; we are in perfect sympathy."

The old man pressed his son's hand and smiled sadly down at the portrait in his hand.—*Publisher Unknown.*

Editor's Message

(Continued on page 2)

to my country. I might smile at that. I think you understand what I mean, mothers, and I think we can all join hands and hearts during this war, to pray for each other because we understand each other. Then not for ourselves alone but for the boys that are dear to our hearts who are scattered throughout the world. Some boys will not have praying mothers. We must remember them.

Yes, one time these boys were small like the ones we see in our picture. You tucked them snugly into bed and breathed a prayer and perhaps dropped a few tears as your hearts melted with thankfulness that God had given them to you. Then one day you, too, stood at the train to see them off. You had to apologize for your tears like our mother in the poem. You breathed a prayer for them as the train pulled out, "God, bring my boy, or my boys, back to me."

I can visualize these mothers as they

go about their work. Their minds are constantly on that boy. "Oh, I wonder where he is," is the cry of the heart. A big tear drops here and there. I can see dad and mother and other members of the family sitting around the family fire-side talking about the boys. Mother speaks, "I wish our boy had given his heart to God before he left. How safe I should feel if he were in His keeping." Maybe he will.

Boys, if this paper should fall into your hands and if you should read this message, and as you think of mother, the best thing you could do on this Mother's Day is to send her a telegram that you have yielded your life to Jesus Christ, and that now as you serve Christ you can also serve your country better.

I recently read a beautiful story that Evangeline Booth told of the lad in a Scottish regiment who had absorbed all the evil of camp life to the seeming obliteration of all the tender impulses of the



home life that had been left behind. But let her tell it in her own words: "A Salvation meeting was in progress, and he slipped into a seat at the back of the room, wondering if it were possible for anyone to be quite so tired as a soldier just relieved from trench duty. At first he did not pay much attention, and drowsed, but suddenly his eyes opened. They were singing—singing only as soldiers and Salvationists can sing—and he knew that song. Behind his heavy eyelids came a vision—a little Scotch village, fields of fragrant heather drenched in the warm June sunshine, the ivy-hung walls of a little stone church nestling by the roadside, and a woman of slender form and of the sweetest face in all the world to him—mother! The bugler boy found the Christ of Calvary. Some weeks later his regiment was again in the trenches. Save for the desultory firing of the sharpshooters the lines were silent. The commanding officers and a sergeant were making their regular inspection, rounding one of the tortuous angles of the trench. The commanding officer almost stumbled over the limp form of a young bugler. 'Done for?' queried the sergeant. 'Yes,' answered the officer, 'the

poor lad's gone west.' Through some unaccountable vagary the mind of the dying lad registered the spoken words. A sudden momentary surge of vitality moved the still figure. There was a flutter of eyelids, and the officer bent to catch the words that came faintly and with difficulty from the purple lips. 'Gone west? Yes, sir—but—not done for. It is only—just beginning. I see—Him—and—and mother.' With the last word a wondrous smile illuminated the pale face, and the tired head dropped back into the blood-smeared mud of the trench."

The night is gone. The morning cometh. Bugler, sound the reveille!

"Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea.

"But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,

And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

"For though from out our bourne of
Time and Place

The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

I can also visualize the mothers who are just waiting. I can see the silver hair and the lines in their faces brought there by the burdens of life. Their boys are not in service; they have passed the age limit. But mother is thinking of them today. Mother goes back in her thoughts to childhood. She smiles as she thinks of the little childish pranks they used to play. But now John is in a distant land engaged in business. She is wondering if he will send her a message this Mother's Day. "Well," she says, "if he doesn't it's all right for he is a busy man." She tries to excuse him, but all in vain, for when Mother's Day comes and no word from John her heart is heavy, in spite of her effort to excuse him. God bless her, we want to say there is no excuse for any son or daughter failing to remember mother on Mother's Day.

Men and women, boys and girls, if you have a mother appreciate her. Show your appreciation; she will not be here long. Some day your heart will be sad. Mother will be gone and you'd give anything in all the world to have her back and do the things for her that you failed to do.

Now I can almost hear you say, Sister Harrison, your message is so sad. Yes, I agree with you, but we're living in a sad time; the saddest we have ever known.

There is just one hope of light to this darkened world and that is "Jesus, the Light of the world." If this wicked world will turn to Him His light will dispel the clouds and our beautiful world will be bright with the sunlight of His love.

The Teacher

How important the service, how high the mission of the Sunday school teacher! All who have the privilege of touching young lives should recognize how serious and solemn is the responsibility. Life and destiny itself are both in the making when that girl of ten, or that boy of fifteen, drop carelessly into a chair at Sunday school.

And how do you treat your opportunity? Do you dread it, or do you embrace it? Do you face it illy prepared? Or do you make wise investment of time during the week in order that you may get everything possible out of the hour on Sunday and may put everything possible into the lesson?

We doubt if an angel looking upon the human scene would willingly exchange his place for the throne of any earthly monarch. But we are persuaded angels have such a keen sense of values that they would gladly exchange places with the Sunday school teacher. It is a high office. It presents privileges which are glorious. It is worthy of your best.—*Moody Monthly*.

Reward of a Mother's Faithfulness

(Continued from page 7)

the note within them, and read it aloud to the silent group around him. In that group was a lone youth who had come as a stranger into the regiment, and who never spoke of his home or friends, though one could easily have told that his birthplace was in the eastern states. No one listened to the note so intently as he, and it was strange to see how his color came and went as he listened. Then the tears rolled fast down his cheeks.

"Give me the letter," he said, "it is from my mother. The letter and the socks are mine."

"Yours! Is your name John Randall?" "Yes."

A hearty laugh.

"Randall! You can't play that game so easy, Boy George."

"Boy George," as the youth was familiarly called, colored deeper than before, but persisted, "My real name is John Randall, and the letter and socks are mine."

"Yours when you get 'em, and not much before," answered the man who had them. "If you've changed your name once, you may change it a dozen times, but that won't give you my socks."

"Boy George" said no more about the

socks, but again asked for the letter and received it.

He sought a quiet place and read it, and read it again. "My dearest son, dear beyond all expression, if you are still living, write to me and tell me so; if you love me still, be a good boy and try to meet me in heaven."

This was all; but it was enough for the heart of that undutiful and suffering son. His mother lived; he had thought her dead. And she loved him the same as ever, notwithstanding his long absence, his follies, and his sins. What a mother she was! What a heart she had to seek for him so, to try to minister unto him, even when she knew not where he was! How came she to send socks for him away out into that western regiment?

John Randall—for "Boy George" was indeed he—kissed his mother's letter, and folding it carefully laid it in his bosom, his first letter since he had been in the war, the only treasure he now had. Others had had their letters and tokens, and his heart had melted to see their joy in them. Alas, he had thought there was no one to send him aught, no one to remember or care for him. He had left a mother when he went to the war, but he had heard that she was dead, and he feared that he had broken her heart. Thank God that in His mercy this bitterness was spared from his cup. His mother still lived, still loved him as of old. He would write to her—would tell her all, all his sins, all his sorrow—would ask her forgiveness, her blessing. He took the letter from his bosom and read it again, then lifted up his heart to God, the first time for long years. He prayed that God would spare his life—would spare his mother's life, that they might meet again. He sought the soldier to whom had fallen his mother's socks and offered his own and money in exchange for them.

"Then it was your mother that knit them, was it?" questioned the rough soldier when he heard the strong desire of "Boy George" to obtain them. "Well, you shall have them; give me your duds and take them."

The exchange was made.

"Now tell me how it is that our 'Boy George' and John Randall are one and the same."

The explanation was given. The wild, adventurous boy failing to obtain his mother's consent, had gone to the war without it, changing his name and enlisting in a regiment of a distant state. He had taken care that none of his early friends should know where he was, and he knew little of them. He had, in some way, heard that his mother was dead, and he feared that his own misconduct had caused her death, at least had hastened it. The poor youth was wretched at the

thought; and his yearnings for home and love, his regrets and remorse were at times almost unendurable.

How startled he felt when "John Randall" was read from the letter in the Sanitary socks. It was so long since the name had fallen on his ear, the name by which he had so often been tenderly called by loving lips. "John Randall!" Who else wore that name? Who besides him? He crowded forward to hear. He heard the letter. It was his. He knew it; he knew his mother's expressions; knew her love, recognized her act. Her gift was for him, her own son; and he claimed it.

How precious those socks seemed to him. Every stitch wrought by his mother's kind hand; and with every stitch a sigh heaved or a prayer breathed. He seemed to hear the sighs and prayers, he held the socks in his hand and dropped tear after tear upon them; until his heart was so moved, so softened, that he fell upon his knees as he had not done since a child, and prayed, "God forgive me!"

It was broad daylight and no work to be done in the house, when Widow Randall dropped her knitting-work just as she was binding off the heel, never taking care to fasten her needles, and letting her ball roll neglected on the floor. For one of her neighbors had brought her a letter which he said "had come from the war," and he "mistrusted that it might be from John, or might tell something about him." No wonder then that the mother dropped her needles quickly and forgot her ball. News from John! John alive!

She read, "Dear Mother—How shall I write you? I am alive, but I shall never see you again, never hear you speak my forgiveness. I am mortally wounded, and have not long to live. The socks with your note in them came just before the battle. They broke me all up, and sent me to my knees before God. Bless you, mother, that you never forgot me, never forgot to pray for me; and it is your prayers that have led me to pray at last. God forgave me all my sins for the sake of Him who came and died to save sinners. How I have mourned for you, mother! I heard you were dead, and feared it was my unkindness that caused your death. May God and you both forgive your repentant and dying son."

The full fountain so long sealed is at last opened. The eyes that have not wept for many a year weep now. Joy, grief, which is uppermost? Which is strongest? Widow Randall knows that she is childless, but she knows, too, that her labor has not been in vain in the Lord; not in vain the bread cast on the wide waters; not in vain her hope and patience and prayer. Never, never is prayer in vain when prompted by love and winged by faith.

PRAYER PAGE

WITH GOD AND WITH MAN

A. H. ARDEN

(This helpful account is true in all its essential features.)

Miss Erma Miner stood in the door of the village schoolhouse, broom in hand, gazing down the road. It was a beautiful evening in early September. The roadway was fringed with rows of golden-rod. A little cluster of trees just across the corner was occupied by a troop of blackbirds which were gathering for their migration to their winter home.

Erma had an eye and ear for the beautiful, but just now she seemed neither to see nor hear. On her fair young face was the trace of a troubled look.

It was the close of her first day in this village school. Before this Erma had taught a country school near her home. This was a small school with no serious problems and here she had spent two delightful years. Now she had come to take charge of a larger school in the village of Westbrook. The village was only a cluster of buildings at the crossroads, and the school a one-room school with nearly forty pupils. Erma had been glad of the change, first, because she needed the training a larger school would bring, and secondly, because her wages were nearly doubled.

This was an important consideration. She had not yet been able to meet all the indebtedness incurred in her schooling, and in addition she was endeavoring to assist her parents. Erma's father was a minister. For a number of years he had successfully labored in pastoral work, but heavy responsibilities and intense application to his tasks had brought on a nervous breakdown and he had been obliged, reluctantly, to give up his work. He had purchased a small plot of ground with a comfortable home and had endeavored to meet the payments by gardening and poultry raising. The economic depression, however, together with his inability to labor very hard, had made this difficult.

Erma had been happy in the thought that she could now assist him as the payments came due. But after her first day was over she found herself apprehensive, and if there was a cloud on her face, it was but the shadow of a cloud within.

All through the day she had sensed an attitude on the part of her pupils, which was not at all reassuring. As she came to school that morning, a group of boys of the seventh and eighth grades had stood in the trees across from the schoolhouse and greeted her in a disrespectful way. Then when school began she had asked all to join in singing America. Two of

these same boys had sung in loud and discordant notes, one of them constantly singing a little faster than the rest and the other a little slower.

This was plainly done for effect and had caused a ripple of laughter to pass around the room. It was all too evident that these two boys were leaders and were bent on mischief.

And then there was Lottie. Lottie was a large, overgrown girl of thirteen, coarse in features and untidy in person. She had from the first manifested a sullen and obstinate spirit. The records showed that she had been promoted from the sixth grade the year before, but that there was doubt in the former teacher's mind as to whether or not she could carry the advanced work. When Erma had spoken to her about this she had been met with a flash of indignation and the exclamation, "My pa says if I can't go on with the

IN THY PRESENCE

Lord, whot a change within us one short hour

**Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!
Whot heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
Whot porched grounds refresh us with a shower!**

**We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline brave and clear;**

We kneel, how weak; we rise, how full of power!

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,

**Or others, that we ore not always strong,
That we ore ever overborne with core,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage ore with Thee!**

—Archbishop Trench.

seventh grade I don't need to come to school!"

As the days went by, it became all too apparent that the work of the seventh grade was entirely beyond her; and it was plain that she would have to be put back in the sixth grade, a group so much younger and smaller than she, that it was easy to understand why she rebelled against it.

But this was not all. Lottie, in spite of her mental deficiency, was naturally a leader. It was very clear that more than half the girls in the school were under her influence, and all through the day Erma had noted that they followed and reflected her spirit.

The two lads also, Joseph and Peter, who had nearly broken up the singing in the morning, were heroes in the eyes of the rest of the boys, and were all too plainly intent on making trouble for the

new teacher.

As the days went by, Miss Miner's fears were more than realized. The boys, as a group, were mischievous and frequently impudent. Her efforts to reason with them or to find any way to interest them all seemed to have failed. She had permitted Lottie to go on with the advanced class the first week, then on Monday she had felt obliged to place her back with the other class. When told of this, Lottie had thrown her book across the room; then burying her face in her arms had given way to passionate tears. She had sullenly refused all day either to come to class or study. When school was out Erma had asked her to remain and had endeavored to reason kindly with her. Lottie's only response was to declare, "My pa says I don't have to go back in that grade and I'm not going to."

Erma was firm, however, for she realized that to yield would be to do wrong to the girl and would mean to weaken her own influence with the school. Little by little Lottie took up the work and Erma began to have hope that she was solving this problem. Then one day there was trouble on the playground.

Lottie had a brother Frank, a year and a half younger than she, who was very loyal to his sister. Out on the playground, at the noon hour, Joe had twitted Lottie about being in the class with the "babies" as he called them. Frank had resented this. Like Lottie, he was impetuous and he immediately started in to punish Joe, and a fight ensued. Some of the younger girls ran in and told Erma, who hurried out and put a stop to the trouble; not, however, until scratches, bleeding faces, and torn garments gave evidence of the violence of their wrath.

Next morning the first arrivals at school told Erma that on the way home the two boys had stopped and fought it out. Joe, being older, though not larger, had gained the mastery and Frank had been severely beaten. A day later Erma overheard Lottie remark to some of the other girls, "My pa says if Miss Miner can't keep the boys from fighting, they'll get a teacher that can."

The injustice of this, when the greater part of the trouble had occurred some distance from the schoolgrounds, was apparent; but, as Lottie's father was a member of the school board, this remark did not serve to reassure the new teacher. Erma strove hard and seemed to gain some measure of control over the situation, yet she was far from satisfied. Lottie and her friends were often defiant and the boys were insubordinate and frequently insolent.

Then one day Erma overheard a chance remark from one of the younger girls, "Wish Miss Miner would give us a party, with wieners and marshmallows,

(Continued on page 30)

The Sinner's Page



THE TRANSFORMATION OF A DRUNKARD

The Life Story of
SAMUEL H. HADLEY,
Superintendent of the Jerry McAuley
Mission, as told by himself.

It was a beautiful moonlight night in October. I was walking with a friend, and we had been to a neighbor's where he bought a pint of whiskey. I was past eighteen years of age. I had been reared in a log cabin in a sparsely settled neighborhood in a Western state. My mother was the dearest Christian woman I ever knew; she was the daughter of a Massachusetts clergyman. My father was an educated Christian gentleman—a New Hampshire man—and our home, log cabin though it was, certainly was the purest spot I had ever seen on earth.

I had promised my dear mother that I would never drink, but this friend, who was the miller of our county, told me that he would never speak to me again if I did not drink, and that he would think I had some grudge against him or felt myself above him socially. I took the bottle, after he had coaxed me for a half hour, and put it to my lips and drank. Will I ever forget that moment? The vow I had made to my dear mother was broken, and the devil came in and took full possession. My mother died a short time after this, happily in ignorance of my sin. I was away from home that day, but her last words were, "Tell Hopkins to meet me in Heav-

en." When I reached home in the evening, before I could dismount from my horse, my sister came out and told me mother was dead. I could not believe it, so they took my hands and led me into the "spare room," and there, cold in death, was my darling precious mother! I could not believe that the silent form wrapped in white was she, so pale, so still. From my earliest recollection she had been the last one I ever saw at night and the first one in the morning. I begged her with a breaking heart to speak to me. How my broken vow came back to me, as I stood by the dear, lifeless form, so dear, so sweet! I promised God and her that I would never break it again. Three days after mother was buried, I was drunker than I had ever been before.

Our home was broken up, for father soon died. I went to live with a prominent physician in the village, and began the study of medicine. My preceptor, though one of the most brilliant men in his profession, was a heavy drinker, and in one year I was a confirmed drunkard.

I gave up my studies and took a traveling position, became a professional gambler, and for fifteen years rarely went to bed sober. For many years I did not see my danger, or was too much under the influence of rum to think seriously on the subject. Occasionally, however, ominous forebodings would arise in my heart.

In 1870 I came to New York City, and soon accepted a position with a salary of three hundred dollars per month, with a liberal allowance for expenses. The failure of the establishment I was working for threw me out of a position, and I was never able to command a good salary afterward. I cannot describe here the remorse and heartaches of the confirmed drunkard, who feels himself slowly though surely slipping down to that awful abyss, the drunkard's hell—a foretaste of which he already feels in his soul! I passed through it all—more than human pen could write. Many times, while my faithful, loving wife was holding me in her arms, would I see fiends in the most hellish forms walk around behind me, and, holding their mouths so close, I could feel their scorching breath tell me what to do. This advice, whether true or imaginary, always tended toward my self-destruction.

One Tuesday evening, on the 18th of April, 1882, I sat in a saloon in Harlem, a homeless, friendless, dying drunkard. I had pawned or sold everything

that would bring a drink. I could not sleep unless I was dead drunk. I had not eaten for days and for four nights preceding I had suffered with delirium tremens, or the horrors, from midnight till morning. I had often said, "I will never be a tramp; I will never be cornered; for when that time comes, if it ever does, I will find a home in the bottom of the river." But the Lord so ordered it that when that time did come I was not able to walk one-quarter of the way to the river. As I sat there thinking, I seemed to feel some great and mighty presence. I did not know then what it was. I did learn afterward that it was Jesus, the sinner's Friend. I went up to the bar and pounded it with my fists until I made the glasses rattle. Those who stood by drinking looked on with scornful curiosity. I said I would never take another drink if I died in the street; and, reader, I felt as though that would happen before morning. Something said, "If you want to keep this promise, go and have yourself locked up."

I was placed in a narrow cell, and it seemed as though all the demons that could find room came into that place with me. This was not all the company I had, either. No, praise the Lord! that dear Spirit that came to me in the saloon was present, and said, "Pray!" I did pray, and, though I did not feel any great help, I kept on praying. As soon as I was able to leave my cell I was taken to the police court, and remanded back to the cell. I was finally released and found my way to my brother's house, where every care was given me. While lying in bed the admonishing Spirit never left me, and when I arose the following Sunday morning I felt that day would decide my fate. Many plans were turned over in my mind, but all were rejected; and toward evening it came into my head to go to Jerry McAuley's Mission. I went. The house was packed and with great difficulty I made my way to the space near the platform. There I saw the apostle to the drunkard and the outcast—that man of God, Jerry McAuley. He arose and amid deep silence told his experience, that simple story that I heard so many hundred times afterward, but which was ever new; how he had been a "thief," an outcast, a drunkard—"yes, a regular old bum! I gave my heart to God and He saved me from everything that's wicked and bad." There was a sincerity about this man and his testimony that carried conviction with it and I found myself saying, "I wonder if God can save me." I listened to the testimony of twenty-five or thirty persons, every one of whom had been saved from rum, and I made up my mind that I would be saved or die right there. When the invitation was given I

(Continued on page 30)

Hymn Stories

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

Words by H. G. Spafford and music by
P. P. Bliss

*"When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea-billows roll."*

When Mr. Moody and I were holding meetings in Edinburgh, in 1874, we heard the sad news of the loss of the French steamer, "Ville De Havre," on her return from America to France, with a large number of members of the Ecumenical Council, whose meetings had been held in Philadelphia. On board the steamer was a Mrs. Spafford, with her four children. In midocean a collision took place with a large sailing vessel, causing the steamer to sink in half an hour. Nearly all on board were lost. Mrs. Spafford got her children out of their berths and up on deck. On being told that the vessel would soon sink, she knelt down with her children in prayer, asking God that they might be saved if possible; or be made willing to die, if that was His will. In a few minutes the vessel sank to the bottom of the sea and the children were lost. One of the sailors of the vessel, named Lockurn—whom I afterward met in Scotland—while rowing over the spot where the vessel disappeared, discovered Mrs. Spafford floating in the water. Ten days later she was landed at Cardiff, Wales. From there she cabled to her husband, a lawyer in Chicago, the message, "Saved alone." Mr. Spafford, who was a Christian, had the message framed and hung up in his office. He started immediately for England to bring his wife to Chicago. Mr. Moody left his meetings in Edinburgh and went to Liverpool to try to comfort the bereaved parents, and was greatly pleased to find that they were able to say: "It is well; the will of God be done."

In 1876, when we returned to Chicago to work, I was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Spafford for a number of weeks. During that time Mr. Spafford wrote the hymn, "It Is Well With My Soul," in commemoration of the death of his children. P. P. Bliss composed the music and sang it for the first time at a meeting in Farwell Hall. The comforting fact in connection with this incident was that in one of our small meetings in North Chicago, a short time prior to their sailing for Europe, the children had been converted.

While still living in Chicago Mr. and Mrs. Spafford became much interested in the second coming of Christ. So zealous

did Mr. Spafford become that he decided to go to Jerusalem with his wife and the one remaining daughter, and there await the coming of the Lord. Mr. Spafford died there not long afterward. Mrs. Spafford is the head of a society whose headquarters are in a building outside of Jerusalem, where a large number of people live, having all things in common. When I visited Jerusalem some years ago I met Mrs. Spafford on the Street of David. The next day I received a call from Miss Spafford, who is very popular among the natives and has become the teacher for a large body of children, instructing them in English literature and in American ways.

This hymn was heard by a gentleman who had suffered great financial reverses in the panic of 1899, and who was in deepest despondency. When he learned the story of the hymn he exclaimed: "If Spafford could write such a beautiful resignation hymn I will never complain again."—*Ira D. Sankey.*

"THE HOLY CITY"

Thirty men, red-eyed and disheveled, lined up before a judge of the San Francisco police court. It was the regular morning company of "drunks and disorderlies." Some were old and hardened, others hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing in of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong, clear voice from below began singing:

*"Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair."*

Last night! It had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact that no one could fail of a sudden shock at the thought the song suggested.

*"I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the Temple there,"*

the song went on. The judge had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was awaiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell.

Meantime the song went on, and every man in the line showed emotion. One or two dropped on their knees! One boy at the end of the line, after a desperate effort at self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face against his folded arms, and sobbed, "Oh, mother, mother!"

The sobs, cutting to the very heart the men who heard, and the song, still welling its way through the court room, blended in the hush.

At length one man protested, "Judge," said he, "have we got to submit to this? We're here to take our punishment, but this—" He, too, began to sob.

It was impossible to proceed with the business of the court, yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after an effort to keep the men in line, stepped back and waited with the rest. The song moved on to its climax:

*"Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Sing, for the night
is o'er!
Hosanna in the highest! hosanna for
evermore!"*

In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out, and then there was silence.

The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song; not one in whom some bitter impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases singly—a kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined or sentenced to the workhouse that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could possibly have accomplished.—*Youth's Companion.*

HIS YOKE IS EASY

Guy Pearse gives an incident occurring in connection with a sermon of his on Christ's invitation to the weary and heavy laden.

"I had finished my sermon when a good man came to me and said: 'I wish I had known what you were going to preach about. I could have told you something.' 'Well, my friend, may I have it still?' I said. 'Do you know why His yoke is light, sir?' 'Well,' I answered, 'because the good Lord helps us to carry it, I suppose.' 'No, sir,' said he, shaking his head, 'I think I know better than that. You see, when I was a boy at home, I used to drive the oxen, and the yoke was never made to balance, as you said. Father's yokes were always made heavier on one side than the other. Then, you see, we would put a weak bullock in alongside of a strong bullock; the light end would come on the weak ox, the heavier on the stronger. That's why the yoke is easy and the burden is light, because the Lord's yoke is made after the same pattern, and the heavy end is upon His shoulders.'"

Courtesy To and By the Child

(Continued from page 5)

said, "Run away and don't interrupt."

"I try always to be polite to Elsie," answered her mother with a smile. "How else can I hope to teach her to be polite?"

"Of course, I do not enjoy being interrupted. But I cannot afford to teach her not to interrupt at the expense of losing her confidence!"

"She was so wholehearted in her happiness, why should I make her self-con-

scious and miserable by publicly reprimanding her or sending her from the room? Don't you believe she had a much more impressive lesson regarding interrupting by the pleasant way in which I called her attention to her mistake and the courteous way in which you granted pardon than could have been possible if she had felt degraded and perhaps rebellious?"

"I most certainly do," agreed Mrs. Barker emphatically. "I think we make a grave mistake when we fail to set an example of politeness in our association with children."

"It surely is the easiest way to get results. I try always really to listen to Elsie with the same understanding attention I would give to you—not the absent "yes dear" sort we sometimes accord the little folks. If my mind is necessarily occupied with other things, I explain this to her and ask her to wait until later to tell me what she wishes."

"As a result of my listening, I find Elsie really listens when I talk to her. And any mother knows what a wonderful advantage this gives."

"I try to show real appreciation for her little acts of kindness. The wilted wild flowers she brings me are just as much an expression of her thoughtfulness as are the roses you brought me today and just as deserving of real thanks."

"You see, whatever lesson I wish her to learn, honesty, helpfulness, cheerfulness, I try to lead the way by a right example."

"That is the kind of training that counts most," admitted Mrs. Barker, "if only we would always take time to realize it and to set the example!"—*Alice Margaret Asbton.*

Treasured Gleanings

(Continued from page 9)

the other day while all the sending and receiving instruments were clicking and all the typewriters were rat-a-tat-tatting and we could not help wondering how those men and boys were able to dispatch messages or receive them in such an uproar.

"It's wonderful!" we exclaimed to the manager who was showing us around.

"What?" he asked.

"Why, how they manage even to think clearly with all that noise going on."

"It's merely a matter of concentration," he explained. "The boy or man who is unable to concentrate can't hold a job with us, and I doubt if he'll amount to much in any other calling. Every one of those telegraphers is concerned only in his own little click. He is just as oblivious of the other clicking as though it were silent, for he knows he'd be lost if he paid any attention to it."

The more we thought about what the manager said the more we saw how important it was to us, in our workshop, in

our studies, in the doing of anything that is worth while, to pay attention only to our own little "click."—*Unknown.*

God's Commands to Joshua

(Continued from page 6)

aging with compass, good wind, and well-marked chart to a definite haven where some glad day his Master's voice shall rejoice his eager heart with "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful."* I will make thee ruler over many things."—*G. D. L., in The Old Paths.*

The Transformation of a Drunkard

(Continued from page 28)

knelt down with quite a crowd of drunkards. Never will I forget that scene. How I wondered if I would be saved! if God would help! Jerry prayed. I shall never forget it. He said:

"Dear Savior, won't you look down in pity on these poor souls? They need your help, Lord; they can't get along without it. Blessed Jesus, these poor sinners have got themselves into a bad hole. Won't you help them out? Speak to them, Lord! do, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then Mrs. McAuley prayed fervently for us, and Jerry said, "Now all keep on your knees and keep praying while I ask these dear souls to pray for themselves." He spoke to one after another, as he placed his hand on their heads, saying, "Brother, you pray. Now tell the Lord just what you want Him to do for you." How I trembled as he approached me! Though I had knelt down with the determination to give my heart to God, when it came to the very moment of grand decision, I felt like backing out. The devil knelt by my side and whispered in my ear crimes that I had forgotten for months. "What are you going to do about such and such matters if you start to be a Christian tonight? Now you can't afford to make a mistake; had you not better think this matter over awhile and try to fix up some of the troubles you are in, and then start?" Oh, what a conflict was going on in my poor soul! A blessed whisper said, "Come!" The devil said, "Be careful!" Jerry's hand was on my head. He said, "Brother, pray." I said, "Can't you pray for me?" Jerry said, "All the prayers in the world won't save you unless you pray for yourself." I halted but a moment, and then, with a breaking heart, I said, "Dear Jesus, can you help me?" Dear reader, never with mortal tongue can I describe that moment. Although up to that moment my soul had been filled with indescribable gloom, I felt the glorious brightness of the noonday sun shine into my heart! I felt I was a free man. Oh, the precious feeling of safety, of freedom, of resting on Jesus!

From that moment till now I have

never wanted a drink of whiskey, and I have never seen money enough to take me to one. I promised God that night that if He would take away the appetite for strong drink, I would work for Him all my life. He has done His part, and I am trying to do mine. Nor did I ever, even by accident, swear an oath, though before, I could not speak ten consecutive words without an oath. I began the next day to work for Christ by inviting a tramp to come to the meeting. He came and went up for prayers. A few weeks afterward the Lord showed me that I was leaning on tobacco, and I had better lean entirely on Him. I threw my plug of tobacco away one night down the aisle in the Mission, and the desire was removed. In fact, my tobacco was the only sacrifice I ever made for Jesus.

Four years after my conversion I was called by the trustees of the old Jerry McAuley Mission, at 316 Water Street, to carry on the work Jerry began in 1872. I have now been there ten years, and have been permitted to see more ruined drunkards redeemed and made prosperous than probably any other living man. Many successful soul winners have come from out these wrecks, the most conspicuous being my only dear brother, Col. H. H. Hadley, the founder and superintendent of St. Bartholomew's Mission, and over forty other rescue missions.—*Stories of Salvation.*

With God and With Man

(Continued from page 27)

like Miss Brown used to." The rest of the girls clapped their hands and from the various remarks showed that they concurred in the wish.

Erma said nothing, but that night, in the quietness of her room, she planned for something of the sort, hoping to please her pupils and further gain their good will. Before she fell asleep that night she had formulated plans and she began the next morning to prepare the way.

Wednesday evening, just before dismissing, she asked for the attention of the school. When all was quiet, she told them she had a little surprise, then invited them all to come on Friday night at 7:30 to the home of Mrs. Bowen where she boarded.

Mrs. Bowen's home was the pleasantest spot in town. In addition to a comfortable house, she had a well kept orchard with shrubbery and graveled walks and a very attractive stone garden in one corner. Between the garden and the house was a spacious lawn and here Erma planned to give her school a pleasant evening.

Mrs. Bowen had entered heartily into the plan. She was a kind-hearted motherly woman, and understood the burdens which weighed on the young teacher. At her suggestion, a powerful light was in-

stalled and so placed as to light up the lawn and the orchard.

With the help of two of her older girls who lived near by, Erma had prepared small sacks, into each of which she had placed candy of various kinds, a few nuts, and an apple or some other kind of fruit. On each sack was placed a slip with a number. There was one for each pupil at school. Then she took calling cards and placed on each a number corresponding to those on the sacks. These she concealed in various places among the shrubbery, about the trees, or in corners. This was at Mrs. Bowen's suggestion. Erma feared that it would cause injury to the flowers or shrubbery but Mrs. Bowen cheerfully said that she was willing to sacrifice a few flowers in helping to give the children a good time.

(Continued in next issue)

The Vision

(Continued from page 3)

It was the old Shera again, gracious, courteous, who spoke to them: "I'm sorry," she said, and her voice faltered, "I did not mean to interrupt. I just wanted to see Daddy a minute. Tell him to call for me at noon at the conservatory." For a brief interval Shera's eyes were focused upon the New Testament in Le Vera's hand, then she turned and went out, leaving them alone.

Alone. In that moment Le Vera knew one thing for certain: Shera was very much in love with Rodney. There was a depth and a refinement in the girl's character which she had not noticed before. She was glad it was there.

Also, Le Vera knew, from her years of experience in studying the attitudes of men and women toward Christ, that Shera was being convicted by the Holy Spirit, and was therefore unhappy. She would never be happy until she yielded her life to the Lord Jesus.

A little later when Rodney was gone and Le Vera was in the business office, typing a list of the day's appointments, there came to her the melody of a new hymn chorus which they had used last night at Fayette. She thought of Shera as she sang the searching words:

"Lord, lay some soul upon my heart,
And love that soul through me;
And may I humbly do my part
To win that soul for Thee."

This was the beginning of her love for Shera, which in the days to come, was to grow, and which was to cost so very much—of heartache and sacrifice and misunderstanding.

It was after dinner that night before Rodney had a chance to hear his recorded solo. He had decided to borrow Gael Schillman's ancient phonograph for the purpose, a square box affair with a good turntable and an excellent loudspeaker. Gael had bought it at a secondhand shop,

along with a little book entitled "First Steps in Dancing," and had thereby let himself in for a lot of trouble. Once Rodney, exasperated, had rushed down the hall, pounded at his door and demanded, "Gael! Shut off that racket! I can't soak up even one little brain-cell full!"

The student living directly below Gael's room had had his complaints too: "Hey, you! Don't you know my ceiling's right below your floor! What are you trying to do, the jitterbug?"

That was what Gael was trying to do, only he was juggling a chair instead of a so-called lady.

Gael had learned to dance, Rodney reflected, thus increasing his speed on the road to hell. A man could travel that road as fast as he wished. The highway of sin and crime and shame glittered brightly for those whose eyes could see only that kind of light—which was not light but darkness.

He knocked at Gael's door. There was a rustling within, the scraping of a chair on the floor, followed by Gael's vociferous, "Who is it?"

"Rodney, I want to borrow your phonograph."

"Just a minute!"

Gael's was a typical student's room: pennants on the wall, a blotter-topped desk, a photograph of "her."

"Hello there, old Night-clubber! What you say you want? My phonograph?"

Gael was coatless and he had been in the process of knotting a striking orange and purple cravat. "Look at this neckpiece will you? Won't that lay 'em out?"

Rodney liked the tie. Orange and purple was an excellent color combination, a little stronger than gray and green—but gray and green were good. In fact, there were only three colors in the whole chart that were out of harmony with gray, and they were buff and tan and topaz.

Rodney's attention was concentrated on "her" on the dresser. "Her" this time was frozen-faced, brunette Marsha Brevere, whom he had met last night at the Toadstool. She was in her dancing costume in an autographed photo. The dancing costume itself seemed to shout fortissimo.

Gael caught his eye and said, "Classy girl, this Marsha. Fell for me like hot potatoes. She's on at the Orpheum here at Hampton tonight. Boy, oh boy! This little old necktie is going places.—Say, Rod, that little Thorwald number has plenty of rhythm, too. I congratulate you. What time did you get home this morning?"

Gael's face in the long mirror was the typical man-of-the-world face. Somewhere, Rodney thought, a little mother—if she knew—would spend a sleepless night.

The tie finally knotted, Gael cavorted before the mirror, then swung around for Rodney's inspection. "Think she'll like that all right?"

"Maybe. Where's the phonograph?"

"Oh, the phonograph! Let me see — it's back there in the closet somewhere. Wait, I'll get it for you." In another minute, Gael had carried it out. "There's a new packet of needles and here's the book of records. Help yourself. I've been wondering when you were going to get over being a Puritan. Can't nibble on a hook like that without learning to dance, eh? Here, take this along too."

Gael tossed onto the bed a little book entitled, "First Steps in Dancing," and went back to the mirror. "Excuse me if I seem to hurry, Rod."

Rodney picked up the phonograph. "I'll just take the machine," he said. "I have my own record. Don't get me wrong, Gael. I haven't decided to take up dancing. I still think it's a rotten business."

"It's the most profitable business in all society. No other business in all the world gives a fellow a chance to hug so many girls in one evening."

Without warning Rodney fired up. "I'm giving myself to only one girl, Gael. When I find her and unless I can give my heart to her, there aren't going to be any familiarities!" His voice trembled with anger.

Gael whirled, a scowl on his handsome face. "You couldn't by any chance be preaching a sermon! Say, that reminds me. Look what I found on the counter at the Toadstool last night when I went out!"

Gael fumbled in the pocket of another suit and fished out a little folder. "There you are, in black and white."

There he was, on the third page, "Rodney Deland, Musical Director!" He had been at the Toadstool last night when nurse Webber had left the packet of folders at the desk. There and not there; in it but not of it; listening to and hating the nickel-a-jazz throbblings of the phonograph; breathing the nicotine-contaminated air; and in spite of it all, feeling the ever-present Spirit of God.

He carried the phonograph back to his little room at the end of the hall, set it on the study table, closed the transom and carefully locked the door. His pulse quickened as he anticipated the next ten minutes. Rodney, this is you, YOU! On record!

Dilapidated little old phonograph, you have taught Gael Schillman how to dance; tonight you are going to serve the Lord God. Poor old Gael. Girls like Marsha Brevere were Satan's favorite lures for catching unwary men. There was a wicked hook plainly visible . . . but invisible to Gael.

Rodney set the record in place upon the

felt-topped turntable, inserted the needle, wound up the machine. Transom closed, door locked. This is the hour for which I have been waiting. My own voice! . . .

Gael ought to hear this too. He was one of the lost sheep.

Motor switch in place; record whirling on felt-topped turntable; needle running smoothly in its groove. Soon it would strike the introductory piano notes. Rodney felt his heart beating rapidly, his hungry ego gasping for the water that in a moment he would be drinking . . .

Gael in orange and purple tie, on the road to hell. There were no speed cops unless Rodney should volunteer his services . . .

There was a rippling piano introduction. That is my playing! my fingers dripping with honeyed music!

He lifted his long angular fingers, and looked at and loved them.

Mine!

"HIS," a Presence in the room seemed to say.

Then the voice. Clear-toned as a bell:

"There are ninety and nine that safely lie
In the shelter of the fold . . ."

My voice!

Mine! the Presence whispered remindfully.

There was no voice like it in the conservatory, or in all the world. Mine—I—me—Rodney Deland—barefoot boy, standing on the rocky stage along Crawford river, tone waves moving out across the swaying trees—across the river—gliding with the harvest winds over the wheat fields—golden waves rolling like a prairie fire in the wind. I! Mine! Rodney Deland!

"While millions are left outside to die
For the ninety and nine are cold . . ."

"You have been cold! I cannot allow my children to stray from me. I love them too much for that! There has been too much chaff. I have been compelled to let Satan have you until you should come to the end of yourself."

He had not heard the words. Yet he seemed to know that they were the truth. He could be delivered now, if only he would yield all . . . "O heavenly Lord Jesus, deliver me! Take this voice, these fingers. Cleanse them . . ." Gael Schillman, night moth, was about to sing his wings at the world's fire, the fire kindled and kept burning by his own deceitful lusts. Gael's outstanding temptation was the unlawful desires of the flesh. Rodney Deland's "the pride of life." Concerning both these, the Word had said, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world . . . for all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world . . ." 1 John 2:15-16. He knew the verses from mem-

ory, as he knew hundred of others, taught him in the theological seminary of his home, of which his beautiful little mother was dean and president and business manager.

His voice rose to a climax on the word "rejoice" in the last stanza. The sleeping ninety and nine had awakened, and had gone forth to the work, so great . . .

"Then all through the churches, apostate riven,

And up from the world's rough steep
There arose a glad cry to the gates of heaven,

'Rejoice, I am finding my sheep!'

And the angels echo around the throne,
'Rejoice for the Lord brings back His own . . .

REJOICE . . . ! For the Lord brings back
His own.'"

Rodney stopped in his pacing of the floor. Tears blurred his vision. Almost—thank God, only almost, he had lost the vision, and not regained it! Almost he had yielded this voice to sing for worldly fame. Except for the keeping power of the mighty Christ, he should have continued in Satan's employ . . . "But I have prayed for thee," Jesus had said to Peter.

He understood now why he had not been able to regain his faith. He had not been yielded to his Lord's will.

He decided to yield now—completely, unreservedly, holding back nothing. He had read in his father's library of the experiences of men of old, who, upon yielding all, received deep and glorious infillings of the Spirit. But it was not experience he wanted tonight,—not first of all—but to be cleansed from self love, from unbelief, to be delivered from Satan's power.

Satan has desired to have you . . .

Suddenly Rodney's fists clenched. A wave of holy anger and hatred swept over him and he cried, "Get thee behind me, Satan! You have had me long enough! You would make me all chaff!"

Then came the discord, the grating sacrilegious cacophony.

At the other end of the hall a door opened. Footsteps came hurrying toward Rodney's room. It was his turn now, Gael thought. Many a time they had knocked at his door and demanded that the phonograph be silenced.

He knocked sharply at Rodney's door. "Hey you!" his vociferous voice thundered in accompaniment to his knock, "shut off that crying old woman!"

No words could describe what happened in Rodney's mind, the anger that leaped suddenly into white flame, the sickening pain that stabbed at his heart, the feeling of shame at the nakedness of his soul being uncovered.

He leaped to the phonograph, lifted the playing arm, shut off the motor switch,

every nerve in his body trembling.

"Hey!" Gael called. "Let me in a minute!"

Gael wore a dark blue suit and black top-coat. His white shirt was immaculate and there was a jewel flashing in his orange and purple tie. He grinned good-naturedly. "Thought I'd turn the tables on you, Rod. Remember how you and the other fellows used to gang up on me and almost tar-and-feather me? That time I was doing the loop-the-loop and dropped the chair I was jitterbugging with, and fell on top of it?"

Rodney remembered but said nothing, and thought with revulsion of the jitterbug, a modern salacious dance, a satanic prelude to more heinous sins.

Woman crying! His voice had sounded like that! When he was at the climax of his very life!

The dissonance was terrible!

"What you got on the record there? None of my business, of course."

And Rodney thought, No, it is none of your business. Your business is like that of any other unwary fish: darting madly after flashing lures. Poor old sin-chained Gael!

Spurred by a sudden impulse, Rodney asked, "Want to hear the lady sing again?" He made a quick movement toward the phonograph.

Gael rattled the door-knob impatiently. "Sorry," he said breezily, "I won't have time . . . Well, wish me luck!" He turned and hurried away down the hall.

But Rodney called him back, grasped his arm with both hands, "I don't like to see you go out with wild girls, Gael. You aren't that kind of a man!"

Gael's guffaw in response was derisive. "I hope you don't think I'll be lost just because, in writing my little song of life, I happen to accent those beats you leave unaccented."

A sentence from Dr. Webber's sermon leaped to Rodney's lips: "You won't be lost because you chase after the world, but you chase after the world because you are already lost; you are lost because you leave Jesus Christ out of your life!"

For a moment Gael hesitated,—then he shrugged, and said, "Well, I'll be seeing you. I'm not as bad as you think I am." He turned and ran down the hall.

Rodney stood looking sadly after him; a young man on the road to a far country. If he did not turn back soon, he would be too far. Frozen-faced, frozen-souled Marsha was very attractive to him just now. If only he could see the hidden hook, which, ugly and vicious, lay hidden beneath the glamorous surface of sin. But he would not see it until he should feel its cruel barb, and then it would be too late. Don't let it be too late!

With Gael's footsteps receding down the hall, Rodney closed and locked his

door once more. He was alone again. His eyes took in the contents of the room—the drawn blind at the window, the white lavatory in the corner, the blotter-topped study desk, the single bed with its “sway-back” springs, the little library of books, the Book itself, whose teachings had been so cobwebbed in his mind.

He lifted the record from the turntable and held it in his hands, the first stanza of the song galloping along in the undercurrent of his thoughts:

“There are ninety and nine that safely lie
In the shelter of the fold,
While millions are left outside to die
Because the ninety and nine are cold”—
Because Rodney Deland is cold.

His thoughts appended the last phase. He knew it was true, and was ashamed of it. He tried to recapture the emotion that had been his before Gael had broken in upon him, but he could not. If only Gael had not come, he might have entered into an experience that would have burned from his heart all coldness, and blasted every remaining doubt into nothingness.

A luminous-dialed alarm clock on his desk said “seven-forty-five.” There was studying to be done tonight. He was in no mood to study. He wanted to sing, not to himself, to be heard of Rodney Deland—like the Pharisees of old, praying in the streets to be seen of men,—but to be heard by someone who was lost and who, through the singing might hear and believe. Instantly he knew what he was going to do. There was a little rescue mission one block from Dr. Thorwald’s dental suite. He had passed there many times, had stopped in on one occasion and listened. The singing had been abominable, the raucous voices of the congregation, grating in his ears; he had been repulsed by the dissonance of untrained voices . . . He was ashamed of that attitude tonight.

At testimony time, as was the custom in rescue missions, when opportunities for testimony were given, he would stand and sing his own testimony, the same song he had sung last night at Fayette.

He took with him his solo books containing many of the songs selected and sung by his father, and a little later he was in the street, pushing against the wind toward the mission.

That was it! He had been going with the wind—Shera’s wind, which was also the wind of the world.

In the street across from Dr. Thorwald’s office, Rodney stopped and looked up at the darkened windows. Behind him a new building would soon be going up. John Nystrom, designer and architect, seemed to be very much interested in Le Vera Webber—and also in Rodney. Nystrom had known Douglas Deland—had

loved him more than any man. Why had he not heard of him before?

In the mission Rodney was ushered to a seat near the front. A young man with excellent platform manner, was leading the singing, which as usual, was a bedlam of on and off key voices—symbol of a world of people in and out of tune with God.

The speaker of the evening was—Rodney gasped when he saw him arise from behind the pulpit desk and face the audience. His letter to Norda next day carried news of unusual interest, for the speaker was not an ordained minister, but a layman, a Christian business man whose wealth, talent and influence were wholly given over to the service of Christ.

The letter to Norda ran:

“Here I come, Norda, with another letter, my second this week. I keep thinking of that last night at home and the things we talked about—you and I—under the grape arbor. You’re the grandest sister a fellow could ever have, Norda, little pal. You can’t know how I’ve been feeling about things, how I’ve suffered for you, knowing there wasn’t a thing in the world I could do to help—and you know why.

“I have the answer though, now. I know what has been wrong, and I know what to do about it. Last night I had the most unusual experience. After singing my testimony at a rescue mission, and after the meeting was over, I was invited out to lunch with a millionaire architect, a wonderful man named John Nystrom. He took me to his positively beautiful apartment and we were served by a Japanese house boy. He seems to be all alone in the world, and a bit lonely and sad at times, but a more likeable, more sweet-spirited Christian I have never met. He is responsible, I think, for getting me the position at Riverview . . .

“It is marvelous the way the Lord is leading, Norda, and the way He is making His presence felt. Maybe you can catch a little of the spirit of what is going on in my mind when you hear the record I am mailing you, which we made day before yesterday.

“Listen, Norda, here’s what came to me a few minutes ago. I am wondering if you can come down for the week-end preceding Christmas and stay over Monday night for the cantata. We’re using “Chimes of the Holy Night,” which we sang last year in the home church. I need another alto and since you know the whole cantata almost from memory, you won’t have to do any rehearsing . . .

“Besides, I think I need your very valuable advice on an important matter, and you can’t give it without seeing her first . . .”

The pathetic scene under the grape arbor that night came back to him now,

as he wrote the letter:

Never had the moon seemed more beautiful than on that night, nor Norda herself more grown up and womanly, her dark hair brushing his shoulder. He had thought of Shera with her golden hair.

He had been thinking of the two letters in his pocket when Norda had asked the startling question, “Tell me, Rod,—How can a person know whether he is saved? You and mother seem to be so very sure and to have such unquestioning faith, and I—I’m just a tangle of doubt.”

This, from Norda, whom he had always considered a grand little Christian! And he, in his own bewilderment and darkness, had blurted out, “. . . I’m a heathen myself!”

If Norda should come to Hampton and hear Dr. Webber preach, meet Le Vera and John Nystrom, and come to know that HE LIVES, she, too, would be sure of her salvation . . .

The letter continued: “Don’t get the idea, Norda, that I’m desperately in love or anything like that, but I’ve found the girl I ought to love and I’d like to have your O.K. before I go any further. So, hurry up with your answer, and be sure to come. I know Mother will let you under the circumstances—also I need you badly in the alto section of the choir.”

If Norda is truly concerned about her soul’s salvation—if she is all a tangle, she needs to hear Dr. Webber preach, Rodney thought.

He dropped the letter into the slot at the post office and turned toward the exit. Tomorrow morning, which would be Saturday when the rural mail carrier stopped in a whirl of snow at the old tin mail box in front of the Deland home, the letter and the record would be there. Gay little Norda, hooded and sweated and booted, would run down the freshly shovelled path to the box.

The paragraph about Le Vera would give them a surprise. He had not planned to write it, but after writing it he knew that it was the truth. It was true also that he was not yet in love—of course I’m not! That would come later. Everything he knew about Le Vera he liked. She was the girl of whom he had dreamed from the earliest moments of his awakening manhood. He would set about winning her respect and admiration and eventually her love, and while he was doing that, his own love would be born. As a Christian—a Christian worker—the wearer of his father’s mantle, it would be folly to marry a girl like Shera. Blind, blind, blind! How blind he had been—how blinded by Satan . . .

He was beginning to understand now how it had come about—a mystery which could be explained only by the Bible itself.

(To be continued)

PLAYS

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By E. E. Coleman

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Sunny's Gift

(Continued from page 4)

a really charming little cluster of pink and lavender and yellow and green and orange gumdrop flowers. Sunny tucked it into a little square box with tissue paper all around it. When mother came home there wasn't the teeniest trace of the surprise. But it was sitting by her plate at breakfast on Mother's Day, and when she opened it she was surprised and happy, too. Then Sunny explained why it was a gumdrop bouquet instead of a real flower one, and that pleased her more than ever.

"The gumdrop bouquet is a lovely gift, Sunny, dear," she said, "but not half so lovely as the gift of your obedience. That is the very nicest kind of Mother's Day present."

A Friend in Need Is a Friend Indeed

We thank Sister G. R. Watson of the Riverside church, Atlanta, Ga., for being a real friend. She was one of the first Gideons I ever had and has been a faithful one down through the years. Her encouraging words helped me over many rough places in the beginning of my work. She recently sent in an order for one hundred books of "Mountain Peaks of Experience" to sell for me. Others have smaller numbers for which we are grateful. We are looking for a few more friends like these. If you cannot sell a hundred, perhaps you can sell a smaller number in your neighborhood. Anything you do will be appreciated.

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Glints of Knowledge



Three Hundred Licenses Cancelled

Japanese, Italian and German liquor dispensers lost out in Los Angeles when the licenses of 300 of these aliens were cancelled and no renewals allowed.—*Herald of Holiness*.

Major Crime Committed Every Twenty Seconds

Director J. Edgar Hoover, of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, estimated that 1,531,272 major crimes were committed in the United States last year, an increase of nine-tenths per cent over 1940.

Statistics of the FBI revealed that a major crime was committed every 20.6 seconds during the year. Felonious homicides occurred at the rate of one every 43 minutes, a burglary every 1¾ minutes, an automobile theft each 2¾ minutes, a robbery every 10½ minutes, a larceny each 34 seconds.

If that is the official record of major crimes in this nation, what would the FBI do if it were assigned the task of furnishing statistics on what some are pleased to call "minor" crimes?

Medical Prayer

T. B. Hyslop, one of Great Britain's most noted physicians, stated in an address before the British Medical Association: "The best medicine which my practice has discovered is prayer."—*Gospel Minister*.

Maps All Sold Out

The entry of Japan into the war has led to the greatest map-buying rush the Rand-McNally Map Company has had in the eighty-six years of their history. In three days they disposed of a lot of maps that ordinarily would have lasted twenty years.—*The Gospel Minister*.

Calm in Spite of War

President Y. C. Yang, of Soochow University, China, says, "It would seem natural that the whole country would be surcharged with war psychology. But the nation's leaders have not allowed immediate problems to crowd out the educational and moral development of those who will be the leaders in the future."

Generalissimo Chiang, in the midst of the terrible struggle of China, says, "There is even greater need to train for Christian leadership than for military service."

Autos and Army

Accidents took a toll of 26,000 men of draft age last year, enough to make two army divisions. But the less than

three thousand killed in the Pearl Harbor attack has made a great deal greater impression on the public.

Auto killings in the month of December exceeded the number killed in the Pearl Harbor attack. Which caused the most excitement?—*Gospel Minister*.

Captain Thomas B. Thompson, the senior ranking officer in the Navy's Chaplain Corps, who has guided the spiritual lives of navy men for twenty-nine years, speaks:

"Men were men in 1917," the chaplain asserts, "and men are men today. Today's Navy man is a good man, and 'good' is no sissy word, either. It means he is bright, alert, and knows what he is doing."

The War Production Board's division of statistics announced that authorized expenditures of war from the beginning of the defense effort through Feb. 15, plus funds requested of Congress for war purposes, total 145 billion, 400 million dollars. This sum is more than five times the total of the world's coined gold supply.

In dollar bills laid end to end it would stretch around the world 577.8 times; in \$10 bills it would reach the 237,857 miles between the earth and the moon 6.7 times. If in gold it would gold plate fairly heavily a 57-foot highway to the moon.—*LeTourneau's Now*.

Some Automobile History

The first automobile show in this country was held in Madison Square Garden, New York City, in 1900. Seventeen manufacturers displayed their cars on that occasion, and oddly enough there are seventeen manufacturers today. During the 40-odd-years' interim, however, 1,400 different makes have gone to the automobile "great beyond."—*The Travelers Standard*.

Sumpter, South Carolina, was the first city to adopt the commission city manager form of government. It was chosen by the voters at a regular election in June, 1912.—*Selected*.

Protestants in Spain Said to Be Suffering Persecution

All Spanish Protestant churches, with the exception of those in Madrid and Seville, have been closed, according to the International Christian Press and Information Service in Geneva, Switzer-

land. Crediting its information to a "trustworthy source," the press service adds that Bible stocks at Madrid have been burnt and that in the country "the prohibition of the Bible was carried to the extent of confiscating copies owned by individuals."

"A certain number of pastors have had to leave the country to escape persecution, others are being persecuted more or less openly. Not only the pastors, but also the members of the various Spanish Protestant churches are undergoing persecution. There are even peasants who are not able to sell their products because they are Protestants, not to speak of the laborers and office workers who cannot find work and do not receive Government assistance if they are known to be Protestants.—*Selected*.

Dr. Alfred Grant Walton, a leader of youth, speaks:

In 1917, Dr. Walton believes, the American men he met in France were fired by hatred, geared to a high pitch by intense hatred of the enemy. "Today," he contrasts, "young people are ready to fight because they know there is a job to be done, because they understand the ills of the world and are eager to correct them."

To this Chaplain Thompson agrees. The Modern Navy man has new and complex responsibilities, he says, with the result that he must be mentally alert in his service to his country.

"The operation of a modern fighting ship demands a keen mind of every man on board."

"This," he argues, "makes for moral keenness, too. A keen mind makes for sound spiritual thinking."

Major Willard W. Jones, assistant chaplain of the First Army, has much the same report to make.

"On maneuvers in North Carolina," he relates, "and in camps and barracks everywhere, I found the 1942 soldier spiritually awake. He has a sound understanding of what he is fighting for, and why."


The President of the United States defined that fight as one to "cleanse the world of ancient evils, ancient ills . . ." a fight against an antichrist who would take the place of God.

Both Chaplain Thompson and Major Jones make the same point. Axis aims and principles, they contend, fill the 1942 soldier and sailor with a grim determination to cleanse the world of "ancient ills."—*The Presbyterian*.

"Don't Yield, My Son"

BY LINDA LEA


(Dedicated to the boys in service)



*Don't yield, my son, to temptation,
For temptation is only a snare;
It beckons with glittering fingers,
It has not a worry or care.
It points to the dance balls, the beer joints,
It tells inside all is gay,
And the signs so often will tell you
Inside there is pleasure always.
But listen, my son, to this warning:
If you drink of the liquor cup,
It will grasp you and hold you forever,
It will never give you up.*

*You will never again look on women
As something so sweet and pure,
But your mind will seek only evil
With the siren and all her allure.
I know now you are nearing twenty
And you've always been good and fine,
You've kept a pure, clean body,
You've kept a pure, clean mind.
And being your Mother, my son, dear,
I understand and sympathize,
But I've only lived years longer,
I'm neither real smart nor wise.
But, son, I know all about you,
And I know your heart is pure gold;
Always keep that heart, son darling,
Don't let it get tarnished and cold.
Oh yes, dear, some fellows may tease you
And jeer as you pass them by,
But pay not the least attention,
On the path straight ahead keep your eye.*

*Today I'm the proudest mother
You could ever find in this land,
I'm always willing to aid you
And lend you a helping hand.
But some day I'll be old, son darling,
My life's sun will sometime go down,
But I'll close my eyes in peace, dear,
And want not a jewel or crown,
If only you can whisper softly
As by my dying bedside you kneel:
"Oh, Mother, I've heeded your warning,
To temptation I did not yield."*



The Lighted Pathway

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No. 6



Roses for Father

'Twas he who knew each childish care
And all my burdens helped me bear,
Who toiled to earn my daily bread
And pay the current overhead,
Who calmly bucked the toil and strife
To fit me for the game of life,
Who kept my smallest secrets "mum,"
And proved a father, sport and chum.
His life to me a lot has meant,
And so with gladness I present
These roses in one big bouquet
To father dear, on Father's Day.

—CECIL M. TRUESDELL



Father's Day Message

By R. P. JOHNSON, First Assistant General Overseer



The second Sunday in May we observe Mother's Day. The third Sunday in June we remember Father. In consideration of his responsibility and his close association with so many of the important things which go to make life in the home, church, and nation worth while, it is a little puzzling why Father's Day should come last; but it does, and we have no criticism or complaint to offer.

Youth, father and happiness — three big subjects in one! Regardless of assembled information I would judge myself at least partially disqualified to write an article under such a heading, had I never known the responsibility and the joy of fatherhood. Much of the body of this article has its ground in the experiences of a happy father. As I sit down to outline this article, I seem to be surrounded by my children. Mine has been a peculiar and blessed experience. I never take a trip, attend to my ministerial duties, transact any business, or indulge in conversation when it does not seem that my boys and girls are near me, looking into my face, listening to my words. Thus situated, I realize that a father has a good name to keep or lose for his children as well as for himself. I have expected, and yet expect of them, that they honor me. I could not have been happy should they have chosen to

do otherwise. However, I have expected this upon the condition that I would first honor the One who instituted the order for a true father and his children.

Their happiness, my happiness, and the happiness of our home depend upon this attitude on the part of all. God knew this, and to this end He instituted the ordi-

We are glad to introduce Brother R. P. Johnson, our First Assistant General Overseer, to the readers of the Lighted Pathway. He has written the Father's Day Message. We feel that a message out of a father's experience will be very helpful to our young people. The picture below is Brother Johnson and his young son, J. P.

nances recorded in the scriptures below: "For God commanded, saying, Honour thy father and thy mother: and, He that curseth father or mother, let him die the death. But ye say, Whosoever shall say to his father or his mother, It is a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be pro-

fited by me; And honour not his father or mother, he shall be free. Thus have ye made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition," Matthew 15: 4-6. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise; That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth. And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

In my very heart I know that the purity, sacredness, and well being of our homes and the permanence of our institutions depend on these principles. I know, also, that this kind of a message for Father's Day is absolutely in opposition to the spirit of the times and the order of the day. And this may cause surprise to some of you boys and girls, but I know my ground and know that God will hold me responsible if I vary one bit from the strictness of His requirements. Unless we abide by His standard, the sanctity of the home, the ideals of the Church, and freedom of state cannot stand.

In the portion of scripture which we are using we discover the divine ideal of the order for a true home. In Matthew 15:4-9 we see the Pharisees and scribes, (Continued on page 23)



"Don't worry, Dad; the foundation you have helped me to build will stand the storms of temptation."

The Vision

By Paul Hutchens

(Used by permission of the Eerdmans Publishing Co.)

(Continued from last issue)

In his room, after mailing the letter and the record, Rodney turned once more to his neglected Bible and read the passage Le Vera had indicated to him yesterday morning in the office—which she would have explained, if Shera had not interrupted. Luke 22:31-34. Many a time, on the old rock stage, he had, as a little boy, acted out in his imagination the stories in the books he had read.

So now, after reading the story of the prediction of Peter's denial of Christ, and its fulfillment in the verses that followed, his thoughts carried him to the playground of his boyhood, and he re-enacted, in his mind, what he believed may have happened to himself. There were only three characters in the scene: Satan, the Lord, and Rodney.

Satan: See that young man, Rodney Deland, with his beautiful voice and personality. See how much he loves himself, how proud he is, how he loves applause. If only I can break through the hedge that the Lord God has placed about him. If I can get into his mind and heart and make him doubt, as I did Eve in the Garden of Eden . . . If I can only break through the hedge—I will touch his faith, and it will turn to unbelief; I will dim his vision of service, and his life will curse the Lord God . . .

The Lord Jesus Christ: He is proud. He loves himself. And I have planned for him a life of humility and love, and of mighty soul winning service. But he is like Peter of old. I cannot use him as he is because there is too much chaff. He must come to the end of himself. I will allow Satan to have him that he may sift him as wheat, as I allowed him to have Peter, and Job . . . I will let Rodney have his own way, which he desires so much . . . But I will pray the Father for him, and he will be kept from eternal loss—and he will lose only the chaff. In his extremity, he will call upon me and I will deliver him . . .

Rodney: O God, where are you? O

Christ! They have taken you away! No fellowship. No peace. No happiness. Only emptiness within and a terrible sense of the futility of living. O God, deliver me from this hell in which I live—and die!

"And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."

Rodney knew not that it was the intercession of the Lord Jesus which had kept him from continuing in Satan's employ, which had delivered him, sifted as wheat, humbled and chastened, with the vision fully restored. There was only one thing now that he felt he must do before he was fully right with God. Oh, he knew his sins were forgiven. Knew also that he himself, and his sins, had made it necessary for the Lord to permit the chastening, but he felt that there should be a climactic moment when he should surrender all of Rodney Deland in a contract of spoken words. After that there would be a continuous yielding.

It was the definite act of presenting himself wholly and unreservedly that he shrank from, even now.

Time moved on. In the book, so neglected in the past, he read, and meditated and saw new things, and felt the wooing of the Spirit. There was a Sunday service at Riverview, on which day he heard two stirring addresses by Dr. Webber, and at the close of each, saw men and women yielding themselves to Christ. In the afternoon he went with Nystrom to a rescue mission and taught a Sunday school class of rough boys, sang at the service which followed, and marvelled at the man Nystrom that he should be so humble and so full of faith.

On Monday night following, there was a cantata rehearsal, with Le Vera lifting her eyes unto the hills. A luncheon in the Webber home afterward made him surer than ever that some day, when love should come, this lovely girl would be his own. He knew now that what he had thought was love for Shera was only infatuation, which would, if he had allowed it to, have yoked him for life with an unbeliever. Mercifully, he had been spared that.

Another week passed, and he had not yet arrived at the place where he could honestly say, in the words of a solo he had recently discovered, "None of self, but all of Thee." He was still restless, still reaching up, still missing the perfect peace he knew he ought to possess. He wanted to solve certain spiritual problems first; he was still troubled by certain things in the Old Testament

which he could not understand . . .

It was Nystrom who helped him to a right understanding.

"Bible problems?" They were in Nystrom's car at the time, driving toward the conservatory. "I have plenty of them—don't expect to have them all settled in this life. There are many of them that I have simply laid on the shelf until the time comes for the Lord to reveal His meaning and purpose in them. After all, John Nystrom is the biggest problem. It's my business, by the Spirit, to keep Nystrom fully yielded to the Lordship of Christ. I think I know what you are facing, Rodney, for I faced it myself years ago, but I don't worry any more about being able to place every detail of prophecy into its own little pigeon-hole.

"Remember the disciples standing, gazing up into heaven after the Lord had ascended? Just standing and gazing? God doesn't want us to do that. Not just gazing and puzzled and wondering what He's going to do about the Kingdom of Israel, or why He doesn't explain everything He caused to be written in His Book. A man can waste a lot of time trying to figure out puzzling theological problems—most of which have already been solved by our great men of God, and are explained for us in their books. That's not our job, Rodney, but witnessing. 'Ye shall be witnesses unto me,' Jesus said. And we know Him, don't we? I never do expect to know all the what, but I do know WHOM, and that's enough."

It was now Monday of the last week preceding Christmas week. Tonight, Rodney thought, he would retire to his room, get quiet before the Lord, and make a definite once-for-all surrender of himself, past, present and future—problems, doubts, Shera—withholding nothing.

His mind made up, he allowed himself to meditate on the prospect. It was midafternoon now. He had just posted another letter to Norda and was on his way back to his room.

When he should have made the complete presentation of himself, would he enter into a beautiful new experience, as the biographers claimed had been true in the cases of so many spiritual giants of old? Would there be a rushing whirl of emotion that would carry him on wings of joy?

Would there be a writing on the wall of his room as there had been on the wall at Belshazzar's feast — "MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN"? Shera had been weighed in the balances and found wanting . . .

If there should be no angel, no rushing whirlwind of joy and tears, but only

(Continued on page 31)

Children's Page

A GIFT FOR THE LORD JESUS

By HELEN HOWARTH LEMMEL

On that Sunday morning the minister was talking about giving gifts to the Lord Jesus. Bobby was sitting close beside his mother. Bobby was six years old and not very big even for that age. He was not listening to very much that the minister was saying, for the words seemed quite too big for a six-year-old boy to understand. However, Bobby was very quiet and still, as he had been taught to be, and he drew lions on a piece of paper which he was very careful not to rustle. He drew lions because that was what his Sunday school lesson had been about. No one but Bobby would ever know they were lions, but that didn't matter. It was the same with the picture of Daniel.

But when the minister began to tell about an Indian chief, Bobby forgot the lions he was drawing, and he sat up and listened hard. Playing Indians was his favorite outdoor fun.

The minister told the story of how the Indian chief heard about the Lord Jesus and accepted Him as his Savior. Then as this Indian realized day by day Christ's wondrous love to him, he wished to lay some gift at the feet of the Lord Jesus. First, he gave the missionary some meat which he had obtained by hunting. He gave this in Jesus' name, and this was really the same, he believed, as giving it to the Lord Jesus.

The chief next gave the missionary a piece of his land on which to build a real church instead of the mud-floored tent in which the Christians were worshipping. Then one morning he led his favorite pony right up the aisle of the meeting tent. "This is for the Lord Jesus, too," he said. "I love Him so very much because He has done so much for me. He has made me different. I'm happy now and have hope."

Bobby loved the Lord Jesus, too. He knew the whole wonderful story of Jesus' love for him. His mother had told him. But this was the first time that Bobby had ever realized that any one could give that Wonderful One anything. As he began to wonder what he could give, he forgot to listen to the rest of the story about the Indian chief. No, he did not hear the last part of the story, which told of the best gift of all—the gift of the Indian chief himself to the Lord Jesus who had done so much for

him. So it was not this part of the story that gave Bobby the happy idea that came. He really was thinking of something else. He was thinking: "I can't go hunting; I'm too little, and anyway Mother doesn't want me to play with even a toy gun. And I haven't a toy horse, even." Bobby's mother was very poor, and she, with Bobby's help, made all the playthings he had, but these to Bobby were wonderful. While he was thinking, the happy idea came to him. Yes, he knew the very gift he would give!

Once a year the people of Bobby's little church took up a strange collection. They brought gifts for people poorer than themselves and laid them in the large baskets which were passed from one person to another. They gave these gifts in Jesus' name, and that was the same, you know, as giving to Him. And this was the very day for giving these gifts!

Bobby could hardly wait until the man with the basket reached him. How glad he was that he was sitting near the aisle! That would make it easier for him to give his gift. Suddenly he thought of his shoes. Yes, they were clean. That was the only nice thing about them. He was glad, too, that he knew the big man who carried the collection basket.

At last the man reached the seat where Bobby and his mother were sitting. Bobby's mother noticed that he spoke to the man and that the man stooped low to hear what Bobby was saying. She wondered more as she saw the light that came into the man's face and saw the tears come into his eyes. Then he lifted Bobby



right up out of his seat and gave him a place to sit right in the crook of his strong arm while Bobby's poor but clean shoes rested in the basket among the gifts of the people. Bobby had to set his feet down carefully because of the gifts. He saw among them a toy fire engine with very little of the red paint left on it; but even so, it was a better one than Bobby had ever had.

"Well," he thought, "I hope the Lord Jesus can use it. I have nothing to give but just me, so He will have to take me."

The basket was not full, nor did the man collect any more gifts just then. He took what he had, which was mostly Bobby, and stood before the minister, whose own face looked smiling and teary at the same time.

It was very still in the little church as the minister laid his hand on Bobby's head and thanked God for "the gift of Bobby." As for Bobby, he never before had been so wonderfully happy! He was sure that his gift of love had been accepted.

Thus the Indian chief and Bobby did in a very real way what we are all told to do in Romans 12:1, "I beseech you . . . that ye present your bodies . . ." Have those of you who read this story brought your gifts of love to Jesus? If not, won't you do so today?—*The King's Business.*

Imitation May Be Good Character In the Making

By Julia Irene Miller

Those who have made a deep study of the matter tell us that an earnest desire on the part of a child to be like some one whom that child dearly loves or admires, is the material out of which good character may be made.

Little Bobby greatly admires his father. He loves the way his daddy walks and talks. He thinks no one is quite as strong and wise as his father, and he dreams of the time when he will be older and will wear the same kind of shoes and ties and hats.

Perhaps Bobby hurries himself forward a bit. It gives him satisfaction to put his own feet into his father's shoes or rub-

(Continued on page 34)

Help Somebody

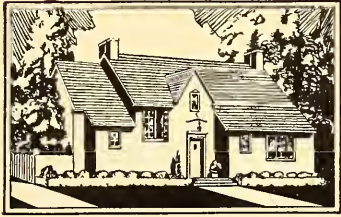
*"Such little hands! What can they do?
Just wait, and I will tell you true.
These little hands fresh flowers can bring,
And praise the loving King of heaven,
Who has to us such treasures given.*

*"Is there a work for little feet?
Yes, they can patter down the street;
Bread to the hungry they can take,
Swift errands run for Jesus' sake;
And with these hands some dimes can earn
To help the poor of Christ to learn.*

*"I'll tell you what these eyes can do;
Find Bible promises so true
To read to those who, sick or old,
No longer see the words of gold;
If you'd a blind man cause to smile,
Be eyes for Him a little while.*

*"Yes, hands and feet and eyes may share
The work which helps to answer prayer.
We pray the hungry may be fed,
To Christ the weary may be led;
The poor be clothed—'tis good to pray
And help somebody every day."*

Father's and Mother's Page



Home, Sweet Home

It's Daddy's Turn

Lucia Mallory

One afternoon, just before time to close the library, I was startled to hear a little girl's laugh ring out in the quiet room. As I turned gravely in the direction of the sound, Harriet Bachellor clapped her hands over her mouth and smiled apologetically at me. She was sitting at the reading table with her father.

A few minutes later the two came to my desk to check out some books. "I'm sorry we made such a disturbance, Miss Mallory," the father said. "We were having such a good time that we forgot where we were!"

"I won't forget again," Harriet promised. "We found some funny books that Daddy read when he was a little boy."

"How is your mother, Harriet?" I asked.

"Mother's very well, Miss Mallory. She went down to the park this afternoon to play tennis with Dick. It was Daddy's turn to come to the library."

"Daddy's turn—" Harriet's words stayed with me long after the little girl and her father had left the room.

Her mother explained their plan to me when I met her at a club meeting a few evenings later.

"I've missed seeing you at the library lately," I had remarked.

"The children's room is always fascinating to me," Mrs. Bachellor answered, "but I'm giving Harriet's father a chance to become acquainted with his daughter.

"My husband's work takes him away from home a great deal," she went on in answer to my puzzled expression. "When Dick and Harriet were babies he always had a romp with them the minute he came home, and he still plays with little Ned, but for a long time he had no part in the older children's interests. He was almost a stranger to them!"

"One rainy afternoon when I was too busy to take Harriet to the library, her daddy went with her, rather under protest. You know we live too far away for her to go alone."

"He seems to like to come now," I interposed.

"Oh yes, he and Harriet are great library pals, and the experience has given him a new slant on her character! He's finding out that girls like stories of courage and adventure as well as boys.

"Reading together has led to other contacts, too. Harriet skips in to tell her father all about her school affairs now, just as she tells me.

"Out of that first visit to the library have come Richard's companionship with his little girl, and my chance to do something I've been longing to do for months—play tennis with my son!"

"It had been so long since I'd had a tennis racket in my hand that I thought I'd forgotten all the tennis I ever knew, but Dick has cured me of that feeling. He goes at the game so hard that I have to show him that those trophy cups and medals I've been treasuring all these years didn't come to me by chance!"

"When you helped your husband to become better acquainted with his daughter, you gave yourself an opportunity to chum with your son," I said, finishing the story for her.

"Yes," the radiant mother answered, "but you're giving me more credit than I deserve, Miss Mallory. The whole situation just sort of worked out well for us!"

Many family situations would work out better if every mother were as wise as Mrs. Bachellor was—letting Daddy take his turn at helping the children and sharing a few of their hours of work and play.—*The Baby's Mother.*



WHY BE "DRY"?

Dr. and Mrs. Maxwell and their three children—Margaret, aged twelve, nine-year-old Donald and little Lucy, just starting to school,—all were great pals and had the very happiest kind of times in their big sunny home that stood near the edge of the beautiful city of Pasadena, California.

But the time that Donald liked best was Sunday afternoon, for right after the chicken dinner that was always awaiting them when they came home from morning church service, Dr. Maxwell would turn to his son and say, "Well, young man, how about a walk?" Of course, sometimes if folks were very sick and needed to have the doctor at that time, the walk had to be postponed; but then Donald would sit beside his father in the automobile while they drove to the homes of his patients or to the hospital.

It was always nice, of course, to be with Mother and Margaret and Lucy, but there was something about these Sunday afternoons alone with his fine father that meant a great deal to Donald. It was the time when he felt free to ask about things he didn't understand and be sure that his father would never laugh at the questionings, but would always try very hard to make everything as clear as possible for his nine-year-old experience.

And so on this Sunday in early November, Donald was especially anxious to ask his father about some of the things that he had heard people talking about on the streets and in the shops—things he could not understand at all. "What did it mean," he wondered, "to be 'wet', or to be 'dry'." Of course, he knew that when he was in the rain or when he took a bath he got wet, but "what would that have to do with these grown-up conversations?"

And so Dr. Maxwell and Donald had hardly finished waving to Mother and the girls at the garden gate when the boy turned to his father, saying, "Dad, what does it mean to be 'wet' and why do people argue about 'being a Wet' or 'being a Dry'? You told me once about being a Republican or a Democrat and I think I understand that, but I can't see what all this 'wet' and 'dry' business is about."

"Well, son," said the doctor, "you're pretty young for a political discussion, but I guess you are old enough to understand the difference between unselfish service to humanity and self-indulgent pleasures. And that's just about what it amounts to.

"In this country we have a law which says that no person shall sell to another

(Continued on page 30)

Helps for Tempted and Tried

ABOUT SHADOWS

TED STUBBS

Presaging a heavy downpour, big drops of rain, blown by a strong east wind, dashed against the windows of a homestead in Southern California. The solitary occupant of the living room rose from her chair, crossed to the west window, and looked out. Imagine her surprise when she discovered that the entire western sky was bright. It is most unusual in Southern California to have rain during the summer months, and she stood for some moments gazing out in surprise. For a short time the rain fell steadily, and then, as quickly as it had come, the storm was over. Throughout the duration of the storm the western sky was clear, and the sun shone for a portion of that time: "One had only to turn from the shadows to see the shine," she said, when telling of the incident later.

What a parable! Sometimes the storms of life seem to come upon us so unexpectedly, and we are overwhelmed. But the sun of God's love shines all the more brightly from a clear sky, and one has only to turn from the shadows to see the shine.

A man, walking one winter's day through one of our large cities, noticed a boy standing by the wall of a house. The little fellow was shivering. His bare feet were blue with the cold. No need to inquire if his parents were poor; he wore only a pair of overalls and a thin shirt. The man stopped beside the lad, and asked him if he was not cold standing still. "Yes," he replied, "but only when I stop in the shadow."

How many Christians there are who "stop in the shadow" when they might be basking in the sunshine of the love of God! There is the grim shadow of poverty; the shadow of parting from loved ones, never to see them again on earth; and last but not least, the terrifying shadow of death. Mr. Moody was wont to say that the 23d Psalm was more mis-

quoted than any other part of the Bible. He says: "If I have heard one man I have heard a thousand talk about the 'dark valley.' But the word 'dark' isn't there. Keep it out. It says 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death.' Ever see a shadow in the dark? Go down to your cellar tonight without a light, and try to see your own shadow. The fact that there is a shadow shows that there is a light in the valley. All death can do is to throw his shadow across the place. Shadows never hurt anyone. Walk through them. We

have nothing to fear." What comfort this thought has for us all! Fear is only a shadow, and if we turn away from the shadow, we will see only the light of the glory of God.

The story is told of a certain room in a dwelling house which was supposed to be haunted. The family who lived in the house regarded it with terror, and even a shadow cast upon the door of the room would almost paralyze some of the younger members of the household with fear. But one night the father determined to sleep in the "haunted" room himself, and coming forth the next morning all safe and sound, and without having seen anything uncanny, laughed away the fears of his children. So the Savior entered the grave, and dwelt among the dead; but in the morning He issued forth, crying to His terrified ones: "All hail!" And from that moment the shadowy terrors of the grave are gone for those who will keep their gaze fixed upon Him.



FATHER KNOWS THE WAY

When the believer has implicit confidence in the hand that is guiding him, he commits and trusts no matter what all may confront him while on his way. One evening a father and his little daughter, who had been spending the afternoon at a neighbor's, started through the darkness for home. It was the first time that she had been out-of-doors in the night, and she began to be troubled about the way home. "I can't see our house, Papa. I do not know the way. Where are we going?" she said anxiously. He replied, "I can see the road; and, if you keep hold of my hand, I will take care of you." Then she said, as if chiding and comforting herself, "Yes, you do know the way; don't you, Papa? You will take care of your little girl, 'cause you love her; don't you, Papa?" After this she only grasped his hand a little tighter, and trudged along cheerfully wherever he led the way.

Is not the above instance a typical picture of the anxious believer? Instead of trustfully committing his hand into that of the Divine Father's hand, resting assured that He knows the way, the believer is inclined to complain because he cannot see the way. Anxiety takes the reins and the heart beats so much faster, the head may ache, the feet may step so much faster, "Where are we going?" is the strange query. Does Father always explain? Does He always show the way? No, not so. He may do as this earthly father did to his little one, say, "I can see the road; and, if you keep hold of my hand, I will take care of you."—R., in Gaspel Herald.

Be Still

Esther Miller Payler

"Be still, and know that I am God." That is the commandment in the Psalms. How difficult it is to obey in this hectic modern day, when to "be still" is one of the most difficult accomplishments.

There is a time for action and pushing forward and then having done all to be serene and rest in confidence that God will finish the task, showing us the way. However, this does not mean simply sitting down and taking it easy. We must do our part in any undertaking to the utmost of our physical and mental capacity, but we must have the inner peace and faith that will enable us to keep quiet under temptation and trial and wait for God's fulfillment in His own time and not according to our own ideas.

In the Fourth Psalm we are again instructed: "Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still." No matter how urgent our duties (Continued on page 30)

The Highway of Guidance

BY JAMES H. McCONKEY

As the traveler journeys through a strange country he finds it is covered with a network of byways. Some skirt the banks of swift-flowing streams; others plunge into the great forest and are soon lost in its depths. Some make their way up the steep mountainside until they reach its lofty summit; others pierce great landed estates, and meander through lawn, field, and woodland copse. All these are byways, and most of them private ways. In them you and I would be trespassers for they are not meant for us. But in addition to these byways the same country will be overrun with broad highways. Stretching from town to town and city to city run these great highways of shining sand, or rich red clay, or gray macadam. And they are the ways of the people. They are free to all who will walk therein. Rich and poor, bond and free, high and low, alike may enter upon and use these great arteries of commerce and travel.

Even so it is in the Christian life. Men say, "God has never revealed to me any individual plan for my life. I have never found His byway of guidance for me." And that may be true. Perchance you have never seen God's byway for your life. But here is a greater truth. Have you ever entered into God's Highway? For running all the way through this Book of God, and blazoned upon every page of it is a great highway. It is the highway of consecration. It is for all believers. No man who walks in this highway need ever fear missing God's byway. And the reason most men are missing the particular call of God to their own personal lifework is because they have never obeyed the general call of God to all believers to enter upon this highway of dedication to Him. "If any man will do my will he shall know the teaching." Here is an absolute promise of guidance. But to whom? To the child of God who yields his own will to do the will of God.

Away up in the north country a Christian missionary was speaking to his Indian friends of consecration. Presently, as he spoke, an old Indian chief arose, walked forward and laid his tomahawk at the missionary's feet: "Indian chief give his tomahawk to Jesus Christ," said he, and sat down. Still the missionary spoke on the love of God in Christ Jesus; of the gift of His Son for us and of His claim upon our lives. Rising from his

seat the old chief walked forward once more to the front. Unwrapping his blanket from his shoulders he laid it at the preacher's feet, saying, "Indian chief give his blanket to Jesus Christ." Again he sat down. But still the messenger preached on concerning the love of God in Christ. Still he showed how God had rifled heaven of its choicest gift and sent Him to earth to redeem us lost men and give Himself for us. Presently the old chief was seen to disappear from the meeting. By and by he came leading his pony to the tent door. He tied it to a stake and again walked up the aisle. Facing the missionary, he said, "Indian chief give his pony to Jesus Christ." Once

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*"He leadeth me." (Ps. 23:3.)*

*"Present your bodies a living sacrifice."*  
 (Rom. 12:1.)  
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more he took his seat. He had given about all he had—all the things he had. Have some of us too given Him things instead of ourselves? And now as the missionary preached of the God who spared not His only Son, but freely gave Him up for us, he pressed upon his hearers the claim of Jesus Christ upon the life. Still the message kept sinking into their hearts. And then the old chieftain arose for the last time. He walked forward with tottering steps to the front of the tent. He kneeled down reverently before the missionary. With tears streaming down his

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide

W. M. Wells

Holy Spirit, faithful guide,
 Ever near the Christian's side,
 Gently lead us by the hand,
 Pilgrims in a desert land.
 Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
 While they hear that sweetest voice
 Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

Ever present, truest friend,
 Ever near Thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear;
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee."

bronzed cheeks he said, with trembling lips, "Indian chief give himself to Jesus Christ." Then and there through the open portal of a yielded will he took the first blessed step into the highway of consecration. Mark first concerning this highway that,

It Is a Highway of Love

Why does love follow in the train of consecration? Why shall the children of God who enter the highway of dedication know the love of Jesus in their hearts? Because "The fruit of the Spirit is love." And as we yield the life to Christ in dedication, it gives the Spirit of God opportunity to bear His fruitage of love in our hearts and lives. And so the more the life is yielded to Christ in consecration, and the more that consecration is lived out in it, the more will the love of Christ Himself flow forth in a stream of life to others.

Have you ever noted that after Paul has gone through this wonderful catalogue of gifts in 1 Corinthians 12, he shows "a more excellent way"? There is one gift more wonderful than all these. This gift is the climax and consummation of all gifts. Such is God's word concerning Christian love. It is the summing up of all gifts. The man or woman to whom there comes the gift of love in Christ Jesus has the mightiest equipment for Christian service possible for any individual believer.

Into the life of a dear brother of my own came this experience. The winter was ending. The ice was breaking in our native river. The freshets were piling it up in great gorges along the banks. A few miles above our home was a little town at which an immense ice gorge had formed in the river. Just below this gorge was an island, upon which the gorge had imprisoned eleven men, women and children. Every one knew the fate which awaited them. The instant this huge ice gorge, with its great weight of water behind it, should break, it would sweep those lives out of existence. My brother learned of the situation. Putting fifty dollars in his pocket he hastened to the little town. Arriving there he found the people waiting on the banks of the river for the catastrophe which seemed inevitable. Stepping up to the crowd he offered the fifty dollars to any man who would attempt the rescue of the imperiled ones. But not a man stirred. Again and again did he repeat the offer, but there came no sign of response. Then he sent a little lad into a near-by store for a line. When he brought it out, my

(Continued on page 33)

Our Y. P. E. Poets

The Family Altar

In memory I go back to my childhood
When all together we'd pray,
After supper, at the family altar
We went at the close of day.

We would thank God for protection,
Of His mercies, kind and true,
And thank Him for brothers and sisters,
A good Mother and Father too.

We'd pray for missionaries and orphans,
For people needy and poor,
For the boy across the alley
And the girls who live next door.

Our childish prayers were simple,
But memories still linger on—
And sometimes it makes me tremble
To think of those days that are gone.

Now we are living here and there,
Miles apart from each other,
But still there is that protection of
prayer—

The prayers of our praying MOTHER.

And we long to be back at the family
altar,

To lay off our burden of care,
But most of all we'd like to hear
The voice of our Dad in prayer.

—Lea Nora Terlizzi, 2540 N. Catalina
St., Hollywood, Calif.

Memories of Daddy

When the evening lamp was lit,
By the fireside daddy would sit,
And I, as a dutiful child should be,
Sat lovingly on my daddy's knee;
And mother with the baby dear
Would sit close by so she could hear
While daddy from the Bible would read.

He read how Jesus walked upon the sea,
In the image of God created He man
To use and keep this new-made land;
Then when our prayers had all been said,
We would tiptoe out to go to bed,
With a pleasant good night and a back-
ward look

To daddy and mother and the treasured
Book.

—Mrs. J. P. Cochran.

Daddy's Gone

Daddy dear has crossed the river,
In our home there's a vacant chair,
He's gone to live with God in heaven,
Some day I'll meet him in the air.

Daddy dear has crossed the river,
All his troubles here are o'er,

Some day I know I'll meet him
Then I'll be happy forevermore.

Daddy dear has gone to rest,
His sweet voice no more I'll hear,
Till I reach that land of bliss,
Then I'll see my daddy dear.

I know he's in God's hands
Awaiting for me there,
And when this life is over
I'll meet him in the air.

—Dorothy Williams.

My Father

My father is gone, oh how I miss him,
He has gone to live with Jesus forever-
more,

And I long to be with him in glory,
When this life on earth is o'er.

My father has gone to rest in that home
above

Where Jesus keeps him by His love,
And with God's help I mean to see him
When this short life is over.

I know he's gone to heaven
Where all is peace and love,
There's no pain, no sorrow,
In that sweet home above.

I know he's waiting for me there,

And I want to live for Jesus,
So when this worldly life is over
I can meet them in the air.

—Pauline Carlisle.

My Dad

Dad could swin, hunt and play hard ball
About as good as all the rest;
He could box and run and wrestle too,
But at praying, Dad was best.

He had a lot of facts at hand,
Kept studying every day;
But best of all the Lord drew near,
When Dad began to pray.

I'm older now, and busy, too,
No time to do much playing;
But I'm still trying hard to be
Like Dad when he was praying.

—Paul R. Martin.

Dad

O daddy dear, the time draws near
When Christ shall call us home,
Our trials past, victory at last,
We'll lay our burdens down.

Then comfort take along your way—
The resting time will come,
When we will hear our Master say,
"My faithful child, come home."

The gates of pearl will open wide
And then with joy untold
We'll walk the golden streets above
(Continued on page 28)

The Chap at Home

To feel his little hand in mine,
So clinging and so warm,
To know he thinks me strong enough
To keep him safe from harm;
To see his simple faith in all
That I can say or do;
It sort o' shames a fellow,
But it makes him better, too;
And I'm trying hard to be the man
He fancies me to be,
Because I have this chap at home
Who thinks the world o' me.
I would not disappoint his trust
For anything on earth,
Nor let him know how little I
Just naturally am worth.
But after all, it's easier
That brighter road to climb,
With the little hands behind me
To push me all the time.
And I reckon I'm a better man
Than what I used to be
Because I have this chap at home
Who thinks the world of me.

—Publisher Unknown.



The Evil Day

Amos 6:3

"Preacher, talk to my boy about drinking," said an anxious father. "He came home last night and fell sprawling on the floor, too drunk to get up. His mother cried the rest of the night; in fact, she has been crying ever since."

"Why don't you yourself talk to your own boy and urge him to give up drink?" the preacher questioned.

"Preacher, I can't talk to my son about it because I am to blame. I wanted him to be a man and I thought it wouldn't harm him to drink. When I gave him his first glass of liquor I didn't dream that he'd ever become a drunkard. Preacher, please speak to my boy. I can't talk to him."

The anguish in that father's voice told me how he now repented for that social glass of liquor; the one glass that had set on fire an appetite that was now destroying his son's manhood.—*Frank Hampton Fox.*

God Is Not Mocked

A notorious infidel had a considerable following in a certain town. He was one of the braggart stamp, and seemed to revel in his outpourings of blasphemy against God. One day, in the height of his folly, he challenged God, if such a Being existed, to fight him in a certain wood.

The day came, and he went defiantly to the wood, stayed a certain time, and returned home again apparently all right, and, no doubt, jubilant of his seeming success.

But when in the wood there had alighted on his eyelid a tiny midge, which he brushed away, paying no attention to it. At night it swelled up and blood poisoning setting in, he died.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." God sent one of His tiniest insects, and the boasting braggart fell before it.

NOTE—This remarkable and striking incident is vouched for as strictly accurate. The place and time of its occurrence are known. It is worthy of being pondered over, especially in the fact that a long-suffering God did not strike the blasphemer dead upon the spot, but gave him four days' warning, and space for repentance.—*Faithful Words.*

What a Picture Did to a Count

W. E. Biederwolf

They tell us of a German artist, deemed from a life of awful sin, who painted a picture of Christ. His heart had been so touched by what he realized his dying Savior had done for him that all his masterful genius went into the effort to paint a face in which the incomparable love of Jesus for the lost

Treasured Gleanings For Ministers and Christian Workers

would express itself. The picture was hung in the village church and underneath it were inscribed the words:

All this I did for thee;

What hast thou done for me?

Many people came and looked upon the picture, but one forenoon a young nobleman sauntered down the aisle for a curious glance or two, but the face that had been wrought by the Spirit of God through the heart and the head and the hand of the converted artist, lit with love and radiant with compassion caught and held his attraction.

Twilight Found Him on His Face

He stood for a long time and then sat for hours gazing upon his crucified Lord. His riven side, the thorn-pierced brow, the lacerated hands and feet. As he gazed upon the wonderful painting he began to drink in its full meaning and a new conception of the suffering of Jesus was born within him. He never took his eyes from the wonderful face. But at last twilight came, and you know the rest of the story.

It found the young Count Zinzendorf on his face, with broken heart, confessing his sins and yielding his life to the Son of God. And in two hundred years of a perfect romance of missionary enterprise the influence of this mighty man of God has been belting the globe.—*The Elim Evangel.*

The Bible

An old professor of Biology used to hold a little brown seed in his hand. "I know just exactly the composition of this seed. It has nitrogen, hydrogen, and carbon. I know the exact proportions. I can make a seed that will look exactly like it. But if I plant my seed it will come to naught; its elements will simply be absorbed in the soil. If I plant the seed that God made, it will become a plant, because it contains the mysterious principle which we call the life principle."

This Bible looks like other books. We cannot understand altogether its marvelous power. Planted in good ground, it shows that it has the life principle in

itself; it brings forth spiritual life; it bears fruitage.—*Publisher Unknown.*

Must Have His Spirit

A young Italian boy knocked one day at the door of an artist's studio in Rome, and when it was opened exclaimed, "Please, madam, will you give me the master's brush?" The painter was dead, and the boy, inflamed with a longing to be an artist, wished for the great master's brush. The lady placed the brush in the boy's hands, saying, "This is his brush; try it, my boy." With a flush of earnestness on his face he tried, but found he could paint no better than with his own. The lady then said to him, "You cannot paint like the great master unless you have his spirit." So it is with us in the church today; if Christians have not the Master's spirit they cannot successfully carry on the Master's work.—*Publisher Unknown.*

Advocate

Two men, stopping overnight in a little village in the Orient, violated some tradition and were placed under arrest. One of them was badly frightened. The other took the matter very calmly. "Why are you not afraid to be brought before the king?" questioned the other somewhat impatiently. "You are as much an offender as I am." "Yes, but I have a friend in court," was the reply. "He is all-powerful with the king, and he will speak for me."

Here we behold the man who has Christ for his Advocate and the man who has not. While the Christian is not exempt from danger, he has a Friend in court who will never fail him in the hour of need.—*Publisher Unknown.*

The Courage of His Convictions

Weak-kneed principles always awaken contempt. Harry Shepler, a young man of whom the *Sunday School Times* tells, was in the signal service. Being ordered one morning by a sergeant to report for duty at the canteen, he refused to do so, and the sergeant threatened to report him to the officer of the day.

"All right," said Shepler, "go ahead. I did not enlist to be a bartender, but a soldier, and I will not report at the canteen."

He was duly reported to the major, who sent for him. Shepler went with trembling knees but with a steady heart, for he knew he was right. The officer said to him:

"Are you the young man who disobeyed orders this morning?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Why did you do it?"

"Simply because I do not believe it is right to do what I was asked to do. I

(Continued on page 29)

Ruth's Beauty Treatment

NELLIE L. HARRINGTON

The minister reverently read this poem-prayer:

*"Take us on the quest of beauty, Poet
Seer of Galilee.
Make all our dreams creative through
fellowship with Thee;
Take us on the quest of knowledge,
clearest Thinker man has known,
Make our minds sincere and patient,
satisfied by truth alone.
Take us on the quest for service, kingly
Servant of man's need,
Let us work with Thee for others, any-
where Thy purpose leads,
All along our quest's fair pathway,
Christ our Leader and our Guide,
Make us conscious of Thy presence,
walking always at our side."*

The words were printed on the church calendar for the day. Usually Ruth Bascom paid scant attention to the services. She said she preferred to plan her new clothes, decide on the next season's color scheme, or give some thought to the method of disposing of the perfectly good wardrobe that would be discarded.

But today those opening words, "Take us on the quest of beauty," riveted her attention. Had that not been the chief aim of her life so far? "Quest of beauty?" She thrilled to color and line with a truly artistic soul. But she now honestly acknowledged to herself that she had never thought of inviting the "Poet Seer of Galilee" to accompany her. In fact, she suddenly realized, that so far her quest looked—well, silly, tawdy, unimportant—not worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with—this "quest."

Over and over she read the printed words. She was utterly oblivious to the service going on about her. For once she was listening to a voice in her soul that was pointing out the wrong paths she had been following, and saying in tones, at once stern, yet tender, "This is the way. Walk ye in it. Go with Me in the quest of beauty, knowledge and service."

She aroused to hear the minister say, "Whosoever travels with Christ the Lord must go His way. You cannot coerce Him into following your leadings.

Ruth realized that so far in her self-satisfied life she had given very little thought for "others," least of all to the claims of the Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, of course, she was a Christian—in name. She and her little friends had learned certain portions of scripture. They had passed the examination as to their beliefs, and were admitted to church membership. She had taken the communion as

often as convenient. And she was fairly regular in attending morning service—mainly for the reason already mentioned.

But this morning she planned no gowns. It had not even entered her thought. This "quest" had intrigued her, and she made the prayer her own.

At the close of the service she went out as one in a dream. For the first time in her life she was really conscious of a Holy Presence walking by her side. She was eager to reach her own room that she might analyze this new experience.

But she met unforeseen obstacles. Just inside the door her mother said, querulously, "Ruth, can you see about putting the dinner on the table? Hilda has gone to the hospital. She has not been well for several days and we called the doctor this morning. He ordered her to the hospital. I didn't go to church, you know, because I did not feel able, and then I had to cook dinner. I'm all worn out. Can't you help?"

"Surely, mother, I'll help," assured the girl, and she thought of the line, "Let us work with Thee for others, anywhere"—even in the kitchen. She remembered with shame that she had been impatient over kitchen duties. She now donned an apron and capably finished and served the dinner.

When the dishes were washed and put away Ruth sought her own room. Taking her Bible she tried to find an explanation of her condition, but she was so unfamiliar with its pages that she could only turn them aimlessly. Her eyes caught a sentence here, a phrase there, that seemed so apt. Strange that words penned so many hundreds of years ago had such power to thrill her today. She had carelessly, listlessly passed them by heretofore.

In her history studies she had wondered at the fanatical zeal of those Crusaders who wanted to rescue the tomb of the Lord "from the heathen." If they felt as she did now, it was a mystery no longer! They needed action. So did she. She must tell someone.

"Mother," she exclaimed a few moments later, "I have had the most blessed experience! Jesus Christ is real to me now. I think I've been asleep—or something."

Her mother looked at her with interest but only said, "Don't get too excited, daughter."

"Why shouldn't I be excited?" she said. "I can get excited over a basketball game in the winter or baseball in the summer and no one warns me."

"But religion is different. You might

get—uh—fanatical. And that would hardly be—nice."

Ruth's ardor was dampened a bit, but she said, "Well, I know that I'm very, very happy."

Her father came into the room with a slow step. Evidently his Sabbath had not been very restful. He let himself heavily into his special chair and sighed.

It struck Ruth that she had not the remotest idea why he sighed, or why he looked so downhearted. She realized that her quest of knowledge and of service had not included her own home.

The girl seated herself on the arm of his chair as she had done years ago.

"Well, well, little girl," he said in surprise, as his arm encircled her, "how long has it been since you perched there?"

"Longer than it should have been, Daddy," she said soberly, running her fingers through his graying hair. "I didn't know you had so many silver threads," gently tweaking a white one.

"Careful," he warned, "they're getting fewer. If you pull out the white ones I'll not have many left."

"I'll be careful," she promised. Then her fingers traced the wrinkles that creased his brow. "Are those worry-tracks?" she questioned.

"Perhaps," he admitted ruefully. "There have been worries enough to make deep furrows, I reckon."

"I didn't know. Tell me. Is it finance? Was it my school expense?" she demanded. A memory of certain phrases in her mother's letters recurred to her. "Be careful, dear." "Make this check last as long as you can." "Business isn't so good," and so on.

She really had not given the matter a second thought. Daddy always had sent the money she asked for. And it had been a year—almost—since she graduated. She had made no effort to earn money, hadn't dreamed that it was necessary. And neither had she tried to curtail her expenses.

All of this flashed through her thought as she waited for her father's answer.

When it came it was evasive. "Oh, not wholly, business hasn't been too good."

"Too good," she jeered. "As if it ever

(Continued on page 29)



The Prodigal's Father

Uncle William's hair was white and his step slow. People who knew him said he was not so merry as he used to be. But few knew how deep the pain had really gone, for Uncle William's only son had run away when a mere lad, and had never come back. Uncle William's wife had died when Harry was a baby and the boy had been his all.

If Uncle William had been a stern or strict parent he might, perhaps, have reproached himself, but he was the kindest father in the world. He had not remarried, devoting himself to his son, and when the blow fell it was all the harder to be borne. No one knew what he had suffered as days grew into weeks and weeks into months, and months into years, and Harry did not come. Uncle William, however, made no changes, uttered no complaints. He still lived in the old house, still went on with the old life, ever hoping, ever waiting for the son who did not return. One of the neighbors who had gone West wrote back that he had seen him, that he was a wild, dissolute fellow, and worked around on the cattle ranches; that at times he drank heavily and was generally a ne'er-do-well.

"Going to church, Uncle William?" called out Mrs. Bartin, his niece, one bright Sunday morning.

Uncle William smiled. "Do I ever miss?" he answered. "Yes, but I thought, perhaps, our minister being away, you would not care to hear the man who will speak. He's from the West, I understand."

"I'm going anyway, Mary. Perhaps he has a message for me. I—I need it."

Mary's heart smote her as she watched him walk slowly down the street.

"There," she thought regretfully, "I ought not to have mentioned the West to him. That's where he thinks Harry is."

And she was right. Her words had cast a shadow. Oh, why did not Harry come back?

There was a young man up in the pulpit. A very young man, Uncle William thought, and then, as he took his seat, he scanned his face closer, nodding, well satisfied.

"That young man has something to say," thought Uncle William, and he was quite right. The eyes were frank and steady, the mouth firm, the forehead broad and thoughtful.

"He's the state secretary for one of those mission boards in one of those Western states," whispered Mrs. Higgins, as she rustled in beside Uncle William. "Looks young, doesn't he?"

And then he began to speak. The mission board out West had made no mistake. The words came straight and true, and full of purpose. He had the attention of his audience from the start.

"Dear friends," he began, "when certain circumstances led me to your state I did not see how I could go. My hands were full at home and I need not tell you how I love my work, but I said to myself, 'If I must go, I'll make it count for God,' and so I speak to you this morning of my distant field.

"It may perhaps be impossible for you to realize, within the range of church bells as you are, what it means to be absolutely deprived of them. When I tell you that there are in certain portions of my state young men and young

women who have never seen a Bible or heard a prayer, you will, perhaps, find it hard to realize. When I tell you that there are people who are as ignorant of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper as the beasts that perish you can scarcely conceive of it. And yet it is the truth. Why, friends, the other day where I was laboring, we had communion—had it over a store, and a man came stumbling in. He drank the wine and took the bread, and then

(Continued on page 25)



The Two Prayers

*Last night my little boy confessed to me
Some childish wrong, and, kneeling at my knee,
He prayed, with tears: "Dear God, make me a man
Like daddy, wise and strong; I'm sure you can."
Then, while he slept, I knelt beside his bed,
Confessed my sins, and prayed, with low-bowed head:
"O God, make me a child, like my child here—
Pure, guiltless, trusting thee with faith sincere!"*

—Andrew Gillies, in the "Church School."

Hymn Stories

When Sankey Sang the Gospel

The pioneer singing evangelist and beloved fellow worker of D. L. Moody

ROBERT WALKER

One summer evening late in the last century a hard-bitten agnostic sat on the porch of his farm home on the banks of the Connecticut River in Massachusetts. Dusk had settled in a blue haze on the mountains across the river. Dimly he glimpsed the lights of the church on a rise just above the village of Northfield. He smiled cynically. Then drifting across the still water there came the faint sound of a voice singing.

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay

*In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care."*

The man listened. What a voice it was! The beauty of it fascinated him, but the words—he shrugged off the first two verses, but the third caught him. That voice—its earnestness, its pleading. As the last note died away the man bent his head and accepted the Shepherd as his Savior and Lord.

On another day an inveterate criminal slouched against the wall of his cell in a Belfast prison. Suddenly thru the barred windows came the sound of music, then a voice singing the well-known "Hold the Fort." Coming from a church at the other end of the block, the voice was faint, but it filled the narrow room, and its tender compassion touched the heart of the hardened criminal. Half way through the song he dropped to his knees and before that voice ceased he had believed and was saved. He died a tireless church worker.

Such was the singing of Ira D. Sankey, singing partner of the famous evangelist, D. L. Moody, originator of the modern gospel song, and the first of the singing evangelists. Since 1940 marks the centenary of the birth of "the sweet singer of gospel songs" it also gives the opportunity for a review of his life and work.

One of the most colorful men in the religious scene of the last century was Dwight L. Moody. He stirred the British Isles to revival fervor at two different periods; he kindled revival fires in half a dozen of the largest cities in America; he founded two secondary schools and a Bible institute; he created a lasting impression on religious thought throughout the English-speaking world. Yet even at the height of his career seldom

was Moody's name mentioned alone. Rather it was linked to that of his singing associate, Ira D. Sankey. In the 80's and 90's the term "Moody and Sankey" was so familiar that many persons believed them to be one man. Certain it is that together these men rocked the Christian world to its foundation. The simple announcement, "Mr. Moody will preach the gospel; Mr. Sankey will sing the gospel," printed on posters and tacked on fences practically anywhere in the United States, would pack meeting houses. The sight of the debonair young baritone, who at thirty-six had nearly reached the zenith of his career, on the platform with the short, stout Moody was likely to prove stimulating enough to pack the same house night after night. The Spirit of the living God used these men in the salvation of thousands of souls.

Sankey, like Moody, first gained wide recognition on foreign soil—during the first revival campaign with Moody in Great Britain in 1873-75. Hardly more than a year after their arrival as insignificant evangelists the two Americans were being heralded throughout the kingdom. Papers—both religious and secular—rushed extras off the press to supply the demand for news of the great revival that had begun in their meetings. Soon printers found it difficult to fill orders for their pictures, while porcelain statuettes of the evangelists came to be the rage in London.

The revival was a sensation. Persons from every town and hamlet in the British Isles came to hear Moody preach and Sankey sing the gospel. More than 720,000 persons crowded into Agriculture Hall in London for sixty meetings, 700,000 into Row Road Hall for sixty meetings, 330,000 into the Royal Opera House for sixty meetings, 480,000 into Camberwell Hall for sixty meetings, and 400,000 into Victoria Hall for forty-five meetings.

Returning to America the singer and evangelist swept five cities with revivals. The first meetings were held at the Rink in Brooklyn. Additional tracks were laid for street cars to handle the crowds, but thousands were forced to walk. Three or four times the number that the Rink seated crowded into overflow meetings in near-by churches. Going to Philadelphia for the next series of meetings, Moody and Sankey found a ready audience that responded by the hundreds to the claims of the gospel. New York had its taste of revival next. Then Barnum's great Roman Hippodrome overflowed

with more than 15,000 persons nightly. In Chicago and Boston it was the same story; thousands attended, but many more thousands were turned away.

So universal was the appeal of the singer and evangelist that their audiences were made up from virtually every level of society. The drunkard and the harlot were there, but so were John Wanamaker, President Grant, his cabinet and Supreme Court Justices. Sankey's background contributed much to his ability to reach men and women in all walks of life.

Ira David Sankey was born August 28, 1840, in Edinburgh, Lawrence county, in western Pennsylvania, of an English father and a Scotch-Irish mother. At the age of fifteen he moved to the town of New Castle where his father became president of the local bank and he a clerk. Here Sankey first discovered his ability as a singer. At nineteen he was superintendent and song leader of a Sunday school of 350. He began to compose his own lively tunes to replace the stately hymn melodies of the day. Soon his popularity as a song leader spread beyond the limits of the community, and frequently he was called to neighboring towns to sing and lead in singing.

At home, however, Sankey's musical aspirations were tolerated by his mother, frowned upon by his father. Returning from a musical convention one day he overheard his father complain, "That boy'll never amount to anything. All he does is run about the country with a hymn book under his arm." His mother's defense, that she would rather see him with a hymn book under his arm than a whiskey bottle in his pocket, offered little encouragement.

Then in 1861 Sankey enlisted for service in the Grand Army of the Republic. At the end of two years he returned to New Castle, became a collector of internal revenue, and married a member of his choir. He was well on the way to the career of a prosperous small townsman when the first in a string of events happened that in six short years were to take the name of Sankey from the streets of New Castle to the courts of Europe.

The initial impetus was furnished by the launching in New Castle of a Y. M. C. A. Sankey had become a Christian when a young lad in Sunday school; he had served as Sunday school superintendent and song leader, so it was natural for him to plunge into the work of the new organization. He became song leader, then president. In 1870 a convention was held at Indianapolis, and there he met his future partner, Moody. This was the first of the three steps, and Sankey made it by attending a meeting at which Moody led, and aiding in the singing. At the

(Continued on page 24)

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Personal Evangelism

How the Squire Lost His Burden

There were several guests staying at the Hall, and with the servants we numbered, I suppose, between thirty and forty persons at "morning prayers." I had been asked by our hostess, who was an aunt of mine, to read a portion of Scripture and to offer prayer.

I read part of 2 Samuel 14, and then called attention to verse 14, part of the words spoken to King David by the woman of Tekoah, on the occasion of her being sent to him by Joab, with the view of bringing about the recall of Absalom from exile. The words are these:

"For we needs must die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again; neither doth God respect any person: yet doth he devise means, that his banished be not expelled from him."

After dwelling for a moment on the first clause of the verse, "For we must needs die," pointing out that nothing is more certain than that death must come to us all (if the Lord does not soon return), I went on to the next words, "And are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again." It is impossible, I observe, to conceive anything more absolutely past recovery than water spilt on the loose earth. You cannot take it up again. Even the mark of it has very soon disappeared. What a picture of our past life! We cannot touch it; we cannot undo it; we cannot atone for it.

I then made use of the following illustration:

Two men were early one morning walking together on the seashore. One of these was a Christian—and I take that designation to mean a follower of Christ—and the other was not. The latter was, however, under deep conviction of sin, of his guilt; but, like a great many others when thus troubled in heart, he had been striving hard to render himself acceptable to God through his own efforts to make amends for the past by reformation in his conduct in the present.

They had walked some distance along the sands, in earnest conversation, and when they at length turned homeward the Christian man drew his companion's attention to their footprints, remarking on the clearness with which they could be seen. Perceiving in this an opportunity of showing to his friend the folly of trusting to his own efforts in dealing with the past, he said:

"Suppose you were pursued by powerful enemies too strong for you to cope with, and too swift for you to escape from, what would you do? On the left, perpendicular cliffs bar your way; and on the right there is the sea, and not a boat in sight."

"Oh!" replied the other, "I should set to work at once to obliterate my footprints."

"Let me see how you would accomplish that," said the Christian man; upon which his companion proceeded to fill up the footprints.

When he had finished a few of them, his friend called out to him:

"Now come here and inspect your work. Would that answer? Would that deceive any one who had eyes in his head?"

"No," was the reply, "I think I have made our tracks more conspicuous than they were before."

"Yes," was the converted man's remark, "but what you have attempted is uncommonly like man's vain endeavors to deal with the sins of his past life. God sees that past life of yours more clearly than we can see those footprints in the sand."

They walked on in silence for some way. At last the anxious one asked with a sigh, "What, then, is to be done?"

In a few moments the answer came, "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord."

The speaker had noticed that the tide was rising rapidly, and presently, as they stood watching, a wave broke on the shore and rippled up over the footprints, and when it receded it left the sand perfectly smooth—not a trace remaining of the tracks.

"Thus," added the speaker, "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

When prayer was finished, and the others had quitted the front hall, in which we had been gathered, I stood looking out of the window, and an old country squire, who was going out with the hounds that day, and was dressed accordingly in red coat, top boots, etc., came back into the hall and stood beside me. I made some casual remark to him, and receiving no reply, I presently looked at him, and noticed that his eyes were full of tears.

After a moment's silence, he asked in a low voice, choked with emotion,

"Do you mean to tell me that all my seventy years of sin could be blotted out

in a moment, like those footprints?"

"It does not matter what I tell you," I replied; "what does God tell you? Why, you have used two of the very words of scripture: 'I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee.'"

I asked him to come upstairs to my room. He consented at once; and on our knees, with God's Word before us, he just drank in the glad tidings of salvation.

If I remember right, the latter half of that 14th verse of the 14th chapter of 2 Samuel led us to other passages of scripture, through which God spoke to him in enlightening and quickening power. I pointed out the words, "Neither doth God respect any person," taking with it not only Acts 10:34, but also Rom. 3:23, "For there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

Then passing on to the concluding words of the verse, "Yet doth he devise means, that his banished be not expelled from him," I said to him:

"You and I and all of us were born, as it were, in banishment owing to sin. But what are the means that God has devised for our return to Him? See Eph. 2:12, 13, 'At that time ye were without Christ'—having no hope, and without God in the world.' There is the sad picture of the unsaved. Read on: 'But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ,' v. 13."

These words laid hold of the squire, and he just believed the glad news, and received his Savior in simple childlike faith.

Perhaps some of my readers may never have experienced any conviction of sin—no sense either of guilt or of danger. If it should be thus with you, let one who for forty-two years of his life was as thoughtless and Christless as you can be, entreat you to ask for the Holy Spirit to show you all your need, that He may go on to reveal Him who died to save you, and who alone can meet that need of yours out of His fullness.—*Scattered Seed.*

JULY ISSUE SPECIAL

The July issue will be dedicated to "Our boys in service." Don't fail to send in your offering to help us get them distributed.

Dear Sister Harrison:

My! how I enjoy the Lighted Pathway. It is the best paper I have ever read. May God bless you and keep you ever on the upward climb with your sales of this wonderful paper.

Pray for us here in these hard states as we need your prayers.

God bless you and give you many more years in His service.—Mrs. Ross Hill, Herman, Minn.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I enjoy reading your paper, the Lighted Pathway. It brings joy to my heart when I read the boys' letters from the camps and the Exchange Page. I wouldn't miss getting this book for anything.

We have a good Y. P. E. here, the largest group of young people I've seen anywhere. We have our meetings on Thursday night.

Those lessons are so inspiring, Sister Harrison. I have a nephew in the Army and he is in sin. I wish you would pray for him that the Lord will save his soul.

I am glad I can report victory in my soul just now. I am glad the Lord saved me eight years ago; seven years ago I received the Holy Ghost.

Please pray for the Y. P. E. at Middlesboro.—Mrs. Maud Everly, Middlesboro, Ky.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus' dear name.

For some time I have felt as though I should sound a note of praise for the Lighted Pathway. It is a great blessing to me. Many times when I have been down and out and just about ready to give up the fight, I would pick up the Lighted Pathway and when I finished reading it, God seemed very near once more.

I think "The Vision" is a very good story. It certainly fits my life. Some time ago I felt the call for a missionary and promised God I would go. But while going to school and having to associate with sinners, I drifted away and lost the vision and burden I had for lost souls, but praise God, I have the vision and burden for the lost once more.

I am planning to attend B. T. S. next year, if it's the Lord's will. Although I do not know where the money is coming from, God told me to send my application in faith and I am obeying Him.

Please remember me in prayer that God will provide the way for me to attend B. T. S. and that I will always obey Him.—Hilda Criner, Spring Hill, W. Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

We have just received our March issue of the Lighted Pathway and it seems like it is the best one yet. We do enjoy read-

ing your messages, for they are so encouraging to us.

We have a good Y. P. E. here at Joseph's Chapel. Not many of our young people have salvation, but they are willing to help any way they can with the programs. Our pastor, Brother Bozeman, is a blessing to our Y. P. E. and we appreciate him. He orders two rolls of Lighted Pathways every month and we help sell them.

I am a girl thirteen years old. I love the Lord and belong to the Church of God. Remember to pray for us at Joseph's Chapel when you pray.—Herbert Dell Henderson, Cleveland, Miss.

Dear Sister Harrison:

The other day I gave a Lighted Pathway to a man who runs a grocery store in Harrisonburg, Va. About a week later I went back and he told me that he surely liked the paper. He has read

Exchange Page

many a paper but this was the best one he has ever read. He said that most of the time he went to sleep reading but this paper was so good that it kept him awake and he gave me a dollar for a year's subscription.

Please pray for him to be saved. He believes in the Jehovah's Witnesses, but doesn't hold membership with any church. He says that no church has ever appealed to him, but the Lighted Pathway is certainly opening his eyes.—F. E. Bagwell, Hinton, Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a devoted reader of the Lighted Pathway. I think it is the best literature that a young person can read along with the Bible. There is a benefit that can be derived by each reader, regardless of age. I have found it to be helpful to me in many ways, and I am praying that the paper will be carried into the homes of our young people of the world today. Surely if there ever was a time that the young people needed their minds purified by good literature it is today. I have learned how to appreciate it and it has found a place in my heart that will always linger there.—Mrs. Fletcher Phillips, 2911 Marsh Ave., Ft. Myers, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I want to thank you and the dear Lord for the Lighted Pathway.

I know you have gone through many trials to be able to publish such a wonderful paper, but remember it takes the storm clouds to form the rainbow; it takes the night to show the stars; the harder the trial, the brighter your light will shine. Let us not pray that God will help us out of our trials, but pray that God will help us through them; for if there were no valleys, there would be no mountain tops. Be faithful a few more days and Jesus is surely coming.

Pray for me when you pray. I would be glad to hear from anyone who would care to write to me.—Mrs. Violet Conley, Box 71, Levelland, Tex.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a young girl eighteen years of age. I am glad I know the Lord. Sometimes it seems I have to go all alone, but God always undertakes for His children. Oh, bless His name! I surely enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. Each page has something encouraging for a child of God. I certainly appreciate the Lighted Pathway. It is a grand book and I think it should inspire any young and old person, too, to go forward for God.

I am a member of the Church of God at Blue Diamond, Ky. I thank the Lord for the Church of God. Pray that I will receive the Holy Spirit and be a power for Him.—Margaret Hall, Blue Diamond, Ky.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I truly enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway more than any other paper I have ever read. I belong to the Church of God at Fonde, Ky. A little over a year ago the Lord wonderfully saved and sanctified me. Later He filled me with the Holy Ghost.

Our pastor is Rev. W. B. Webb. Pray for the church and Y. P. E. at Fonde.—Margaret Collins, Pruden, Tenn.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I do not have words to express my appreciation for the Lighted Pathway. It is a great help to young people who are trying to live for God. Your messages are so encouraging to me, in these discouraging days. I enjoy reading the paper so much and can hardly wait for it to come. I wish it came each week instead of each month.

Enclosed you'll find one dollar to help send the Lighted Pathway to the boys in training camp. My prayer is that God will bless you in this great work and that many precious souls will be saved.

Please pray for me that God will undertake.—A Lighted Pathway Friend.



The Ten Commandments For a Successful Y. P. E.

The first of a series of articles in the interest of Y. P. E. by Pauline Weaver.
Introduction

No matter what you start to do, there are always a few rules you must follow. And so it is with us who are so anxious to have a good Y. P. E. There is no doubt as to God's approval of our Y. P. E.—it has proven a blessing in every instance. But to keep it good, to make it worth while, requires work, prayer, and following some rules. Even such everyday things as washing dishes and making beds can be made more effective and less bothersome if we use the right method. And so with letter writing, and friendship making, and having a flower garden, and all the things in life.

Of course, the first thing in order to make anything successful is to have a passion for it. Get down to business! Work hard! Pray hard! Give it everything you've got! I've usually found whenever a person really is interested in something and gives it his whole heart and soul—then it goes somewhere.

But then we find those people, who, after having a "go ye" and a passion in their hearts and souls for Y. P. E., still aren't able to make a go of it because, yes, simply because they've never learned how. They don't know the few simple rules of having a Y. P. E. Just as you can't play a game without understanding the rules, neither can you be a successful Y. P. E. leader without a few rules.

And so for the "ten commandments" of a successful Y. P. E.

1. Invite people
2. Make them welcome
3. Group according to age
4. Give everyone something to do
5. Change group leaders often

6. Use members' energy
7. Use some originality
8. Don't be boring
9. Don't neglect honorary members
10. Make Jesus your most welcome and appreciated member

And now, we'll launch forward, carrying out each rule, and seeing our Y. P. E. rise and shine for Jesus—the beginning, the middle and the end of all worthwhile ventures.

FIRST COMMANDMENT

Invite People

A simple thing, isn't it? And yet I venture to say that a majority of the people in your community don't come to Y. P. E. because they haven't been asked. Yes, of course, you've announced it in your church service announcements, but that's not what I mean. Be specific! Show them individually that you want them. It works! "But how," you say, "am I going to work that—how do I go about inviting people in the community to Y. P. E.?" There are two ways which have proven successful and both will be listed.

Contributions

By Young Writers

Plan No. I

Get your most friendly and likeable members together (or either take your entire group, but the former is better). Tell them that you are going to start an intensive drive for new members, and that they are appointed as a committee to see all the people about coming. Divide your community by streets, and give them a reasonable number of streets to visit in a week. Let them go to each person's house, and personally invite the boys and girls there to join you in Y. P. E. next service—then ask the older members if they wouldn't come also. You will feel very good after an afternoon's work of this kind, just as if you've been doing great good. And you will have, too; for you'll see many of those friends in Y. P. E. the next meeting.

Plan No. II

Write them a card. Get each member in Y. P. E. to raise his hand to write some friend a card asking him to attend your Y. P. E., or either pass out little

cards with envelopes (the kind you buy at the 10c store) or either buy the special invitation cards for church. Then ask them to write to whom they choose, and say whatever about the Y. P. E. they wish to. This really proves to a person you want him to come, and will bring in many people. If you can't think of anything to say, just a simple little card like:

"Wouldn't you come and join us in Y. P. E. Sunday night? We would be very glad to have you and feel like you'd enjoy being with us."

OR

COME!!!

*To what? Our Young People's Endeavor
When? Sunday night, 6:30 p. m.
Why? We want you to be with us.*

Try these two—good luck—! and I think your next service will boast of several new members.

SECOND COMMANDMENT

Make Them Welcome

Everyone knows that of all the cherished things in life love and knowing we've helped someone are two of the greatest. So, naturally, we will want to show our new members that they are welcome—that we love them, and that they have helped us by coming.

Begin at the very beginning. Say to them individually as you see them coming in, "Mary, I'm so glad you came tonight. It has made me very happy. I'm sure you'll like our Y. P. E." Don't, for goodness sake, just sit back complacently and watch them enter. Go and speak to each one. And then as you begin Y. P. E. remind all your old members, also your congregation that you have some new members. Call their attention to the fact, and welcome the newcomers, then collectively, for instance, say, "We're so glad to see some new faces tonight. We do hope they will continue to come." You might even give them a cheer, dedicate a special song to them—anything—but make them know they're welcome—that you appreciate their responding to your invitation.

And another thing. Don't EVER forget to tell them at the ending of the service you are glad they came. Tell them all, old and new members, honorary guests and juniors, that you are glad they were present. Make them feel as if you depend on their presence and they cannot fail you. Have you ever noticed that a person who feels it his responsibility to do something will not fail to do it? Usually they will come regularly if you make them feel they're responsible for the success of your Y. P. E. And aren't they? Indeed they are—so be sure you tell them, not once a month, but every service.

I read a story one time of a man whose
(Continued on page 18)

Reading Circle



Recommended Books For Your Library

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

- A Christian Girl's Problems*, by Mary S. Wood. Price 50c.
The Modern Girl Decides, by Mary S. Wood. Price 50c.
Twelve Brave Boys, by Esther E. Enoch. Price 75c.
The Sermon in the Kitchen, by Mary S. Wood. Price 50c.

FICTION

- At the Crossroads*, by Minnie E. Ludwig. Price \$1.00.
As By Fire, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.

- Sally Jo*, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.
To These Also, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.

- Though He Slay Me*, by Ella M. Noller. Price \$1.00.

- One More Year*, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.

- Together for Good*, by Ann Harvey. Price \$1.00.

- The Return of the Tide*, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

- Blaze Star*, by Paul Hutchens. Price \$1.00.

- Under Whose Wings*, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

- The Pilot's Voice*, by Isabel Byrum. Price 75c.

FOR THE PREACHER'S LIBRARY

- Life Forever*, by R. E. Golladay. Price \$1.00.

- Behold the Savior*, by Adam Fahling. Price \$1.00.

- The Cross Athwart the Sky*, by R. E. Golladay. Price \$1.00.

- The Light of the Bible*, by John S. Dickson. Price 35c.

- Strange Evangelists*, by John Schmidt, B. D. Price \$1.00.

- Proximities of Calvary*, by Robert G. Lee, D. D., LL.D., and LITT.D. Price \$1.00.

- What Do We Know About Life After Death?* by Dr. Ross H. Stover. Price \$1.00.

April Prize Winner

Mrs. Ollie Hill

Riverside, Ga., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

Honor Roll

- Ruth Ross, Greenwood, S. C.
 Claude M. Beam, Lindale, Ga.
 T. J. Collins, Ninety Six, S. C.
 Sherrill Avery, Erwin, N. C.
 Mrs. Lane Settlemyer, Valdese, N. C.
 J. B. Hathcock, Kannapolis, N. C.



"This little Book I'd rather own,
 Than all the gold and gems
 That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
 Than all their diadems."

Bible Readings For June

	Morning	Evening
June 1	1 Kings 11-12	Ps. 69
June 2	1 Kings 13-14	Ps. 70-71
June 3	1 Kings 15-16	Ps. 72
June 4	1 Kings 17-18	Ps. 73
June 5	1 Kings 19-20	Ps. 74
June 6	1 Kings 21-22	Ps. 75-76
June 7	2 Kings 1-2	Ps. 77
June 8	2 Kings 3-4	Ps. 78
June 9	2 Kings 5-6	Ps. 79-80
June 10	2 Kings 7-8	Ps. 81-82
June 11	2 Kings 9-10	Ps. 83-84
June 12	2 Kings 11-12	Ps. 85-86
June 13	2 Kings 13-14	Ps. 87-88
June 14	2 Kings 15-16	Ps. 89
June 15	2 Kings 17-18	Ps. 90-91
June 16	2 Kings 19-20	Ps. 92-93
June 17	2 Kings 21-22	Ps. 94-95
June 18	2 Kings 23-24	Ps. 96-97
June 19	2 Kings 25	Ps. 98-100
June 20	1 Chron. 1	Ps. 101-102
June 21	1 Chron. 2-3	Ps. 103
June 22	1 Chron. 4-5	Ps. 104
June 23	1 Chron. 6	Ps. 105
June 24	1 Chron. 7-8	Ps. 106
June 25	1 Chron. 9-10	Ps. 107
June 26	1 Chron. 11-12	Ps. 108-109
June 27	1 Chron. 13-15	Ps. 110-112
June 28	1 Chron. 16-17	Ps. 113-115
June 29	1 Chron. 18-21	Ps. 116-117
June 30	1 Chron. 22-23	Ps. 118

Lighted Pathway Rating For May

	Sold for May	Total
Alabama	1,662	13,479
Arizona	43	491
Arkansas	328	2,029
California	237	1,793



Regina Smith, little daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Leslie Smith, Beattyville, Ky. Regina is only nine years old but she is the Gideon at the church where her father pastors.

Colorado	1,003
Delaware	137
Foreign	233
Florida	2,086
Georgia	3,524
Idaho	84
Illinois	1,052
Indiana	189
Iowa	56
Kansas	140
Kentucky	1,577
Louisiana	487
Maine	86
Maryland	406
Massachusetts	28
Minnesota	56
Michigan	403
Mississippi	475
Missouri	230
Montana	84
Nebraska	28
New Jersey	84
New Mexico	58
New York	106
North Carolina	4,157
North Dakota	238
Ohio	1,015
Oklahoma	316
Oregon	112
Pennsylvania	789
South Carolina	5,401
South Dakota	84
Tennessee	2,009
Texas	1,082
Virginia	913
Washington	114
Washington, D. C.	98
West Virginia	1,438
Wyoming	14
Total	31,553

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

With God and With Men

A. H. ARDEN

(Continued from last issue)

On Friday evening the children came trooping to the gathering, eager and expectant, with clean faces and their best clothes, though in a number of cases these were none too good. Erma welcomed them with a cheerful smile and for nearly an hour they laughed and shouted as they merrily played various games on the beautiful lawn. They also listened with great interest as Erma, who was a good reader, recited the "Moo Cow Moo" and other child poems.

Erma noticed that Lottie and a little group of her friends lingered and opened their sacks. Instead of any words of appreciation, she heard disparaging remarks, and finally heard Lottie say in a contemptuous tone, "Ah, I walked three and a half miles just to get a little kid's sack of candy and apple not as good as we have at home." A chorus of exclamations followed, showing that seemingly that entire group of girls felt much as Lottie did. She overheard expressions from the boys, too, which seemed to reveal the same spirit. Then to cap the situation a group of lads in the distance expressed themselves in the way which was customary at the time. She heard one voice, evidently pitched so the tones would reach her, call out, "What's the matter with our school?" Then came the response in chorus, "Rotten, rotten, rotten." Then the same single voice asked again, "Who says so?" And the reply, "We all say so," and with a burst of derisive laughter the boys hurried down the road.

Poor Erma! There was no sleep for her that night until well along toward morning. When at last she did close her eyes it was for only a couple of hours of troubled, restless slumber. She awoke with a crushing burden, wondering for a few seconds what was the occasion for it.

All day Saturday, with spirits crushed and eyes red with weeping, Erma went about her tasks. How could she ever go back to that school again? Yet, how could she give it up? She was seriously inclined to resign, but what should she do if she did? There were her own debts to be met, and on January 1 and April 1 there were payments to be made on her father's home. These payments included some that were in arrears, and unless they were met her parents would have to give up their home and all they had put into it. Erma knew too well how crowded the teaching profession was, to think of trying to secure another school; but more than all this, she knew how serious

a matter it was to give up a school in the middle of the year, and how difficult it would be to secure another school the following year. Sunday morning dawned clear and beautiful. Erma was glad to know that there would be services at the little church that morning. A minister came once a month, an elderly man whose sermons were always helpful, not alone because of what he said, but because of the confidence and serene faith with which he spoke.

The text that morning was taken from the account of Jacob's night of victorious prayer. "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed."

Mr. Graham stressed the thought of prevailing in prayer with God when some crisis comes into our lives. He said that we must prevail with God before we can with man, and pointed out how Jacob, in this, the darkest hour of his life, had won his greatest victory by prevailing first with God. He strongly urged his congregation to take all their burdens to the God of Jacob. He related several instances of how he himself, confronted with some serious situation, had seen difficult matters all cleared up and the pathway opened as he took the matter to God in earnest prayer.

As Erma walked home from church, the words kept running in her mind, "With God and with men," "With God and with men."

When dinner was over, she assisted Mrs. Bowen with the dishes, then told her she believed she would take a little walk. She went a mile or more and found her way among some low hills to a thickly wooded place beside a little brook. Finding a secluded spot, she knelt in prayer.

Just how long she prayed, Erma never knew. She was soon conscious of a melting in her soul and as she poured out her heart in supplication the hot tears streamed down her cheeks.

She told the Lord the whole situation. In detail she laid before Him her parents' need and her own burdens in connection with the schoolroom. She confessed her own weakness, confessed that her spiritual life had not been as full, or her prayer life as constant as they should. When she had unburdened her heart she was sensible of a sweet relief from the burden that so long had weighed her down. Her tears ceased to flow, her heart was unaccountably light, and there came into her soul an unutterable calm and a confidence that all would be well.

As she walked homeward, after lingering long in that sacred spot, it seemed the whole world had changed. She recalled the words of the beautiful poem: "Lord, what a change within us one short hour

Spent in Thy presence doth avail to make;

What heavy burdens from our bosoms take;

What thirsty grounds refresh as with a shower;

We kneel and all about us seems to lower,
We rise and all the distant and the near
Stands forth in sunny outlines, brave and clear,

We kneel how much! We rise how full of power!"

The birds seemed to sing more sweetly, the sky seemed more deeply blue, the few fleecy clouds of purest white seemed fairer to look upon than ever before. She was confident things would be different. Just how even God could handle those boisterous, uncultured boys and girls, she did not know; but she had prevailed with God and she knew He would be her help. She found her heart going out in love for them, and she longed to be a help to these young souls.

When Monday morning came, Erma went early to the schoolroom; but, early as it was, Joe, Peter, and several other boys were there before. As she greeted them with a cheerful, "Good morning, boys," they returned her greeting in a way so different from their former attitude that she saw before her potential, courteous gentlemen. As the other pupils came, she sensed a change in their attitude and again there ran through her mind the words, "With God and with men." All day she seemed to sense the presence of the One whom Jacob had found that night, and whom she had found in a new and fuller sense the day before.

There were no disciplinary problems that day. A wholesome atmosphere of quiet and studious application to work seemed to have settled down upon the school.

The forenoon went quickly and pleasantly. As the pupils were dismissed, they went quietly out, with none of the jostling and crowding that was usually the order. The day was warm and most of the pupils ate their lunches outside. When Erma had seated herself to eat her own lunch, she lifted her heart in silent and grateful words of praise. Again there came to her mind the words, "With God and with men."

She had just finished eating when two men walked in the open door. She recognized Hiram Judson, the president of the school board, and Seth Bottom, the clerk. They were uncultured men and seemed somewhat embarrassed, but Erma

greeted them with a reassuring smile and asked them to be seated. They refused the offer however, and after clearing his throat a time or two, Mr. Bottom spoke. "We thought, Miss Miner, as how we'd just come over and have a word with ye. Yesterday evenin' I was thinkin' about ye quite a while. I know this isn't no easy school and I thought maybe ye was havin' a hard time sometimes; so I went and found Hi and told him I thought we'd better just come up, and tell ye that we're well satisfied with your work. Hi said as how he'd been feelin' the same way and so we came."

Mr. Judson added, "Yes, Miss Miner, the patrons are well pleased with their teacher, and the school board is with ye."

Erma could scarcely keep back the tears as she thanked the men. Still somewhat embarrassed they left with a cheerful "Good day" as they passed out the door.

The afternoon went by in the same even tenor and four o'clock found Erma with a freshness instead of the weariness which she had felt at the close of so many days. She stood in the door and cheerfully bade the different groups good night as they left. She noted Joe and Pete gathering their little group about them. They walked down the road a little distance, then stopped. Quickly she heard Joe's voice pitched for her ears to hear.

"What's the matter with Miss Miner?" and then came the answer in chorus, "She's all right."

"Who says so?"

"We all say so."

Struggling to keep back the tears, Erma turned to the work of sweeping. She was nearly done when she heard a step in the doorway and turned to see Lottie coming in. "What is it, Lottie?" asked Erma kindly.

Dangling her old sunbonnet on her finger, Lottie struggled to say what was on her heart. After quite a time she succeeded in saying, "Miss Miner, I've been real mean. I made the other girls say things and do things that were mean, and I—I—I lied to you about my pa. He always said I had to go back in the sixth grade, and just last week he said as how you was the best teacher the Westbrook school had had for a long time."

Lottie was sobbing violently by the time she had finished. Erma forgot she was teacher; forgot that Lottie was untidy and coarse of features. In an instant she had taken her penitent pupil in her arms and for some time it was hard to tell which was sobbing most.

As Erma knelt in prayer that night she found it difficult to find words, but there came sweeping through her mind

again the words of Mr. Graham's text, "With God and with men." — From *Light and Life Evangel*.

Ten Commandments For a Successful Y. P. E.

(Continued from page 15)

wife had just died. She was a loyal, helpful wife, but she had never heard her husband tell her he appreciated her loyalty, her sympathy, her helpfulness. And as she lay in her coffin, he wept for her. One of the neighbors remarked what a fine wife she had been and he replied, "She certainly was a grand wife, she helped me so much. I always meant to tell her how much she meant to me, but I never did get around to it." That impressed me a great deal. Always let a person know when you love and appreciate

him. It helps!

Attention, Gideons

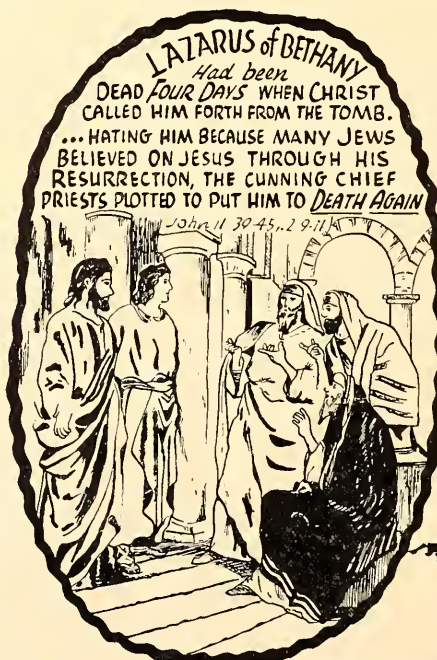
If you desire to change your order in any way or to discontinue, please let us know by the first of each month; otherwise, you will cause the bookkeepers a lot of trouble and I'm sure you do not want to do that, do you? Your cooperation will be appreciated.—Editor.

JULY ISSUE SPECIAL

The July issue will be dedicated to "Our boys in service." Don't fail to send in your offering to help us get them distributed.

BIBLICAL EYE-OPENERS

By C.M. TRUESDELL & DANA NORTH



STICKING UP THE HANDS
IS
REGARDED AS A
SIGN OF DEFEAT IN
MODERN AMERICA
BUT IT WAS A SIGN
OF VICTORY
FOR MOSES AND THE
ISRAELITES AS THEY
FOUGHT THE AMALEKITES
IN THE FAMOUS BATTLE AT
REPHIDIM
(Exodus 17:8-13)

FREEDOM for A TOOTH....

IF A HEBREW SLAVE-OWNER HAPPENED TO KNOCK OUT THE TOOTH OF A MALE OR FEMALE SLAVE WHILE BEATING THEM, THE SLAVE WENT FREE.

(Exodus 21:27)

NOTE: Bible reference for "Lazarus" is John 11:39-45, 12:9-11; for "Sticking Up Hands" is Exodus 17:8-13; for "Freedom For Tooth" is Exodus 21:27.

Letters From Our Training Camps

Dear Sister Harrison:

May the Lord bless you in your good work for the young people. I receive your Lighted Pathway and think it is a wonderful little paper. I receive many blessings from reading it.

I am a soldier in camp and a soldier for the Lord, too. We can be true to the Lord anywhere we are. I have been in camp fourteen months and would like to get closer to the Lord. We know it will not be long until He will call us home to be with Him in glory forever. That will be a great time for all who are ready to meet Him and a sad time for those who are not ready.

The Y. P. E. at Wichita Falls is a great blessing to me. I have been privileged to attend. Pray that I will be humble and true to the Lord.

I would enjoy receiving letters from any one who would care to write.—Pvt. John F. Chandler, Det 906, Qm Co. Aviation Service, Sheppard Field, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

I am a seaman. I read the Lighted Pathway and enjoy it very much. I am enclosing a dollar to help put the paper anywhere it is needed.—Lester Waldron, P. O. Box 405, Gulf of Mexico.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have just been reading some in the Lighted Pathway and it surely seems good to read this kind of literature.

I have been in the Army almost a week and I seem more homesick for heaven than ever before. Pray for me that I will stay true and live for Jesus wherever I may go.

There is another Christian boy in the same tent with me and I feel the Lord placed him here.

I am enclosing \$5.00 to send the Lighted Pathway to other Army camps as the Lord may direct you. I would not want to be without the Lighted Pathway.—Pvt. Virgil Worm, Co. F., 103rd Med. Tng. Bn. 3 Platoon, Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Little Rock, Ark.

Dear Sister Harrison:

May the Lord bless you for the great work you are doing for the soldier boys.

I have been a reader of the Lighted Pathway for two years. I always read your "Editor's Message" first.

I am a Christian and a member of the Church of God at Port Arthur, Tex. It is hard to live a Christian life in the Army, so please pray that I will stand true to the Lord.—Pvt. Alvin Gouner, Btry. "A" 65th Armd. F. A. Bn., Vic-

tory Division, A. P. O. 255, Camp Cooke, Calif.

The Lighted Pathway Energetically Serving as Chaplain in U. S. Army

For several weeks different friends and members of the Church of God have been following the example set by the North Cleveland church in sending in money for rolls to be sent to the Army and Navy bases. Subscriptions to boys in the Army are also doing multiple duty. Testimony of its blessing is borne by letters from chaplains all over the nation. Read a letter to the Lighted Pathway editor by Chaplain William H. Myers:

Annette Island, Alaska
April 6, 1942

Alda B. Harrison
Cleveland, Tennessee
Dear Sister Harrison:

I am chaplain in the U. S. Army, a minister in the Bible Presbyterian Church, and since coming to this post in February, it has been a pleasure to work among the men here, and from time to time copies of The Lighted Pathway have been given me by Private Clyde F. Barnett, a member of your church and this command. The papers are eagerly received and read by the men as they are distributed in the hospital, etc.

Please pray for the men in the armed forces of their country, for the chaplains who are your representatives among the men, and for those who are standing for the truth of the gospel, for they of necessity need an abundance of grace.

May God continue to manifest His power in your work and ministry. Remaining

Yours in service,
William H. Myers,
Chaplain U. S. Army.

Those wishing to help in keeping this silent chaplain in the camps may do so by sending your contribution to the Lighted Pathway Army and Navy Fund. Every dollar you send will be used to place the Lighted Pathway in the camps and due credit will be given in a column of each month's issue of the Lighted Pathway.

Dear Sir:

We acknowledge with gratitude the receipt of fourteen copies of your publication, The Lighted Pathway. These copies were distributed among the chaplains at Camp Davis with the notation that they might address your office for additional copies. May we thank you for the interest you have shown in the well-

being of the soldiers stationed at our camp. — Sincerely yours, Alex von Schlichten, Camp Davis, N. C.

Dear Sirs:

We wish to express our thanks for your kindness in sending us these magazines for the soldiers' use in Camp Croft.

They have already been distributed among the men for their use.—Sincerely yours, Harry H. Gregory, Camp Chaplain, Camp Croft, S. C.

Dear Sirs:

I wish to acknowledge the receipt of the fourteen copies of the Lighted Pathway, a monthly periodical, printed for and in the interest of young people.

The chaplains on their rounds to the hospital, guard house, and recreational centers can make good use of religious periodicals. May I assure you that these magazines will be distributed in such a manner that they will be available to the maximum number of men.—Truly yours, James T. Wilson, Chaplain, U. S. A., Post Chaplain, Fort Eustis, Va.

Dear Sirs:

This is to acknowledge that we have received fourteen copies of the Lighted Pathway, your monthly periodical, printed for and in the interest of young people. The proper distribution of these papers has been made and we thank you for your courtesy.—Respectfully, J. H. Larson, Post Chaplain, Fort Crockett, Tex.

My dear Sirs:

This is to acknowledge receipt of forty-two copies of the May issue of the Lighted Pathway as a donation to the Protestant men of this Post. These will be carefully distributed to make the greatest use possible.

Please believe that this generous effort on your part is greatly appreciated. If any members of your staff pass this way they are invited to visit us.—Respectfully yours, Silas E. Decker, Ph. D., Capt., Chaplain Corps, The Post Chaplain, Scott Field, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Thank you for the copies of The Lighted Pathway. We will see that they are distributed among the men of this camp.—Sincerely yours, W. E. King, asst., Division Chaplain, 45 Inf. Division, Camp Barkeley, Tex.

Dear Sister Harrison:

My father and I read in the Lighted Pathway about sending money so the boys
(Continued on page 23)

Bible Lessons

Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

Topic: Children, Obey Your Parents

ALDA B. RANKIN McLENDON

Scripture: Ephesians 6:1-3.

Thoughts for the Leader

All through the Bible we are given scriptures concerning how to live, telling us the things we should do and the things we should not do. Some of these are given to us as commandments, warning us of the dangers in failing to obey and telling us of the gracious promises if we do obey them. These scriptures pertain, not only to the adult, but, to the child as well, for scripture after scripture is given us concerning the child. Too often we consider the teaching of the Scripture to the small child too lightly, thinking he is too young to grasp the meaning of the Bible, but God in His infinite Word does not consider them so, for He speaks definitely to the children. In this lesson we wish to consider such a scripture, trusting that it will help us to realize more clearly the need of teaching the Word of God to the child, that he may know the truth and be enabled to live his life from the beginning in the way God intended him to live and be privileged to share in the blessedness of such a life

and escape many of the dangers which he would otherwise have been unable to escape.

God only knows what Christian training will mean to the children about us, to your child, to my child, or to our neighbor's child. After all, it is our duty to help them, for these little ones are dependent on us, looking unto us with tender hearts, eager to know the way for their little feet to go. They will be the men and women of tomorrow who will have to shoulder the great responsibilities that lie ahead. Will they be prepared? If not, whose fault will it be? Can we say we have lived the right life before them and taught them in the way they should go? If we can, we will have cause to rejoice, but if not, we will have much to regret. God grant that this study together may enable us to think more clearly and act while we still have time and opportunity.

Children, Obey Your Parents

In our scripture lesson we find that the child is told to obey his parents. The child from the very beginning should be taught obedience. The story has been told of a mother who inquired as to when to begin to make her child mind and in reply was asked the age of the child. When the mother answered around one year old she was told she had waited too long to start. True it is that often we wait too late to start and because of our failure suffer much that could have been avoided if the child from the beginning had been taught to obey. The tiny little infant is often spoiled and how often we have heard someone say of the small meddlesome child that is beginning to toddle about, "Oh, he is just at the age to get into everything and I am ashamed to take him any place." Such a parent is acknowledging that the child is the boss and that the child doesn't obey him. The child is not responsible, for he is dependent on that parent to teach him and instruct him as to what he can have and the things he must not have and no parent can expect a child to obey him away from home when he is not taught to obey at home. Our heavenly Father teaches us the way and if we fail to obey we suffer for it and after we suffer we often decide it is far easier to obey. So it is with the child, if the parent makes disobedience unpleasant for the child he is likely to learn that obedience is the happier way for him.

In the Lord

We also learn from our scripture lesson that there is a condition concerning obedience to parents. Children are told to obey their parents in the Lord. We all know there are ungodly parents who would require things of a child that are contrary to the Word of God. There are even those who would forbid their chil-

dren becoming Christians, which is against the scriptures. In such cases the child would be forced to disobey the parents. The child should obey the parents if he can do so and still obey God, but never to the standpoint of disobeying God, for it is unto God we must give account of our lives and truly we cannot afford to disobey Him.

For This Is Right

God always makes the way so plain and we are told why the child should obey the parents. The Bible says that it is right for the child to obey the parents in the Lord. There isn't anyone but what appreciates a child who obeys his parents. People notice a child who is obedient and love him, but they also notice a disobedient child and it is hard to love him. So parents who fail to teach their children obedience are certainly making it hard for their children as well as themselves. Some parents think it is mistreating the child to punish him, but listen to what the Scripture says regarding punishing the child. In Proverbs 13:24, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." Again in Proverbs 22:15, "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him," and in Proverbs 23:13, "Withhold not correction from the child: for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell."

Of course, God intended that we should use wisdom in punishing a child and any parent should seek God's guidance always in bringing up his children. It truly seems we are living in a day when the greater per cent of parents are falling far short in the discipline of their children. There will come a day in the lives of children who have had good Christian parents who have taught them obedience when they will look back with appreciation on their parents. Children who are not taught obedience in their own home are not happy and have to suffer for it when they start to school and have to face the problems that lie before them in preparing themselves to take over the duties that await them as men and women. Truly the child is fortunate who has parents who teach him obedience at home.

The Result of Obedience

"Honor thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise; That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth." This is a wonderful promise and as we are told is the first commandment with promise. What a responsibility every parent has in making it possible for his children to partake of this gracious promise. Every child is brought into this world so de-

pendent upon his parents to teach him the right way, which is obedience, and the parent who fails will, no doubt, have to reap a sad harvest. There are some who pity the child who is punished for disobedience, but the one they should pity is the one who is not punished, for he is the one who needs our sympathy. God grant that parents everywhere may get their eyes open to the truth set forth in God's Word that their children may be privileged to enjoy the blessing given the children who obey. When the reaping day comes how glad we will be that we had a part in making it possible for our children to reap a bountiful harvest that it may be well with them and that they may live long on the earth.

Topic: **The Two Adams**

Scriptures: 1 Cor. 15:45-49.

Paul tells us of the two Adams and we find by studying the Word of God just what each brought to mankind.

The first Adam, the progenitor and representative head of our race was formed of the dust of the ground and made a living soul by the Creator's breath. He, alone of all the beings on earth, was made "in the image and likeness of God" with reason, conscience, the faculty of knowing, loving and communing with God, and was the greatest and last work of creation and received dominion over all that the earth contained. That he might not be alone, God provided Eve as a helpmeet for him. They dwelt in the garden of Eden, complete in physical, mental and spiritual endowment, yet were liable to sin. From this holy, happy estate, Adam fell by breaking the express command of God through the temptation of Satan and the compliance of Eve and thus brought the curse upon himself and his posterity. This curse included, not only physical labor and toil on a barren and thorny earth, but also death and exposure of the soul of man, the nobler part, to everlasting punishment.

Let us note a few of the evils the first Adam gave to mankind.

Sin

Rom. 5:12-15

Through Adam's disobedience he brought the entire human race under the curse of sin, and, with Eve, was driven out of the Garden of Eden and from its tree of life, and reduced to a life of painful toil. His happiness was further embittered by witnessing the fruits of his fall in his posterity. Cain, his first-born son, and Abel, the second, born in the likeness of their fallen parents, were ere long lost to them—the one slain, the other a fugitive. Read Gen. 4:1-8.

Sickness

2 Sam. 12:14, 15

The sickness of David's son was sent

as a retribution and was the result of David's sin. Disease and all forms of sickness have been upon the human body down to the present time and is a part of the curse inherited from Adam's transgression.

Sorrow

2 Cor. 7:10

Worldly sorrow is a sorrow occasioned by worldly troubles and carnal considerations which the apostle says worketh death; yet many are made to bow beneath a heavy burden and become despondent and sad because they know they know not the cure for their sorrows and woes. While at other times, it is caused by the loss of loved ones or by having to witness the sinful lives of those we know. The curse of sorrow placed upon Adam and Eve still exists today, Gen. 2:16, 19.

Strife

Gen. 13:7-12

What was the result of the strife between these herdsmen? Who was the victor and why? Has strife ever ceased? Why is it such a dominant feature of the national and political world? When will it be conquered? Obliterated?

Selfishness

Esther 6:4-10

Tell the story of Haman and what the result of his selfishness was. Do we have any people of that type today? Why is it as detrimental to our welfare? Paul, in writing to Timothy, tells us that in the last days men would be lovers of themselves, 2 Tim. 3:1, 2. This curse seems to be spreading even among the people who profess to know God; it is contagious, but there is a remedy if people will accept it.

Pride

1 John 2:16

Pride seems to be one of the ruling passions of today, not only among the world but has broken into the ranks of Christianity. God wants us to have pride enough to live clean, pure, upright lives, but not the kind of pride that envelops our hearts and leads our souls to destruction.

Name some Bible characters who were punished for their pride.

Eternal Death

Rom. 6:23

Not only was death to the physical body given by man's fall but eternal death and woe to the soul of man, and it was for this that sovereign grace interposed and a Savior was revealed to mankind.

Some facts in regard to sin:

1. It is destructive.
2. It brings sorrow and woe.
3. It is incurable by man.
4. It will exclude us from heaven.
5. Promises nothing but death.

Other subtopics can be added with scriptures by the leader and given out for discussion. Study the second Adam next week.

Topic: **The Second Adam**

1 Cor. 15:45-49

The Redeemer is called the second Adam, as being the head of the spiritual seed and the source of righteousness and life to all believers, as the first Adam was the source of sin and death to all posterity. Christ came, suffered and died, and all who come to Him in penitence and faith and accept His love and mercy can avoid the threatened death and obtain the promises of eternal life. All that man lost through the fall of the first man Adam, we find in the second man Adam, or the Christ of glory. Christ alone is without sin, 2 Cor. 5:21, and to be our sacrifice He must be without sin. Our justification before God came through this perfect sacrifice. Zech. 13:1 tells of the fountain opened for cleansing and we can plunge beneath the crimson tide and have the stain of sin washed away. Let us note some things Christ gave us in comparison.

Salvation

Matt. 1:21

Salvation means deliverance. In Exodus 14:13 it is used as a temporal deliverance, but as the spiritual deliverance from sin and death through the Redeemer is a far greater salvation and implies eternal life and happiness in the kingdom of our Lord. Salvation through the blood of Christ is the only cure for sin and the only way that sin can be eradicated from our hearts. There is a security found in Christ that is unmovable and is called the rock of our salvation.

Healing

Matt. 4:23, 24

Jesus came for the purpose of redeeming the souls of men, yet there was provision made in the atonement for the healing of the body as well. Isa. 53:5, "But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed." There are today many people who are standing firm on the promise of God to heal and will trust Him until the end. It is wonderful to know our Savior can reach out with His divine touch and compassion and allay our sufferings and make us rejoice more and more as we trust Him. (Here some experience in divine healing or some instances you know about would be helpful and probably would encourage some weaker brother or sister to trust God more.)

Joy

Isa. 53:3, 4; 61:3

Did you ever have a burden of sorrow

that seemed to crush you down and after talking to Jesus you felt the load lifted and you could smile and rejoice once more? Well, Jesus was a man of sorrows and He just carries our load when it is too heavy for us. We would not have so many needless pangs of sorrow or pangs of regret if we carried them to the throne of grace oftener. The heavenly Father has promised us joy as we travel along life's pathway, and John 15:10-11 tells us as we abide in Christ so shall we have joy and love abiding in our hearts. We can be fully equipped to fight the battles of life that assail us and to stem the tide of sorrow and woe, if we keep our faith and love anchored in Jesus and His power to save.

Peace

John 14:27; Phil. 4:7

What a contrast between the life of peace and one filled with strife! Was not the message of the angels to the Bethlehem shepherds one of "peace"? Is the Christ we serve able to still the raging tempest of doubt and fear and give us peace in our souls? Yes, He is more than able and will guide our feet in the way of peace, Luke 1:79, and keep all we commit unto Him. He not only speaks peace to the soul of man but He is coming back again to reign when the curse will be lifted and there will be universal peace upon the earth for one thousand years. Isa. 2:3, 4; 11:1-9; Rev. 20:2. Only the faithful and true will be permitted to enjoy this blissful peace with Christ, and while we have the time and opportunity we should be ready and willing to serve Christ and ready to partake of all future blessings.

Self-Denial

Rom. 15:3; Phil. 2:1-7

Christ, in obedience to the will of God, gives to us the beautiful lesson on self-denial. Matt. 16:24 says, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." Just as Christ's life was one of complete renunciation, so must we too live free from the sordid things of life and keep our hearts open to the voice of Jesus, denying ourselves as we carry our cross daily for Him. Thus, by precept and example we can radiate spiritual life and power and lead others to follow the Christ of Calvary.

Humility

Matt. 18:4; Phil. 2:8

The sweet lesson of humility is one of the greatest we can learn and will always bring victory and joy to our souls, if we live humble before God. Jesus said, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted," and if we stay humble and do the little humble tasks assigned to us, keep humble in heart and strive to do God's will, He will exalt us in due time, giving us the reward we merit.

Eternal Life

Rom. 6:2, 23

The source of eternal life will be found in John 3:16. This signifies the gift of God was prompted by His love for the fallen state of men. Thus, it behooved Christ to suffer and die on Calvary for our redemption, then come forth from the tomb, giving to us the promise of eternal life and the hope of the resurrection. What a sacrifice He made, and at what a fearful cost the redemption of man was purchased; and where would the Christian be today without this Christ of glory and His love and care? Only those who are faithful and true will be the recipients of eternal life, so if we expect to live with Jesus throughout eternity and enjoy the bliss of heaven, we will have to be a constant follower of Him who said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

Topic: The Lighted Pathway

(PAPER PROGRAM)

Thoughts for the Leader

We are using the Lighted Pathway this month. It is our guide and assistant for all our programs, and we have so much good in it besides our program material that we are using the paper as a whole to inspire the young people to read it more, and not only read it more, but really enjoy it more by hearing the different reasons why others have been blessed by the articles, stories, poems, or messages. Perhaps one of you has been particularly touched by the poetry and others do not enjoy poetry very much, and when that one who enjoys it so much recites it beautifully for us in this program it will make us appreciate it more. Then we are going to have some of the questions that are being asked, answered about this paper and get right into the very heart of it in open discussion, so that if anybody doesn't know of its value, he will when we are through with this meeting. The Bible says, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Now, that is what we are expecting to do in this service, dwell together in unity on the subject of "The Lighted Pathway." If we are all together with our minds centered on these good things brought to us by the printed page, how pleasant and how good the result will be from our efforts to gain interest in the reading of it.

Always appoint a good, enthusiastic friend of the Lighted Pathway as leader of this meeting. This program may be used for the Father's Day program, using the Father's Day poems.

Note to the Leader

About a week beforehand give out slips of paper to the different members with questions below on them and have them to be ready with a good answer

or several answers, if there needs to be any discussion on the subject; or let each one on the program discuss the page he likes best. Be sure to make everybody feel free to express himself. You can do this if you feel at home and free yourself and offer discussion when they are through. In a schoolroom everybody asks questions and they are all thrashed out to the satisfaction of the whole class, and not just one side of a question. So, make everybody feel at home in these meetings and discuss freely the subjects brought up. Questions like these are good to hand out to your members.

Do you feel while reading the Editor's Message in the Lighted Pathway that it is written to you?

Do you know what is meant by the Inner Circle Page? Is it for Christians of long standing or new converts or both?

Has anything particularly been a blessing to you personally on the page for the Tempted and Tried? Isn't it a fact that Christians who want to be soul winners can get good helps from the Personal Evangelism Page?

Are you interested in the Children's Page? Why are you interested in keeping the paper in your Endeavor's hands? What are you individually doing in order to do this?

If you need other questions about other pages in the paper, think up some good ones and add to this list. However, this list is probably about as long as you will have time to discuss. Be sure to have some good reader to recite some of the good poems in the service.

We are using the letter below to bring out the thought of this lesson.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I certainly enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway and the March issue was exceptionally good.

We have a fine band of young people and they are ready to do anything they are asked to do. Our president is Sister T. F. Blackwell, and truly she is a good one.

We have on the Red and Blue contest, and on March 8 our side was in charge of the program.

As I was reading the March issue of the Lighted Pathway, I listed what I got from the paper and read it to our Y. P. E. Brother Blackwell, our pastor, liked it so well he asked me to send it to you for publication. So here it is:

First, Sister Harrison's message is just like a mother sitting down with her children and having a heart to heart talk.

Some of our young people may say, "I don't read a religious paper, I read stories." But I read stories in our Lighted Pathway. We have a very interesting story called "The Vision."

The Lighted Pathway does not forget the children. They have a page and real good stories are found there. It is not only good for children but for every one who will read it.

It would be well for the fathers and mothers to read the Lighted Pathway. They might get some thoughts to help with their children and not be as this mother in the March issue. She was trying to reform other people while her own child was roaming the streets.

If you are discouraged, read the page "Helps for the Tempted and Tried," and the "Treasured Gleanings" for the ministers and Christian workers are good for others also.

The story, "It Was You." Can anyone say to you, It was you who inspired me to be a Christian?

"From London Slums to Evangelism," oh, how I enjoyed that and am looking forward to next month's issue to see how it ends.

I enjoyed the story, "I Wonder If They Mean It." Then "Personal Evangelism." I wonder how many of us young people today are talking and explaining the way of salvation to our chums.

Then there is the Exchange, Hymn Stories, Sinner's Page, and last, "Anne's New Thrill." I really enjoyed that and wondered how many of us would choose Christ instead of a movie contract.

There are so many good things in the Lighted Pathway. I wish every youth in the U. S. A. could read it.—*Louise Loker, Sesser, Ill.*

Letters From Our Training Camps

(Continued from page 19)

in army camps could have the paper. We are sending one dollar for this cause. We are praying that this will do good and save some boy's soul, and we believe it will.—*Alice Stanka, Prague, Okla.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

Please find enclosed two dollars to send the Lighted Pathway to the Army camps. I think this is just another great work of the Church of God.

Thank God for men and women who make the Church of God what it is and may this be the greatest year we have had.—*Minnie B. Rice, Searcy, Ark.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am sending in a small offering of one dollar to be used for sending out Lighted Pathways to the Army camps.

I think the Lighted Pathway is a wonderful little paper and I always get one each month. When I finish reading it, I send it to a friend to read.—*Mrs. Claude Simmons, Lynch, Ky.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

Enclosed is a small offering of one

dollar to send the Lighted Pathway to the Army camps.

I have been a reader of the Lighted Pathway for about four years and surely enjoy it. I can hardly wait for it to come each time.

Pray earnestly that my husband will be saved, also for a special unspoken request.—*Mrs. Josephine Parks, Bastian, Va.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

It is a splendid idea to send the Lighted Pathways to the Army camps and I hope enough will be sent in to send papers to every camp in America.

I am enclosing one dollar for this fund. Please send a roll where it is most needed.

I have a brother and many friends in the Army.—*Annie Jones, Desloge, Mo.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

The Biltmore Church of God young people's class wishes to contribute one dollar in helping to send the Lighted Pathway to the boys in army camps.

May God help every Y. P. E. and Sunday school to get a vision of this great work.

May He richly reward you for your service to the young people.—*Mae Vess, 67 Waneca Ave., Biltmore, N. C.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

Enclosed find two dollars for the Lighted Pathway to be sent in the army camps. I think it is wonderful work and I want to have a part in it.—*Mrs. William Harvey, Jr., East New Market, Md.*

Others who have contributed to the fund are as follows:

Mrs. Flora Goins, Y. P. E. superintendent of Iowa, \$5.00.

Mrs. George Farris, Olla, La., 40c.

H. T. Statum, state superintendent of Y. P. E. and Sunday schools of Alabama, \$16.60.

Mary V. Banning, Greenwood, Del., \$2.50.

Edith (Brous) Stone, Paris, Tex., \$5.90.

Emily Seabolt, Chicago, Ill., \$1.00.

Olive Ledford, Gid, Ark., \$2.00.

Father's Day Message

(Continued from page 2)

as on many other occasions, trying to entrap our Lord with their cunning and crafty questions; but Jesus, being neither a coward nor a dummy, gave answers which were not only fearless but also faultless. Not many things ever fell from His lips of more importance in their bearing upon the welfare of the human race than these words. Therefore, we consider some reasons for these divine ordi-

nances.

First, fathers are to avoid provoking their children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and the children are to obey their father because the *welfare of the home* depends upon their pursuit of this course of action. The chief thing in life is happiness, and the two chief conditions to be met or fulfilled in securing and maintaining happiness are: first, old-time religion that works a change in heart and life and, second, material improvement. Let the love which binds the hearts of father and children in this relation be pure, generous, and unselfish, and the happiness which follows will be great, abiding, and satisfying, indeed. Only a home in a better world will be greater. These ordinances are plain paths of duty, and they always lead the father and children in safe and joyful ways, whatever they may be, providing whatever is done by both will be performed because of duty's sake. There is no other way than that of adhering to God's order for youth and father to make safe material improvement—mind you, I said *safe material improvement*. It is true that millions improve greatly in material things but at the cost of higher and holier and more valuable things—the blessings of salvation. Someone has said that the home is a school, and the father is, or should be, the principal. (God expects this.) It is here that youth and father grow unto each other, overcoming or ridding themselves of selfishness and harmonizing their peculiarities, thereby becoming more and more one in thought, sympathy, desire, and purpose. However, this can be realized only when there is much self-denial and crucifixion of the will, casting out of resentment, anger, and pride. It is true here, as in other matters related to happiness, that he who would save his life must lose it, and he who would lose his life shall find it.

Pray tell me in what way a father could more profitably lose his life than in his children? The same applies to the youth's losing his life in his father. In what way could he honor his father more than by assisting him to be a better Christian and by adding to his material improvement? Only heaven has a record of all men who have found their strongest appeal and also their greatest urge to action in their family. Multitudes of youths have been saved from a life of vice and crime because of the regard they held for their fathers. By this regard or esteem they honor their parents. How many owe their success in life, and even that which is noblest in their character, to the inspiring and restraining influence of their fathers? By their success and good character they honor him. A failure to be noble and true in char-

acter is to dishonor thy father. Oh, it is blessed when we can find parent and child who associate their most pleasant thoughts and happiest hours with the time they have made use of in conforming to these ordinances. If there was no other reason given under heaven for these rules other than their relation to the welfare of the home, that would be good and sufficient grounds for God's giving them and the observation of them by father and child. As I watch the coming, growing, and going forth of my children, I am made to realize that human welfare extends further than our homes. Here we are led to consider the second reason.

The second reason for these rules for the youth and father is their relation to the welfare of the Church — yes, the Church which embraces these ordinances as coming from its Head. The influence of the Church and its usefulness in the community, and even in the world, depend largely upon the state of the homes from which its membership is made up. God's glory depends upon the virtues and ideals of Christ being manifested in the Church; and when the youth and father go to church together and take part in worship, prayer, praise and song, and perform those deeds of kindness which make the burdens of others lighter, they have manifested to the world God's idea of a church. Outside of the Holy Ghost the father will find the Church to be his greatest aid in carrying out his part of the bargain, and the father who respects the Church certainly deserves the honor of his children. On the other hand, the boy or girl whose understanding of the Church is proper and who is grateful for the privilege of abiding by its teachings will be respected and honored by the Church.

Dear boys and girls, remember that your parents are the ones who have brought the Church down to you and who have suffered and sacrificed to construct buildings. The Young People's Endeavor came into existence through their efforts, and it has been nourished by their support. When you keep your young people's organization above the world and free from evil, you are honoring your father; to fail to do so will be to your discredit and to their grief. But human welfare does not end with the Church, and this leads us to consider the third reason.

The third reason for these ordinances is their relation to the welfare of the state, social order, peace, confidence, and freedom. The preservation of democracies and the furtherance of Christianity is impossible when these principles are held in light esteem. I am convinced that the wave of evil which has swept the world to its present confusion, perplexity,

and wholesale destruction of life and property is the result of neglect and even outright rejection by father and youth of God's order for home, Church, and state; and by such disregard for divine ideals they stand guilty of letting down the bars to unchristian and un-American influences which have brought shame within our national borders, apostasy to the churches, and sorrow and grief to the home, the result being that millions of fathers and multiplied millions of youths must reap the fruit of their doings. Even now we are reminded by a Voice always worth heeding that by lax home, Church, and state rules and a tolerance of a spirit of contempt for discipline, we fathers and our children are in some sense aiding in, and will be held responsible for, the growth of human misery. Boys and girls, just think, every word and act of yours which reject God's order, dishonor your fathers, and become a gift to human misery are a blight to your own lives and a spot in the Church and tend to disqualify you for useful citizenship.

Fathers, let us bear in mind and forget not that failure on our part to carry out Ephesians 6:1-4 means that we are untrue to God and our home and indifferent toward the welfare of our children, Church, and nation. Boys and girls, you must never become so absorbed in your ambitions and pursuits that you will not give attention to the cravings of your father's heart. To starve his heart would be worse than to starve his body.

Many times when my burdens have been heavy and the problems of life perplexing and almost distressing, I would go home with a load almost too heavy to bear. There I would be met with the pleasant, affectionate smiles of a loving companion and children, and it seems that I can feel now that great happiness that rolled over my soul. Prayers were made which reached to heaven, the burdens were lifted, and with an eye of faith I would see my way out. All of these things are not lost to me. They have been safely kept in some secret place of my memory, and today they appear with a beauty brighter than ever. God clearly intends these blessings for every youth and every father, and when such prevail in a home, fewer will be the prodigals who go astray. As youths grow to manhood and womanhood with the love of God in their hearts and the law of God in their lives, honoring their fathers, their homes become small churches within their own houses. This is truly a training place for better service to the state.

In conclusion, dear girls and boys, when the great day of reckoning comes, hundreds of millions will be found guilty of gambling with human welfare, with

the happiness of their fathers, with the influence and usefulness of the Church, and with the safety and welfare of their country.

May you stand among the number of those to whom our Master will say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Even though death has brought sadness and separation, and the head of the family has long since gone on to his reward, may your happiness be complete when you shall again meet and greet the grand old fellow that you called "Dad"!

When Sankey Sang the Gospel

(Continued from page 12)

close of the meeting the evangelist hailed him: "Where are you from? Are you married? What is your business?" Almost before the surprised Sankey could answer came the blunt reply: "You will have to give that up. I have been looking for you for the past eight years."

Sankey demurred. Next day he received a card from Moody asking him to meet him at six o'clock that evening on a certain street corner. At the time appointed Sankey was on hand with several friends. Moody came along. Without stopping to speak he hurried into a store, asked for a box, rolled it out into the street, and told Sankey to climb up and sing. A crowd of working men gathered and Moody took the improvised pulpit. He spoke for half an hour, then announced that the meeting would be continued in the Opera House. With Sankey in the lead singing "Shall We Gather at the River?" the impromptu audience marched to the auditorium.

This was enough to convince the singer that here was a man whom the Lord was using and a man with whom He apparently wanted him to work. He joined Moody in his Chicago church. All went well until the Chicago fire in the fall of the next year. Then all evidence of the work of the two men was wiped away. Greatly disheartened Sankey was on the verge of returning to his old job. Then one day he visited a hovel that had been raised on the ruins of the fire, where he found one of his Sunday school pupils on the point of death.

"How is it with you today?" asked the singer.

"It's all right with me," replied the girl, "but I wish you would speak to my father."

"But are you a Christian?" insisted Sankey.

"Do you remember last Thursday when you had that singing meeting and you sang, 'Jesus Loves Even Me'? It was then I believed on the Lord Jesus, and now I am going to be with Him."

This indication that the Lord was using his singing proved just the encour-

agement Sankey needed to continue his evangelistic work; and thus the second important crisis in his life was passed. Immediately on its heels came the third. Moody had asked Sankey to accompany him on an evangelistic tour of Great Britain; but the offer was vague, for Moody himself lived by faith and didn't know where the next dollar was coming from. Then along came Philip Phillips, popular evangelistic singer of the day, with a tangible offer of good wages and traveling expenses. Undecided, Sankey sought the advice of friends. Their counsel was that to go with another singer would mean that disagreement might arise, but if he stuck with Moody there could be none, for he would have the whole say concerning music. Sankey stuck.

The revival in Great Britain is a story in itself. Here both the singer and the evangelist came to full power in the Spirit. The revolutionary tactics of both were unheard of in stolid British circles. Where once the audiences were accustomed only to the twang of the tuning fork and the chant of the century-old version of the Psalms as set to music by Rouse, Sankey introduced the cabinet organ and solo singing. There was opposition, but in the end Sankey set Great Britain singing—so much so that Lord Shaftsbury said that if Sankey had done no more than teach the people to sing the hymn, "Hold the Fort," he had conferred an inestimable benefit on the British Empire.

Sankey returned to America in 1875, and during the next fifteen years enjoyed the heyday of his singing career. With Evangelist Moody he attacked the "citadels of Satan": Brooklyn, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago—averaging three meetings a day, with prayer meetings and singing services thrown in for good measure. Next came a sally into hamlets of New England: Burlington and Montpelier in Vermont; Concord and Manchester in New Hampshire; Providence, R. I.; Springfield, Mass.; Hartford and New Haven in Connecticut. Everywhere it was the same story: "Moody will preach the gospel; Sankey will sing the gospel," and everywhere the method was effective; converts multiplied by the thousands.

In 1883 Sankey again visited Britain with Moody. Although their early success was hardly equaled this time, the Americans did cut a wide swath in the religious history of the British Isles. Mission and evangelistic societies were founded in the wake of this tour.

Returning to America, Sankey appeared both with Moody and in singing services of his own throughout the country. A trip to Palestine with Moody in 1898, and another tour, alone, of Great

Britain in 1899, however, proved the undoing of the singer. He failed in health. Calamity was added to misfortune late in the same year when Moody, his partner of thirty years, passed away. Sankey was never the same after his death. He sang but little. Then he went blind. He dictated his biography in 1906 and 1907, but for the most part—cheerfully enough—waited for his Home Call. It came August 14, 1908.

What was the secret of Sankey's success? In the first place he was a musician by nature, as a single illustration proves. One day in Scotland, while traveling by train between engagements, Sankey picked up a newspaper. He noticed a poem and read it to Moody, who in preoccupation, shook his head in disapproval. Sankey dropped the paper, then picked it up, tore out the piece, and stuffed it into his vest pocket. Several hours later in Edinburgh Moody preached on the Good Shepherd. At the close he asked Sankey for a solo on the subject. Stumped, Sankey started toward the organ. Suddenly he remembered the poem, dug it out of his pocket, propped it up before him, and felt out the melody for "The Ninety and Nine" as he sang. It was this same melody that placed the song among the most widely sung Christian songs.

In addition Sankey possessed an unusual voice. It had, according to one who heard him, "especially in the middle tones, a peculiar sympathetic sweetness that steals into the heart and mysteriously unlocks a fountain of tears." Most important, Sankey had a purpose in singing: to lead his listeners to Christ. He exploited his voice to accomplish that purpose. Thus, another contemporary writes, "He sings with the conviction that souls are receiving Jesus between one note and another."

A theory of Sankey's, little known today, was that the most effective singing was done by the audience. He insisted that the solo purpose of organ and choir was to stimulate such singing. During a lecture on Christian music he was once asked, "Do you recommend solo singing?" He quickly replied, "Not as a rule." Looking back now it appears reasonably clear that Sankey was the exception that proved his own rule.—*The Sunday School Times*, Sept. 21, 1940.

The Prodigal's Father

(Continued from page 11)

asked for a piece of cheese. How's that for twentieth century enlightenment? These are the people we are trying to reach. In the little camps scattered all over the mountain sides are men and women absolutely without God, without hope in the world. For these I plead.

"We need more money to carry on this

work. Won't you help me? Surely as you give, it shall be measured to you again, full measure, heaped up, running over. There are whole sections in our state where there are no places of worship and yet the people are there rough-hand, toil-beaten, fighting the alkali and the aridness and the heat for their daily bread and they have souls and are crying to us for help."

He went on to speak, finished, and sat down. There was a collection. Uncle William put in all he had, a dollar or two, but as he went home he was thinking. There was a hundred dollars he had laid by. Could he spare it? Would he? He went to bed that night still wondering deeply. Finally, in the gray of the morning, he arose and opened his Bible. It happened to fall open at the sixty-second chapter of Isaiah and Uncle William read these words:

"For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." "As a lamp that burneth."

Perhaps his money might be that, and then, as he read the verse again, he made the sacrifice.

In the morning he sent for the young minister.

"Here is one hundred dollars," he said, slipping it into his hand. "My heart was so touched by your words no sleep came to me last night. Take it and use it."

"God bless you," cried the young man, grasping his hand. "Only this morning I've a letter from a man in one of my districts begging for help. They want a new church. I shall use this one hundred dollars in starting it."

The young preacher went back to his work. Uncle William occupied himself with his, and the incident was closed; but several months after that Uncle William received a letter. It was from the state secretary.

"Dear Mr. Markham," it ran. "The one hundred dollars you gave me encouraged our board so much that we built that church. In one of the first meetings held here there was a young man converted. It was your son. Are not God's ways past finding out?"

Beneath the signature of the young state secretary were these words, blotted as with tears: "Father, forgive me; I am coming home. Harry."—*The Home Herald*, in *Christ's Ambassadors*.

JULY ISSUE SPECIAL

The July issue will be dedicated to "Our boys in service." Don't fail to send in your offering to help us get them distributed.

Untalented Sylvia

BESSIE M. POTBURY

It was nearing the close of the "friendly evening" as Dr. Johnson called it, the evening when all the young people were invited to the minister's study for a heart-to-heart talk. Dr. Johnson liked the quiet evenings with his younger flock, but of all the group there was no one who seemed as interested as Sylvia Anderson. She always sat with her eyes riveted upon the minister, as if she feared she might miss something he had meant for her. But this evening the minister looked at the young girl several times as he neared the close of his talk for her eyes were downcast.

He had been speaking of the talents the young folk possessed and urging them to use them to the glory of God. Perhaps that was why he had asked that an old favorite of his might be sung at the close.

*"It's true that the Lord needs you,
Go forth, He will help you through,
Enlist for the right, press on to the fight,
For surely the Lord needs you."*

As the last strains died away, he turned to Sylvia with the abrupt question, "Do you believe it?" Just as abruptly the girl answered, "No."

Immediately every eye in the room was turned upon the blushing girl who would have scurried away under the bookcase out of sight, if it could have been possible.

"Why, Sylvia!" came from a dozen different ones in the room, including the minister himself.

"I know that sounds dreadful," she tried to explain, "but you asked me a simple question, and I had to give an answer, didn't I? I spoke only the truth," and girl-like she burst into tears.

"Listen, Sylvia," said the minister kindly, "it is true that the Lord needs each one of us to carry on His work. You would not withhold your talents from Him, surely. I cannot think that you are answering from your heart."

"But you don't understand," sobbed the girl. "I c-c-an't do anything. It isn't that I don't want to. The Lord knows I love Him so much that I would gladly do anything for Him."

"I thought so!" said the minister in a relieved tone of voice. "You just go on working for Him every chance you have, and you'll come out all right."

The group of young people went quietly to their homes, Sylvia dropping off as she came to her own street. She went to her room and knelt by the bed. "O Lord!" she prayed, "I do love

Thee. I wish I could do something for Thee. But I'll be patient, Lord, and be faithful even if I don't have talents like the rest of the young people."

"Sylvia!" her prayer was abruptly ended by her father's voice from the foot of the stairs.

"Yes, Daddy," she answered as cheerfully as possible. "I'll be right down."

"I hated to bother you, Daughter," said Mr. Anderson, "but I just noticed my work clothes need patching before I go to work in the morning. We must be off at six, so you see I had to call you to help me tonight."

"I'll have it all fixed up in a very short time," Sylvia replied as she gave a hurried look at the garment and rushed away for scissors and patches.

"I don't know how a little girl of sixteen does as well as you with all your work, Sylvia," said her father as she handed the finished jacket to him a little later. "I feel the Lord has richly blessed me in giving me such a daughter," and he gently patted her curly head.

Her work consisted of keeping house for her father and brother, looking after her own and their clothes, preparing the food, and as she amusingly expressed it, "chief cook and bottle-washer." Besides all this, she was a junior in high school, and must put in some little time on her lessons.

"She's the most cheerful overworked little girl I ever saw," said the minister to his wife. "I forget to feel sorry for her because I'm so busy admiring her."

"I feel the same way," answered Mrs. Johnson. "She is a wonderful girl, though she has no particular or outstanding talent."

"That reminds me," said Dr. Johnson, "Sylvia is worrying about that part, too. She looked real grieved at the 'friendly evening' gathering last week. I've had her on my mind much of the time since then. She is a steady-going girl, and so faithful that she will have her reward, I am sure."

In the little home on Fifth Street Sylvia was not so sure about that. Constantly through her mind went the song they had sung that evening. And always her heart responded with a sad reply, "I wish You did need me, Lord, but I'll not murmur." At last she decided to put the thought of talent out of her mind and just go on serving the Lord as faithfully as her strong love prompted.

"My! My! What a scowl!" said Sylvia to herself as she answered a knock at her door one day, "I'll have to try to bring out a smile."

"Could you use some extracts?" asked the stranger crossly.

"We are well supplied with such things just now," answered the girl with a pleasant smile.

"That's just what every one says," answered the man. "I don't know how a person is supposed to earn a living."

"I'm sorry," answered Sylvia. "It must be hard, but you have a bright day for your work at least. Isn't it a beautiful day?"

"Yes, it is," said the man with an answering smile. "It ought to help a lot." And he turned away with a lighter heart, but Sylvia did not know about that. She was just acting naturally.

A neighbor dropped in for a little chat one afternoon. Sylvia took her mending to an easy chair and settled herself for work, and the visitor began to tell how hard it was for her to cook for her family. It seemed that not even two of them liked the same things, and she was discouraged with her efforts to satisfy them. Sylvia listened sympathetically for a while. At last she had a happy thought.

"I know the very thing!" she said triumphantly. "I found a recipe in a magazine yesterday, and we had it for supper—I don't mean the recipe—and we all liked it. I'll get it for you."

As she hunted for the recipe and paper and pencil for copying she hummed a tune, and before she knew it she broke out into the song.

*"Are you weary, are you heavyhearted?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus!"*

"Sylvia," called her visitor from the next room, "how can you sing so happily? But I know how it is. You don't have a care in the world. You don't even know what trouble is."

The girl did not answer at first. She was thinking of the mound in the cemetery where they had laid her mother away the year before and she thought she knew a little of the other side of life, but she put the thought bravely from her.

"I know One who does know all about trouble," she answered at last. And then because it was still in her heart she sang the last line of the song she had been singing, "Tell it to Jesus alone."

"Blessed little comforter!" said the woman as she took the recipe and went home a few minutes later. "You've done me good, even if you are but a child."

One night Mr. Anderson came home from work with a heavy heart. Sylvia was sure something was wrong the minute she looked into his face.

"Can't you tell me about it, Daddy?" she asked coaxingly.

"I shouldn't," said her father, "but

(Continued on page 28)

PRAYER PAGE

THREE ESSENTIALS TO A CHRISTIAN'S SUCCESS

MRS. B. J. HILLHOUSE

Text: Matt. 7:7. In this verse we notice there is a precept in three words to the same purpose (the word "precept" means a command)—Ask, Seek, Knock. That is in one word, Pray.

Pray often, pray sincerely and pray seriously. Pray and pray again. Be conscious of prayer and be constant in it. Make a business of prayer and be earnest in it. Our Savior commands it. God is honored by it. We are rewarded for it. This is an appointed means of obtaining what we need.

First, *ask*. Ask as a beggar asks alms. Those who would be rich in grace must betake themselves to the poor trade of begging and they will find it a thriving trade. Ask. Represent your wants and burdens to God and refer yourself to Him for support and supplies according to His promise. Ask as a traveler asks the way. To pray is to inquire of God. We must come to God's door and ask importunately; not only pray but plead and wrestle with God. The promise is made and made so as to answer the precept.

Ask and it shall be given you. Not lent you, not sold you, but given you. What is freer than a gift? Whatever you pray for according to the promise shall be given you if God sees it is fit for you. You have but to ask and have. You have not because you ask not or ask not aright. This is extended to all who ask aright, not only to those disciples to ask and receive, but every one that asketh receiveth, whether Jew or Gentile, young or old, rich or poor, high or low, master or servant, learned or unlearned. They are all alike welcome to the throne of grace. If we come with faith in Him, God is no respecter of persons.

He that *asketh, receiveth*. He did not say, shall receive. But the words are in present tense which is more than a promise in the future. Every one that asketh not only shall receive, but receiveth. With that promise we should have faith that goes in effect at once and gives present possession of the things we are so earnestly asking for. We must come to Him for good things, for He is the giver of good gifts. He knows what is good for us and when we ask, leave it to Him, He

knoweth our needs, saying, "Thy will be done." The child or son in this seventh chapter of Matthew is supposed to ask bread that is necessary and a fish that is wholesome. Should the child have asked for a stone, serpent or unripe fruit or a sharp knife the father, though kind, good and wise, denies him. We often ask of God that which would harm and hurt us if it were given to us. Denials in love are better than things granted in anger.

Our next thought: *Seek* and ye shall find. *Seek* as for a thing of value that we have lost or as a merchant that seeks the goodly pearls. Seek by prayer. Dan. 9:3, 4, "And I will set my face unto the Lord to seek by prayer and supplication with fasting and sackcloths and ashes. And I prayed unto the Lord my God." We find Daniel seeking God in prayer. The word *seek* implies more than asking. We must not only ask but seek. We must second our prayers with our endeavors. We must seek for that we are asking else we tempt God.

When the dresser of the vineyard in Luke 23:7-8 asked for a year's respite for that barren fig tree, he said, "I will dig about it." He went to see if he could help the tree. God gives knowledge and grace to those who will search the scriptures and wait at the gate of wisdom. He giveth to those who *seek* power against and over sin. We must not only ask to overcome but seek to overcome. Seek and ye shall find them. Our labors are not in vain. God is Himself found by those who seek Him. When found He helps us with our problems.

The word *seek* means go out in search, go out in our prayers, out beyond the human side in search of God and God's

will concerning us. Seek, means look for. Look for a season to do good and that thou mayest be blessed thereby. Seek means to resort to. Resort to God; He is able to help in every time of need if we will seek His help. Resort to Him; He never faileth. Seek means to inquire for. When seeking someone you inquire for him. We need to seek to find Him and inquire of Him His will concerning us. Then our preachers won't have to preach so much about our duties to God and His Church. We need to inquire, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Third, *knock*. Knock as one who desires to enter in. Knock at heaven's door that we may be admitted to converse with God and be taken into His love and favor and kingdom. Sin has shut and barred the door against us. By prayer we knock to the Lord to open unto us. Christ knocks at our hearts and He allows us to knock at His. After seeking we then have the privilege to knock. We must not only ask and seek, but knock. The word "knock" means strike with a heavy blow, hard raps, strokes with something hard. Knock, and it shall be opened. Let our prayers have some weight and power about them. Let our lives be weighted with the fruits of the Spirit. Strike heaven's door with a heavy blow and the door of mercy and grace will no longer be shut against us as enemies and intruders, but will be opened to us as friends and children of God. If the door be not opened at your first knock, continue instant in prayer. Though He tarrieth, wait. Note how patiently Jesus stood at your heart's door and said, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." Pray, pray often. He will open unto us and we will be taken into His presence and hear Him say, "For everyone that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." The precept is threefold: Ask, seek, knock. Where God finds a praying heart, He will be found a prayer-hearing God.

BE SILENT BEFORE HIM

Oh, bring the rare oblation of silence to the throne!
Restraining supplication till God Himself make known;
Unclothe thy thoughts from language, and let thy voiceless need,
Checked by no word's intrusion, with the All-loving plead.

Till God to thee hoth spoken, oh, let thy words be few;
In stillness all unbroken the Temple building grew.
The best things are not granted where busy voices throng,
And Nature's grandest forces in quietness are strong.

The mountain peaks are girded with silence evermore;
In worship all unworled, they tremble and odore,
All the stars above them that pierce the midnight deep,
In grove eternal stillness their tireless vigil keep.

For those who wait and hearken, God shall the silence fill;
No words shall counsel darken, no mists obscure His will;
The secret of His presence shall all its bliss afford
When thou, in ropt communion, shall listen to thy Lord.

His voice of gentle stillness shall heavenly lore import,
His love, in flood-tide fulness, encompass all thy heart.
Then with thy supplication this rare oblation bring,
In reverent hush of spirit, be still before the King.

—Mary R. Jarvis, in The Full Gospel Advocate.

A Holy Ministry

Ah, if we only had a holy ministry, it would be far more important than an educated ministry. If the ministry were holy enough, they would do without so much education. God forbid that I should undervalue an educated minister. Let ministers be educated as well as they can; the more the better, if they are only holy enough. It is all a farce to suppose that a literary minister can convert the world. Let the ministry have the spirit of (Continued on page 34)

Our Y. P. E. Poets

(Continued from page 8)

And rest within the fold.

—Dedicated to my own dear dad. Mrs.
C. D. Nine.

My Dad

My dear old dad is growing old,
His eyes are growing dim;
He's been so wonderful to me
I'd hate to part with him.

He always worked so hard for me
When I was but a lad,
I feel I owe a lot to him—
He made so good a pal.

He was always patient, kind and good,
He taught me how to pray;
When I was but a little tot
I often heard him say—

"Be good, my boy, and do the right,
Be honest, straight and fair;
In all your work, in all your play,
Treat everybody square."

My dad's advice has proven true
In every walk of life,
And now he's growing old and grey,
I want to treat him right.

I know I won't be young always,
I'll need a lift some day—
When sight grows dim and feeble steps
Are coming by my way.

I'll want my boy in my old days
To do the same by me,
As I have done by my old dad
When he was needing me.

So let us treat our dads just right
And show them love each day,
You know we'll reap just what we sow
In this world anyway.

—Gracie Elwood.

Daddy Knows

Let us dry our tears now, laddie,
Let us put aside our woes,
Let us go and talk to daddy,
For I'm sure that daddy knows;
Let us take him what we've broken,
Be it heart or hope or toy,
And the tale may bide unspoken,
For he used to be a boy.

He has been through all the sorrows
Of a lad at nine or ten;
He has seen the dawn of morrows
When the sun shone bright again;
His own heart has been near breaking,
Oh, more times than I can tell,
And has often known the aching,
That a boy's heart knows so well.

I am sure he well remembers,
In his calendar of days,
When the boy-heart was December's,
Though the sun and flowers were

May's.

He has lived a boy's life, laddie,
And he knows just how it goes;
Let us go and talk to daddy,
For I'm sure that daddy knows.

Let us tell him all about it,
How the sting of it is there,
And I have not any doubt it
Will be easier to bear,
For he's trodden every byway,
He has fathomed every joy,
He has traveled every highway
In the wide world of a boy.

He will put aside the worries
That his day may follow through,
For the great heart of him hurries
At the call of help from you.
He will help us mend the broken
Heart of ours or hope or toy,
And the tale may bide unspoken—
For he used to be a boy.

—J. W. Foley, in *Quests and Conquests*.

Untalented Sylvia

(Continued from page 26)

you do fill your mother's place so well
that I have a notion to. It is a relief to
talk one's heart out but you are so
young!"

"Do tell me, Daddy."

"I'm afraid I'm going to be laid off.
I'm next in line and today two fellows
got it. I don't know where I'll get an-
other job."

"Let's pray about it," said Sylvia, just
as her mother would have done. "Prayer
changes things." Together father and
daughter knelt in prayer. The load was
lifted and the blow he feared never fell.

A tramp knocked timidly at the
kitchen door one morning. Sylvia knew
without his asking that he came for food.
True to her father's request she did not
ask him into the house when she was
alone, but with a bright smile she asked
him to come back in a few minutes and
she would have something ready for him.
Then as an afterthought she pointed to
a seat under the trees in the yard.

"Just rest there a while and I'll not
keep you waiting long," she said with a
smile and hurried away to prepare some
sandwiches and a cup of coffee. As was
her custom, her heart was singing and
the lips soon gave voice to the song, but
she did not know the tramp was listen-
ing.

*"Jesus knows all about our struggles,
He will guide till the day is done.
There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one, no, not one."*

Then she caught sight of the tramp
and knew from his attitude that he was
interested in the song. A prayer went up
from her heart as she sang and a hope
was born in her soul that perhaps he
would get some good from the words. It

would be almost working for the Lord,
she thought. A person without talents
must be very careful to do the little
things and perhaps—well, anyway, God
was just, and He knew how much she
would work for Him if she did have the
talents, but she would not complain,
she'd just be faithful.

"Thanks for the meal, little sister,"
said the tramp, as he wiped his eyes and
reached out a dirty hand for the food.
"I'm hungry as I can be, but I'm even
more thankful for that wonderful song."

And so life went on in the Anderson
home. Sylvia was glad when school was
out, and she could catch up with her
sewing and mending. Then, too, the
house cleaning almost all had to wait, for
a girl could not go into much of the ex-
tras and keep up with her class, but now
there was plenty of time. Room after
room received its spring cleaning, and
was now bright and cheery because Syl-
via was a good housekeeper. Then came
the day of the missionary service. Sylvia
had not been to one for a long while, and
she took the day off and with needle and
thimble started for the meeting.

It was a wonderful day. Sylvia was
hurrying along glad to be alive on such
a beautiful day and out in the air. She
was nearly there when a gentleman
stopped her. "I beg your pardon, Miss,"
he stammered bashfully, "but I'm sure
you are the one I'm looking for. Didn't
you come out of that little white house
over on the other street? I thought I saw
you. And when I knocked at the door
no one came, so I hurried after you. I
hope you do not mind."

"I'm sure I'm sorry I've given you
such a walk," she said with a smile. "I
did not see anyone turn in there."

"No, of course not," said the man.
"I—that is—oh, I don't know how to
say it, because it is all so dreadful now,
but did you feed a tramp several months
ago?"

"I expect I did," laughed Sylvia, "be-
cause we never turn a hungry person
away from our house."

"And did you sing while you fixed his
food?" Again the girl laughed pleasantly.
The stranger's bashfulness was begin-
ning to wear off.

"I probably did sing," she said, "or at
least I tried to, I expect. My brother says
we don't need a radio, for I'm radio and
static all combined."

"A brother might say that," said the
man.

"It's because I can't sing well," she
explained. "But he likes to hear me for
all that, because last winter when my
throat was sore he said the house was so
still it gave him the creeps and he'd be
glad to hear my noise again. He's a
great tease, but a wonderful brother."

"Well, you may tell your brother that
you sang the sweetest song a poor tramp

ever heard," said the gentleman, his face sobering. "Don't you remember that song?"

"I know, I remember now," she said blushing, "but I think he was lonely or perhaps in some kind of trouble. He thanked me for the song. Tell me, have you seen him?"

"I am that tramp," said the man bursting into tears, "or at least I was. Oh, little sister, you don't know what that song did for me. I was filled with despair. I had gone my limit. But your song brought me to my senses. I gave my heart to the Lord, and He has changed my life; and now I've come back to thank you for the song and to urge you to keep on using your talent for the Lord."

"Talent!" The word which had seemed such a trial to Sylvia fairly rolled off her tongue. Her eyes were opened wide in surprise. "Talent!" she repeated.

"Yes, talent," answered the man. "It is a rare one. If you had ever been around as I have, you would know that there were not very many smiles and songs for the likes of me. A person starts the downward road and every one pushes him a little further. Now and then some one gives him food in a dutiful way, but real cheerfulness like yours is scarce. I'll always thank God for your life, and that He helped you to use your talent."

"I thought I didn't have one," answered Sylvia so softly the man could hardly hear. "I'm glad my song helped you to get saved. I'm indebted to you for your encouragement this morning. I'm glad I've found out that I have a talent."

The two shook hands and parted never to see each other again, but never to forget each other. Sylvia went on with her heart singing. She had a talent, a real talent, and she had been using it for the Lord even when she did not understand. It seemed as if she wanted to run into the house where the ladies were gathering for the missionary meeting, and just shout the good news. "I have a talent! I have a talent!" Of course she did nothing of the kind but more than one person turned for a second look at her happy face.

It was toward the close of the meeting when Sylvia went into the bedroom for some more pieces for the quilt they were working on. It brought her fairly near to two ladies who sat quietly talking. They did not notice who had come into the room, and they continued their conversation.

"We'll have to look the young people over and pick out some talented ones for our program," one of them said. "There's Sylvia, now, she's a fine girl and she does her best, and we all love her, but she has no special talents."

"No," said the other, "but she is so

good and faithful. But I suppose we'll have to find someone else."

Sylvia heard it all, but her heart kept on singing. It was singing so hard that a little of the music began to leak out into the room. If the ladies would have listened they might have heard:

*"Jesus bids us shine then for all around,
Many kinds of darkness in this world
abound,
Sin and want and sorrow, we must shine,
You in your small corner and I in mine."*

"And I do have a corner to work in," she told herself happily. And then as if by magic the song changed and carried unusual emphasis.

*"It's true that the Lord needs you.
Go forth, He will help you through.
Enlist for the right, press on to the fight,
For sure the Lord needs you."*

—*Light and Life Evangel.*

The Courage of His Convictions

(Continued from page 9)

enlisted to be a soldier and not a bartender."

The major arose quickly from his stool, and, extending his hand, said:

"Shepler, you are the kind of men we want. I am glad to see a fellow who had the courage of his convictions. You are not obliged to report at the canteen."

The great need of the day is for men to have convictions founded upon the Word of God, and then to be true to those convictions.—*Christian Victory.*

Ruth's Beauty Treatment

(Continued from page 10)

could be that." But there was a queer tightness in her throat. Oh, how wrong she had been on her "quest's fair pathway." No thought of the fellowship of the Christ. No effort to help anyone. What good had her education been if she were to be a mere social butterfly—to live for self alone.

"Daddy," she said after a long pause in which her head had been resting against his in the old fond way, "what can I do that will be the most help to you and mother?"

The question startled him. A number of times he had reproached his wife for not making the girl see her duties and obligations to the home. Now that he was called upon suddenly to tell her, he hesitated—stammered—and was wholly at a loss of words.

"W-why?" he managed at last. He was stalling for time.

She apparently did not notice his agitation. Slowly she said, "I guess I've been blind—or worse. I've been so absorbed in myself that I have been very thoughtless of you folks. Tell me—what can I do? Do you want me to go out and get a

position? Or—what will be best?"

"Really, the fact is, I need help at the office. And I cannot afford to hire—now. I had hoped you would be willing to come down for two or three hours a day. But—don't, if you do not want to," he added quickly.

"Oh, I'd love to, Daddy," and she meant it.

"And if you could give your mother a little more of your time," he suggested. "She hasn't been at all well. I don't mind keeping the maid, but I'm sure you could—oil the machinery, so to speak—if you cared to."

There it was again, "Let us work with Thee for others, anywhere Thy purpose leads." It is sometimes easier to see the needs far away than those close at home.

After a long moment Mr. Bascom's voice came with an effort, "Ruth, how much is your Easter outfit going to cost this year?"

The girl laughed merrily. "Do you know, Daddy, I intended to plan that outfit in church this morning and the idea was put entirely out of my head."

"I'm glad of that," he said with such emphasis that the girl looked at him curiously. Could it be possible that her clothes had added to his anxieties? And yet, why shouldn't they?

Mentally, she looked over the dresses on the hangers in her closet. She realized that a good half of them had been worn but once! And she never bought cheap articles. "The best is none too good," had been a favorite saying with her. But when she tried to estimate the cost of all those garments she was shocked!

"You darling old Daddy! Why didn't you tell me that I was too extravagant?" and she playfully tweaked his ear.

"I couldn't bear to," he said simply. "I—I thought you'd see it for yourself—or—else you'd get married—or—" he floundered helplessly.

"So—o? I've found you out. You wanted to marry me off to some old codger who could afford the expensive habits I've been cultivating, eh? No young man could stand it! All right sir, you're foiled! You'll have to keep me on your hands a while longer! But I promise to earn my bread and butter from now on."

Now that the girl was apparently willing her father shrank from his purpose and tried to change, but she would have none of it.

"This is Lent, you know, and there are no special activities. I had wondered how I could put in the time. But behold me on a 'quest for service,'" and springing up she made a sweeping bow.

He did not in the least understand what she meant. He only knew that his heart was lighter than it had been for many a day.

Next morning Ruth went with him to the office. He explained the work he wanted her to do. She quickly grasped the details and saw other ways also in which she would be able to relieve him for more important tasks.

She went home to lunch with her mother and to that lady's surprise Ruth asked, "Do you suppose you could help me fix over some of my dresses?"

"Would you be satisfied?" her mother asked curiously. Mrs. Bascom remembered the fastidious state of this daughter of hers and the critical remarks of the past.

"I think so, mother, dear. I'm learning that this 'quest of beauty' means something more than faultless line or color."

"It will be wonderful if you really do learn that. Let's take a look at your closet," and presently the two were deep in a discussion of ways and means of bringing the wardrobe up to date at trifling expense.

"What do you suppose Daddy will say when he sees how little my Easter outfit is really going to cost him?" Ruth gleefully asked when her list was complete.

Her mother answered seriously, "Ruth, I don't yet understand what has come over you. But I do know that your father's business is running on such a narrow margin that heavy Easter bills might have toppled him into bankruptcy."

"Mother! Was it so serious as that!" the girl demanded. "Why did you let me go in ignorance? Why did you not tell me?"

"I couldn't bear to spoil your good time. I thought every day that you'd wake up and see for yourself. But you didn't."

"There's no telling when I would have wakened if it had not been for the 'quest of beauty.' And now, don't you see: I'm taking these new beauty treatments! Good for both soul and body, I assure you."—*Sunday School Banner*.

Why Be "Dry"?

(Continued from page 5)

or shall bring into the United States or send out of it, any kind of drink which has in it enough alcohol to make anybody intoxicated."

"What does being intoxicated do to anybody, Daddy?" asked Donald.

"I was just about to explain, son," answered the doctor, "that to be intoxicated means to be so poisoned by alcohol that the brain isn't absolutely clear and the muscles of the body don't respond exactly as they would if that alcohol had not been taken into the stomach. Sometimes the person who has taken this alcohol may not be the least conscious of any change in himself, but the tests that have been made in the hospital, where you have been so often you know, and in many other hospitals, have proved the

truth of what I am telling you."

"But why," asked with a very puzzled expression in his big brown eyes, "why would anybody want to get intoxicated?"

"Some people think it makes them gay and happy, my son," said Dr. Maxwell. "It has a way of making them forget their responsibilities and they feel very merry. These are the people who would like to have this law changed and we call them 'the Wets.' 'The Drys' are the people who believe that this law is a good one because it aims to keep people from drinking such poison and it also aims to keep people from spending their money for drink. Some people do not obey the law but, of course, that's because they would rather indulge in their own pleasures than to try to help the country get rid of the sickness and the sorrow and the misery that strong drink has caused."

By this time Donald and his father had reached the big park where they often stopped to watch the swans and the ducks in the pond, and just as they were about to cross the cinder path they saw a handsome big Lincoln car coming at great speed around a curve in the driveway. A dog running across the grass, suddenly darted into the road—the car swerved, then seemed to come back, but smashed against the concrete lamp post at the side. A crash of metal and glass! A child's shriek of pain and terror!

In an instant Dr. Maxwell was there helping to lift a lovely little girl—now unconscious—from under the wreckage. And then came the agonized voice of the father as he climbed from behind the wheel that was almost crushing him. "Lucy, Lucy, my precious baby," he moaned, "have I killed you? Oh, why did I take that drink?"

In the meantime Dr. Maxwell had torn into strips the handkerchiefs offered from among the crowd that had gathered, and with these was trying to stop the blood that was gushing from an ugly cut on little Lucy's forehead. Now he turned to a man who was just getting out of another large car and said, as he gathered the little girl tenderly into his arms, "I'm a doctor. Take us to a hospital quick."

Donald and the child's father also climbed into the car and as they were speeding toward the hospital, Lucy's father told, between great sobs as he saw his baby's face grow whiter and whiter, how he had stopped for a visit with some friends who had insisted that he have "just one drink." "You know, Doctor," he said, "I seldom touch liquor and I had no idea that it ever affected me in any way. But I know now that that one drink made me just an instant slow in turning my wheel. And it was just that split second that I needed to avoid that

lamp post."

All the while Dr. Maxwell was up in the operating room Donald kept thinking of the terrible accident and how much worse it would have been to him if it had been their own little Lucy. He thought, too, of his talk with his father about "the Wets" and "the Drys."

From the glad look in his father's eyes as he came down the hospital corridor, Donald knew that little Lucy was going to get well, but he was mighty sorry to hear that her hip had been broken and that it would take many weeks and much suffering before she could run and play again.

As they walked home very quickly Donald said to his father, "Daddy, how could anybody want to change that law that aims to keep people from taking a drink like Lucy's father did? I hope I'll never be so weak that I'll take even one drink."

"I hope so, too, my boy," answered his father with a bit of a tear in his eyes. "If ever anybody asks you as they did little Lucy's father, I hope you will remember the agony he is suffering now, and I'm sure I know your answer."

Be Still

(Continued from page 6)

we can take a little time upon rising or going to bed, to think of God: to be sincere and wait for God's message to us. The strength and assurance it will give us will far repay the effort. As we go about our daily tasks we can have the stillness, the waiting attitude in our hearts, even while our hands are doing the most humdrum tasks.

If we rush from one thing to another, always in company, and never draw aside to think, we are bound to lead a shallow existence and be nervous wrecks. The laws of health and common sense demand this relaxing or quietness. Any doctor or psychologist will agree with the Bible on the soundness of this idea of having periods of quiet.

Jesus is the supreme example of this ability to draw aside in quietness even when surrounded by people and problems. Jesus had the faculty in perfection of being able to go away—not in idleness, but for prayer. That was where He got His strength to bear the burden of the world's sin.

We become like those with whom we are. If we draw near to Jesus in prayer and quietness, we can draw on His inexhaustible stores of quiet strength—not the type of strength which goes about displaying its muscles and weapons, but the kind of strength which makes no boast but which accomplishes the work of the world and its salvation: working like the leaven in a lump of dough.

In the closing of the 4th chapter of Mark, we have a picture of Jesus calm

during a storm. He was Master of the sea and winds. He slept through the storm. Thoughtlessly—for surely they should have known better—the disciples asked the Master: "Master, carest thou not that we perish?"

We must not chide them though, for are we not in debt to Jesus for many blessings? Yet the minute our affairs do not go smoothly we ask Him the same question, wondering if He is concerned about us.

Jesus said, "Peace, be still," and the storm was succeeded by a "great calm." A whispered word from Jesus and our troubled hearts are filled with a "peace ***which passeth all understanding."

When the struggle gets hard, and we are tense, let's try following the command, "Be still, and know that I am God."—*Gospel Herald*.

The Vision

(Continued from page 3)

the simple peace of joy and faith, no holy fire from heaven to consume the sacrifice, how then would he know that he had been accepted? He was not troubled by these thoughts, only wondering. He must be sure of one thing—and that is, that I made an unreserved surrender.

In his walk from the post office, he passed the building on whose fourth floor was Dr. Thorwald's dental suite. He stopped and looked unto the hills. Somewhere up there in one of those rooms, she was busy, taking case histories, greeting patients in the reception room, assisting at the operating chair, answering the telephone, sterilizing instruments.

For a moment he was in the chair again, under the pendulous, elbowed arm of the unit, and she was doing little things at the cabinet, adjusting the apron under his chin, raising or lowering the head-rest . . .

He went back to his room, his face set in one fixed purpose. Tonight was the night—"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice . . ."

There was a sudden collision of bodies as he rounded the corner of Drexel Hall, a colliding of sheep and squirrel.

"Rodney!" Shera gasped. "I've been looking everywhere for you! I simply have to see you—just a minute. Can you come into the girls' reception room?"

He hesitated. There was a pathetic look in her eyes. Both yesterday and today, in fact, for a week now, he had been deliberately avoiding her. A dozen times today in various classrooms, he had caught her looking in his direction, then looking away quickly when she knew he had seen her. Once she had waited for him at the exit after class, but he had given his attention to his notebook as he passed

by. It seemed to him now that he had been discourteous. The fact that their lives were pitched in different keys did not give him the right to be other than gentlemanly.

She clung to his arm now. "It's really important that I see you," she urged, "and it'll take only a minute."

It would be an augmented minute, he knew, but she seemed so distressed.

He followed her inside, holding the glass-panelled door open for her. He had visited with her here before, in fact, it was here that he had first thought he was in love with her. Girl students on duty at the desk, or entertaining their own friends, were accustomed to seeing him here. Now, when he glanced in their direction, they nodded and smiled. Shera was well liked by the other students.

They sat facing each other in white chintz-covered easy chairs. Shera came straight to the point. "I wish to apologize," she said, "for my rudeness—for my fireworks display in front of the city hall in Fayette that night. I—I'm sorry I acted so—haughty. I heard every word of Dr. Webber's sermon and I liked it. I cried nearly all the way through."

"You—what?"

"And I want you to forgive me, especially for coming into the office the next morning. I knew you and she were there, and—well, I guess I was jealous. I think she is nice and I've told her so. I think her accompaniment for your solo in Fayette was—beautiful."

He looked at her quivering lips.

"After all, Rodney, I really don't have any claim upon you, and I—we don't see things alike at all, not religiously, and that is the most important thing in life. You have a right to believe what you wish, and so does Le Vera."

He felt a tightness in his throat, a wave of pity for her swept over him. His thoughts were without a keynote. Was she telling him he was free to—love Le Vera Webber if he wished? He was not sure he liked having her dismiss him in this way.

She straightened up suddenly, tossed her head as if to throw aside a smothering blanket. The threatened tears in her eyes disappeared.

"All this is beside the point," she said. "We've invited Le Vera out for dinner tonight and she has accepted. We've planned an evening of music, making records and things, and she wants to record the talk she gave to the club at Fayette that afternoon—and since you know best how to work all those little gadgets on the recording machine, we'd like to have you come too."

He thought of his fixed purpose of a half hour ago, to make the full surrender to Christ tonight. He felt strangely

upset for some reason.

"We'll meet at Daddy's office at five and all drive out together," she said.

He wished to go, if Le Vera were to be there. He envisioned in quick moving pictures the fun they would have, if he went: Le Vera at the piano playing for him while he sang; Le Vera singing with him while they made a recording together—his tenor, her contralto—a duet he had pasted in his solo-and-duet book only yesterday; Le Vera listening appreciatively while he accompanied Shera's violin; Shera's musical touch was rare

"Well?"

Shera's "well" da capoed him back to the reception room at Swan, with Shera sitting opposite him. "I'd like to come, Shera, but I have an appointment." That was the truth, even though it seemed to him now that it might be a self-made appointment.

He studied her crestfallen face. Was this, perhaps, an opportunity for service, for witnessing which he must not pass up? It would most surely give him a chance to sing the gospel. In any event, he would be home early enough to do the thing he had vowed to himself should be done tonight. And so, he allowed procrastination to have its way. He was sure it was not because of any weakness in his will, but because it seemed right to him to accept Shera's invitation.

At five-fifteen they were all in Dr. Thorwald's limousine, with Dr. Thorwald himself at the wheel.

"No, no," Shera had said when Rodney would have climbed into the front seat with Dr. Thorwald, "I want to ride with Daddy. You two get in the back. Hurry up, Daddy! Mother wants us to be on time."

The car purred softly, nosed out into the traffic, headed for the very modern Devonshire-designed home in the suburbs.

It was eight o'clock before dinner was over in the Devonshire house, and the guests retired to the living room. The stone fireplace was alive with flaming oak logs, the silver pussy willows on the window draperies flashed gold in the firelight. It was a colorful gathering—Wenda in streamlined blue, Shera in purple, each dress color blending with its owner's hair; Le Vera in green; Beade Thorwald in conventional blue; Rodney in gray.

It was recreational and very fascinating to make and play back new records.

It was nine-thirty before Rodney and Le Vera sang together. He stood beside the piano bench while she played and while they sang. Wenda was in the kitchen giving instructions to the maid about when and how to bring in the tea. Shera moved restlessly from the fire-

place to the solarium door and back to the davenport where she seated herself and began to leaf through a magazine. Dr. Thorwald was reading, or else listening, Rodney could not be sure which.

They were singing a hymn. Rich and smooth contralto; tenor whose every tone was vibrant with pathos, fingers striking the keys with sympathetic touch . . .

At the end of the first stanza, Rodney seated himself on the bench beside Le Vera, that their voices might be closer together—or else—well, he hadn't known he was going to sit down.

She played a brief interlude and again they were singing:

*"Out in the desert He heard a faint cry
Of the lost sheep, just ready to die . . ."*

It was strange how many things a man could do at the same time: Sing with all the earnestness of his soul for the benefit of the lost sheep in the room, be pleasantly aware of the attractive girl beside him, be conscious of a sadness within him because he knew Shera was so unhappy. There was a tense atmosphere in the room, a battle.

The ringing of the doorbell interrupted the battle; rather, it shifted the scene of battle to the front door.

Shera answered the bell. Rodney heard the reception hall door open, a light button snap on, then the vestibule door, heard a familiar voice.

"It's John," Le Vera exclaimed. "Is it time to go home already?"

They stood. Beade Thorwald laid aside his magazine; and Rodney thought, "So Le Vera is riding home with John Nystrom tonight!" The thought was decidedly unwelcome.

Shera's voice at the door was a bit sharp. "It's you again! I thought I told you once before that—"

"Nystrom is the name," the architect's tenor-speaking voice was courteous. "Here's my card. I've come for Miss Webber."

Once before John had stood at that door and had been turned away, as Christ Himself had stood at the door of Shera's heart and knocked and been denied entrance.

At length Shera was made to understand. She apologized falteringly, "You've come for Miss Webber? I don't believe she is ready."

There was nothing else to do but invite him into the house, which, as soon as Shera saw his card, she did with humble grace, saying, "Are you the John Nystrom?"

A moment later the architect was in the room. He smiled courteously, revealing in the smile an all-gold incisor, which Beade Thorwald noticed with pride and satisfaction.

As always, however, Rodney thought

he noticed a sadness about the man, and when their eyes met, it seemed as if Nystrom were looking at him with a vacant sort of stare, as if he were thinking of something far away that had nothing to do with the present or with present circumstances.

Nystrom was a master in the art of parlor etiquette; and since he had arrived at the precise moment when the maid was wheeling in the tea, he was accepted as one of the guests and given every courtesy.

His fingers, Rodney noticed, were long and angular, undoubtedly those of an artist, even from birth. At intervals he looked about the room as if he were appraising the architecture and interior decorating.

Once in an aside to Rodney, he said, "First time I ever designed a house with a rampant arch between the living room and the dining room." He nodded toward the arch. "Like it?" he asked, and immediately his eyes were astray, seeing things that were not in the room.

John Nystrom, architect and designer, soul winner, humble Christian, appraised mentally not only the interior decorations—the mystic gray stone in the fireplace, the built-in bookshelves above the davenport, the pussy willow design in the draperies, the old Italian walnut trim on the furniture,—but also the color scheme of the hair, face and costuming of the ladies in the room.

His eyes rested questioningly upon Shera. Her personal architecture revealed good taste. Was it true, as Le Vera had told him, that she was entangled in some strange religion that denied the fact of sin and the need of the Master Designer to show her the necessity of building upon the Rock? How could such a gracious personality reject from her heart the Son of God? She could not, except for the fact of sin.

Conversation moved animatedly, teaspoons squeaked in the bottom of tea cups, cube sugar dissolved, frosted cookies lost their architectural design and disappeared.

The tea wagon was wheeled away, and again music was the order of the evening. Nystrom and Le Vera rehearsed a duet for tomorrow morning's radio broadcast, for beginning tomorrow Riverview Memorial Church was to have a daily radio program.

Later when Shera was playing the violin to Rodney's accompaniment, John sat beside Beade Thorwald on the davenport and listened, and frowned at the thoughts Shera conjured up in his mind—a bitterly cold afternoon with swirling and drifting snow, a ringing of the doorbell of a house which he himself had designed, a cold and haughty reception. The

Master Designer was receiving the same haughty dismissal from her heart's door. Yet Shera was a religious girl, a member of one of Hampton's fashionable churches.

Religious. It was religion that had rejected God's Son, religion that nailed Him to the cross, religion that had stoned Stephen to death, religion that today, even though espoused in some popular church pulpits and in certain chain broadcasts, rejected the Chief Corner Stone and built on sinking sand. The true church, composed of the true believers of many denominations, must awaken to realize that it was not religion the world needed, but Christ.

Shera was pretty, he thought, was exceptionally so and very graceful when playing the violin. That was a stubborn little chin under which the violin was tucked. Such talent, invested in the service of the God who gave it, would do a great deal of good; but buried in the grave of the world's music, it would rise up in the judgment to condemn her . . . She would make a good wife for Rodney, if—did Rodney know she was unsaved?

He looked suddenly at Le Vera, who met his gaze and nodded, as if to say, "Whenever you are ready. Now is as good a time as any."

Rodney saw and wondered, saw Le Vera turn her own eyes aside and close them as if she were praying, as if between herself and Nystrom was a conspiracy of some sort. Then he heard Nystrom say, addressing himself to Wenda, "I wonder if your husband's family tree can be traced back to the famous Danish sculptor, Albert Bertal Thorwald?" Again his eyes flashed to Le Vera.

They all gave attention, even Shera, who, Rodney thought, was a bit nervous.

"Thorwald is a very famous name," Nystrom went on, while Le Vera prayed—Rodney was sure she was doing that. "One of Thorwald's most famous masterpieces was the bust of Lord Byron, Lord George Gordon Byron, famous English poet. Among Thorwald's other masterpieces was *The Dying Lyon* and *Cupid and Psyche*. He won the first gold medal in sculpture at Copenhagen and was sent to Rome in 1796 . . ."

The little violinist's lavender eyes were as innocent as those of a little child as she listened.

"By the way," the architect interrupted himself, "did you know that when Byron died he had no hope of heaven?"

Rodney winced. He could feel the shock with which the word had come to Shera—she who could not think of death, and who believed all men went to heaven. The question was like a discord in a peaceful composition, and for a moment as Nystrom continued, it seemed

as if what he was saying was a whole parade of discords.

But John Nystrom knew what he was doing. He talked smoothly and seemed very much in earnest. "Byron," he asserted, "was a worldly man, yet a lover of nature and all things beautiful. His health was never any too good, and consequently his life of dissipation may have been one reason why he was unable to fight off sickness when it came—may have been one of the reasons why he was stricken so readily.

"He was in Greece at the time where he had gone to use his influence and money to help her in her struggle for independence. He must have had a premonition that his life was to be short, for he had already begun to reap the awful harvest of his sowing. It was in those days, I think, that he wrote his most pessimistic poem—*The Lyric of a Lost Soul*; it should have been entitled . . ."

The lavender eyes were not innocent now. They were afraid, and the storyteller, seeing, was glad they were. The world needed to be afraid . . .

He quoted from the poem:
"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker and the grief
Are mine alone . . ."

"Just three months after he arrived at Missolonghi,—on April 9, 1824,—he was out horseback riding, when he was overtaken by a rainstorm. He was seized almost instantly by a fever and rheumatism and became insensible. He lay unconscious for twenty-four hours, dying in the evening of April 10 . . . dying without hope for eternity . . ."

It had taken only a few minutes to tell it. It was shocking, of course, to introduce such a solemn note into an otherwise gay evening, yet it was not shocking to Le Vera, and only temporarily so to Rodney. It was terrifying to Shera and her mother whose hair was like the yellow leaf, who—

But the speaker was not through. It was not considered good etiquette to discuss religion at a social gathering, but Jesus Himself had done it again and again; and to Nystrom there were no gatherings that were only social . . .

"If John Nystrom had died twenty years ago," he continued, "he should have had to face God with shame and loss."

The serious blue eyes of the speaker were looking at Rodney again, seeing him and yet not seeing him. His face carried a heavy load and he sighed wearily. "Twenty years ago tonight," he said, "I should have died but for God's grace in sparing me. That night I surrendered to Christ. Since then I have wanted Him to have my whole life, all that I am and have, all my ability."

Lavender eyes underwent a change of expression. Rodney saw and wondered. A half hour later when the party was breaking up, and he was putting on his overcoat in the hall, in swinging around he bumped squarely into the broad back of Johnny Nystrom.

"Excuse me," he said, but received no answer, for Nystrom was absorbed in conversation with Shera, and Rodney heard her say, "I was very rude, Mr. Nystrom. I'm sorry . . . I'll be listening for your voice on the radio tomorrow morning."

Rodney rode back to the conservatory in Johnny's luxurious limousine. "We'll drop you off at your room on the way home," Le Vera said.

We'll! Rodney thought, and a whole story with a strange plot was born in his mind. Before they had traversed the thirty blocks to his dormitory, the story child had become a giant—Giant Despair, ruler of the Doubting Castle that was his own heart. "We'll" drop you off at your—We! Johnny and I! They knew each other so well they could talk to each other across the room and understand simply by the flashing of an eye!

He sat in the back seat alone and thought and wished he had not gone. This was his punishment for postponing the hour of his surrender; now he was in no mood to think or to pray. Faith was smaller than a grain of mustard seed. In fact, there seemed to be no faith at all. *Help Thou mine unbelief!*

The car glided to a slow stop at the main entrance of Drexel Hall. "I'm so glad I went, Rodney," Le Vera said when he was about to open the car door. "I did have a good time."

And Johnny Nystrom said over his shoulder, "Shera's a great little lady, Rodney, and when the Lord gets complete control of her life, you'll be mighty proud of her. She could win souls with that talent, if it were yielded to Him."

Rodney gulped. What were they thinking!

"Maybe we could have a little prayer for her right now," Johnny suggested. His hat came off. After a brief interval of silence John's voice was flowing melodiously along in a sincere and humble prayer which ended with the petition, "May we who know Thee as our Savior, know also the experience of being fully yielded unto Thee, always sensitive to the Spirit's leadings, that Christ may be able to carry on His mighty work through us, unhindered . . ."

"Bless Rodney and give him his heart's greatest desire; and when Shera listens in tomorrow morning, may she hear, in song or sermon, the thing she needs to draw her to Thyself."

Rodney's hand was still on the door

handle. He wanted to get away so that he could think,—or else so that he would not have to—away from everybody and every thought, away from himself. He wished he were a little boy again, home again, and playing along the Crawfish river.

And then Le Vera prayed, and he thought her voice sounded like the meadow lark's song back home.

When he himself would pray his voice stuck in his throat and it sounded to him like the quawking dirge of the Great Night Heron he had used to hear along the swampy bayou on the old farm.

(To be continued)

THE HIGHWAY OF GUIDANCE

(Continued from page 7)

brother tied one end of it around his waist, and offered to join with any man who would rope himself to him in an effort to rescue the lives that were in instant jeopardy of death. Immediately four men leaped to his side. They roped themselves to the same line of peril with himself, and these five men, picking their way over the dangerous gorge at the imminent hazard of their own lives, brought in safety to the shore every man, woman and child upon the ice. When my brother offered money to the people on the river bank not a man was stirred. But when they saw him give himself and saw the love for these imperiled lives that was back of it, it drew them to his side in an instant.

And so shall it be with you, my friends. Would you be a famous singer? You may give your matchless voice. Would you stand high in some chosen profession? You may give your best brains, and it shall be done. Would you chisel your way to fame in marble, or paint it upon canvas? You need but give your artistic talent with its years of toil, and it shall be accomplished. But if you are going to enter into the biggest business in God's universe—that of transforming men's lives, that of shaping the immortal destinies of men and women, that of uplifting and inspiring the lives of those with whom God brings you in touch—if you want this to be the aim of your life, then you must give yourself. And when men see yourself a strange and beautiful thing will happen. The young man and young woman who sit at your feet as learners, or who toil in your employ, will come into a new experience. Into the faces of some of them will come a holy light. Into their hearts will steal a high and divine purpose. They will tie themselves to the same great life line which binds you, and with you will give themselves to the task of reaching out for lost men. Oh! what a magnet is the love of Christ through us! Hear these words: "And I, if I be lifted

up, will draw all men." The Christ of love lifted up on the cross is drawing all men; and that same Christ, pouring forth His love through your heart, will draw men through you. Some day some of these splendid young men whose lives you are influencing will turn their faces to the foreign mission field. Some day they will stand in a pulpit, preaching the unsearchable riches of the gospel of Christ. Some day, as successful business men, they will be giving their skill and their gold and their time to Christ and missions. Yea, mayhap some day out in the dark lands, when some faithful missionary is asked the question, "What brought you here?" "How came you to the foreign field?" the answer will come, "Away back in my little home town, I had a school teacher who was yielded to God. She lived the love life. I saw it in her face. I heard it in her words. I felt it in her life, and it drew me, it drew me and that is why I am here today."

"He leadeth me." But whither is He leading you? First into this highway of love. For how vain would it be for Him to lead you into His individual byway of service for your life until you first knew the touch of His love. Though you could speak with the tongues of men and angels: though you possessed the rarest personal gifts: though your intellectual equipment was that of a genius: though you could cleave your way to the highest pinnacle of success in your chosen byway of activity, yet, if you had no touch of His love in your heart, it would profit you nothing to lead you into your pathway of individual service. He has a "more excellent way." He would, as you enter into this highway of consecration, make your inner soul to glow and burn with that love for lost men which will be your supreme furnishment for the pathway of special, personal ministry in which He will then make your life so rich and fruitful.

It Is a Highway of Power

Is the power of the Spirit for the many or for the few? Is it a highway or a byway? It is clearly the former. "Ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you," said Jesus. All who receive the Spirit are meant to know His power. There is no monopoly upon such power. The man who walks in the way of consecration shall know the power of the Spirit of God. For it is a power which gives itself to the children of God who yield themselves to Him.

I have a Christian railroad friend, a passenger conductor on a train running into a southern city. One morning on his usual run he was sitting beside a wealthy turpentine merchant. Presently the train stopped at a wayside station. A young man, visibly intoxicated, stepped aboard the train. He dropped down be-

side a companion with the words, "I drank a quart of whiskey since five o'clock this morning." And then he went on with a perfect stream of profanity and blasphemy. My friend stood it as long as he could. Then he said to his companion, "I cannot endure this any longer. Please excuse me." He arose and crossed the aisle. The companion of the young man vacated his seat. The Christian railroad conductor sat down beside the blasphemer. "I have listened to your profanity, young man," said he, "until I cannot bear it any longer. My dear boy, have you a father and mother?"

(Don't fail to read the rest of this article in next month's issue.)

A Holy Ministry

(Continued from page 27)

prayer, let the baptism of the Holy Ghost be upon them and they will spread the gospel. Only let Christians live as they ought, and the church would shake the world. If Christians in New York would do it, the report would soon fill every ship that leaves the port, and waft the news on every wind, till the earth was full of excitement and inquiry, and conversions would multiply like the drops of morning dew.

Suppose you were to give up your business, and devote yourselves entirely to the work of extending the Gospel. The church once did so, and you know what followed. When that little band in Jerusalem gave up their business and spent their time in the work of the Lord, salvation spread like a wave.—*Charles G. Finney.*

Imitation May Be Good Character In the Making

(Continued from page 4)

bers and scuff about in them. At times it gives him pleasure to put one of his father's neckties around his neck, or his father's cap on his head.

One little lad often went to school with something of his father's in plain sight. It might be a handkerchief sticking out of his pocket, or a badge or organization button on his blouse.

His teacher, watching him closely, noticed that when he was so adorned he was inclined to stand aside from the other kindergarten children, and to act very grown-up and a little pompous.

PLAYS

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Glints of Knowledge



A Word To Modern Eves

A modern daughter of Eve was listening impatiently to a long lecture from her grandmother. "It's all very well to find fault with my clothes, Grandma," protested the girl; "but didn't you ever set your cap for a young man?" "Well," said Grandma pointedly, "never my kneecap anyway."—*Capper's Weekly*.

Courageous Children

In Norway the children of a certain town were ordered by the Nazis to attend a Hitler youth exhibition. Instead of attending it they marched past the door singing their national anthem, and shouting "Long live the King." Every one of them was arrested except a little six-year-old. Disappointed, he ran up to a policeman and shouted, "Long live the King! I want to be arrested too."—*The Gospel Minister*.

It was in June that the youngest in the galaxy of nations flouted Old Glory, now the oldest of all national flags.

It is twenty-three years older than the present flag of Great Britain, seventeen years older than the French flag, nearly one hundred years older than the present flag of Germany and Italy, and eight years older than the flag of Spain, so it has a right to be called Old Glory.

June gives us another thrill of joy in Father's Day.

The New York Times suggested as the emblematic flower, for Father's Day, the dandelion, because it, and it only, was the proper flower, for the more it is tramped on, the more luxuriously it grows and the more freely it blooms.

Also Children's Day is celebrated by our churches in June.

300 Per Cent More On the Bowery

The Superintendent of the Bowery Mission, New York, C. J. St. John, told a representative of the *Christian Advocate*, recently, that drunkenness in his neighborhood had increased 300 per cent since repeal. Formerly, drunks coming into the Mission were largely chronics; now, many are skilled workers, lawyers, musicians, and professional men from various walks of life. His observation is based on the experience of dealing with 150,000 to 160,000 finished products of "John Barleycorn" each year, many of whom started with a social drink.—*Condensed from Christian Advocate*.

Ten Commandments

On one occasion, says the *Protestant Voice*, Roger Babson recited at a meeting of business men the Ten Commandments. After the dinner a guest came to him and told him that it would be wonderful if that speech could be printed and distributed. He wanted to know if it was copyrighted.

Master Sergeant Harry M. Hayes, U. S. A., had never piloted a plane before. The battered, bullet riddled flying fortress he lifted off the runway had no radio, no air speed indicator, no oil or gas gauges and no navigation instruments. But those minor details did not keep him from making a 1,300 mile dash from beleaguered Java to Australia, saving the lives of eighteen British and Dutch officers, women and children in one of the most thrilling performances of this or any other war. — *International News Service*.

Women Wearing Men's Clothes

The New York Times says, "The sale of women's slacks in department stores is estimated to be about ten times greater than it has ever been before at this time of year." The same article says, "The American male has, if he chooses to indulge it, a new gripe. Red nails, open-toed shoes and psychopathic hats are now dead issues; the current affront to male taste is women all over the place in pants . . . Slacks have spread from the purely sports category to all fields of female activity."

We believe this to be a step in the wrong direction. God has spoken on this subject. "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment: for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord thy God" (Deut. 22:5).—*The Gospel Minister*.

Gypsy Smith, though 81 years of age, recently conducted special meetings in Minneapolis. Though the church where he preached holds 3,000, people were turned away each night.—*The Gospel Minister*.

Merchants of Misery

In the nearly 2,000,000 French prisoners of war, the Nazi government possesses a bargaining power that may turn tremendous tides in Europe. The one cause to which the pathetic Phillipe Petain has given the last ounce of his failing energies has been his promise to the French people that their imprisoned sons

should be released. Since the capture of American troops at Bataan the American people can understand the force of that appeal a little better. If almost 2,000,000 of our sons were in prison camps in Europe or Asia, we might be able to feel the tragedy that lies next to the heart of France.

Never before in the history of the world have so many helpless men been held as hostages. Always Herr Hitler, when bargaining with the Vichy Government, is able to dangle French prisoners before French eyes. Never after that can fathers and mothers think in purely political terms. By doling out his releases a few thousands at a time, the Fuehrer has made one good bargain after another. By torturing 2,000,000 mothers, another million sisters, some hundreds of thousands of wives, and an unknown number of sweethearts with threats of horrors and promises of liberty, the German Government has become the greatest merchant of misery in the history of the world.

The hope of the world's tomorrow rests with the fact that such trafficking in woe and brutal bargaining earns the judgment of God. Because the world is still under the authority of a moral order, the sufferings of France will not go unnoticed.—*Christian Advocate*.

The Pathfinder Presents the Three Following Items

The Sequatchie Handle Works in Tennessee signed a contract by which the workers agreed to give to the United States Treasury all extra pay resulting from overtime work.

Bricklayers and Masons Union No. 1, at Baltimore, rejected a dollar-a-day pay increase on the ground that it was not the proper thing at this time to increase wages, because the United States is at war.

"To cooperate with the national defense program" the painters' union in Chicago (Painters' District Council No. 14) reduced their hourly wages from \$1.83 1/3 to \$1.72 1/2, and extended the work week from 30 to 40 hours.

Italy and Ethiopia

Bishop Chavasse states that picture post cards in Rome at the time of the invasion of Abyssinia represented it as the entrance of Christianity into a heathen land. They portrayed the Virgin and Child riding on a tank into Abyssinia, escorted by Italian soldiers and airplanes.—*S. S. Times*.

A Son's Letter To His Father

(Author Unknown)

DEAR DAD:

I am writing this to you, though you have been dead thirty years.

From your seat in the Place Beyond I hope you can see these lines. I feel I must say some things to you, things I didn't know when I was a boy in your house, and things I was too stupid to say.

It's only now, after passing through the long, hard school of years; only now, when my own hair is gray, that I understand how you felt.

I must have been a bitter trial to you. I was such an ass. I believed my own petty wisdom, and I know now how ridiculous it was, compared to that calm, ripe, wholesome wisdom of yours.

Most of all, I want to confess my worst sin against you. It was the feeling I had that you "did not understand."

When I look back over it now, I know that you did understand. You understood me better than I did myself. Your wisdom flowed around mine like the ocean around an island.

And how patient you were with me! How full of long-suffering and kindness.

And how pathetic, it now comes home to me, were your efforts to get close to me, to win my confidence, to be my pal!

I wouldn't let you. I couldn't. What was it held me aloof? I don't know. But it was tragic—that wall that rises between a boy and his father, and their attempts to see through it and climb over it.

I wish you were here now across the table from me, just for an hour, so that I could tell you how there's no wall any more; I understand you now, Dad, and God! how I love you and wish I could go back and be your boy again.

I know now how I could make you happy every day. I know how you felt.

Well, it won't be long, Dad, till I am over, and I believe you'll be the first to take me by the hand and help me up the further slope.

And I'll put in the first thousand years or so making you realize that not one pang of yearning you spent on me was wasted. It took a good many years for the prodigal son—and all sons are in a measure prodigal—to come to himself, but I've come. I see it all now.

I know that the richest, most priceless thing on earth, and the thing least understood, is that mighty love and tenderness and craving to help which a father feels toward his boy. For I have a boy of my own.

And it is he that makes me want to go back to you, and get down on my knees to you.

Up there somewhere in the Silence, hear me, Dad, and believe me.

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDAVOR

The Lighted Pathway

Vol. 13

JULY, 1942

No. 7

God Bless Our Boys

Stars and Stripes Forever



Our Six Flags from 1777

"Thy Word is a Light Unto My Path"

Psa. 119:105



The Editor's Message



This Issue Is Dedicated to Our Boys in Service

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

I am using the same salutation as usual, but we are asking the girls to take a back seat this month as we have reserved the front seats for our boys who are in the service of our country. I am sure our



girls will be only too glad to do this, for they have good friends and loved ones in the service. However, we shall have something to say to them before we close our message. And now can you not visualize our large audience with all the boys

in uniform taking the front seats? Now we can hear the strains of music and we can see them rise as one man and hear those wonderful voices sing the "Star-Spangled Banner," which you will find on the back page of our paper. Then I can hear that other wonderful song, "God Bless America," and I can see the inspiration shining in their faces, inspiration that will lead them forth to fight for the freedom of America, the country they love so well. However, this inspiration, this mountain top experience, may be tested as they come down into the valley of service again, and it is down here in this testing time that we want to meet them with this little message.

Recently we heard a young man say, "Oh, it is no use to try now, this war has stopped everything." Yes, this young man was in the valley of discouragement. No need to try. But there is need to try. We want to begin our message with this little story.

Two young people went into a railway coach, found comfortable seats and sat down. They were nicely settled for the long journey when a porter looked in and told them to go forward.

"What is the matter with this coach?" asked one of the young travelers with an air of being abundantly able to take care of himself.

"Nothing," grinned the porter, "only it isn't coupled to anything that will take you any place."

Some people make the same mistake on the train of life. They settle themselves down in a coach that seems pleasant and comfortable. If they are kindly advised to proceed differently, they even question the counsel of those who know more about the train.

"What's the matter with my spending my leisure time in idleness?" asks one.

"What's the matter with this or that kind of amusement?" queries another.

It is not enough to be comfortably settled in life's coach. You can do this and still be left standing on the sidetrack when the train pulls out for its destination. Your coach must be coupled on to a train that is going some place.

Now if you are in the valley of discouragement, boys, then you are on the wrong coach. It will never get you anywhere.

Perhaps back somewhere in the past a desire came into your heart to be and do something in the world. You decided to make your life count for God and now this war has come and knocked every prop from under you.

We heard another young man say, "Oh, I don't mind going in training so much as I mind giving up my business. I have just got started well on the way

to success." Yes, that part of it seems hard, but it takes all kinds of experiences to build a life and this is what we want to talk to you about, "Building a Life." Matt. 7:24-27.

When we decide to build a home we are very anxious that we find the best architect possible, for we want our home planned to be convenient and beautiful. We will not trust it to just anyone. It is much more important to have the right architect for the building of a life. Well, you really do have One who has had your life planned from the beginning. And the only way to build a life is to turn it over to the God who has planned it.

In our scripture lesson, these men were in the building business. So are you, young man. They were in the business of building houses and you are building a life. Your great Architect has planned the Solid Rock, Christ Jesus, for the foundation. If you have accepted His plan, then all the wars that this world may ever have cannot shake that foundation. These men were their own builders. They built their houses themselves. At least, if they had them built, the scripture does not say so, for it does not say, "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them I will liken him unto a wise man, which had his house built on the rock," but "which built his house upon a rock." It is not otherwise for us. We can have a suit of clothes tailor-made and all we have to do is pay for it, put it on and wear it. We can even get a house with all the material cut to fit and all we have to do is to put it together—a tailor-made house. But we can't get a character and life tailor-made. It isn't delivered ready made. We built it ourselves and it is just

(Continued on page 22)

America's Best - - - By Mrs. Viola Bunker

As I look through my window at the heavens above
I think of God's goodness and His great love;
And I pray for our boys on the land,
sea and air,
For I know that my Savior will answer my prayer.

Today is a day that has been set aside
For every true mother to reverence with pride,
To live in a land where there's loyalty true,
With a flag bravely flying the red, white and blue.

The flag that has called every one of our sons
To duty so bravely till victory is won,
And onward they march to meet every foe,
Our prayers, they must follow wherever they go.

And many a father, who wishes tonight
He was with his own boy to help win the fight,
Is toiling and sweating to help send the ore
That will help to defend America's shore.
We'll all work together at our country's

demand
And prove to all nations we love Uncle Sam.
While our boys do the greatest and we do the small,
The foe is defeated, for prayer covers it all.

Our God and our faith, our fathers and mothers,
Our wealth and our boys who are under the colors
Of the flag called "Old Glory," and long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The Vision

By Paul Hutchens

(Used by permission of the Eerdmans Publishing Co.)

(Continued from last issue)

The gray car with Nystrom at the steering wheel eased its way through heavy night traffic until it reached Riverview Boulevard, where in keeping with the city's speed custom the speedometer needle moved along the face of the dial until it reached the 45 mark.

Le Vera's thoughts were with the man whom they had left standing at the curb, a lonely, dissatisfied man whose voice, when singing, was glorious and free, but when he prayed, was *sotto voce*, as if enemy fingers were pressing upon the strings of his soul.

Le Vera was thinking also of pretty Shera Thorwald, violin virtuoso, whose lavender eyes crooned so softly whenever they looked upon Rodney. Yes, she was glad she had gone, both glad and sorry. She had not wanted to go at first, and had accepted the invitation only after Wenda had insisted: "But you must come, my dear! Shera will be so disappointed—she and Rodney—you know Rodney, of course. They play around together a lot at the conservatory. Recently they've been making recordings on Shera's new Voice-O-Phone. You play so beautifully, Miss Webber, and now that your father is going on the air and all, we feel we would like to know you better . . ."

It had been thrilling to sing with Rodney, to sit beside him on the same bench, their voices blending, soaring, the words of the song in harmony with their thoughts. If they should sing that song some night after one of Daddy's sermons, the Spirit would use it to create faith unto salvation in many a heart. Over the radio it would bless scores of thousands. Some day, in a home of their own, at their own piano, singing together, building life together . . .

The thought moved her strangely. She marked above it the sign of the pause and held it for a long time, while a potpourri of related thoughts linked

themselves with it in the sweetest of harmony. No other man had made her dream like this.

Oh, but she must not let herself dream, for those thoughts were thief thoughts. She must not steal him away from Shera. She released the hold, and the euphemy was gone. She was not sitting on the piano bench, but in a luxuriously upholstered car with Johnny Nystrom, famed architect, tenor soloist, out and out Christian, one of Hampton's wealthiest bachelors.

Conversation was irregular until they reached Riverview suburb. "I'm glad you came early, John," she said. "You know the little chorus: 'Lord, lay some soul upon my heart'?"

"I was singing it one morning in the office, wondering to whom He would have me speak that day, and Shera's face came into my mind. Since then, whenever I sing those words, I keep seeing her, standing with her violin tucked under her chin, her flaxen hair—isn't her hair beautiful?—I don't think I ever saw more expressive eyes. I can't understand why she can refuse the Lord Jesus Christ, and be so rebellious against Him when everything in the world that is truly beautiful and lovely is His gift, even her own beauty.

"That's why I invited you to come for me and why I asked you to tell one of your 'encyclopedia' stories. I've promised the Lord I'd try to win this girl for Him. I know He has laid her upon my heart.

"That was a master stroke—that about Lord Byron. How do you know all those things?"

He laughed soberly. "I don't. I look them up especially for the occasion. When I know I'm going to talk to a Thorwald I look up Thorwald in the encyclopedia; when I'm to interview a Deland I look up Deland. People are always interested in family trees, and in famous persons who bear their names. It's a little method I think the Lord has given me to make it easy to introduce them to Christ."

"Know anything interesting about anyone named Webber?"

"Webber?—Let me see—Oh yes, there was a Karl Maria von Weber, a contemporary of Beethoven and Schubert. He gave Germany her first opera sung in the German language by German singers. However the name is spelled with only one 'b', and if you're going to change the name at all it had just as well be changed to a Scandinavian name like—Nystrom."

There had been no change in inflection in his tone, no warning. He did not mean it, of course. She stared straight ahead at the snow-paved street.

He gave a low whistle. "That was a

slip of the tongue—although a man can't help but wish sometimes that age was not such a big factor in deciding the marriage question. If you'll forgive me, I'll promise never to make such a break again. I know that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, but I solemnly affirm that I haven't been thinking about it—not to any great extent, and I'm not serious at all."

Her thoughts were of Rodney, the look of trust in his eyes as he had sat in the dental chair that morning, the look of distress in those same eyes twenty minutes ago when they had left him at the curb in front of Drexel Hall. He had seemed so boyish standing there so in need of someone to sympathize . . .

Suddenly Nystrom slammed on the brakes. The car skidded, swerved; a truck roared across the intersection at high speed, missing their bumper by inches only.

"Whew!" he gasped. "Didn't he see that stop sign?" He swung over to the curb, stopped the car.

In the light of the dash, his face was pale, his forehead beaded with perspiration. He drew an immaculate handkerchief from his inside coat pocket, wiped his brow. His fingers were trembling.

She had never known him to be like that. Was he ill, perhaps?

"It's nothing," he said. "I—I'll be all right in a minute. By the way, I think I'll arrange to put a little studio right in the church for the morning broadcasts. It's what Father's dreamed of for years—to get out the gospel over the air regularly. There are so many programs on the air that are so lifeless. So few in which the Word is given in power."

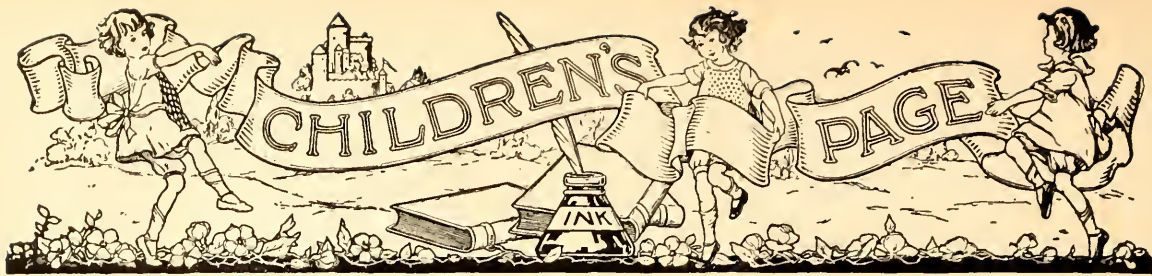
He spun the motor, and drove on. "After all," he said,—and she noticed there was still a tremor in his voice—"what's a man's money for, after his own personal needs have been met, except to spread the gospel? What's a little old two hundred dollars a month, when everything I design turns to gold?—when I couldn't even take one little breath without my heavenly Father."

He left her at the front porch of the Webber manse. He lifted his hat and stood for a brief moment. "Have you forgiven me for the slip of tongue?" he asked, and she thought he was like a bashful high school youth.

"Forgiven," she said.

He did not reply. She knew that some deep emotion was seething within him. Then he spoke, "There was a girl once, who was your image, almost, that is, she was your spiritual image, and talented in the same way you are. But she was not meant for me. I guess I've never gotten over it."

He looked away. Love was such an un-
(Continued on page 31)



"I DO BELIEVE, SO THERE"

Even a little child's faith is tested. Abbie's mother was ill. One night during her fifth year her loved mother had a severe hemorrhage, and was given up to die. An older sister hurried upstairs to bring the baby sister to receive her mother's good-bye kiss. Telling her that her mother was dying, and that they must hurry, the little girl commenced, "My mother must not die; my mother must not die." As they passed a closet at the foot of the stairs Abbie asked her sister to let her go in the closet for a few minutes. The sister put her down but told her to hurry. Little Abbie entered the closet, shut the door and closed the window, then kneeling, prayed: "Dear Lord, here I am. I've done just what you said. I've come to the closet, and I've shut the door. No one is here but just you and me. Please, dear Lord, don't let my mother die till I've confessed Christ."

A great peace filled her heart, and she ran to her mother's bed saying, "My mother will not die." Her sister lifted her to the bed and laid her in her mother's arms, and, to the surprise of the physician, her mother fell into a natural sleep, clasping her little girl.

When she awoke the danger was past, and while she never became entirely well, God spared her life five years.

Then Satan began troubling little Abbie. Many people think it is not important for children to be saved, but Satan is on the alert to tempt even the little ones, so how necessary it is to lead them early to the Lord Jesus.

In her prayer for God to spare her mother's life Abbie had said, "Don't let my mother die till I've confessed Christ," so every time she tried to tell her mother she was saved and

belonged to Christ, Satan would whisper, "The minute you confess Christ your mother will die."

For two years this torture continued. Abbie longed to tell her mother she was saved. She knew her mother was praying and longing for her salvation, but fearing her confession would mean her mother's death, Satan kept her lips

closed. The child believed with her heart, but was afraid to confess with her mouth Jesus as her Savior.

One Sunday with her parents she started for service. The mother was taken in a wheel chair, since she was unable to walk. Little Abbie would trot ahead to see things, then would run back to the chair to tell her mother. Soon they heard singing, but could see no singer. "Run and see what it is, dear," said her mother. Abbie ran ahead and found a little ragged girl a few years older than herself, sweeping the street crossing. As she swept she sang, "I do, I do, I do believe, That Jesus died for me; And through His blood, His precious blood, I am from sin set free."

Again she sang, "I do, I do, I do believe, That Jesus died for me!"—

"If you believe that, then you're saved, aren't you?" said Abbie.

"Yes," said the little girl. "Do you believe it?"

"I don't know," answered Abbie, the great fear of confessing Him and the thought of losing her mother coming upon her.

"That's queer," said the little crossing sweeper, "your father told me how to accept the Lord Jesus. You are his daughter and you don't believe in the Lord."

This was more than the child could stand.

"I do believe, so there," confessed Abbie firmly and joyfully. Turning, she ran swiftly and climbed up in the chair beside her mother. Then throwing her arms around her mother's neck she cried, "Mother, I'm saved, whether you live or die."

What a great burden was lifted from the heart of a little child as she confessed Christ with her lips. Later in

(Continued on page 29)



Twins of Rev. and Mrs. Paul H. Walker, state overseer of Pennsylvania. They are three and one-half years old. The one on the left is Dean Edward and the one on the right is Donald Murray. Both are full of life and perfectly sound physically. They have been raised on a schedule and bring the household to life every morning at seven o'clock. They have deep brown eyes and hair and are about the same in weight and size.

Father's and Mother's Page



Home, Sweet Home

A Father's Responsibility

By Rev. J. E. Freeman, Bishop of Washington

Of all the problems that engage our interest, the domestic problem is the greatest. A man may be a mastery in his profession, a captain of industry, or even a prophet of the church, and yet signally fail in ordering to his own satisfaction the concerns of his household. In the greatest story that the Master ever told, this weighty problem is set forth. It strongly illustrates the difficulties involved in dealing with the capricious whims and fancies of youth.

Much has been said and written, and with large propriety, about the mother's influence in maintaining the high moral standards of the family. It would sometimes seem to appear that this whole weighty obligation revolved upon her. We think of the father as the breadwinner, the provider, and too infrequently we think of him as a contributor to the moral tone and excellence of his household. To regard him merely as a breadwinner, the conservator of the material and physical needs of his household, is to assign to him a standard of service that is unworthy of him. He may fulfill this important end most effectively and yet however well done, if it be the only end he serves, it may result in dissatisfaction and bitter disappointment. Too much emphasis is placed upon this aspect of the father's obligation.

While mental development and all that contributes to refinement and culture have their distinct place, it is demonstrably true that they do not necessarily contribute to the high things of char-

acter. We do not have to search far in our memories for instances to illustrate this. We have known instance after instance where the most meticulous care has been given to these matters, the issue of which has been miscarriage, failure and moral dereliction. Our contention is that the highest and holiest obligation laid upon the father of the household is that which has to do with the moral and spiritual wellbeing and development of his children. No matter how he may succeed in other things, failing in this, his service for his children, may result in disillusionment and dissatisfaction. When the late Studdert Kennedy, the great English preacher, was serving as a chaplain in France he wrote to his wife concerning the education and training of his son. The precepts he laid down have incalculable value. They cover the whole range of a boy's life. Here are a few fragments from this remarkable letter:

"Encourage him to play games and always to play the game.

"Teach him to despise cowardice and never to be afraid of anything or anyone save God.

"Teach him to love and reverence women. Teach him that the man who deceives a woman is a scoundrel, and that he must try to live straight.

"Most important, teach him to love Jesus Christ as the pattern God-man.

"Guard him from vulgarity and snobishness, and never let him speak contemptuously of anyone or anything except a coward.

"Kiss him for me and give him my blessing, and when he is old enough tell him my life story as you would tell it, knowing that I tried hard most of the time to do right, and when I sinned I was sorry in my heart, as I am now."

Here was a father who realized his primary responsibility.

—*Christian Home Builder.*

TRAINING FOR SERVICE

"By love serve one another."

Could a better life motto for a family be selected? Fortunate indeed is the home where it is truly carried out. Luther Weigle has said, "No child is fitted to be a citizen of the world today and tomorrow who is not growing into the spirit of unselfish service." How to gender this unselfish spirit is a problem confronting every home.

First of all, the parents themselves must set an example. It is useless to say to the children, "Be kind and helpful," when father and mother are quarreling and seeking their rights. Courtesy, thoughtfulness and sacrifice are needed if this ideal of service is maintained in family life.

To instill in the child's mind this ideal of service, a certain amount of instruc-

tion is needed, such as stories with the thought of doing for others, acquaintance with the lives of the less fortunate, selections of verse and song embodying motives for service, and quiet heart to heart talks. Then these impressions will naturally take form in expression. Telling the story of the Good Samaritan should involve discussing and deciding "Who is my neighbor?" and acting accordingly. To hear about the Master "who went about doing good" should encourage those who listen to go and do likewise.

It is a mistake for parents to feel their children are too small to think in terms of service. Even a two-year-old can be responsible for picking up his toys and clothes, or can bring things to mother. As he grows older more important tasks can be added as the idea of service is explained to him. "A child's life of action can be steadily trained by acts of kindness."

Some parents deliberately plan opportunities for service for their children, endeavoring to have each task taken up wholeheartedly. Papers, flowers or food can be taken to the sick, aged or poor. Children should be trained to sympathize with those who suffer and to speak naturally with old people. Teachers at school or Sunday school often have small tasks or errands for those willing to perform them. Children should be taught to offer their services.

Of course, the "hot-bed" for service is in the home. On every side appear ways to serve one another. Unless carefully guarded, the usual procedure in a home is "me first." It can be otherwise, parents, but only as we cultivate the spirit of unselfishness in ourselves and children, however. "The world is full of sorrowing and suffering people. Happiness for self is to be found only in service for others."—*Selected.*

In the Making

Julia Irene Miller

Those who have made a deep study of the matter tell us that an earnest desire on the part of a child to be like someone whom that child dearly loves or admires, is the material out of which good character may be made.

Little Bobby greatly admires his father. He loves the way his daddy walks and talks. He thinks no one is quite as strong and wise as his father, and he dreams of the time when he will be older and will wear the same kind of shoes and ties and hats.

Perhaps Bobby hurries himself forward a bit. It gives him satisfaction to put his own feet into his father's shoes or rubbers and scuff about in them. At times it gives him pleasure to put one of his

(Continued on page 29)

Helps for Tempted and Tried

WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN?

BY ELOISE MAY RICHEY

The Psalmist asks, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me?" (Psalms 42:5).

To the natural mind there may seem to be many things in these trying days to cause the soul to be cast down.

It may be that some spiritual leader in whom one has placed implicit confidence has failed in the hour of testing; has proven not to be a wholly surrendered, wholly consecrated child of God; or worse still, perhaps has gone back into the world and denied the blood that bought him. Maybe this one was a dear, personal friend, or a relative, or possibly one with whom you have been closely associated in the work of the Master, and now that this one has failed, your spirit cries out in grief and alarm.

Perhaps there has been a failure on your own part. Maybe in the hour of testing you faltered and fell. Perchance some temptation swept over you with irresistible force and ere you knew it you were under its power. Maybe a victory that had been won after a terrific struggle, and which you were sure was permanent, slipped from your grasp and you went down in temporary defeat before the onslaught of the devil. Now with aching heart and tear-dimmed eye you can only sob, "Forgive, Father, oh, forgive this sin," whether the sin be of commission, of omission, or of doubting Him. "If we confess . . . and just to forgive . . ."

Or, you may be bowed down because of something physical: illness, weakness, suffering, in your own body, or in the body of a loved one or of a friend. Perhaps it is not an actual illness, no real suffering, but an impotence to be, to do, and to go for the Master you love: an inability to do service in His name and for His sake.

Perchance it is a material need that weighs you down, that makes your heart heavy: obligations to be met, bills that must be paid, no money to take care of the actual necessities of life.

ties of life.

All of these things, or any one of them, can cause the soul to be "cast down," the heart to be "disquieted."

Ah, there's a wondrous blessing in them all, for out of them are wrung from the heart, as they were from the heart of the Psalmist, such expressions as: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for . . . the living God . . . My tears have been my meat day and night . . . When I remember these things . . . the house of God . . . the voice of joy and praise . . . a multitude that kept holyday . . ."

(Psalms 42:1-4).

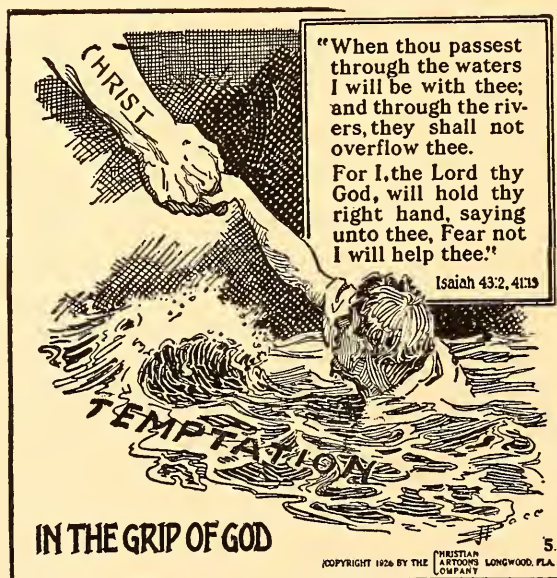
Tears day and night, weeping and sorrowing, thirsting and longing for God, for the assurance that all is well, for the joy of His salvation, for the help of His countenance . . . all the while remembering days that were not like these . . . days when the sun was shining, when the birds were singing and the flowers blooming; when the multitude, you among them, flocked to the house of God to keep holy day.

Friend, remember these things, and when you do so say to your soul, "Hope thou in God!" Remember Him now. Look away from the things that pulled you

down, look away from failures of workers, of friends, of yourself. Look to God. Forget the things that wound and perplex and hinder, and see Him. Remember Him from the land of Jordan; yes, from beyond Jordan, beyond the wilderness, beyond the Red Sea. Go all the way back to Egypt in your thinking and remember that it was He who brought you from the land of bondage, who cleansed your heart with His blood, who opened up the way of escape for you, who led you all the days of the wilderness journey. It was He who was in the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. It was He who was on the lofty heights of Hermon and on the little hill of Mizar. Remember His great blessings: salvation, the baptism in the Holy Spirit, healing for your body, the glorious hope of His coming; and the great mountain peaks of His presence and blessing: Mt. Sinai with its smoke and fire and law; Mt. Moriah with the assurance of His provision; Mt. Pisgah where you were allowed to view the promised land of blessing; and, oh, bow your heart, close your eyes, and speak softly, Mt. Calvary where His love was revealed in all its wonder and tenderness.

In remembering these giant peaks of blessing, praise Him with all your heart and soul, but at the same time do not forget the little hills of blessing: that temptation that

(Continued on page 29)



Choose Thou For Me

HORATIUS BONAR

*Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
It shall be still the best,
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to Thy rest.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.*

—The Gospel Call.

The Highway of Guidance

BY JAMES H. McCONKEY

(Continued from last issue)

"Yes," replied the young fellow. "Are they Christians?" asked the conductor. "They are," said the boy. "My father is an officer in a church." "Well, young man, can you imagine how your mother's heart would bleed if she stood here and heard you blaspheme the name of Christ as I have heard you this morning? Why, she would not take all the silver and gold in the world, and hear that." And then as he went on with increasing earnestness, my friend put his arm over the profaning boy's shoulder and pleaded with him to cease from his manner of life. Presently the boy broke down utterly. He put his head on the conductor's shoulder and sobbed out his penitence like a child. As they dismounted at the end of the run the young fellow made an appointment at the hotel to talk it over with him. And talk it over they did to a finish. It ended in the young man giving his heart to Christ and parting from the conductor. The next year the conductor learned he was superintendent of a prosperous little Sunday school and giving noble testimony for Jesus Christ.

But the stream of power from this Christian railroad man's life did not end there. The wealthy turpentine friend had witnessed the whole scene and heard the conversation. As the conductor started toward his hotel he heard his name called. Looking around he saw the turpentine merchant standing in the middle of the road beside his team, which had come to meet him. "Hold on, conductor, I want to say something to you. I was listening to your conversation with that young man. You did not mean it for me. But I want to say this: I am a wealthy man. I have a good wife and children and a comfortable home. Yet I never in my life read a chapter from the Book nor had a prayer with them. Conductor, your talk has reached my heart. I am going home this very night to set up my family altar, and from this time on I will be a different man." Out from this man's life had flowed a stream of power from God. Not the power of great scholarship, or eloquence, but the power of the Spirit of God, pouring its stream through the life of the man who walked in this highway of God, the highway of a consecrated life. It is a highway in which all of us may walk. Shall we not enter therein?

It Is a Highway of Manifestation

"He that keepeth my commandments I will manifest myself to him," says Christ in John 14:21. What does He mean? He could not have referred to His bodily manifestation because that was already with them. Already they were looking into His face. They were hearing the tender tones of His familiar voice. His loving eyes were searching them through and through as He gazed upon them. He was clearly not speaking to them of His bodily presence. He was revealing to them the great secret of the manifestation of Himself in their own inner souls. What was that secret? Simply this: he who would see the face of Christ must walk in the path where Christ walks. If we live in His will we shall know the manifestation of His presence.

It is this. Suppose you are my dear friend. You have been absent in a strange land for many years. I hear you are in the city. I write and ask you to tell me where I can see you. You say, "You may find me any time this afternoon walking

"He leadeth me." (Ps. 23:3.)

"Present your bodies a living sacrifice." (Rom. 12:1.)

on Broad Street between two certain points. I go down town. I begin to walk up and down Market Street instead of Broad. Hour after hour I walk, but have no manifestation of your presence. I go back and write you of my disappointment. You answer: "You kept your tryst in the wrong street. If you want to see me you must come where I walk."

Even so is it in the Christian life. How shall we know Him in our inner soul? If we want to see the Master's face we must walk in the Master's path. "If any man will come after me"—what? Let him walk in the pathway of his own self-will? Nay; let him deny himself. You cannot meet Christ in the pathway of selfishness, for He never walked that pathway Himself. "A body hast thou given me," said He, "Lo, I come to do thy will." He gave that body to do His Father's will, even to the bitter moment when He "bore our sins in his own body on the tree." And now He is saying to us, "Present your bodies a living sacrifice." And why? For the same purpose

—to do His will. God has given us our bodies for the same purpose that Jesus Christ had His, to do the Father's will. When we walk in that pathway we will walk with Him and know His manifestation. For that is what consecration means. It is simply leaving the pathway of self-will to walk in the pathway of the Master. And he who walks in the highway of Christ's will shall know the spiritual manifestation of Christ in his innermost soul as none other can possibly know it.

It Is a Highway of Revelation

I had been living on the banks of the Mediterranean all winter. Many a time had I stood by its shore. Many a long walk had I taken along its white sands. But the time had come for me to leave my winter home. Taking my bicycle—for I was traveling awheel—I started up the mountain road which led from the beautiful city where I had been wintering. Moment by moment I steadily climbed the steep summit until I reached the highest point of the road overlooking the water. The great inland sea lay at my feet an infinite expanse of beauty; the surf broke in snowy whiteness upon the beach two thousand feet below; lovely islands slept half submerged in the blue haze; white sails dotted the horizon in the dim distance; the telegraph wires were droning their song in the gentle breeze; heaven seemed to brood over the spot with a holy awe. It was a scene of transcendent loveliness. As my soul feasted upon it in the hush of the afternoon hour I realized that I had never really seen the Mediterranean until I saw it from this lofty mountain eyrie on the great highway of the Corniche road.

Ah, my friend, you who are living the self-centered life, you will never really see life until you see it from the lofty viewpoint of God's own highway of consecration. You may dream its dreams; you may sing its songs; you may hear the roar and tumult of its conflicts; you may grasp after its prizes; you may float at ease upon the stream of its numberless pleasures, but you will never really see life until you see it as God sees it for you, and is lovingly and tenderly waiting to show it to you. And when you stand upon that uplifted place of consecration and look out over the broad expanse of God's will and purpose for your life, what a vision it will be for you! Then will darkness flee away; then will faith grow steady; then will groping cease; then will the bewildering labyrinth of human plans and pathways vanish away, and blazed like a pathway through a great

(Continued on page 31)

American Flag Makers

EARLE W. GAGE

The Stars and Stripes—the only flag in the world, former President Poincare of France once declared, “which does not dip before the head of a state—king or president”—passed through many stages of evolution from the time it was accepted by Congress, June 14, 1777, until it reached its present form, our national ensign shows an evolution and it can trace its descent through interesting ancestors.

First, there is the banner of Scotland, dating back to the year 945 A. D., a blue field with the white cross or salute of St. Andrews. It is this blue field that is in our flag of today, and upon which is placed the union of forty-eight stars. Next comes the banner of England of 1274, a white field with the red cross of St. George. It was under this flag that John Cabot, in 1497, established England's claim to North America. The third flag is “Jacques Union” of 1606, the union of the crosses, formed by placing the banner of England on that of Scotland. This flag and the flag of England were carried by the *Susan Constant*, which brought the settlers to Jamestown, Virginia, May 13, 1607, and by the Mayflower with the Pilgrims to New Plymouth, Massachusetts, on December 23, 1620.

The English colonial flag of 1628, which was carried by the American colonial troops in King William's War, 1689—1697, against the French and Indians, comes next. It is a red field, with the banner of England in the canton. It was from this red field that the seven red stripes of our flag were derived.

Then comes the British colonial flag of 1707, a red field with the union of the crosses, “Jacques Union,” in the canton in place of the banner of England. This flag was carried by the American colonial troops in the attack on Acadia, in 1710, during Queen Anne's War, in the taking of Louisburg by the New England troops in 1745, during King George's War, and in the attack on Fort Duquesne, in 1755, when Colonel George Washington saved the army after Braddock's defeat by the French and Indians in the fourth and last of the intercolonial wars.

The flag of the United Colonies of America, 1776, the first of striped flags, is next. It is a flag with thirteen alternate red and white stripes with the union of the crosses, “Jacques Union” in the canton. It is derived by laying across the red field of the colonial flag of the mother country six white stripes, the

resulting combination of thirteen red and white stripes representing the thirteen original colonies in rebellion, the crosses in the canton to stand for allegiance to the king and mother country. This was the flag which was raised at the stern of the *Alfred* when Lieut. John Paul Jones said, “The flag of America floats for the first time over an American man-of-war.”

The first of the United States flags is that of 1777, commonly called the “Betsy Ross Flag,” a flag of thirteen alternate red and white stripes, with thirteen white stars arranged in a circle on a blue field in the canton. This flag was used during the Revolutionary War, and was our flag from June 14, 1777, to May 1, 1795.

The second flag of the United States, 1795, was made up of fifteen alternate red and white stripes and fifteen stars. This was our flag during the War of 1812, and it was to this flag that Francis Scott Key, on September 14, 1814, dedicated the words of “The Star-Spangled Banner.” This flag was in use from May 1, 1795, to July 4, 1818.

Our third flag, 1818, was the one which showed the return to the thirteen stripes, which we have ever since retained, and which also called for the addition of a star to the union of stars on the canton on the Fourth of July, next following the admission of a state into the Union of States. As the new states joined the Union the number of stars gradually increased, so that the soldiers of each of America's wars fought under a flag different from that of the others.

Strange enough, the United States, one of the youngest of the world's nations, possesses the oldest flag. The designs of those of other great nations have been changed many times since 1777, but the flag which the Continental Congress adopted on June 14, 1777, has continued our banner. On that historic June day, 160 years ago, John Adams of Massachusetts proposed to the assembly a resolution that “The flag of the Thirteen United States shall be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing the new constellation.”

As for the red and white stripes of our flag, Robert Allen Campbell is authority for the statement that on December 13, 1775, a dinner party was given in Philadelphia, which was attended by General Washington, Benjamin Franklin, and other leaders of the day.



In the course of this, the conversation turned upon the question of a flag, and Franklin is reported to have made a speech in which he declared:

“While the field of your flag must be new in the details of its design, it need not be entirely new in its elements. It is fortunate for us that there is already in use a flag with which the English government is familiar, and which it has not only recognized, but protected for more than half a century, the design of which can be readily modified, or rather extended, so as to meet admirably our purpose. I refer to the flag of the East India Company, which is one with a field of alternate longitudinal red and white stripes, and having the cross of Saint George for a union.”

As the East India Company was founded in 1599, the flag had been in existence 176 years at the time its design was adopted. When the union between England and Scotland occurred, in 1707, the canton of the company's flag was changed from the cross of Saint George to the combined crosses of Saint George and Saint Andrew. It was this flag which, on January 1, 1776, was raised at Cambridge, Massachusetts, just twenty days after the dinner party held in Philadelphia.

Many and many a year ago brave men fought and died that their countrymen might see the visible trophies of their victories. Now in the midst of a wonderful collection of the souvenirs of conflict that graces Trophy Hall, at the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis, Maryland, are some of the nation's flag trophies, unclaimed by any. Flags that were captured in now-forgotten battles hang in cases side by side with those whose glorious history is known to every schoolboy.

Two of the flags of forgotten events are British. One is a jack marked “Avon” and nothing more; the other is an ensign of a warship, and is marked “Beresford.” From the condition of both of these flags it is supposed that they date back to the war of 1812, but history gives no record of ships bearing these names sent to American waters.

Another of the mystery flags is known as the “814” flag. In great white figures the number appears on a field of blue,
(Continued on page 30)

The Art of Managing Men

When Charles Schwab was made the manager of the Carnegie steel works Andrew Carnegie gave him the following advice: "Don't go around nagging your men. You are going to find a lot of things which will not please you, but so long as they are inconsequential do not notice them. Continual fault-finding disheartens men." This lesson the young manager took to heart and now after a long service in the art of managing men, he says, "That was a lesson I never forgot. I never criticize anyone. I give men full liberty and sway. I am anxious to praise and loath to find fault. Praise spurs men to greater effort; criticism never helps them. If I like anything I am hearty in my commendation. My silence hurts; my commendation makes men think and work harder."

This is a lesson which requires to be learned in many places beside the steel mills. The parent needs to get it by heart. The teacher needs to know its truths; the minister of the gospel will find it helps him to come closer to the men whom he wishes to help. There is no factory or foundry, no store great or small, which does not need to have this lesson taught most thoroughly. Men are to be managed much more easily by approval of their good deeds than by reproof of their mistakes. And there are all too few who seem to have mastered this truth even amongst those whose business in life is to teach men the better way.—*Onward*.

Heat Rather Than Light

An infidel blacksmith in a certain community was a terror to the local church. The minister tried his best to win the man to righteousness, but he only ranted against religion. The more the preacher talked the more the blacksmith cursed. The elders sought to reason with him without effect. There was an old farmer who had prayed for the infidel for years. One night that farmer could not sleep; he was too burdened for the blacksmith's soul. He got up early the next morning and drove to the blacksmith shop. The infidel raised the bedroom window and asked what was wanted. The farmer began to stammer, unable to say a word. The infidel laughed. At length the old man burst into tears and cried out, "I'm so anxious about your soul." He then hurried away. These words with their earnestness won the infidel to Christ. This shows that a warm blundering man may do more than a cold correct one in witnessing for Jesus Christ.—*Arthur Le Grand Berger in Moody Monthly*.

Things Pleasing to the Eye

Explorers in Africa say that the most

Treasured Gleanings For Ministers and Christian Workers

beautiful fruit is usually the most poisonous. Luscious-looking berries and peaches of bright rich and purple colors look tempting but are deadly poison. Grapes and nuts which appear to be edible have the effect of producing sleep from which there is no waking. Other fruits are exceedingly bitter and disagreeable to the taste in spite of their pleasing appearance. The most modest-colored fruits and nuts are the ones which the natives and the wild creatures eat.

The poisonous fruits may be compared to the temptations which we meet. They are most always "pleasing to the eye." They promise to give pleasure, but when we yield to them they are like the bright, beautifully colored fruits of the jungle—they carry danger and death. — *The Youth's Evangelist*.

A Spool of Warp

When I was a child I went one day to the weaver's house with rags that my mother had saved for a carpet. Once there I lingered a while to watch the weaver at his work.

On a shelf at one side of the room were spools of colored string, which he told me were spools of warp. One spool I especially admired. It was a deep red; and the last thing I saw as I turned from the door was that spool standing there on the shelf.

A week later, when the carpet was done, I went back to the weaver's house. Mindful of the pretty spool of warp, I glanced toward the shelf. The spool was gone. When I asked the weaver about it, he smiled and pointed to the end of a red cord in the fringes of the carpet.

After I had reached home with the carpet we spread it out on the floor.

"Look at that deep red thread running through it!" exclaimed mother. "It is just the touch needed to set it off. I should never have imagined that a little bit of red could make such a difference."

When I told mother of the spool of red warp at the weaver's and assured her that the thread in the carpet came from the spool, she traced the thread as it

twined in and out, and said: "Do you remember the thought I was trying to impress on you children last Sunday? The value of a life depends not on what it is by itself, but on its filling its proper place in God's plan. The spool of warp, beautiful in color though it was, would never have amounted to anything so long as it stood on the shelf. But here in the carpet what a wonderful difference it makes."

Our lives will never amount to anything if we live them selfishly. But if we give ourselves to God, who is the great Weaver in the world, He will fit us into a place in the universe, and we shall serve a noble purpose, even though our lives are but cords running through the pattern of the Kingdom. — *The Youth's Companion*.

There was a time when Greece was a great and grand land. An ambassador one time came to one of the cities of Greece. It was the city of Sparta. In those days the cities had walls about them to protect the people from their enemies. This ambassador noticed that there were no walls around the city of Sparta. He spoke of this to the king of Greece. "Indeed," said the king, "you cannot have looked carefully. Come with me tomorrow and I will show you the walls of Sparta." The next morning, the king took the ambassador out upon the plains. There the army of Greece was drawn up in battle array. Pointing proudly to the brave soldiers, the king said, "There you behold the walls of Sparta—every man a brick!" Those soldiers were so true and faithful that the king could trust them to protect his people as well as walls would. God's servants should be so faithful to the Lord that He can trust them to keep His people safe.—*Junior Class*.

Closed Doors

The manager of one of the great Clyde ship-building yards was, when a young man, completely laid aside for two years. It looked as if his career was at an end. But, unable to use his limbs, he gave himself to the study of the higher mathematics, with the result that when he was restored to health he found himself able to take an entirely different position in his profession, as he was now able to study at first hand the most intricate problems of design and engineering. When doors in Jerusalem were closed to Paul, other doors in Rome opened to him with opportunities for wider service.—*From the Sunday School Chronicle*.

Our lives make more impression on the world as to what we think of Christ than all we can say or write about Him; and if we fail to confirm what we say by what we do, our testimony will be consigned to the waste basket by the public.

Eva's Investment

ROY S. NICHOLSON

(A Story Based on Facts)

For months Eva Waters had been waging a hard battle with herself. She had asked herself many times during this warfare, of which none but herself was conscious: "What shall I ever be able to do to help others? I am not gifted as many others seem to be; and while I wish to do something useful, I seem never to have that opportunity." To say that she was tempted seriously by the enemy of her soul, is to state it mildly. For Satan had repeatedly told her that she could never do anything useful and therefore it was useless for her to try to do anything.

But within her heart Eva kept hoping for an opportunity to do good to someone in some way. She was a Christian, yet at times she had been dissatisfied with her experience. She really felt that there was a place in the Christian life which she had not attained, but which would be such an epoch as would enable her to see clearly, instead of through a dark glass as seemed her condition just now. Her daily prayer was: "Lord, teach me Thy will, and show me what I may do to glorify Thy name."

Reverses came to the family, and again the enemy of her soul whispered that her opportunities were now gone. Then he reproached her, hoping thereby to deepen her sorrow, saying that she had not improved her opportunities when she had them; but that now, when circumstances seemed more unfavorable than ever, she might as well forever banish the idea of serving humanity. She would have her hands filled with the work of helping her widowed mother with the family. Eva was willing to do this, but she still felt that surely somewhere in all God's great field there was a place where she could do something helpful. At least she solved this much: to resist Satan's attacks, obey the leadings of the Lord, and be on the alert for any opportunity that came her way.

The weeks passed into months, and the months sped by like a weaver's shuttle, and yet Eva's opportunity seemed not to come. As an obedient and dutiful daughter she worked energetically, saved as much above her actual expenses as was possible, and gave her mother the balance, first being careful to see that the Lord's tithe was paid as soon as her pay check was cashed. Eva had a God-given conviction that the tithe belonged unto the Lord, and that if she could not do something worthwhile she could help

others, whom the Church designated as its representatives in the various fields. In this she found great joy. Yet she yearned and prayed for a door to open unto her. Maybe she would be called to Africa, India, China, or Japan! She was really willing to go there, if the Lord should call her.

Eva grew in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord and her spiritual hunger for a deeper experience grew more pronounced. She was resolved that nothing less than God's best would be her ideal, and she would strive for its attainment. As she diligently read the Bible, and lingered in secret prayer her soul grew calmer, her vision enlarged, and she felt nearer to the Lord than she had ever felt before. But even here the enemy of her soul was on the alert, and he attacked her, saying: "This is just a temporary interest, you will soon lapse back into your former condition. If you do become fanatical on the subject of religion, it will not make you popular with your set. They will set you aside and dislike you."

This was Eva's test! She had tried to show herself friendly and she wished to have friends. But a gentle voice seemed to speak within her heart saying: "Would you rather please the world and worldly-minded young people than Christ?" This startled Eva, for it now dawned on her that to be friendly toward the world and its wishes was to displease Christ. With eyes swimming with tears, and a heart that beat fast with deep emotion, Eva said in a firm, soft voice: "I will please the Lord, regardless of the consequences."

When Eva declared her loyalty to Christ, she little knew that this loyalty would be tested so severely. But with all her power she was resolved to be useful in God's service.

One Sunday afternoon Eva sat alone reading the Bible. It was her usual custom to read systematically. But this time she was reading at random, a verse here and a verse there; a chapter here and another chapter there. Thinking of the Prophet Isaiah's writings, Eva turned to the book that bore his name, and began to read some verses in the first five chapters. As her eye fell on chapter six she decided to read it again and meditate upon the wonderful experience of Isaiah.

The chapter was read and re-read. Each reading showed her something new. Eva began to feel that she, too, could confess that she dwelt among a people that were indifferent to the calls and

claims of God upon them. She felt and confessed that she, like Isaiah, needed a touch from God that would transform her into a volunteer for service. Then it dawned upon her that she had been waiting for God to draft her into His service, when He was calling for volunteers. This was a challenging revelation to Eva. Maybe she could see some place that needed such services as she could render in her Master's name. At least, she would be more on the alert for this than ever before. And away she went to the church for the closing services of the Lord's Day.

"I have just learned this week that one of our general evangelists will be passing through our community soon, and that he could spare a few days which he had reserved as a rest period, if we wish him for revival services," announced the pastor of the church which Eva attended regularly.

Immediately there was an air of approval on the part of the congregation. Eva was thrilled! This was the man of whom she had heard so much, and whom she had desired to hear speak. They could get him for these services, if the church leaders wanted him.

Just then good old Brother Jenkins arose, and said: "Brother Brown, I have felt that we should have a revival, and have been asking God to send us the right man. I feel that now is the time, and that this is the man, for it is not often that we have opportunities such as this. I move we invite him to come."

As soon as the older man sat down, a younger one arose, and spoke in its favor, seconding the motion. The pastor called for remarks, and various leaders briefly spoke their approval. Not one objection was raised to the meetings, and when the vote was taken it was unanimous. This seemed to be the move that gave the pastor new courage, and the congregation reflected his spirit and optimism. Little did any of them know what this meeting held for them; and perhaps the one who least expected it to work a transformation in her was Eva Waters, who hastened to tell her mother the good news as soon as she reached home, for her mother had been detained at home by the illness of one of the smaller children.

Everything seemed ripe for a gracious ingathering at this revival season. Young and old were refreshed by the spiritual messages of the evangelist. His was a message that challenged the people to think and to reason. Not that he was opposed to emotional demonstrations when the same were prompted by the Spirit, and kept within the bounds set by the Spirit, but he was sure that there was something that God would do for

(Continued on page 29)

Looking Backward



The commanding place which America holds among the nations of the world is not due to the fact that America is the richest nation in the world nor because we are the greatest nation educationally, industrially, agriculturally, horticulturally or otherwise, but because Uncle Sam is the big brother among them all.

The nations of the world have been supremely selfish nations, dog-eat-dog nations. Their diplomatic relations together have been that of one bunch of tricksters trying to outtrick another bunch of tricksters. So far have these selfish interests been pushed that there was finally the terrible explosion of the World War.

It was high time that a new type of nation should arise among the nations of the world, with the great altruistic ideals of unselfish devotion to humanity.

So our grand old flag waved in among the galaxy of flags, with the new slogan, "Not America for Americans, but AMERICA FOR HUMANITY."

We have set the pace that to be great as a nation, as well as to be great as an individual, we must learn to forget ourselves and pour out our lives to make life worth-while for others.

For the first time in the history of the world here is a nation, the recognized greatest nation in the world, that has on its heart the interests of the whole human race. We are not content to be a land of the free and home of the brave alone. We want every land to be as rich in citizenship. We shall not be satisfied until beneath every flag there shall be an untrammelled chance "for life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness." Not America for Americans, but America for humanity.

So far has this spirit prevailed that our grand old flag is the one flag loved around the world. Other flags are loved locally, but our flag is loved and hon-

ored around the world. It is the one flag that has within its fold that sentiment that to be great as a nation, as well as to be great as an individual, we must forget ourselves and pour out our lives to make life worth-while for those around about us.

I wish to tell you a few stories as to how it comes about that our flag is so generally loved and honored, why it is the one flag loved around the world.

The first story I will tell you is that of our relation in the awakening of Japan.

Up to 1853 Japan was a little old dump of a nation with its face turned towards the past. It had no public school system worth-while, no plan for the training of its youth for future leadership, no great development of its natural resources, and was living utterly isolated from the rest of the world. They had a law forbidding any of their citizens visiting any other nation and another law forbidding any person of another nation visiting their land. So there they were, living for themselves, by themselves and to themselves.

One day in 1853 Uncle Sam, in the person of Commodore Perry, called at the port of Japan with a fleet of gunboats.

Japan said, "There is Uncle Sam come to rob, pillage and steal like the rest of the nations. Go on about your business, Uncle Sam. We want nothing to do with you."

Uncle Sam said, "We want in." Japan protested so strongly that at last Uncle Sam said, "Very well. Think it over. We are coming in, but first we will take a cruise for a few months. When we return we are coming in."

It was Saturday night when this agreement was reached. According to the usual custom of Commodore Perry, a sacred concert was held Sunday afternoon. About two in the afternoon the great flagship pushed down close to the

harbor. All the other gunboats moved down by its side. The Japanese were alarmed. They looked for bombardment.

Presently at two o'clock in the afternoon our Marine Brass Band struck up "My Country, 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty." The host of soldier boys sang our national hymn as only American boys can sing it. Then followed "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Lead, Kindly Light," "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," "Onward Christian Soldiers," and so on, climaxing with the brilliant American lyric, "The Star-



Spangled Banner," completing the sacred concert.

Japan was that day bombarded, not with shot and shell, but with the glory of sacred songs so characteristic of this "land of the free and home of the brave." The heart throb of that afternoon has never passed from the soul of Japan. It was the glorious bugle call of Christian civilization of Japan to awaken and join the world friendship for which Uncle Sam stands. Little did they realize what all this was to mean to them a little later on.

When the cruise was over and Uncle Sam had returned, Japan, having no protection, was utterly at the mercy of Uncle Sam and his gunboats. So Uncle Sam proceeded to enter the port. Japan, frightened, watched developments.

Uncle Sam entered with a friendly smile, shook hands all around and invited the officials to a friendly conference.

Uncle Sam proceeded. "We have come from the land of the new ideals, the land of the free and the home of the brave; the great land where we have life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness; the land where we have hundreds of thousands of

(Continued on page 25)



Hymn Stories

The Song of the Invalid

Olive Mary Stewart

Shadows of the quiet evening
Creep around my bed tonight,
On the painting of the Christ Child
Rests the last, soft, fading light;
Now I hear the languid footsteps
Treading on the endless sod,
And my heart goes forth with pity
To the bosom of my God.

Father, bless those steps of sorrow
Plodding on life's weary way,
I, who cannot rise to help them,
Thank Thee, Lord, that I can pray.
Every footstep brings its message
Of some saddened heart in pain,

Lost its joy and love and courage,
Courage left to try again.
Oft I hear the steady footsteps
Of the aged still so brave
Faltering not though every footprint
Draws them nearer to the grave.

Softly now I hear the patter
Of the eager childish feet
Dancing on the merry roadway,
Skipping down life's busy street,
Heedless they of all the byroads
Filled with danger and with harm,
And the sadness ever near them
Till they nestle on His arm.

Often I would hear the footsteps
In the evening calm and still,
And with burning pain and suffering
Then my lonely heart would fill.
Now I know the Spirit in me
Leads me not where man has trod,
But within the living temple
Kneels my humble soul to God.

Father, bless those steps of sorrow
Plodding on life's weary way,
I, who cannot rise to help them,
Thank Thee, Lord, that I can pray.

—*Gospel Herald.*

The above poem is dedicated to my invalid sister, Mrs. W. G. Rankin, 101 Edwards St., Edmond, Okla. She will appreciate a letter from you and it will help her pass away the time. She has not walked for twenty-four years. How about sending her a postcard shower? Don't you think it would be interesting to have a postcard from the different places all over the world? My sister is the mother of four fine boys and girls. One of them is Alda B. Rankin McLendon, who writes some of our Bible lessons.—*Editor.*

Music

Servant and master am I: servant of those dead, and master of those living. Through me spirits immortal speak the message that makes the world weep, and laugh, and wonder, and worship.

I tell the story of love, the story of hate, the story that saves and the story that damns. I am the incense upon which prayers float to heaven. I am the smoke which palls over the field of battle where men lie dying with me on their lips.

I am close to the marriage altar, and when the graves open I stand near by. I call the wanderer home, I rescue the soul from the depths, I open the lips of lovers, and through me the dead whisper to the living.

One I serve as I serve all; and the king I make my slave as easily as I subvert his slave. I speak through the birds of the air, the insects of the field, the crash of waters on the rock-ribbed shores, the sighing of the wind in the trees, and I am even heard by the soul that knows me in the clatter of wheels on the city streets.

I know no brother, yet all men are my brothers; I am father of the best that is in them, and they are fathers of the best that is in me; I am of them, and they are of me.

For I am the instrument of God.

I AM MUSIC.

—*Author Unknown.*

Saved By a Song

When the English steamer, *Stella*, was wrecked on the Casquet Rocks, twelve women were put into a boat, which the storm whirled away into the water without a man to steer it and without an oar which the women could use. All they could do was to sit still in the boat and let the winds and waves carry them whither they would.

They passed a terrible night, not knowing to what destiny they were being conducted. Cold and wet, they must have been quite overcome but for the courage, presence of mind and musical gifts of one of their number. This one was Miss Margaret Williams, a contralto singer of much ability, well known as a singer in oratorios.

At the risk of ruining her voice, Miss Williams began to sing to her companions. Through the greater part of the night her voice rang out over the waters. She sang as much of certain well-known

oratorios as she could, particularly the contralto songs of "The Messiah" and "Elijah," and of several hymns. Her voice and sacred words inspired the women in the boat to endure their sufferings.

At about four o'clock in the morning, while it was still dark, a small steamcraft which had been sent out to try to rescue some of the floating victims of the wreck, coming to pause on the waters, heard a woman's strong voice some distance away. It seemed to be lifted in song. The men on the little steamcraft listened, and to their astonishment heard the words, "Oh, rest in the Lord," borne through the darkness. They steered in its direction and before long came in sight of the boat containing the twelve women, and they were taken aboard.

If it had not been for Miss Williams' singing they would not have been observed, and very likely would have drifted on to death, as so many other victims of the wreck did.—*Publisher Unknown.*

Gypsy Smith's First Convert

The day after I came to know Jesus, as a lad in my father's gypsy wagon, the world was a new world to me. I could not help singing. In those days I could really sing! I never got wrecked even on the high C's!

I went out to my work as usual—I was in the lumber business—selling clothespins at two pence a dozen. The first house I came to the lady bought some, and I asked her if she would like to hear me sing. My heart was full. I wanted to tell her about Jesus. I was afraid and unable to speak, but I knew many hymns. She said yes, so I sang: "Who'll be the next to follow Jesus? Who'll be the next the cross to bear? Someone is ready, someone is waiting; Who'll be the next the crown to wear?"

Then I saw her in tears, and I was so afraid that as soon as I had finished the hymn I took to my heels and ran as fast as I could!

Twenty-five years later I was holding a parlor meeting in a certain city. Among the ladies present was one who came to shake hands with me after the meeting.

"Well, Mrs. Chivers," I said, "I am glad to see you! You used to buy clothespins from me when I was a little gypsy boy. Do you remember one day when I sang for you and ran away?"

"Yes," she said, "and let me tell you about it. My daughter, a girl in her teens, was in the room, and as you sang she came and stood beside me. When you had gone she said:

"'Mother, if a poor little gypsy boy is able to love and confess Jesus, I think I ought to love Him, too.'"

(Continued on page 25)

Missionary Page

JAMAICAN HIGHWAYS

MARIE B. PEARSON

Turning and twisting highways, winding and wearisome byways, rocky and steep trails that weave through jungles and over mountain tops are just cleared spaces to facilitate traveling to most people; but, to the missionary, they lead to opportunities for the Master's service.

The life of the wide-awake missionary is far from being uneventful. Experiences in Jamaica impress the mind with pictures that time cannot erase. The material need presents itself around each corner, the spiritual deficiency demands attention from everywhere.

The birth of the Christchild seems to mean little to the majority. December 25th is celebrated extensively, but the mode fails to glorify God in the highest or to bring peace on earth, good will to men. The shops are all closed for several days during the Christmas season. The streets are stormed with foot traffic. Truly it is a gala event. All are dressed in their best togs. Dresses of bright pink, red, green, yellow, blue, purple, and various combinations. The heads are decked with paper hats of vivid hues and contrasting tassels. Gentlemen proudly march down the middle of the road sponsoring screeching ties around their necks. Whistles and horns are blown and noise-making instruments are used excessively. This year the customary abundance of firecrackers was missing on account of the need elsewhere; however, many a pop and boom rang through the air. Special food and drinks are a part of the event. One can guess the kind of drinks as he wedges his way through the crowds. To some who celebrated, the earth suddenly became as an earthquake, causing them to stagger and fall. The ditches and the sides of the road are the recipients of the insipid, advertisers of Jamaica rum.

On one occasion we saw an intoxicated person being robbed in broad daylight. He was compelled to allow them to take every farthing from his pockets. Some unfortunates awoke from their stupor to find that someone had relieved them of their shirts or trousers. Drunken men and women sprawled here and there. Many hearts were hilarious with "bubble" joy. Our hearts were burdened with the sin of it all. After the four days of no business, we again had the privilege of a daily newspaper bringing results of the feasting here and elsewhere.

The last days of the old year found us traveling over roads strange to us. The

sun was hot, the roads dusty. We enjoyed the scenery and the new kinds of vegetation. The road took us over and around hills and mountains. Soon we came to a river to be crossed, without a bridge. Brother Pearson looked the situation over and then in we went. The rushing water came up quite high around us. The native girls with us were frightened. The Chevy roared through and chugged up the other bank with frequent sputters from wet wires.

New Year's night we visited a community where a church official had never been. Here the folks had a watch service. Brother Pearson preached from



Brother and Sister Pearson

the text in Joshua, "Ye have not passed this way heretofore." He used, as an illustration, the new roads over which we had come to get there and how this life is just as uncertain with surprising events all along the way. He advised them to get right with God since on the morrow a new year began and they did not know what the new year would bring to them. Some accepted, but many did not.

After a few hours' rest, we hurried around to get started for the place at which we were to participate in an all-day's New Year gathering. Several car and truck loads of saints started out. We had Elder and Mrs. H. T. Gentles and Sister Mable Archer in our car. The sun shone beautifully, the road hugged the seashore. What a beginning of a New Year, starting it out with Jesus, on our way to be a blessing. We rounded a slight curve and were surprised to find a truck stalled in the middle of the road. A group of people stood around. We got out of our car and someone informed

us that a wreck had just occurred. We were the first on the scene.

The truck box had tipped over and beside the wreckage was a young man lying lifeless. We examined him first to see if there was still a chance to help him. He was dead but his body was still warm. One striking thing was that his eyes were still open, revealing horror in them. We then turned our attention to the living. The truck had about twenty-five occupants and all but one were hurt. The injured were screaming and crying, they were praying and quoting scriptures. We first thought about the souls of the dying. Brother Pearson asked one if he was saved and through the spurts of blood he said, "Yes." He was laid down on the grass bleeding badly from within. I talked to another badly mangled man. I asked him to pray. He opened his mouth and showed me that his tongue was almost gone. The blood was running over him. He couldn't form the words to pray. He said he wasn't ready to meet God. His eye was torn open, a part of his cheek hung down. His foot was broken, his head gashed here and there. I prayed with him and told him to believe and yield to God. We prayed with one here and there. One small boy had a large hole in the middle of his forehead. A lady groaned on account of a broken jaw and shoulder. Nice dresses and white suits were splattered with blood and mud.

Relatives soon arrived, screaming and praying. These were harder to manage than the wounded.

Brother Pearson and Elder Gentles took three of the more severely wounded about twenty-five miles to the nearest hospital. As they sunk lower, how they did pray! The man who claimed that he was ready, cried, "I'm dying, and I am NOT ready to go. I'm lost! My God have mercy on me. I've been traveling in the WRONG crowd and now I'm dying, save me." One man, whose eyes were covered with blood, said, "Is this the preacher?" He was answered in the affirmative. He said, "Pray for me." He had no time for the preacher in this community, but now he was dying. He was glad for the prayers of a Church of God preacher. As we prayed with the living, we could not help remembering the dead man who had no time to get right with God. He didn't have time to close his eyelids. How we should take the opportunity to pray while we have life, while we still have a tongue, while we can see without blood blinding us. Deathbed repentance doesn't always come.

After they had gone I prayed with some more. A carload of relatives came. One lady fainted across the dead man's

(Continued on page 26)

Dear Sister Harrison:

I certainly enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway for it has so many good things in it.

My sister and I sing in revivals. Pray for us that we will always be true and a blessing to the lost.

I would enjoy hearing from Christian young people. — Estelle Alford, Ennis, Tex.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

Today finds me happy in Jesus. I'm so glad Jesus saved me in the days of my youth. I received the Holy Ghost at the age of seven years and soon after was united with the Church of God.

I am a reader of the Lighted Pathway. I read it from cover to cover and enjoy it very much.

I am so glad for a praying mother. Sometimes the way seems so dark and everything seems to be against me. I go to my mother and we pray to the Lord. Heaven seems to open up and we receive a blessing. Pray for me that I will be ready to go when Jesus comes.

I would like to hear from Christian young people.—Minnie Alford, Ennis, Tex.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

I have just been reading the March issue of the Lighted Pathway. Your message to the boys and girls everywhere, which appears in each issue, is a very soul-inspiring and encouraging one.

The Children's Page is always enjoyable. Then there is the Father's and Mother's Page, which I always read with courage, thinking I may be able to grasp a few ideas on the right training of my two precious boys—men of tomorrow, we may say. I want to give them the very best training possible. My main thought is based on the scripture, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

We need more men and women, boys and girls of today, who will take a stand for what is right.

I am very glad and happy to say that I have the blessed privilege of going and taking my boys to church and Sunday school. I know that that is one step in giving them the right training.

In closing, may I add these few words, the paper which you edit each month is a wonderful helper. Being very beneficial, it is always welcome in our home.—Mrs. Edgar Rolan, 1210 W. Main St., Honey Grove, Tex.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

The Lighted Pathway is a wonderful paper and I enjoy reading it very much.

Last May the Lord healed me of an affliction from which I had suffered all

my life. My folks had spent much money trying to get me cured, but all in vain. I thank the Lord for healing me.

Pray for me and pray for the church here at Breckenridge, Texas.—Virginia Johnson.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

I've been reading the Lighted Pathway about three years. For the last two weeks I have enjoyed it more than ever, because two weeks ago I was gloriously saved.

I thank God for sending the evangelist, Brother Henry Ellis, to my home church and for that wonderful message he brought to my soul that night. Please pray that I will be sanctified and receive the Holy Ghost.

I also have a brother in the army that I would like for you to remember in prayer.—Mary Axie Merritt, Elizabethton, Tenn.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

I like the Lighted Pathway very much and think it is the best paper that is published.

I am fourteen years old and belong to

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## Exchange Page

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the Church of God. Please pray for my brother who is in the army at San Jose, Calif. — Ruby Olson, Detroit Lakes, Minn.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

I have read your Lighted Pathway often and certainly enjoy it. It helps encourage me to go on with the Lord. It pays to do all we can to help others learn about our Christ.

I am a boy sixteen years of age and have been saved a little over four months and if I know my heart, I still love the Lord more than anything else in the world. I need your prayers. Pray for me, please.—Billy Mathis, Box 284, Nashville, Ga.

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Dear Readers:

Greetings to all. I am a reader of the Lighted Pathway and really enjoy reading it. I am a Christian girl nineteen years of age. I have been saved and sanctified almost a year. I go to Sunday school every Sunday and Y. P. E. every Saturday

night.

My mother and dad are both Christians and belong to the Church of God.

We have a good pastor, Brother W. I. Head, and he is certainly doing much for our church.

I would appreciate hearing from all young Christians. Pray for me that I may hold out faithful and be ready when Jesus comes.—Myrtle Merritt, Rt. 4, Elizabethton, Tenn.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a member of the Pentecostal Holiness Youth Society.

I have received two of your papers, The Lighted Pathway, and enjoy reading it very much. May the Lord bless you in your work.—Mary Ruth Pelt, Arran, Fla.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

I have enjoyed reading this month's Lighted Pathway especially. The paper is so good and I always look forward to getting one.

We really do have a good pastor and a good Y. P. E. superintendent at Docena church. I am hoping and praying for a good Y. P. E. Do pray for our Y. P. E. Also pray that my husband will be saved.—Jane Odell Evans, Porters, Texas.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

Today I feel so much impressed to write to you. I praise God for making it possible for you to send out this little paper. I know it is a great blessing to all who read it.

I just can't praise the Lord enough for the many blessings I receive from the paper and I also praise Him for His wonderful healing power. I was very sick last week, almost at death's door. My husband called for Brother Jacobs and after he had prayed for me I felt much better. Pray that I will be completely healed.

Sister Harrison, we are praying for you and your good work. May God bless you.—Mrs. Cora Kelley, Rome, Ga.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

Several Lighted Pathways were given to me in 1939 and I have kept them as precious treasures. This past week I have had a real trial and God directed me to these same Lighted Pathways and I'm praising Him for the light they threw on my pathway.

I have been in young people's work for seventeen years and this is the best young people's paper I have found yet. Truly it has the right title. May God ever bless those who give of their labor of love to make it so.

Remember me when you pray.—Mrs. Fred Hubbard, 304 Church St., Andalusia, Ala.

Contributions

By Young Writers

The Ten Commandments For a Successful Y. P. E.

By Pauline Weaver

(Continued from last issue)

THIRD COMMANDMENT Group According to Age

I remember at the Assembly in 1940, Sister Harrison, in her morning young people's services, tried to impress us with the fact that we needed an extra group for that "in-between" age, thirteen years through sixteen. Most Y.P.E.'s consist of two groups, the Seniors, age from 16-35 years, and the Juniors, from 5-13 years. But then we leave out one of our most powerful groups. Have you noticed a lack of early teen age girls and boys in your Y.P.E.? If you have, it's probably because they feel left out and unimportant. This group is usually made up of intelligent, energetic high school students who are accustomed to standing up in front of a crowd, in putting their thoughts into words, in singing lustily, in thinking things through, and once you get them working you'll be surprised at their programs. They are usually the very best ones for plays as they don't get so "stage frightened," and learn easily.

But maybe your Y.P.E. has just been organized and all your people are together. Well—don't! If possible, have each group separated into special places to sit near each other, but yet not mixed. And let's have four groups, even if we only have five in each group. You'll find each group will then grow better.

First, your congregation, which consists of honorary members, those over 35 years of age.

Second, your senior group, those from 16 years of age up to 35.

Third, your intermediates, from 13 years of age up to 15.

Fourth, your Juniors, from 5 years of age up to 13.

Let each group have a short program, using their own members for their programs. You will, of course, either have the mother of one of the juniors help the junior in charge, or one of the intermedi-

ates or seniors will do well. And let the intermediates and seniors know that you are depending entirely upon them for their progress. Of course, you may give suggestions and help them during the week, but let them have complete charge at the service. This is interesting and will prove out altogether better than you will think. They will not disappoint you!

FOURTH COMMANDMENT

Give Everyone Something to Do

Oftentimes people will stop attending Y.P.E. because they are given nothing to do. Have you ever seen a Y.P.E. that every program included the same persons, week in, week out? That is the case in lots of endeavors and will cause interest to lag and attendance to go down. It must be overcome! We must find something for every person present to do.

"But," I hear you say, "I usually have the same people on the program often because they're the only people who will take a part. Surely I can't help that." And that's true, too; there are many people who you simply cannot make get up in public and talk. But, then, isn't there another part you might give them? Maybe they can sing or play some kind of an instrument. But some people are simply too "crowd afraid," or something, to get up in front of an audience, so we will have to bring them in the program without having them stand up alone in front of the congregation.

As for children, they are usually very interested in being on the program. The hard thing about that is in trying to find a place for all of them in every service. My suggestion would be to have them all meet at church one afternoon and teach them a song, preferably with motions. Go over and over the song until you are sure each child knows both words and actions. Another good way to take them all in is to tell them a Bible story and then ask questions on the story. Anything, however small, helps a child to be interested and will cause him to come again. I bought some cards for my group, about 8x10 inches, with a picture of two children and some hens out in a yard with green grass. As each child comes to Y.P.E. he is presented with a little stamp biddie to place anywhere on the picture he wishes. They are really thrilled over that, and will not miss because they like to have as many biddies as the others.

You probably won't have trouble with intermediates, either, since they are accustomed to an audience, but if you do, they can usually sing beautifully. I like our intermediate program best when they just decide on some topic and find several songs on that, and sing them one after the other without having a long pause between. For example: Topic, "The Cross." They could sing three long songs in fifteen minutes. "The Old Rugged Cross," "The Way of the Cross Leads

Home," and "Kneel at the Cross." Singing is always impressive to all people.

For the senior Y.P.E. and older people it will be harder, but I've found one chorus of a song that takes in every group. It's the chorus to "Revive Us Again." Have the juniors and intermediates together to sing, "Hallelujah, thine the glory."

Let the seniors sing, "Hallelujah, Amen."

The honorary members sing, "Hallelujah, thine the glory."

And all groups sing, "Revive us again!"

FIFTH COMMANDMENT

Change Group Leaders Often

It's customary in most Y.P.E.'s to have the same group leader for three months, but I think that a change does much better. A person eventually gets old to a congregation and then, too, if we use the same person always we are neglecting other talents that we should be cultivating.

I think of two good plans for changing your group leaders. One would be to have one for each month. For instance, when you have your quarterly Y.P.E. election, instead of electing just one group leader, elect three; one for each month. Then the leader doesn't give out of ideas so readily—the people don't get tired of the same person always taking charge of the meeting, and it trains exactly three people in place of one.

The other way is to have the three groups as we spoke of in a previous chapter, senior, intermediate and junior, and have a different group leader for each group, each service. This gives nearly everyone a chance to take charge. You can make out your schedule at the beginning of each quarter and then each person would know quite awhile in advance about his job and could be planning a good program. Have three schedules, one for each group. That will be using twelve people each month. This certainly does a great deal in training an individual, because it helps him to develop his speech by speaking before an audience, his mind by planning the program, and it may cause him to find some hidden talents, such as leadership ability.

And don't forget to always encourage your group leader. Encouragement, helpfulness, and being appreciative of him will enable him to do a better job and to make a better soldier for our Lord. Tell him you enjoyed his program, tell him his originality was interesting, and soon he will surprise you with the way he can take charge. It takes quite a bit of courage for a person to get up his first Y.P.E. program, so help him along!

(To be continued)

Singing in the Spirit is like preaching in the Spirit—it reaches its destination in good shape.

Reading Circle



Books Recommended For Your Library

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Talks to Girls, by Helen Welshimer. Price, 50c.

The Problems of Youth, by W. B. Riley. Price, \$1.00.

Boy's Stories of Great Men, by Elsie E. Egermeier. Price, \$1.00.

Girl's Stories of Great Women, by Elsie E. Egermeier. Price, \$1.00.

Fanny Crosby, by J. Reginald Casswell. Price, 75c.

FOR BIBLE READERS

Know Your Bible, by Amos R. Wells. Price 50c.

This Critical Hour, by Robert G. Lee, D. D. LLD. Price, \$1.00.

The Witness of His Enemies, by George R. Pettigrew, LLD., Th. G. Price \$1.00.

Astounding New Discoveries, by Karl G. Sabiers, M. A. Price, 50c.

New Chapters in New Testament Study, by Edgar J. Goodspeed. Price, \$1.25.

Not by Bread Alone, by Carl F. H. Henry. Price, 75c.

All the Days, by Clark J. Forcey, Th. D. Price, 75c.

FOR CHILDREN

Junior Surprise Sermons, by Arnold Carl Westphal. Price, \$1.50.

99 New Sermons for Children, by G. B. F. Hallock, D. D. Price, \$1.00.

The Story of Jesus, by Hesba Stretton. Price, 75c.

The Adventures of Jack and Joyce, by Grace Phelps Lumm. Price, 25c.

FICTION

At the Crossroads, by Minnie E. Ludwig. Price \$1.00.

The Pilot's Voice, by Isabel Byrum. Price 75c.

Sally Jo, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

The Return of the Tide, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

One More Year, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.

Though He Slay Me, by Ella M. Noller. Price \$1.00.

To These Also, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.

Under Whose Wings, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

Blaze Star, by Paul Hutchens. Price \$1.00.

Atlas of the World at War. Here are maps that you can turn to with complete confidence to follow the action on all fronts. Every part of the world is represented in great detail and with the utmost fidelity in 32 full-color maps, accurate, easy to read, completely indexed, including:

China, India, Japan, Australia, The Philippines, The East Indies, The Soviet Union, The British Isles, Germany, (Europe before Munich, Europe Today), Norway and Sweden, Italy, The Mediterranean, The Panama Canal, The West Indies, South America, The United States and Canada. Price 25c.



"This little Book I'd rather own,
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
Than all their diadems."

Bible Readings For July

	Morning	Evening
July 1	1 Chron. 24-25	Ps. 119: 1-24 v. 24
July 2	1 Chron. 26-27	Ps. 119:25-48
July 3	1 Chron. 28-29	Ps. 119:49-72
July 4	2 Chron. 1-2	Ps. 119:73-96
July 5	2 Chron. 3-4	Ps. 119:97-120
July 6	2 Chron. 5-6	Ps. 119:121-144
July 7	2 Chron. 7-8	Ps. 119:145-176
July 8	2 Chron. 9-10	Ps. 120-122
July 9	2 Chron. 11-13	Ps. 123-126
July 10	2 Chron. 14-16	Ps. 127-130
July 11	2 Chron. 17-18	Ps. 131-134
July 12	2 Chron. 19-20	Ps. 135
July 13	2 Chron. 21-23	Ps. 136
July 14	2 Chron. 24-25	Ps. 137-138
July 15	2 Chron. 26-28	Ps. 139
July 16	2 Chron. 29-30	Ps. 140-141
July 17	2 Chron. 31-32	Ps. 142-143
July 18	2 Chron. 33-34	Ps. 144-145
July 19	2 Chron. 35-36	Ps. 146-147
July 20	Ezra 1-2	Ps. 148-150
July 21	Ezra 3-4	Prov. 1
July 22	Ezra 5-6	Prov. 2
July 23	Ezra 7-8	Prov. 3
July 24	Ezra 9-10	Prov. 4
July 25	Neh. 1-2	Prov. 5
July 26	Neh. 3-4	Prov. 6
July 27	Neh. 5-6	Prov. 7

July 28	Neh. 7	Prov. 8
July 29	Neh. 8-9	Prov. 9
July 30	Neh. 10-11	Prov. 10
July 31	Neh. 12-13	Prov. 11

Lighted Pathway Rating

	Sold for June	Total
Alabama	2,130	15,609
Arizona	42	533
Arkansas	317	2,346
California	478	2,271
Colorado		1,003
Delaware	193	671
Foreign	381	2,366
Florida	2,219	19,991
Georgia	4,041	40,210
Idaho	210	857
Illinois	1,259	8,098
Indiana	283	1,971
Iowa	184	677
Kansas	186	1,475
Kentucky	1,182	18,683
Louisiana	765	4,132
Maine	98	996
Maryland	474	3,960
Massachusetts	28	280
Minnesota	84	560
Michigan	614	4,144
Mississippi	421	4,404
Missouri	278	2,331
Montana	98	992
Nebraska	42	280
New Jersey	98	926
New Mexico	105	824
New York	80	186
North Carolina	4,486	36,277
North Dakota	434	1,778
Ohio	949	7,895
Oklahoma	305	2,645
Oregon	112	941
Pennsylvania	740	7,134
South Carolina	6,428	56,886
South Dakota	244	9,207
Tennessee	2,335	28,319
Texas	2,660	17,220
Virginia	1,192	8,647
Washington	170	1,083
Washington, D. C.	98	792
West Virginia	1,563	19,247
Wyoming	14	126
	38,020	338,973

Safe in His Father's Arms

S. C. Cooper

In a great steamship disaster a father was seen carrying a sleeping six-year-old child in his arms to a lifeboat. The boy was awakened by the commotion and fear about him; he opened his eyes to look up into his father's face and then he snuggled a bit more closely into his father's arms and closed his eyes again in sleep. He was interested only to know that he was in the protecting embrace of his father.

In the storms of life it is not the sound of the waves that matters, it is the sense of the enfolding arms of God about us that makes for peace.—*Southern Churchman*.

Temperance Page

The Bluebells

A TEMPERANCE STORY

One day Mr. M. Morrill's attention was called to a little, pale, thin boot-black who had a bunch of bluebells in his button hole. The gentleman let the boy black his boots, then balancing a quarter on his finger, said:

"Here is ten cents for the shine and fifteen cents for the flowers," pointing to the bluebells.

The lad put his small hand over the flowers.

"No, sir; I can't sell them; if I was starving I wouldn't sell a bluebell."

"And why not, little man?"

The lad looked at Mr. Morrill so pitifully that he was almost sorry he had asked him. He put his hand on the boy's head and said:

"Excuse me for asking; you need not tell me unless you wish, and you can keep the quarter besides."

"I like you and I'll tell you. Just a year ago this month, and it has been such a long year I thought the bluebells would never come," and then he stopped and put his hands over his eyes as if to shut out some horrid sight. Presently he took down his hand and said abruptly:

"My father was a drunkard. We once owned some property, I've heard mother say, but that was before I was born. We got so poor mother had to go out and wash to get food for Bess and me. We

lived in a log house a quarter of a mile from town.

"One Friday morning there was only a plate of cornmeal and about two spoonfuls of molasses. Mother baked the meal into bread, and told me to feed the baby when she awoke, and to keep a sharp lookout for father, while she was away washing that day. She kissed me at the door. 'Be a good boy, Willie, and take care of little sister,' she said.

"Bessie slept a long time, and I passed the time sitting by her and going to the door to watch for father. When she woke up she said, 'Baby is so hungry, Willie, get something to eat.' 'Get up, Bessie, and let me dress you and then we will have some breakfast.' I had not eaten a mouthful, nor had mother before leaving home, and I was dreadful hungry. She got up and I dressed and washed her and combed her hair. When we sat down to the table Bessie just dropped her curly head right down on the table and sobbed out, 'Oh, Willie, I am so tired of cornbread and molasses, I can't eat it; I want some meat and butter.'"

"Don't cry, baby," I said, stroking her curls, 'Mother will bring home something tonight.'

"But it is so long to wait."

"Try to eat," I said, and I put a spoonful of molasses on her plate, and she did try, but she only swallowed a few mouthfuls and then left the table. I ate a small piece of dry bread; I thought she would eat the molasses, so I did not touch it. All day she kept saying she

was hungry, but refused to eat. It was a long day for us both.

"Father had not come home, and it was nearly dark; we were both sitting on the doorstep. Bessie laid her head against my arm and began to cry, 'I'm so hungry, Willie, mother stays so late to-night.'

"Don't cry, baby, mother will soon be home.' 'Of course she will!' exclaimed George Anderson; he lived a mile beyond us, and as he spoke he tossed a bunch of bluebells into Bessie's lap.

"Oh, how pretty!" she exclaimed, while the tears dropped from her sweet, blue eyes on the pretty bluebells.

"Come, Bessie," I said, 'let me fasten them among your curls.' She stood up on the doorstep with her face toward the house. I stood behind her and tied the bluebells to her golden curls. I had just fastened the last one, when someone jerked me off the step. It was father; he was almost crazed with drink.

"He caught Bessie and said, 'You have been crying; what did Willie do to you?'

"She was so white and scared that I thought she would faint. 'Willie didn't do anything,' she gasped out.

"Father let her go and grasped me; he commenced to shake me awful. 'You rascal, what did you do to Bessie? Tell me or I'll shake the breath out of you.'

"He shook me so I could not answer. Then little Bessie caught him by the arm. 'Please, father, don't hurt Willie; I was so hungry it made me cry.'

"He looked in at the table and saw the bread and molasses. 'You little white-faced liar, you are not hungry; look at that table; there is plenty to eat, and good enough for such a brat as you,' and he shook her roughly.

(Continued on page 26)

COME HOME, FATHER!

Father, dear father, come home with me now!

The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right home from the shop,
As soon as your day's work was done.

Our fire has gone out—our house is all dark—
And mother's been watching since tea,
With poor little Benny, so sick, in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.

Come home! come home! come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home.

Father, dear father, come home with me now!

The clock in the steeple strikes two;
The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse—
But he has been calling for you.
Indeed he is worse—Ma says he will die,

Perhaps before morning shall dawn;
And this is the message she sent me to bring—
"Come quickly, or he will be gone."

Come home! come home! come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home.

Father, dear father, come home with me now!

The clock in the steeple strikes three;
The house is so lonely—the hours are so long
For poor, weeping mother and me.
Yes, we are alone—poor Benny is dead,
And gone with the angels of light;
And these were the very last words that he said—
"I want to kiss papa good-night."

Come home! come home! come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home.

Hear the sweet voice of the child,
Which the night-winds repeat as they roam!
Oh, who could resist this most plaintive of pray'rs?
"Please, father, dear father, come home!"—Sel.

From My Scrapbook

MARY ELIZABETH HARRISON

Tell Him So

If you hear a kind word spoken
Of some worthy soul you know,
It may fill his heart with sunshine
If you only tell him so.

If a deed, however humble,
Helps you on your way to go,
Seek the one whose hand has helped you,
Seek him out and tell him so!

If your heart is touched and tender
Toward a sinner, lost and low,
It might help him to do better
If you'd only tell him so!

O my sisters, O my brothers,
As o'er life's rough pathway you go,
If God's love has saved and kept you,
Do not fail to tell men so!

—Unknown.

Little Things

It takes a little muscle
And it takes a little grit,
A little true ambition
With a little bit of wit.
It's not the "biggest" things that count
And make the "biggest" show;
It's the little things that people do
That make this old world go.

A little bit of smiling,
And a little sunny chat,
A little bit of courage
To a comrade sliding back.
It's not the "biggest" things that count
And make the "biggest" show;
It's the little things that people do
That make this old world go.

It takes a kindly action
And it takes a word of cheer
To fill a life with sunshine
And to drive away a tear.
Great things are not the "biggest" things,
That make the "biggest" show;
It's the little things that we may do
That makes this old world go.—Sel.

The Singing Kettle

"Up to its neck in water,
And boiling water, too,
Yet the kettle keeps on singing—
That's what we ought to do;
Next time we're in some trouble,
Almost up to the chin,
We'll think of the singing kettle,
And a little song begin.

"It helps, when feelings are boiling,
To let off lots of steam,
By whistling and singing with courage,
Things aren't as dark as they seem.

Kettle, you merry creature,
Scorched by the callous fire,
Teach us your power of molding
Your moods as the days require.

"Up to your neck in troubles?
They haven't swept over your head;
Sing like the steaming kettle,
Till all your troubles are fled.
Singing will sound so pleasant
To any who may hear;
The kettle does not but his duty—
But doesn't his singing cheer?"

—Author Unknown.

Need of Loving

Strickland Gillian

Folk need a lot of loving in the morning;
The day is all before, with cares beset—
The cares we know, and they that give no
warning;
For love is God's own antidote for
fret.

Folk need a heap of loving at the noon-
time—
In the battle lull, the moment snatched
from strife—
Halfway between the waking and the
croon-time,
While bickering and worriment are
rife.

Folk hunger so for loving at the night-
time,
When wearily they take them home to
rest—
At slumber song and turning-out-the-
light time—
Of all the times for loving, that's the
best.

Folk want a lot of loving every minute—
The sympathy of others and their smile!
Till life's end, from the moment they be-
gin it,
Folks need a lot of loving all the while.

—Best Loved Poems.

My Prayer

R. H. Burrows

Just an encouragement, Lord, I'd be,
So many are weary with care;
Just an encouragement, Lord, make me,
To burdened ones everywhere.

Here just a smile, and there a kind word,
A cup of cold water 'twill be,
If given to them in the name of the Lord,
And thy smile will recompense me.

Make me a staff that the weary may lean,

Or a washer of feet like my Lord;
Just to fill up what another may lack,
Or find that they cannot afford.

It is not for greatness or glory I ask,
But that thou shouldst have thine own
way;
Then, will my prayer be answered,
I know,
When thy love flows through me each
day. —Christian Life.

My Duty To Him

Just to be faithful in things that are
small,
Just to walk steady where others may
fall,
Just to be willing if Jesus should call;
This is my duty to Him.

Just to be friendly to those I dislike,
Just to act kindly when others would
strike,
Just to keep busy with things that are
right;

This is my duty to Him.

Just to drive somebody's darkness away,
Just to make brighter the world of today,
Just to strew flowers along life's path-
way;

This is my duty to Him.

Just to let Jesus have perfect control,
Just to know daily His grace makes me
whole,
Just to have heavenly grace in my soul;
This is my duty to Him.

—Charles Newman Hodge.

Others

Lord, help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way,
That even when I kneel to pray
My prayer shall be for—others.

Help me in all the work I do,
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I'd do for you
Must needs be done for—others.

Let "Self" be crucified and slain,
And buried deep; and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for—others.

And when my work on earth is done,
And my new work in heaven's be-
gun,
May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of—others.
—Selected.

About 100 Jewish soldiers at Camp
Robinson, Ark., gave up their Christmas
furloughs so that their Christian friends
might spend the Christmas at home.—
Selected.

It keeps our minds busy to grade the
things that come into our ears.

Letters From Our Training Camps

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have received the Lighted Pathways you sent me and have given them out. Your article in the Mother's Day issue certainly touched my heart. It brought the memories of mother back to me. You said in your message that some of the boys in the camps did not have a praying mother. Well, I am one of them. I have never heard my mother pray. She never taught me about God; but still she is my mother, the dearest person on earth to me. I could not do anything but lay and cry when I read your message. Sister Harrison, that message did something to me that a message never did before. God used that to melt my heart and mold it again. I cried myself to sleep last night.

Sister Harrison, will you pray for my mother that she will get saved? There is not anything that would make me happier than for her to get saved. You said in your message for us boys to write home on Mother's Day and tell our mother how we were getting along. I did that very thing. We had a Mother's Day service at the church here and it surely was a wonderful service. I had to come back on duty at noon that day but God spoke to me and told me to write my mother a letter and send her a present; so I did. I told her something that I had never told her before. I told her how much I loved her and how I missed her. I haven't heard from her yet, but I know it touched her heart. I shall never forget that day.

The mothers in the church took the name of us soldiers and wrote our mothers a letter, too, that day. That surely was nice of them.

I would like to thank all who have written letters to me. I would like to answer all letters that I received, but we are not allowed to write to people we are not well acquainted with. Thank you so much for writing me and your letters encouraged and helped me very much.

Pray for us here at Camp Roberts. We certainly need your prayers. Pray that I will be an humble worker for my Lord.
—Pvt. Rev. John T. Owen, Med. Sec.
C. A. S. C. 1928, Camp Roberts, Calif.

Dear Sister Harrison:

The Lighted Pathways were received and appreciated very much. I have already given some away and will give the others away soon. I know the boys will enjoy reading them. I haven't seen any in our chapel and know the 82 division will enjoy reading them.

May the Lord bless in your work.—
Pvt. Herbert Ambris, Camp Caliborne, La., Service Co. 325 Inf. 82 Div.

Letter in Verse From Pearl Harbor

Dear mother and father, with love and prayer

I say to you, Farewell, as I go out to sea
To fight for you and your liberty.

I am sitting down to write for you both
a line;

I will say, In every way I am fine,
And may this Mother's and Father's Day
Be happy in every way.

Tho' in miles we'll be far apart
I'll be with you both, all day at heart,
Recalling once more the many things,
for me, you have done
In helping me my life's race to run.

Orchids and roses to parents like you
Who always more than your part did do
To make my life happy and gay
And still leading me in the right way.

Showing me ever right from wrong,
Always striving to teach me life's sweet
song.

Nothing too humble for your dear hands
to do—

I'll say with my whole heart, I am proud
of you.

Dad was the one who made the dough
And doing so, he worked hard, I know.
But not once about work did he com-
plain or his duty shirk.

Now, Mom was the one who did the
housework;

Not one moment did she her work or
duty shirk.

Tho' at times not at all well,
She was still up and doing swell.

Working together you made a swell team
And giving your children the very best
was your desire and theme.

Doing without luxuries to give the best
to us,

But yet sometimes we kids did fuss.

Again I say orchids and roses to parents
like you—

To parents who are parents through and
through.

And may your futures be full of happi-
ness and joy,

The best wishes from your loving sailor
boy.

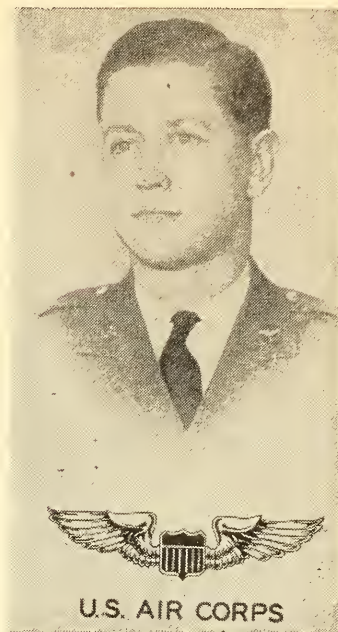
In doing this letter I want to say
I hope to live and you both live until I
can repay

The many things that you have for me
done.

So good-bye, God bless you,

And good luck from your loving son.

—Lawrence Grayson Moody, Pearl Har-
bor, T. H. Son of Mrs. Otto Moody.



ALTON B. HAWORTH,
17th S. S. —Bks. 237, Chanute Field,
Rantoul, Ill.

Alton is a nephew of the editor and below is an excerpt from a recent letter. This was not written for publication, but we are using it, hoping it may help some other young man to look unto the hills from whence cometh our help.

"I have one month to stay here in Chanute Field and from here I know not, but am hoping for the best, whatever that may be. Sometimes I feel like saying the little poem entitled, 'T's Blue,' but when I get that way all I have to do is tell it to the Lord and He is always ready to lift my burden. He has certainly been real to me, since I've been in the service especially. In fact, I don't know what I would have done had it not been for the Lord. I can't see how the poor boys get along without the comfort, cheer and strength from the Lord. He is precious to me."

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have just received some copies of the Lighted Pathway from a friend of mine and consider it a great pleasure in telling you the blessings I always receive from reading it. It gives me much encouragement and is a great help to us who have been drafted into the army and want to continue to serve God.

Many times I have intended to write to you but have never done so, so may

(Continued on page 24)

Bible Lessons

Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

Topic: Young Converts — What They Should Do

By doing these four things nobody can write backslider after his name.

Every Day Say Something to God

"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." Phil. 4:6.

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." John 15:7.

"Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Mark 11:24.

"Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." Jer. 33:3.

"Confess your faults one to another, and pray for one another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." James 5:16.

"Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled

upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime." Dan. 6:10.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud; and he shall hear my voice." Psalm 55:17.

"If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then I will hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." 2 Chronicles 7:14.

Neglect praying, and you will backslide.

Every Day Let God Say Something to You

"Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." Jer. 15:16.

"Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2:15.

"As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." 1 Peter 2:2.

"And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." Eph. 6:17.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." Psalm 119:105.

Set apart at least ten minutes a day for your Bible and let God speak to you.

"This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success." Josh. 1:8.

Every Day Say Something For God

"That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Rom. 10:9, 10.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Matt. 5:16.

"Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord, and my servant whom I have chosen." Isa. 43:10.

"Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed." Mark 8:38.

"Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God." 1 John 4:15.

"Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day." Psalm 96:2.

"Return to thine own house, and shew

how great things God hath done unto thee." Luke 8:39.

"And he said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." Luke 9:23.

Every Day Do Something For God

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." 1 Cor. 15:58.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Mark 16:15.

"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." John 9:4.

"Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." James 5:20.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Dan. 12:3.

"And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." Matt. 10:42.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Matt. 25:40.

"Say not ye, there are yet four months and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." John 4:35.

Topic: Christlike Members

Sarah Blanch McGuire

Scripture, 1 Cor. 12:12

Thoughts For the Leader

As we are all members of Christ's body so must we make the members of our body do the things God would have us do. Our prayers to God will be to no avail if our members do not the works of God. How can we pray, Lord, Lord, and do not the things that He says? Our desire should be for each member to be more Christlike every day that we may be found perfect in that last day.

Clean Mind and Heart

2 Tim. 2:22; Heb. 10:22

What a joy to know our hearts and minds have been washed in the blood of Jesus, making them pure and white; to know every thought is subject unto Christ, without reservation. Only with a pure mind and heart can the Holy Ghost have the right of way in our lives and tell us the things God would have us to do.

Clean Life

Gal. 2:20; 2 Tim. 3:10

Our lives must bear witness with our testimony. Only a clean life can bear out the truth of God's Word. When He said He would raise us in the newness of life, old things have passed away, behold all things have become new. Our life must be always a clean, holy life before God every minute. One minute of unconcern may undo all the work of months. We need God's wisdom to make our lives so that others may see Christ in us.

Clean Lips

How can a child of God do anything but bring the fruit of his lips unto the Lord? By always speaking good of someone, telling the good news of salvation and testifying what God has done for us makes us strong in Him. We know we are standing on a rock that cannot fail. If we open our lips, the praises of God will come forth. God's Word will not return to Him void but will accomplish that which He pleases. Scripture, Prov. 12:19.

Unclean Minds and Hearts

The devil is a wicked deceiver. He puts thoughts in the minds and then the heart to accomplish the evil he wants us to do. But he cannot stand against the blood; he cannot pass over that. When tempted, if we would plead the blood, we would gain the victory. If you try to play with the evil thoughts that Satan puts in your mind, they will get the best of you and you will soon lose out with God.

Unclean Eyes

Scripture: 1 John 2:16; Matt. 6:23

It seems often easier to see the evil in our Christian brothers and sisters than it is the good, but sometimes it is our own evil eyes that make evil even when there is none. If we would just see everything in the light of God's love, how much easier it would be to keep victory in our souls and the praises of God on our lips and in our hearts.

Unclean Lips

Scripture: Isa. 6:5; James 3:2, 8

How true today we live in a land where people seem to forget there is a God that hears all we say and we must give account of every idle word, every false witness, every time we speak against someone. We should always speak good of people or not speak at all. Little do we realize that our words sometimes come back to us bringing a load of grief and shame, making us wonder that we should have been the one to have said it. If you talk about someone else, you may be quite sure that someone is talking about you.

Topic: **Faithfulness**

By *Flora Rutledge*

Scripture: Rev. 2:10.

Leading Thought

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I

will give thee a crown of life."

First, let us see what faithfulness means. It means to be loyal and true, and to support the cause of God. He was faithful and just to forgive us of our many sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness and we should be faithful to Him in all things. It means something to be faithful to God. There are many ways in which we can show our love, our loyalty and our faithfulness to God. He said His eyes would be upon the faithful of the land and He would dwell with us.

Faithful to God's Cause

Heb. 10:25, "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another: and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." Where many of God's people fail to be loyal is staying at home when they could go to church. You will not know what the preacher says if you stay at home. If you stay away too much, you will lose interest in prayer or spiritual things and you will soon grow cold and indifferent. Many people fail in giving to God's cause. If you are able, it is your duty, as a Christian, to give and support His work. How can the preacher preach unless he be sent and how can he be sent unless you support him by giving your tithes and offerings? We should do anything the preacher or members ask us to do in church. If we are asked to be on the program in Y. P. E. or other meetings, we should say, by the Lord's help, I'll do my best. Be faithful in all things at church.

Faithful in Prayer

Prayer and consecration are two things needed today by Christians. "Pray without ceasing" or keep a prayerful mind, or stay in the attitude of prayer. We can help the church, the preacher and those around us by prayer. "Prayer changes things." If we pray and doubt not we shall be able to accomplish things for the Lord. We can see the sick healed and many brought to the Lord if we which are called by Christ, would humble ourselves and live closer to Him.

In Rom. 12:1 we find these words, "I beseech you therefore brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." So let us pray and humble ourselves now while we are living and have opportunity.

Faithful in Everything

We have already discussed being faithful in prayer and to the church, but there are many more ways in which we can be faithful. Faithful to our work, to our home, to our fellowman and to our country, in that which is right. Today they are calling on the people to be faithful and give to the country and that is all right, but what we need to do

is to be faithful to God. We should strive to live closer to Him and seek His will and be faithful to Him. Be willing to suffer, if need be, to stand by and support God's work and help those who need help.

Reward of the Faithful

We have come back to the first scripture text—"Be thou faithful until death and I will give thee a crown of life." When we get to heaven and see the things God has prepared for His own it will be worth everything we have suffered or every special effort that we put forth to be faithful. We shall be with Christ forever there to enjoy His presence with shouting, singing and everything He has for us. One writer said, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for those that love him." We shall see our loved ones; mother, father and precious friends gone on before. Most of all we shall see Jesus and be like Him. So let us be faithful unto the end.

Topic: **Marching On**

Alberta Schwartz

Scripture: 2 Cor. 10:3-4.

Thoughts for the Leader

Today the world is marching on. A great task is ahead. Our nation must stand united in a great undertaking. To get successful results every utmost attempt must be made for final victory. Even so is it with the spiritual Christian's life. We must give our all to please God. Our endeavor must come from our heart. Remember "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Eph. 6:12.

Are You Called?

John 15:16.

Has God called you as yet? We know you are helping your country. Are you enlisted in God's army of Christians? God speaks in many ways. His pleading is mainly "Give me your heart." He will not turn anyone away. If you have a soul you qualify in His army. His call is universal, reaching out to all nations and to all races. God's beseeching means an awakening to truth and righteousness.

Are You in Training?

2 Tim. 2:3, 4.

There is a great training to be had. The Spirit of God is outfitting men and women today with wisdom from above. This loving spirit will train you to subdue the sinful nature in you. He will teach you to be a real soldier for God. He will not take you from this world, but will teach you how to live in this hemisphere. And when the sorrows come He will be near to comfort you. The Holy Ghost is a teacher, a friend and a guide.

Eph. 6:12-16.

In 2 Tim. we are told if we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him. We should never fear the trials, the tests, the hardships, woes, and deprivations. We must remember the mark or goal of our calling in Christ Jesus our Lord. Did He not go through the same? Are we better than Him? His Word foretells all that has happened, all that is happening and all that will happen. So we fight not in darkness. The devil is in darkness, but we are in the light of His Word. The battle is the Lord's. He will not leave us or forsake us.

Are You on the Victory Side?

1 John 5:4.

Are you fighting against the enemy of the soul? Which side have you chosen, the devil's or are you on the Lord's side? Do you realize God is above all and will win eventually? The victory will reward you with eternal life. If God is for us, who can be against us? Choose you this day whom you will serve. There is a road that leads to destruction. Victorious is the road that ends with eternal life by Christ Jesus.

The Editor's Message

(Continued from page 2)

what we make it. Most of us live in houses someone else built. We had nothing to do with the erection of them. Not so with our lives. We are the builders in charge. Whether they grow into castles grand or wrecks upon the sand is left for us to say.

It will be very easy for young men in this war to get discouraged and feel like giving up. It's too hard to row against the tide. If you have started to build a great life, then don't give up and spoil the building. This war will soon be over and you'll want to come out clean and pure.

The building of a life is a lifetime process. We can't go away and stay awhile and come back and find that the work went on without us or complete the task and then forget about it. That is what many seem to think. The building of Christian character is a continuous thing. A person can make a detour from a highway and come back to it later and find it the same as when he left, but not so when we return from a detour into worldliness and sin.

The lives we build will be tested. The houses these men built were; they were tested by wind and rain. Our lives will be tested by storms and trials in this world and by fire in the next one, for Paul says, "The day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." Some will stand the test and some will not. One of these houses stood it and the other did not. The one that stood it, stood it because it was built



This class has grown from a small enrollment to over seventy members. Rev. C. M. Jenkerson, extreme right, is the teacher. Encircled at the top is the superintendent of the Sunday school, Lewis Stover, Jr., who is also a member of this class. Our church does not have any Sunday school rooms, but we ranked fourth place in the state for the month of April. Pray for us.

on the rock. The life that will stand the test here and hereafter is the one that is built on Christ—the Rock of Ages.

Young man, you may be in the eyes of people a clean, moral character. This is good, but remember without Christ this will not save you. Some of these days you will find your foundation is made of sand. Don't be too sure of yourself, for in that time of temptation your structure will fall.

A certain man was greatly upset. When asked the trouble he said, "I had some valuable plants and a severe storm last night damaged them beyond redemption." "Did you not support them?" he was asked. "Oh no," he replied, "the plants looked so strong and vigorous I thought they would stand the storm without support." We think we can battle with life in our own strength, but the storms of life, which each one of us must face sooner or later, prove how frail we are without strength from God. This war is one of those storms. You need God in your life. I am talking to young men from all walks of life this morning. Some are from Christian homes with good foundations, a Christian father and mother who taught you the way of salvation and led you in right paths. Some refused the parents' advice and spurned the gentle wooings of the Spirit and are going along with the current of the world. Others were reared in homes of worldliness with no Christian foundation.

Boys, those of you who have had that solid foundation, if there was ever a time that you were needed it is now. Your call has come to let your life be a beacon light among the boys you will meet with from day to day. Not so much preaching a sermon to everyone you meet, not placing yourself on a pedestal with the "better than thou" attitude, but the doing of little deeds of kindness, speaking a word of cheer to the lonely and discouraged boys who haven't found this Christ that you

know. Just a smile from someone whose face is lit up by the love of Christ showing through will mean everything in this dark hour. You will not need to preach an unwelcome sermon, but the lonely hearts will be coming to you for comfort and then you will be able to tell them the why of your joy and peace. The cry of the world today is for more Christians who talk less and live more. In doing these things that I have mentioned, you will be putting the finishing touches on this life you are building, and this war need not cause you to detour in your life building but you can take a straight cut through. A detour would leave a regret and perhaps souls that you might have helped along the way would be lost. Christ cannot walk in person among the boys today and He needs some representatives to move among them and do the things that He would do if He were here.

And now girls, we want to say a few words to you. You have a part to play in this war. God is looking to you for help. Did you know that there is nothing so uplifting to a young man as the life of a pure young woman? You may have many chances to influence the lives of these young men who are away from home and loved ones. There are many who will pull down rather than build up. We hope these few words will make the young woman readers of the Lighted Pathway see the possibility of their helping in the building of the lives of these young men. May God help us all to do our part. And now may we all say together, "America must win this war. Therefore I will work, I will save, I will sacrifice, I will endure, I will fight cheerfully and do my utmost, as if the issue of the whole struggle depended on me alone."

No one is in such a good condition for God to give to and do with what he desires, as he whose will is in full accord with the will of God.

The Value of Daily Vacation Bible School

D. H. Delk

"Train up a child in the way he should go," Prov. 22:6. The margin says "Catechise." To catechise means to give them elementary instruction, especially in the principles of Christian religion. Elementary training is vital to a child. If a child goes right, he will have to have the right start. It has been said, "Give a boy the right start and the devil will hang crepe on his door knob."

I trust that other pastors haven't been as blind to the value of Daily Vacation Bible School as I have. Last year I heard a sermon, and felt like stopping the preacher and saying, "Give me a chance to go to the altar." Oh, how true is the saying, "Where there is no vision, the people perish." If all the ministry could get a vision of the value of Daily Vacation Bible School, great would be the results.

In Paris, France, I hear there is a two and one-half million dollar diamond, but that is not worth as much as a little dirty face, ragged, barefooted boy. It's marvelous the talent that lies dormant in millions of precious children all over our nation.

Now catechism for children is not usually free, and neither is any of the worth-while things of life. "A salvation that costs nothing is worth nothing."—Adam Clarke.

An old darky said he had to quit preaching 'cause he couldn't splain de true meaning of "De gospel am free." He said dem niggers like to have starved him to deaf; he said they thought it meant he wussn't to get any salary.

Oh, how easy it is to feel like money and time will be wasted to have a Daily Vacation Bible School, but say, I thank God I have caught the vision, and I certainly feel like we could not spend time or money to a better advantage. Brother pastor, if you haven't tried a Daily Vacation Bible School, try one with an honest effort, and I believe you will be doubly paid for all your effort.

Sister Beatrice Dodson, of 204 Newlyn Street, Greensboro, North Carolina, has just closed a very successful Daily Vacation Bible School here at Wake Forest, N. C. I believe her efficient and faithful work will live on and on in the days to come. As I write I can feel the Spirit moving up and down the avenues of my soul. Glory! Our Y. P. E. and Sunday school are better since the school; the good training the children received surely helps out.

Ben Syra begged his teacher to teach him the Bible and something about some spiritual things, and his teacher said he would just as soon as he was older, but Ben says, "I have been out in the ceme-

tery and I see graves there shorter than I am. Now, if I were to die what would become of my soul?"

Now pastor, don't wait. Many, many children may go into eternity by next year. "Today is the day of salvation, now is the accepted time." At the time your child is old enough to learn to love anything, he is old enough to begin loving God and His work. So let's act now at once.

There are many good, talented, consecrated Christian girls now in the Church of God, who are trained for this work and are ready to give your child that training that a pastor is not able to give. May God bless and stir up our pure minds on this important work.—Yours for more, bigger and better Daily Vacation Bible Schools.

Who Goes There?

George Brazell

"Who goes there?"

"I'm a private, sir,
I'm taking a message
To my commander."

"Then go your way,
My dear young man,
And take the message
As is your command."

"Who goes there?"

"A gray-haired mother,
My good young man,
I've a son in here
You will please understand."

"No passage for you

REAMSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA ORCHESTRA



This picture was taken at the close of our Sunday morning service. The pastor and wife, Brother and Sister Nuzum, are in the front row with the accordion and banjo and Brother Troustall, director, is standing in the back row, third from the left. This orchestra has proven a great blessing to the church.

—Mrs. R. E. Nuzum.

I'm sorry to say,
You must turn around
And go the other way."

"Who goes there?
Oh, I plainly see
It's the same sweet mother
On her bended knee."

"Lord, be with my son
And bring him home
When day is done.
I'll stay here and work and pray
And meet my boy some peaceful day."

Letters From Our Boys in Camp

(Continued from page 19)

I tell you that we appreciate your prayers and the kind words and expressions in the Lighted Pathway.

I have been a member of the Church of God for about three years and prior to my entering the armed forces I was clerk of the church at Rossville, Ga. It isn't so easy to serve God in the army but I know He is still on the throne and will never leave nor forsake us and although we may have trials I often think of the song, "The Harder the Battle, the Sweeter the Victory." I want to stand true to God and be ready should He come for His own. All who read this please pray for me. I am longing for that hope of soon meeting all my friends and all the children of God over on the other shore, where we can exchange this uniform for a long white robe and will never be separated again.

I shall appreciate letters and words of encouragement from anyone who desires to write me.—Pvt. Leonard Eugene Harris, Headquarters and Headquarters Sqdn., 6th Air Base Group, Barksdale Field, La.

The Church of God at Danville, Va., wishes to express its appreciation to Mrs. Mabel Dodson and workers of the Anderson Brothers Factory for the cooperation they have shown in helping to distribute the Lighted Pathways to the camps. They have shown great interest in this work in trying to be a blessing to our boys in service. We feel this is one of the greatest causes that we could help.—Rev. J. G. Houck, Danville, Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am glad some of our boys in camp are receiving the Lighted Pathway. We want to help some, too. Enclosed find \$3.00 from the church and friends of Calhoun, Ga., to send the paper to the army camps. Please send the Mother's Day issue to some camps where it has not yet been sent.—Mrs. C. W. Jackson, Rt. 3, Calhoun, Ga.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Enclosed you will find a dollar for

the Lighted Pathway fund to send the paper to the soldier boys.

I am in a T. B. sanatorium. I am trying to live for Jesus and need prayer. All who know the worth of prayer, please pray for me to be healed and also get closer to Christ.—Roy Rex Crowe, State Park, S. C.

Dear Friends:

Thank you for the copies of the Lighted Pathway. I am sure that the men will enjoy reading this magazine.

Your courtesy is appreciated.—Sincerely yours, John O. Woods, Post Chaplain, Carlisle, Pa.

Sirs:

Your letter informing us that you are mailing for soldiers at Camp Lee twenty copies of the Lighted Pathway has been received. We will distribute same as directed.—Sincerely yours, O. C. Busse, Camp Chaplain, Camp Lee, Virginia.

Dear Sirs:

I just received your books, greatly appreciated. Sir, it would be pleasing to receive from your company the first volume of number 5 up to the 13th volume.

I haven't received the previous volumes due to the fact that I have just been appointed to active duty.—Very sincerely yours, Peter Vroom, 1st Lt., Air Corps, Chaplain, East Boston, Mass.

The Lighted Pathway
Montgomery Avenue
Cleveland, Tennessee
My Dear Sir:

May I tell you that the twenty (20) copies of the Lighted Pathway have arrived, and I want to thank you for this gracious gift.

We have placed copies in the Day Rooms of the Troops, the Post Service Club, the Post Library, and the Non-commissioned Officer's Club.

Thanking you again, and with every good wish and God's blessing, I am, faithfully yours, Bertram Smith, Post Chaplain, Fort Clark, Tex.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Our Y. P. E. here in Lincoln Park is sending a small offering of \$5.00 to the fund for sending the Lighted Pathways to the boys in camp. I think this is a wonderful work and the young people here want to have a part in it.

We have a contest on between a racer and an aeroplane to see which one can carry the most Lighted Pathways to the army camps.

I think the Lighted Pathway is the most wonderful paper I have ever read and I enjoy reading your message so

much.

Pray for our Y. P. E. that it might be a success in the Lord.—Mrs. Artis Alderman, Lincoln Park, Mich.

Others who have contributed to the fund are as follows:

Josephine Bradshaw, R. F. D. 1, Box 29, Mt. Ulla, N. C., 65c.

Dorothy Bailey, R. F. D., Halifax, Va., \$1.00.

Rev. R. H. Swain, Emory, Texas, \$1.00.

M. A. Singletary, Day, Fla., \$1.75.

Gladys Humble, Rt. 3, Box 191, Orange, Texas, \$1.00.

Mrs. Kathryn Thompson, Harvey, La., \$2.00.

Dora Mae Everett, Rome, Ga., \$1.00.

Paul Taylor, Zellwood, Fla., contributed by Sister Johnson, \$1.00.

George Farris, Olla, La., 40c.

Verlene McCay, 704 Sansom Ave., Alabama City, Ala., \$1.00.

Betty Lambdin, 1524 Ave. I, Council Bluffs, Iowa, \$2.00.

A friend, Belton, S. C., \$5.00.

Glenn Taber, Rt. 2, Piedmont, S. C., \$1.00.

Alice Chaney, 924 Market St., W. Palm Beach, Calif., \$1.00.

Lillie Morris, 1008 E. Charles St., W. Frankfort, Ill., \$3.50.

Marvin E. Green, 2153 Union, San Diego, Calif., \$5.00.

H. V. Carpenter, 2032 19th St., Detroit, Mich., \$5.00.

Mrs. Melvin Banning, Greenwood, Del., \$2.00.

Emily Seabolt, 3825 Wilton Ave., Chicago, Ill., \$2.00.

A child of God, no name signed, Belton, S. C., \$5.00.

Mrs. Mabel Dodson, 317 Plum St., Danville, Va., \$3.50.

Bertha Mauro, Smithers, W. Va., \$2.00.

David Jenkins, Huntington Beach, Calif., \$1.00.

Ellen Cathcart, 2165 Le May Ave., Detroit, Mich., \$1.00.

Mrs. J. W. Gason, Ninety Six, S. C., \$1.00.

Annie Jones, Desloge, Mo., \$2.00.

Mrs. Mary R. Maner, Mrs. Rachel Wheeler, Rt. 4, Marietta, Ga., 50c.

Mrs. B. F. Willard, 221 Jones St., Baxley, Ga., \$1.00.

Mildred Daugherty, Rt. 2, Waco, Ga., \$2.00.

Violet Sherrod, Box 3513, Florida State Sanatorium, Orlando, Fla., \$1.00.

No name signed, Greer, S. C., \$1.00.

No name signed, Altoona, Pa., \$1.00.

Mrs. I. N. Rich, Summerville, Ga., \$1.00.

Mrs. J. L. Criner, Spring Hill, W. Va., 40c.

No name signed, North Wilkesboro,

N. C., \$1.00.

Lester Waldron, Box 405, Port Arthur, Texas, \$1.00.

George McCorkle, Rt. 3, Box 29, Thomaston, Ga., \$3.00.

Hymn Stories

(Continued from page 12)

"So we knelt down together, and my daughter gave her heart to Jesus. She is here with me today, and has now children of her own, and all these years she has been a true follower of Jesus."

Sing the gospel if you have a voice!—
Sel.

Looking Backward

(Continued from page 11)

happy children in the public schools, training for happiness and usefulness; the land of colleges and universities where we have scores of thousands of youth in training for national and community leadership.

"We have great alfalfa fields, orchards and meadows; mines, factories, hospitals and systems of sanitation; libraries, concert halls, galleries of art and museums of wonderful interest. Best of all we have a land of very happy homes, a land where everybody has his unmolested chance.

"Japan, you have a wonderful land. Look at your fields of rice, your bolts of silk, your chests of tea, your wonderful artistry, unique and most interesting.

"If you will move into the family of nations they will come into your ports and spend millions purchasing your goods.

"Your isolation should cease. You should have schools for your children, colleges and universities for your youth and all other things to make you a happy and prosperous nation.

"Bring down to our boats some tons of rice, bolts of silk, chests of tea." All of which was done. Uncle Sam laid down good gold and paid for all articles purchased and leaving his good smile, cordial handshake and his good gold bade Japan "good-bye."

When the officials of that interesting country were left to their own meditations, they looked into each other's faces and said, "Is it possible that there is a new type of nation, a nation that does not pillage, rob and steal, a nation that really cares about our welfare, a nation that wants to direct us out into great national life?"

The officials were so tremendously impressed with the visit that they said, "The very least we can do is to appoint a commission to go to this new land and see whether or not these things are really so."

One of the greatest events of modern history was the coming of that Japan-

ese commission of investigation. What a revelation it was! They were received with the utmost courtesy.

They saw our happy homes, the millions and millions of our beautiful children in our schools, singing, playing and learning; they saw our alfalfa fields, our orchards and meadows; they saw our mines and factories, our hospitals and systems of sanitation; they saw our thousands of youth being trained for leadership in our colleges and universities; they saw our marvelous commerce and industries, our herds of cattle, droves of horses, and flocks of sheep.

So impressed were they that upon their return they called together their national officials and reported that "the half had never been told."

The awakening and new adjustment began at once. Soon the public school was introduced; colleges were soon opened; the natural resources were soon developed; leaders were soon sent to America for training; goods were offered to the market of the world. Astonishing results followed.

So far did Japan advance that it is considered one of the great nations of the world, and why? Because within the folds of our grand old flag is that most sublime of all sentiments, "If an individual or nation would be great, it must forget self and pour out its life for others." The secret of Japan's awakening is, "Our spirit of unselfish devotion to international brotherhood."

I regret to tell you that Japan became so prosperous that it did not follow our unselfish ideal. It grew so rapidly and looked about so widely that it became possessed with a selfish dream as it saw other nations have. For instance, modern militaristic Germany and warlike Russia.

Japan said, "Why can't we have an army and a navy? Why can't we go out and do some international hijacking?" So an army was built; a navy was constructed.

So chesty did Japan become with this newly developed wealth and power she struck Russia and whipped her, then struck China and was victorious. It put Korea beneath its heel. Then the war lords dreamed of tackling Uncle Sam. We heard much concerning a "Yellow Peril." Clouds darkened the international horizon.

About this time the World War came on. Finally America took a hand. Japan

was interested. Our grand old flag, standing for a world brotherhood of the whole human race, pitted against the German, Prussianized, militarized flag with an utterly opposite world program, that of the self-domination of the whole world. Which would win? Japan was interested.

America, with no immediate preparation for war, was pitted against Germany after thirty years of preparation with a military machine stupendous beyond conception. Japan had been following Germany. Should Germany win and dominate Europe and America, Japan, with a like militaristic program, might dominate Asia.

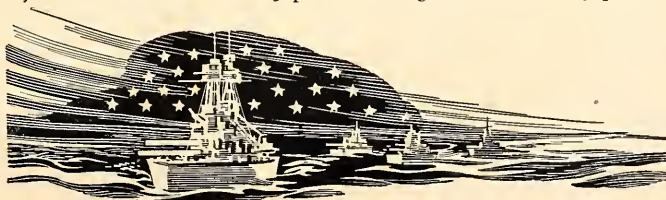
The interest was tense. Germany went to the ditch. Selfishness did it. Our grand old flag climbed higher and higher with its holy ideal of world brotherhood. Japan learned its lesson. It was enthusiastic in its response to the call for the Conference of the Limitation of Armaments.

A second lesson Japan learned. On the first day of September, 1923, the most terrible disaster of modern times occurred in Japan. It was the earthquake. It ate its way into the most populous section of the nation. Four hundred thousand people lost their lives. \$5,000,000,000 (five billion dollars) worth of property was destroyed. Japan was crushed beyond comprehension. Four hundred thousand Japanese were killed.

Uncle Sam is ever standing, listening for the cry of need and suffering. President Coolidge issued a call for \$5,000,000 for relief.

Would the American people respond to a nation so recently filling the air with the threats of a "Yellow Peril"? What would happen now? We watched with unusual interest. What happened?

Inside ten days the five million rolled into Washington. It came like a mighty torrent. The money did not stop when the \$5,000,000 point was reached. It kept coming, soon to six million; then on to seven million, then to eight. Still it flowed in, nine million, ten, and when it reached eleven million Mr. Coolidge sent out another call asking that no more money be sent. More than double the amount asked for came, there was such an expression of love and sympathy. The millions were laid down at the feet of weeping Japan without any strings tied to the gift whatsoever. Japanese officials



were to spend it as they saw it was needed.

Japan stood dumbfounded in the presence of so stupendous an expression of unselfish devotion. It then saw that really and truly America was the big brother of the world. It saw that the glory of America is to forget ourselves and pour out our lives for others. "Not America for Americans, but America for humanity."

During this same catastrophe a most remarkable thing happened, showing the spirit of America.

Earthquakes produce tidal waves and a mighty churning of the sea.

When the earthquake came there were many foreign ships in the Japanese harbor and among them many of our own.

When the quake was on and tidal waves began to roll in and the sea began to churn, every foreign ship put out to sea to take care of itself. Every American ship put to shore to render first aid to the suffering. "Not America for Americans, but America for humanity."

This is the second lesson Japan has learned of the unspeakable value of national unselfishness if it would be great. Selfishness ditched ponderous, militarized Germany. Unselfishness is the glory of America.

The second story as to why our flag is revered around the world is the story of our friendship for China.

The Bluebells

(Continued from page 17)

"She began to cry and I tried to put my arms around her but father pushed me away. 'If you can't eat anything I can give you something to drink,' and he caught her up in his arms and started down the path that led to the pond.

"Bessie hushed crying, but she looked awfully scared. 'I'll give you something to drink,' he said, when he reached the edge of the water and I followed, scarcely knowing what I was doing, I was so frightened.

"He waded in about knee deep, then took Bessie and put her little curly head down under the water. She threw up her little white hands and cried out, 'Oh, Willie, take baby!' just as the curly head went down.

"I waded around father and tried with all my strength to raise her little head out of the water, but father held it down. I begged father to take her out, but he would not listen. She threw up her hands wildly, there was a gurgling sound and then all was still. It seemed hours to me, but father at last lifted up

Bessie's white, dripping face. I called her name wildly, but her blue lips did not move; she was dead.

"Father carried her and laid her down on the green grass. 'I guess she won't get hungry for awhile,' he said.

"I was so stunned I never moved nor spoke, until I saw the bluebells that I had twined in Bessie's hair floating out on the water. I could not bear to see them drift away, so I waded out after them. The water was deep and on I went. It was up to my armpits, now over my shoulders, still the bluebells were just beyond my reach, but I must have them. The water touched my chin; another step and I caught them and just as I did I heard mother call: 'Willie! O Willie, where are you?'

"I looked for father. He was seated on the ground by Bessie. 'Willie! O Willie,' came mother's voice again.

"I was out of the water now, but so weak I could scarcely stand. 'Bessie! O Bessie,' I called. 'Here, mother, at the pond.'

"Father gave one mad leap into the water—he plunged in face down. I was so terrified I did not know what to do. I heard mother coming. I trembled so I could not walk, so I crawled up to Bessie, and took father's straw hat and put it over Bessie's dead face to keep mother from seeing it.

"In a moment she came in sight. She saw I was dripping with water. 'Willie, Willie, what is the matter?' I could not speak.

"She lifted the hat from Bessie's face. She stood a moment as if turned to stone. 'Tell me how it happened, Willie, tell me quick!' Then I found voice and told her everything. She heard me through without a word, but when I had finished she stood with clasped hands over Bessie and shrieked such unearthly cries that soon the neighborhood flocked to the spot.

"Father had drowned himself, his body was taken from under the beautiful water and buried in the cemetery alongside of Bessie. Mother was a raving maniac. I put the bluebells in a little box and hung them around my neck. After the funeral I lay in the hospital, sick for weeks with brain fever, but when I came to myself, the box was still around my neck; here it is," and he drew from his bosom a small box containing a few withered leaves.

"They speak of sweet baby Bessie," he said as he closed the box and slipped it back under his shirt bosom.

Then he looked Mr. Morrill straight in the eyes and said:

"Please, mister, don't ever vote for whiskey. It killed my father and dear little Bessie, and it locked mother up in

the madhouse. Please don't vote for rum."—*Selected.*

Jamaican Highways

(Continued from page 13)

body. The sister of the dying man ran up and down the road screaming. I tried to get her to pray instead. Finally another group of people came. A dignified looking woman looked at the dead man and exclaimed, "My God, that's the man that only last night I gave a drink of rum. He was in my bar last night." Her shop was well named, BAR, it barred this man out of heaven, barred him out of a chance to pray. Saloons and bars, no matter how choice the drinks are, only bar you from joy, bar your children from the right to have a decent home, it bars your wife from looking forward to your coming home, it bars your children from the right to be proud of you. Yes, the drinker may enjoy being "barred" out, but what about your family, the shame you are causing them to bear? Another point that was brought home forcibly to us, this truck load of pleasure-seeking folks were among those who had rejected the gospel the night before. They were going to sow just a few more wild oats, be a good fellow just a little more and then get saved; but God said, "Thou fool, now thy soul is required of thee." One lady told me that she had promised to go to the Church of God meeting that day but this crowd had persuaded her that she would have a better time with the gang. As we worked among them, someone came up and told me that I had better go on to where I could get out of the sun and dust. I said, "Don't worry about us, we want to help." Another bystander said, "Imagine a white lady stooping down to pray for mud-splattered, helpless, bloody, dying black folk. These folks are real missionaries." What an opportunity to preach Jesus and Him crucified, and we took it. I took the pictures of the scene and the dead and dying, but the picture impressed on our minds is more vivid. The police came and gave first aid and so forth. We went on.

The day's meeting was hours late. A large crowd gathered for the services. A fine native dinner was served on the grounds, next to the peaceful Caribbean Sea. The small children seemed to be just milling around. My heart goes out to the young, so I tried to introduce the American way of bringing cheer to their hearts. After some effort, I managed to get them to play games and to have a few contests of jumping, running, and so forth. I enjoyed it and so did the children, but we about robbed Brother Pearson of his small change for prizes.

(To be continued)

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

The Sinner's Page



SACRIFICE

REVEREND A. PIERCE

The poor widow did what she could by offering her two mites, it was an expression of her deep devotion to the Lord. So God, by offering heaven's best, demonstrated His love and concern for mankind, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Throughout the world's history God's love for mankind can be traced. Whenever there was a need to be met, God met that need. He provided the covering for Adam and Eve in the garden. He provided an ark for those who would enter before the floods came. He provided a means of protection in the land of Goshen when the death angel passed over. He provided the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night as a means of guidance. He provided manna in the wilderness and protection by the way, and in this dispensation of grace, God has provided for the spiritual and physical needs of mankind. "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," Rom. 5:8.

Some years ago there was on exhibition in Montreal, Canada, that wonderful picture of "Christ before Pilate." One day a man presented himself at the door of the hall for admission.

"Is this where you see Christ?" the man asked gruffly and disrespectfully.

"This is where the painting of 'Christ before Pilate' is being exhibited," replied

the lady in charge of the admissions.

"How much does it cost to see Christ?" blurted out the man.

"The price of admission is twenty-five cents," replied the lady.

"Well, here's your quarter," said the man, throwing down the piece of money. "Where is Christ?"

"You will find the picture at the end of this hallway."

So the man walked down the hallway, picking up a descriptive catalogue on the way, and came into the room where hung that great masterpiece of painting. The man stood for some time in front of the picture. After a while he took off his hat, which up to this time he had kept on. A little later he sat down and gazed at the picture. Then he took up the catalogue, descriptive of the painting which he had thrown down on the table beside him when he came into the room. He read it, and looked from it to the picture again and again. And as he looked he saw the Man of sorrows. The head was adorned with a crown of thorns which had been so heavily pressed on the brow of Jesus that it caused the blood to flow down His sacred cheeks. His hands were tied behind Him with hempen cord. His face bore the marks of smiting.

*"Man of sorrows" what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah, what a Savior!
Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood.
Hallelujah, what a Savior!*

The man opened the catalogue again and once more read the description of the picture. He stood up again, looking intently at the picture of the Christ portrayed by the artist so beautifully on the canvas. Then he took his seat again and for almost an hour he sat, transfixed as it were, in the presence of the Christ of the picture. Finally he arose, picked up his hat, and walked down the corridor, but not without giving more than one backward and parting look at the picture. When he came to the door he said to the lady to whom he had paid the admission:

"Lady, I am just a poor rough sailor but my mother is a good Christian. When she heard that I was coming to Montreal she said to me, 'John, there is a picture of Jesus being shown there; I wish you would go to see it for mother's sake. You know Jesus has been such a

wonderful friend to your mother since father died, and I want you just to see how He looks in that picture.' Well, I promised my mother I would go and see it. I would do anything my mother asked me to do. So I came, as you know, today to see it. I didn't care to come myself; it was for mother's sake I came, until I saw that picture, and do you know, lady, I cannot get Him out of my mind. The man that painted that picture must have loved my mother's Savior or he could not have painted Him the way he did. And do you know, lady, that as I stood before that picture I thought of all that my mother had told me about Him, and what He had done for us, and something came into my heart, and it made me cry as I stood looking at Jesus suffering as He must have done before those wicked men. And I said, 'Mother told me He did that for me.' So I said to Jesus as I stood and looked at Him, 'Jesus, my mother's Savior, you are going to be my Savior from now on.' I am going to write mother today and tell her I've become a Christian." This sailor did what he could, he first obeyed his mother's voice, then obeyed the voice of his mother's Savior.

Have you made an effort to obey the voice of your mother's Savior?

The children of Israel had to leave Egypt before they could enter the promised land. What they sacrificed was nothing in comparison to what they obtained.

The prodigal had to leave the distant country before he could be received into his father's arms. He left the husks behind so that he could obtain the fatted calf.

Blind Bartimaeus, in coming to Jesus, left his cloak behind but obtained his sight.

The disciples left a few old nets and a fishing boat to obtain eternal life and blessing.

Your life holds the greatest possibilities of usefulness, if you will but make one effort to answer the Savior's call. No man or woman can honestly seek the Savior but that God will meet that need sometime, somewhere, somehow. With Paul it was a revelation on the road to Damascus; with the Philippian jailor it was an earthquake; with Lydia it was a gentle yielding to the will of God that brought the light of sins forgiven.

A man who had climbed up a tree overhanging a river lost his hold. As he was falling down he caught hold of a twig by which he hung. A boat put off for his rescue and came alongside just underneath him, but there he still hung, and save him they could not. They cried, "Let go the twig or we cannot save you!" and only when he let go was salvation possible. Perhaps you are holding by some twig—some sin, some fancied goodness,

(Continued on page 31)

Friendship Page

An Empty Life

In March, 1940, a girl went to the Eddie Martin Airport near Santa Ana, California, and engaged a pilot to take her for a flight to the beach district. She insisted upon using an open plane and riding in the rear cockpit. When nearing Newport Beach, the pilot said he felt the plane lurch and glanced back to see the girl leap over the side to her death. In the girl's automobile was found a note, which read: "Forgive me. I just couldn't bear it any longer. It takes courage to die, but it is cowardly to live an empty, ill life." Behind these words there must have been the agony of a disillusioned life. We may call the poor girl foolish, but that is empty censure now. What was needed was someone's kind and friendly help while she lived. She would never have found life "empty" had some Christian filled her heart with the love of Christ.

Not all disillusioned seek sudden death, but there are many who are so living as to commit suicide by degrees. A Christless life is in an awful state. It is an easy prey to despair. How much the broken-hearted men and women of this world need the witness of a kindly servant of Christ. "Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." — *The Watchman-Examiner*.

The Value of True Friends

When Howard Hanley graduated from high school his plan was to study law. But his mother was a widow, and there was no money. He went to work in a little grocery store. The pay was small, but 'twas easy-earned money. Time went on and Howard settled down to be just "one of the boys." He spent his evenings at the club room, and went on excursions with the boys who drove their fathers' autos. Owing to the fact that there was no saloon near by, he did not acquire the drink habit. He had been clerking in the grocery about two years, when his employer informed him his services were no longer needed. He went home, sat down and thought over his accomplishments, and concluded there was not much he could do.

Mr. Wheeler, the leading attorney of the village, was a friend of the Hanley family, and Howard decided to ask advice from him. When he had related his story Mr. Wheeler replied, "Well, I haven't anything new to tell you. You know as well as I that you could have done better than you have. You are afraid

to branch out for fear the work might be hard. I am going to speak plainly, laziness is your main trouble, and it is time you woke up and did something for yourself and your mother."

"I can't do differently and stay in this town. I—"

"You are wrong," interrupted the attorney. "You place too low an estimate on your ability, and surely you cannot expect the community to put a larger estimate on you than you do yourself. Opportunity is at your door now, if you will only grasp it."

"What? How? I haven't any business training, and I haven't any political pull."

"If you will fit yourself to fill a position, I guarantee that you will obtain one. Take a business course and prove your ability, and you will get the position."

"I haven't any money, and I can't stop work that long."

"You won't have to stop work. Prepare yourself at home. I will be your teacher. Go home and think about it."

The next morning he called and told Mr. Wheeler he had decided to accept his offer, and the lessons began at once.

Howard progressed fast, and by the time the civil service examinations were held he was quite proficient, and passed successfully. He now informed his tutor that he purposed applying for the position of court stenographer, as that place

Never Mind

Sometimes, when nothing goes just right,
And worry reigns supreme,
When heartache fills the eyes with mist,
And all things useless seem,
There's just one thing can drive away
The tears that scald and blind—
Someone to slip a strong arm 'round
And whisper, "Never mind."

No one has ever told just why
Those words such comfort bring;
Nor why that whisper makes our cares
Depart on hurried wing.
Yet troubles say a quick "Good-day,"
We leave them far behind
When someone slips an arm around
And whispers, "Never mind."

But love must prompt that soft caress—
That love must, aye, be true;
Or at that tender, clinging touch
No heartease come to you,
But if the arm be moved by love,
Sweet comfort you will find
When someone slips an arm around,
And whispers, "Never mind!"

Evangelical Visitor.

was soon to be vacant. "Very good, but you lack experience. You are classed as a mere boy. You can't take dictation nor use the typewriter, can you?"

"Try me."

The dictation was given, and looking over the work critically Mr. Wheeler said, "Perfect. You have done well. I will use my influence for you." When the judge was interviewed he said there were already several candidates for the place, but he would let a test decide among them. When the test came, Howard Hanley surpassed them all, and was given the appointment. He went to his tutor and said, "I want to thank God and you for my success. If you had not been a true friend to me, and given me that straight talking to, and if I had not accepted mother's God, and prayed, I would not have this position today." — *Unknown*.

Friendship

Paul F. Try

No matter what he was doing he always had time to help his friends and neighbors out of some difficulty.

He plowed their lots. He butchered their hogs. He helped them harvest their crops. He let them use his tools. And he still found time to serve as janitor, teacher, and superintendent in his church.

All called him "friend," and maintained that he was the best neighbor they had ever had. And the reason they liked him was because he was such a friendly man.

Life is like that.

It is only the truly friendly man who has friends.

It is the church which has the most friendly spirit that can accomplish the most spiritual good in this community.

It is the business that is the most accommodating which has the greatest success.

It is that nation which is most peaceable toward other nations that is the most respected and feared, and therefore safest from invasions.

To be a friend to man, one must work for man's benefit. One must become a servant to man.

Presidents, congressmen, and other officials can accomplish the most good—when they realize that they are public servants.

"The servant is not greater than his lord."

And to make, keep, and have friends—one must be a friendly man.—*The Challenge*.

John 15:13, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."



"I Do Believe, So There"

(Continued from page 4)

the day she told her mother how she had accepted Christ two years before, but how Satan through fear had kept her silent.

God spared the dear mother for three years longer, until Abbie was ten years old, and many lessons of faith were learned at her mother's knee. When the mother knew her time had come, and she was soon to go to be with her Lord, Abbie was reconciled and willing to let her go.

How necessary that, if the call comes from God to her child, the parent may help by prayers and life.

Then whatsoever the call may be,

To service small or great,

To cross the seas and speak God's love,

To smile, to rule a state—

When God shall come and say to you,

*"Here is the thing that you must do,
Be listening."*

The call to comfort God's sick and helpless ones came to Sister Abigail when just a little child. Her parents had always desired and prayed that this should be her work.

On her seventh birthday she confessed Jesus Christ as her Savior. That same day, after praying with her, the mother placed a little Bible and a few tracts in her hands, saying, "Now, my little girl must be a missionary. Go to the old blind lady in the almshouse and read to her, and tell her you love Jesus, and Jesus loves you. She will be so glad. Then go across to see that dear girl who is so sick, and sing, 'Jesus Loves me,' and tell her He loves her too."

So at the age of seves her lifework among the poor, blind and sick ones started. This service continued for thirty-five years, first with her father, then with her husband. When these dear ones were taken home to the Lord, Sister Abi-

gail came to America.—*Publisher Unknown.*

In the Making

(Continued from page 5)

father's neckties around his neck, or his father's cap on his head.

One little lad often went to school with something of his father's in plain sight. It might be a handkerchief sticking out of his pocket, or a badge or organization button on his blouse.

His teacher, watching him closely, noticed that when he was so adorned he was inclined to stand aside from the other kindergarten children, and to act very grown-up and a little pompous.

Why Art Thou Cast Down?

(Continued from page 6)

pressed you sore and of which none but He was aware, and He gave you the needed grace for deliverance; that hour of indecision when the blessed Holy Spirit whispered, oh, so softly, "*This is the way, walk ye in it*"; the times of need for little things in your life, some of them so insignificant that you were almost ashamed to mention them even to Him, but He granted them so graciously, so generously.

Remember these things and give praise and thanks to Him. Say to your soul: "*Why art thou cast down . . . hope thou in God . . . therefore will I remember thee.*" As you remember Him, the burden lifts, the load lightens, the sorrow vanishes, and you will be able to say with the Psalmist, "*I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.*"

These are testing days, trying hours, but, "*There hath no temptation (testing) taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted (tested) above that ye are able, but will with the*

temptation (testing) also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it" (1 Cor. 10:13).

Eva's Investment

(Continued from page 10)

the soul, that would linger when passing emotions and feelings were forgotten. He tried to get them to see their debt to God and to the needy.

One of his outstanding messages, in-sofar as Eva was concerned, was the one on "The Day of Small Things." It was replete with illustrations showing the value of small things when they were done for the glory of God and anointed with the Spirit. The sermon stirred Eva's soul to the depths. In it she saw her failure. She had been waiting for larger things, more prominent things. She had been waiting for a call to Africa, India, China, or Japan. She had been waiting for the spectacular, and failing to appreciate the value of the commonplace, but now she saw things differently.

The evangelist had closed his sermon with an earnest appeal to all, especially to the young, to come forward and consecrate themselves to the service of the Lord. Eva went with the others but seemed lost to them and to herself. She seemed to be shut in with the Lord and He was dealing with her. Others were arising after a period of prayer about the altar. But Eva lingered. She had never seen so many things to do in all her life. Again Isaiah's experience came to her mind, and Eva prayed for the same spiritual cleansing to be hers that came to the prophet. For as she saw things to be done, she felt that within her heart were things that needed to be removed, if she were to be a cheerful volunteer. As God would present one claim and demand after another to her she would say: "Yes, Lord." And with her sincerity of soul, Eva meant everything she was saying.

The altar workers lingered with Eva. They sensed the presence of God. They felt that this was a good place to be, and while tears flowed from Eva's eyes, a sweet peace seemed to settle upon her soul, and a radiance from her face declared that she had received the spiritual experience that she had long sought. As she arose someone began to sing: "Where He Leads Me." As the last words of this fine consecration song were reached there was felt a Presence that was more than human, lingering about the altar.

Before leaving the altar Eva gave her testimony and tried to declare afresh that she would follow her Lord whatever the cost. But she could not for her ecstasy; she really seemed overjoyed. She had never felt so clean within her heart as she now felt, and while she hadn't been

told what her work was to be, she felt sure that, in His own time and way, the Lord would make known to her His will about her work for Him.

That evening as Eva and the others rode home they passed the large plantations of rich landowners. In the moonlight the houses of the negro tenants were clearly visible. From the windows of some of the houses streamed beams of light, and from the yards of others came the sound of music and laughter. Eva had passed this way many, many times before. But tonight she saw and felt things that hitherto had been outside her sphere. The laughter of these negro workmen did not evoke a smile from her, and their music seemed not so light and gay as it usually did. She realized that they were reasonably well-fed and clothed, they were sheltered in houses that were better than the average. They were employed by honest landowners. But—that's what caused her to ponder so long—there was no church for them to attend in this community, there was no Sunday school for their children. They were neglected spiritually.

Eva rode home in silence. She must make their plight an object of prayer. Surely God would send someone to help them. Their souls were precious to Him, for Christ died for them as truly as He died for her. They must be given spiritual help, for man needed more than food and raiment. Why had she never felt their need before this? This thought caused Eva to reflect that God's touch upon her heart had removed the prejudices she had formerly felt when she thought upon the needy ones of the other races.

Long into the night Eva lay on her bed asking God to show her what His work would be for her, and asking Him to direct someone, in some way, to this field. True, it was small; but it was needy. It was the Master's work and she would not stop until she had prayed a worker into this locality. She thought that God would send a person of their own race to be His messenger to them.

Eva's prayers were more fervent, more intense, more in faith than ever before, and she lingered long in her secret closet, but she never doubted that God would provide a worker here in due time. Others in her group were told about her interest in this community and asked to join in prayer with regard to getting a worker into this locality. They, too, declared their faith that God would soon send someone to represent Him among these people.

Each time Eva passed the settlement going to or from the church, she breathed a prayer for their spiritual needs. Often as she went to Sunday school she saw the negro children rolling wheels, playing

ball, or engaged in other childish plays. Her heart bled to think that they were having no teachings of the Word of God, no preaching, and no other spiritual help. They were just "growing up." What did the future hold for them? Why did not someone come to help them? And as Eva grieved that no one came to help them, a voice within seemed to whisper: "You could do it."

This terrified Eva beyond description. She knew that she loved the Lord. She loved souls. She wanted to serve the Lord in a useful way. This work ought to be done, it was necessary—it was God's work—but, there was the social barrier. What would the people think of her? Then Eva remembered her determination to serve God at any cost! But she had not thought that it would cost so much. She hadn't felt that God would ask her to do this kind of work.

Try as she would, the call would not leave Eva's mind. It seemed to grow and face her in an overwhelming sort of way. The singing of the songs at the house of worship this Lord's Day seemed to be for Eva. They sang, "Where He Leads Me, I Will Follow," and "He Leadeth Me." Was this one way God was directing Eva to see His will? She wondered. And imagine her emotions when the minister announced his text as being, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto Me."

It was a mighty message. But Eva heard very little of it. She was not indifferent but she was engaged in deep thought. An issue had been raised and must be settled. On it hinged more than Eva imagined possible at that time. To obey might cost her criticism and ostracism. But to disobey . . . ! The very thought of it horrified her. She saw the value of souls as never before. And as God showed her His will she felt the injustice of race prejudice as she had never felt it before. She considered all the possibilities of the case. There was a sectional feeling and it was strong. There had been misrepresentations of the motives of those who had taken the step which it seemed she would have to take; and the work was unpopular. But she could not escape the fact that it was a needy field, she had prayed for someone to enter it; she had grieved because no one had come, and wondered what would be the excuse of the ones thus called when they stood at the Judgment Bar and saw the tragedy that would follow in the wake of their refusals. But by the end of the service it was settled. If God were calling her, she would put out her fleece. She would test the call.

That afternoon she went to the home of one of the negro families and engaged the mother in conversation, which led to the discovery that she had been

saddened by the dearth of spirituality in the neighborhood and had been praying for someone to come and "hold meetin's" for them. Timidly the white girl unfolded her thoughts to the negro mother, whose eyes were wet with tears and she "blessed de good Lawd" for sending them a helper. Her home was thrown open as a place where "meetin's" would be held. But would any one come to them? Satan said, "No," but Eva was trusting God. His power was unlimited, and she felt in the center of His will in the undertaking.

Of course, it was a novelty to both the whites and the blacks. Some criticized at first, but when they saw Eva's sincerity, and the earnestness with which the people came, and the transformations which followed as the work went forward, they began to speak words of commendation. They wanted to know if there was any help they could render. When they saw the joy which Eva got from her work, and the influence of the gospel upon the hearts and homes, they wondered why they had not thought of this kind of work before Eva started it. They felt reproached for having so long neglected those about them.

* * *

Eva's interest has not waned, it has increased; nor has her popularity decreased, for she is one of the spiritual leaders in her church, and has a host of friends. Nothing can keep her away from her work among these children and their parents. And while others are mourning because they cannot go to a distant field to represent their Christ, Eva quietly goes about the work of teaching Christ to the people of other races who live within her reach. Her one regret is that she did not see the work sooner and invest in it earlier, so that she might have more dividends when He cometh.—*Sunday School Banner*.

AMERICAN FLAG MAKERS

(Continued from page 8)

and the entire flag is bordered with red. From some engagement in the war with the Moorish pirates, the flag that the officers at Annapolis call the "house flag" seems to have come. The gathering together and setting in official form of the histories of the nation's naval flags is a part of the great work recently completed at Annapolis. Until a few years ago, these flags were packed away in boxes—flags which had cost so dearly in patriotic sacrifice and devotion in days of the past. Congress appropriated \$30,000 for the purpose of preserving these flags in a manner to insure their being saved for years to come.

As the visitor enters Trophy Hall at the Naval Academy, there appears before him in cases about the walls and stretched

across the ceiling those flags which mark the naval successes of the United States. Almost every battle in which the ships of our country met an enemy is represented.

At the United States National Museum, at Washington, the visitor discovers the most conspicuous features of the historical exhibits of our flag, which shows its evolution in the different periods from Colonial days to the present.

Although there are no early Colonial flags, such as were used by the several Colonies before the flag was established by Congress, a fine example of the first true United States ensign is shown. Representative of the Stars and Stripes is a flag said to have been flown on the *Bonhomme Richard*, under the command of John Paul Jones, the first flag to be put to the wind on any American ship.

Another flag of the very highest historical value is the original "Star-Spangled Banner," of Francis Key's anthem, which waved over Fort McHenry during the bombardment of September 13, 14, 1814. This flag is of the type having fifteen stars and stripes, adopted in 1784, upon the addition of two states, and continued until 1818. The original Star-Spangled Banner, which is a very large flag, measures 28x32 feet.

Not the least interesting of the flags is the original "Old Glory." That popular nickname has not always been familiar, for we must go back to the historic town of Salem, Massachusetts, for the christening of our national emblem, when William Driver, a young sailor lad, 21 years of age, was about to make an important sea voyage, and was presented on March 18, 1824, with a beautiful emblem by his devoted mother and a few girl friends. At the appointed time the young man was ushered into a hitherto closed room to behold the handiwork of loving hands. A moment's pause while he controlled his emotions and the young man sprang forward, grasped the flag in his hand and exclaimed, "Old Glory!" And so the flag was named, a name never to be forgotten down through the centuries as an affectionate nickname for the emblem of liberty and freedom.—*The Friend (Dayton)*.

The Highway of Guidance

(Continued from page 7)

forest will lie your trail of life marked out by God from all eternity and only waiting for you to hear His word, "Follow thou me."

"He leadeth me." But whither? Into this highway of consecration. It is the first sight which greets the believer's eyes as he steps out from the crimson fountain which has cleansed his sin-stained soul. It confronts him like a great triumphal arch, opening into the pathway

of his life of ministry. A pierced hand flings open its portals before his eyes. A voice from the Redeemer of his soul cries out, "I beseech you to present your body a living sacrifice." Its gates are crimsoned with the blood of Him who gave Himself for you. Its archway is empurpled with the rich clusters of fruitage the hidden Vine in the heavens is seeking to bear through you, His yielded branch. It echoes with the shouts of victory of those who walk its blessed path. It is resplendent with the glory of God which shines from the lives that walk therein in the light of His face to face presence. Oh, what a highway is this! Have you entered it?

Sinner's Page

(Continued from page 27)

refusing to give it up. I would leave this word to ring in the ear of each, "Let go the twig! Let go the twig." Let nothing keep you back.—*The Pentecostal Testimony*.

The Vision

(Continued from page 3)

reasonable thing, she thought. Dear old Johnny standing so dejected. He had deserved the best woman in the world. He was a faithful watchdog type of man who would adore the woman he loved—worship her, almost—and if loved in return, would be unspeakably happy.

Her eyes followed his, saw what he saw—his gleaming highpowered car at the curb, the gray stone church next door, the snow-packed street with an occasional passing automobile. Scattered snowflakes played like fireflies under the street light — tossing, zigzagging, falling—like a million disappointed loves the world over, in the light for only a moment, then falling away into the darkness to be trodden under the foot of men. The weather was changing again. This afternoon it had been moderating, snow had melted on the roofs, forming long icicles at the eaves of houses.

She hated to leave him like this, but it was getting late, and seven-thirty in the morning would come again. Tomorrow was the big day, the opening of Daddy's half-hour broadcast. Her hand was on the doorknob.

He turned toward her. "Tell me," he said abruptly, "how are things in Central America? Any new news?"

She sighed with relief. He had come up for air. When a man's thoughts could rise from depressing things to the glorious business of getting out the gospel, he was a fortunate man indeed, and he was safe from the danger of smothering. If only Christians everywhere could learn this secret.

"Everything's fine, and again, thanks to you. They'll be ready to open the new dispensary next month. Have you come

to any decision as to the name?"

He started. "Ah—no, nothing—not yet. I'll know soon, though."

She watched him walk slowly out to his car and drive away, and as she opened the house door to go in, she thought, He is one of God's giants, a true steward. The money he had given to erect the new hospital in Central America would do a thousand times more good than that same money used to endow a chair in an American university. For the new hospital would be under the management of a born-again board of directors, and every medical doctor and dentist and nurse would be a genuine Christian whose ministry to the bodies of men would be a channel through which the grace of the mighty Christ might flow into their sinsick souls . . .

Softly so as not to awaken the household, she moved upstairs to her room, shared by her and fourteen-year-old Maybelle. Entering, she was greeted by Maybelle's cautioned, "Sh! Don't wake me up!"

Maybelle's bed lamp was snapped on, flooding the room with pale blue light, revealing a wide-awake Maybelle on the pillow, with a pair of eyes as brown as Le Vera's were gray-green.

"Go back to sleep!" Le Vera admonished.

"I haven't been asleep. I've just finished my Latin, dumb old stuff, but I got it!"

"Dumb little Maybelle, you mean," Le Vera spoke to her through the mirror. Her eyes were not like two blue stars, as novelists liked to describe their heroine's eyes, not lavender pools like Shera Thorwald's, but a dull gray-green like a kitten's.

Maybelle sat up in bed. "And when I finished conjugating every dumb old verb in the dumb old assignment, I turned out the light and did some serious thinking—if possible. Want to know what I was thinking about?"

"Some day you'll be glad you studied Latin, Mabs. Over half the words in our language are derived from the Latin. It was the easiest thing in the world for me to learn the names and the use of the dental instruments because of their Latin derivation. Take the word *excavate* for instance. *Ex* means out; *cavus* means hollow," — and saying it she thought of Rodney's lower molar, Rodney's trusting eyes; and of Rockwell Construction Company's excavating for a new skyscraper, designed by Johnny Nystrom.

"Listen, Vera," Maybelle persisted, "I think Johnny Nystrom is awfully nice. I like him a lot—Hey! that's my beauty cream!—and I think it'd be wonderful to have the richest man in Hampton for a brother-in-law . . ."

Age, twenty-six . . . His twin sister Norda is twenty-one . . . Norda was such a pretty name! Norda for a sister-in-law . . .

Le Vera started. The dull agates in the mirror were alight! They were—pretty! Expressive!

From Maybelle's pillow came the exclamation, "But I like Rodney better. In fact, I've already made up my mind."

"To what?" They *were* expressive!

"I mean"—from the pillow—"I've already decided who I'm going to have for a brother-in-law."

"Listen, Mabs, will you *please* turn out your light and go to sleep?" Le Vera Deland. The name was poetic. It would fit nicely into a poem of trisyllabic rhythm—

"Le Vera Deland was a gay little bride;

The handsome young groom stood serene at her side . . ."

* * *

In another section of the city, in a luxurious apartment designed and owned by himself, John Nystrom was dismally surveying himself in the full-length mirror on the bathroom door. His hair was gray at the temples; his eyes burned with a discouraged fire. He had not intended ever again to fall in love. He had not believed that he would; he had merely wanted to recapture old emotions—and he had indeed recaptured them—although he could not be sure tonight whether he was in love with Le Vera Webber or with the woman of whom she reminded him. Perhaps it was the latter.

Twenty years ago! Strange providence that had allowed him to live. It was a mystery he would never understand. He only knew that out of it all, the tragedy of it all, he had awakened from the sleep of death. A merely professing Christian, that was all that he had been until that night. And on that night he had been snatched as a brand from the burning, was born full grown, like Saul of Tarsus being converted instantly into the Apostle Paul.

From Saul to Paul. It took the death of Stephen, the church's first martyr, to help awaken the man Saul . . .

Nystrom sighed. He had risen to wealth and fame—and in spite of both, had been kept a true Christian—a test for any man. More and more as the years hurried past, he marvelled at the God who could continue to make Himself so real—whose revealed Word could continue to be so fresh and full of wonder.

He turned from the mirror, reliving in his mind the past half hour, the terror that had clutched at his heart when the truck had almost crashed into him. That was a Rockwell Construction Company truck. He would have to call the driver in tomorrow to find out if he had been

drinking. Rockwell Construction Company employed no drinking drivers. There were enough unavoidable accidents in the world without deliberately playing with death by drinking.

A loneliness settled over his spirit. Had he been right in choosing never to marry? Living alone with only a Japanese house boy had become, recently, very irksome. He could have made some woman very happy—he could do so even yet. Forty-seven was not too old to marry.

He moved from the bathroom mirror into his bedroom, and attired himself in fresh, blue pajamas with a tan wrap-around. He moved across the room to a four-drawer olive green steel file, unlocked the lower drawer, which rolled open noiselessly. In a moment he found the object of his search, a photo of a handsome young man with a square jaw and with eyes that flashed with personality. A hurried longhand autograph across the lapel of the gray coat said:

DOUGLAS DELAND

"Singing His Praises"

Nystrom set the photograph on the top of the file, and studied the features of the man who, had he lived, might have become the world's most famous gospel singer. *Had he lived!*

Low words escaped Nystrom's lips, as he said in soliloquy, "Douglas, I—I've tried to make up for everything. I've tried to help Eloise, but no man can take the place of another except as the man of Calvary took my place upon the cross. It took your death to awaken me, His death to save me . . ."

He was stopped short in his reverie when the buzzer announced a caller. Quickly he slipped into a maroon robe and hurried out into the reception-living room avowing to himself as he went, "Whoever he is, I shall talk to him about his soul—as you would have done, Doug, if you had lived."

It was a luxurious room, whose interior decorations gave it an atmosphere of the sea. The pictorial wallpaper displayed white gulls winging in a pale blue sky in which lazy cumulus clouds floated. Low built-in bookcases occupied generous space on either side of the fireplace on whose mantel sailed a sculptured replica of the Mayflower. The sea itself was a Persian rug with sprawling bits of seaweed and dandling sailboats on its surface.

"Who's there?" he called through the speaking tube.

A husky baritone sang back. "Schillman. Let me in! It's important!"

Johnny opened the door and Gael breezed in, blowing in with him an atmosphere of importance and an odor of beer and cigarettes. Gael had aged during the past year, Johnny thought. Dissipation was deepening the hatchings

about his eyes.

"I was afraid you wouldn't be up," Gael began animatedly. "You see, it's this way. I've found the lost chord at last, and she's found me—the cutest little number you ever saw, and we're going to be married, I hope. I'm going to need a good job, which I think you can find for me, and it's going to—well, I can't let her think I'm up against the wall and as poor as Job's turkey, with no future. In plain language I need, in fact, I have to have a hundred dollars right away. She—"

Nystrom's question cut in sharply. "Who's going to spend it, you or Marsha? What does she want it for?"

Gael stared. "Marsha who?—what do you know about her?"

And Nystrom said, "A good business man looks after his investments, Gael. I have several hundred dollars invested in you already, and, of course, I keep myself posted."

And so the conversation began. It ended a half hour later with Gael in a gloomy mood and with Nystrom pressing upon him the claims of Christ. "You are playing with fire, Gael, you and your Marsha. Remember the drama, *Wilhelm Tell*, written by your great, great, great grandfather or uncle or something, Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller?—No, his name isn't the same as yours, but yours may have been changed.

"You're playing the part of William Tell's son, and this little Marsha has your soul backed up against a tree and is shooting apples off your head, and some of these days she is going to miss the apple. You can't afford to trust William Tell-Cupid when he is a worldly woman, Gael!"

Gael arose preemptorily. "Cut it! I didn't come up here to get preached to!"

"Yes you did, Gael! That's why the Lord sent you here tonight. You didn't know it, but He did."

Nystrom, in his maroon robe, remained seated, looking up at the would-be prodigal before him. "You've a great voice, Gael, and a dynamic personality, but it's no good to the God who gave it to you as long as you keep it from Him. You don't want to marry a girl like Marsha Brevere; and you've no business playing around with her. I'm not saying she can't repent and be saved, but until she does, she's like fire, Gael, and you'll singe your wings good and hard.

"If it's more money for school expenses, all right, but if it's for arrows for Marsha's quiver, it'll have to be 'No.'"

Gael whirled impatiently and strode to the door where he stopped in front of a small lozenge-shaped mirror on the oak panel. The man in the mirror scowled

back at him while he adjusted his purple and gold tie, rearranged his luxurious but dishevelled black hair.

"Take Rodney Deland for instance," Johnny said from behind him. "There is a man with a voice that even Caruso would have envied. With the right contacts he could go over the top as an operatic singer or as a singer of popular songs; instead he is yielding his talent to God for the winning of souls."

"Don't forget," Gael growled from the mirror, "that it was wicked Gael Schillman who discovered him for you! Didn't I tell you to taxi over to that recital if you wanted to wear your hair pompadour without having to comb it? Maybe God'll give me a little credit for helping you find a good choir director out at Riverview."

Johnny arose and strode over to where Gael was still struggling with an unruly lock of hair. Gael's remark was an excellent *Da capo* to send him back once more to the beginning and to the One who is both the beginning and the ending, and who once said, "Before Abraham was, I AM."

"No, Gael, He won't give you any credit. You didn't do it for Him; you just did it. And because He is sovereign and makes everything work together for good to them that love Him, 'to them that are the called according to His purpose,' He allowed you to do it, for the good of one who does love Him."

Gael's comb stopped its treadmill movements, and in the mirror Nystrom saw a strange expression on the handsome face, as if this self-sufficient young man whose life seemed to be all rubble—the rough stones and broken brick used to fill up between the walls of a building—had seen for the first time the need of an Architect, had seen that Architect-Designer building another's life and making everything contribute to its ultimate good, using even Gael Schillman's rubble, not for Gael's good, but for another's—one who loved God and who was one of the called . . .

"Listen, Gael," Johnny urged, "see that little design on the floor?" He indicated a pattern of coiled seaweed. "There, since January of this year, forty-six persons have knelt with me in prayer to surrender their lives to Christ. On last New Year's day I asked God to give me fifty souls before the year would end. You, Gael, may be the forty-seventh, if you will."

Nystrom knew the tears were coming into his eyes, knew and did not care. He loved this rugged, rubble-built young man. He looked suddenly into Gael's bleared eyes. "He's real, Gael! And He has a great program! It's great to be in it! Say the word now and we'll drop down right here together on this same spot

and—"

Gael's proud head bowed for a moment, a tear splashed out and fell upon the rudder of the sailboat design on which he was standing—a good place for a tear to fall, Johnny thought. If it were a tear of repentance, it might help to turn the boat about and steer it toward the Harbor.

Quickly Nystrom knelt, looked up at Gael, waited for him to kneel with him. *Holy Spirit, make him yield . . .*

For one tense moment, the prodigal stood hesitant, a Home expression in his eyes. He took an unsteady step toward the door, stopped again; then he seized his hat and coat and—

In a flash Johnny was on his feet. He caught Gael by the arm and drew him back—*shoved* him back—and closed the door. He was trembling again as he had been an hour ago when the truck had roared across the intersection, barely missing his car. "You've been drinking, Gael!" he said. "You're not fit to drive!"

Gael's temper fired up. "And what's wrong with taking a little drink?"

"Everything." And with his back to the door, while Gael listened impatiently, Johnny said, "There was a time in my life when I thought there was a happy medium for the Christian, that to drink a little, just a little, was all right, that a man could be a good Christian and still indulge in border-line sins, things that weren't supposed to matter. But one day—one night—after I had drunk a few glasses of beer, I—I killed a man!"

Gael's glassy eyes stared at the grim face of John Nystrom. "You—you killed a man!"

"My best friend! It was an accident. I ran into his car in a head-on collision twenty years ago tonight!"

* * *

Alone again after Gael had gone, Nystrom returned to his bedroom, stood once more before the picture of Douglas Deland. How much alike father and son were in appearance.

Son like father!

Le Vera Webber was so very much like Eloise had been twenty-six years ago. There was another picture in the same drawer where the other had been.

A moment later the two were standing side by side. For a long time he stood looking at them, looking at her especially, and thinking of the grief he had caused her. Then he turned away and with a sob, dropped upon his knees, torn by a grief that had come again and again through the years. Tonight his grief seemed more painful than ever because—because he was lonely. Very lonely.

A little later Nystrom arose, seated himself at his typewriter desk and wrote:

"My dear Eloise:

"Will you forgive me for writing to

you? I think I know what painful memories my letter will recall to you, because it is just twenty years ago tonight that your Douglas went to be in the direct presence of the Lord Jesus.

"I have been thinking about how he must feel now, after twenty years in the glory . . .

"I have been trying to make up for what in my blindness I did that night. It seems such a strange irony of fate that the man who was once my best friend should have had to die by my hand. How he used to plead with me to make a full surrender of my life, to let go of all questionable things, and yet I would not. I saw no harm in them—not knowing that I was robbing myself of the sweetest of fellowship with Christ by living on the border-line.

"The thing that has made it all the harder for me to bear, is the fact that you have had to suffer, because of me—I who once loved you with all my heart. I did love you, Eloise, tremendously, but there's no use to say it again. Things are as they are, and we must commit the whole tangled pattern to Him . . . Enough along that line.

"Here is my main reason for writing, Eloise. I am having a missionary hospital built in Nicaragua, Central America, where the natives may be ministered to with both physical and spiritual healing, and I should like to name this house of mercy the

DOUGLAS DELAND MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

"It will be a great consolation to me to do this. If I may, kindly let me hear from you very soon.

"Very sincerely yours,

"John Nystrom."

(To be continued)

Lost—A Boy!

Not kidnapped by bandits and hidden in a cave to weep and starve and raise a nation to frenzied searching. Were that the case 100,000 men would rise to the rescue if need be. Unfortunately, the losing of the lad is without any dramatic excitement, though very sad and very real.

The fact is, his father lost him. Being too busy to sit with him at the fireside and answer his trivial questions during the years when fathers are the only great heroes of the boys, he let go his hold upon him.

Yes, his mother lost him. Being much engrossed in her teas, dinners, and club programs, she let her maid hear the boy say his prayers, and thus her grip slipped, and the boy was lost to his home.

Aye, the church lost him. Being so much occupied with sermons for the wise and elderly who pay the bills, and having good care for dignity, the min-

ister and elders were unmindful of the human feelings of the boy in the pew, and made no provision in sermon or song or manly sport for his boyishness. And so the church and many sadhearted parents are now looking earnestly for the lost boy.—*Covenant Weekly*.

Praying Together

There are always people at prayer,
All day, all night, somewhere,
Praying and praising God for things,
For all people to share.

United in a bond of love
Wherever they may be,
They're in the presence of our God,
To bless humanity.

All one in Christ and all of one
Another are a part,
For there's no separation in
The Throne-Room of the heart.

—*Laura Emily Mau.*

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THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

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Glints of Knowledge



"We Germans have been called by fate to be the first to break with Christianity; it is to be an honor." This is the testimony of a Nazi in a new book called "Gott Und Volk" (God and Nation).—*The Gospel Minister*.

Bismarck said of university students that one-third died of dissipation, one-third of overwork, and that the third remaining ruled Europe.

Perhaps that explains conditions today.

In Williamsport, Iowa, one pastor is not affected by tire priorities. He does all his calling on foot and since 1929 has walked 34,750 miles while discharging his duties. For forty years he has served rural parishes and has never missed a Sunday service. His name is J. W. Zerbe.—*The Gospel Minister*.

June 21 marked the first anniversary of Hitler's invasion of Russia. What was to have been accomplished in six weeks was not accomplished in a year. Russia is not the weakling that Lindbergh said she was or Germany is not the invincible that he believed her to be. Draw a contrast between the Russian and Hitler's former campaign.

With what astounding speed did the Nazis overwhelm Western Europe. The onslaught against Poland opened September 1, 1939, and on September 27 Warsaw surrendered. Norway was invaded April 9, 1940, and on May 3, the British Expeditionary Force withdrew.

Germany opened the big drive on the western front on May 10, 1940. The Dutch surrendered May 14. Belgium quit fighting on May 28. Paris fell on June 14, and on June 17, France surrendered.

It required only eleven days, in 1941, to subdue Yugoslavia, fourteen days to take Greece.

Hitler has spent a full year in the Russian campaign, left over a million dead men on the battlefield, perhaps another million wounded, billions of dollars worth of equipment destroyed and Germany herself catching visions of her impending defeat.

Chinese Relieve English

Refugee students and teachers of China, many of whom live in mud huts and sleep on bare boards, recently sent \$960 in Chinese currency for relief of Christians in England.—*Protestant Voice*.

Stockholm.—The practical secularization of Swedish education some decades

ago is beginning to provoke questioning. A group of Christian leaders have forwarded a letter to the king, suggesting a number of remedies, such as giving more attention to liturgy in religious and musical courses, refraining from holding school athletic events during the time of Sunday church services and the giving of religious addresses in connection with excursions and study journeys.

Churches and Saloons—It is reported that there are 210,000 churches in the United States as against 430,000 places licensed to sell alcoholic drinks—in a land that still has the boldness to label itself "Christian."—*King's Business*.

Atlanta.—According to a release from the Commission on Interracial cooperation, the 109 Negro colleges in the United States enrolled 45,876 men and women during the past year, and graduated 5,064 with degrees won by four years or more of college work. Among the advanced degrees conferred were sixty-nine in medicine, twenty in dentistry, fourteen in law, forty-seven in theology, and twenty-three in social work.

Revival Movement in Asia

Against the dark and tragic background of the four years of Japan's aggression on China and in the face of the unspeakable suffering of millions of the Chinese people, the reports of the triumphs of the Gospel of Christ make a wonderfully bright contrast. In Free China a tremendous movement has been taking place. Among the 30,000,000 Chinese who, it is estimated, have moved out of occupied China to flee from the Japanese armies and their atrocities, have been thousands of Christians. These people, like the early Christians at the time of the persecutions in Jerusalem, when they fled, carried the Gospel with them and preached it as they went. This great movement of population in China, which is one of the greatest of such in all history, has resulted in a widespread work of evangelization throughout the inland provinces where the people had had lesser opportunities of hearing the good news. The demand for Bibles and Testaments has been so great that the Bible societies and the printing presses have been entirely swamped, and have been unable to keep pace with the orders which have been pouring in. The missions and churches have reported greater numbers of baptisms than ever before, and more than one missionary has

said that Free China today offers the greatest opportunity for the Gospel of any place in the world. Also in occupied China, in spite of the growing pressure of the Japanese invaders who are introducing Shinto shrines and shine worship just as they have done in Manchukuo and Korea, in spite also of the closing of practically all mission schools and hospitals and other Christian institutions, most encouraging word has been received. From one district it is reported that in that territory over one-half of all the Christians have moved westward and left their homes, but in spite of it the churches are fuller than ever before. In a number of places two services are necessary in order to accommodate the crowds in the churches. Moreover, the newcomers are nearly all young people less than twenty-five years of age, which presages a very bright future for the Church. When the Japanese invaders are driven back and the military leaders of Japan have been put out of action not only in China proper, but in all those territories which today are suffering under the cruel oppression of the ruthless armies of Nippon, we can confidently look forward to one of the greatest revivals taking place which the Church in the Orient has ever witnessed.

The American log cabin is Pennsylvania-born. The early Swedish and Finnish settlers hewed their homes out of the virgin forest with axes. An early English writer wrote with amazement of the ability of these early settlers to build a home "with nothing but an axe."

The first steam laundry was begun in Pittsburgh in 1863, and the first rough dry laundry service started in Philadelphia in 1892.

Robert Fulton, who is credited with devising the first workable steamboat, was born in Pennsylvania.

Stephen C. Foster, author of many of America's most famous folk songs, was born in Pennsylvania.

The first commercial oil refinery is believed to be one erected at Oil Creek Valley in June of 1860.

It is estimated that at the time of the Revolutionary War about one-third of Pennsylvania's population was of German origin. Some 120,000 Germans had settled in the Commonwealth by 1790.

To William Penn's first treaty with the Indians inhabiting his grant, Voltaire made reference in one of his writings, calling it "the only treaty never sworn to and never broken."

Star-Spangled Banner

By FRANCIS SCOTT KEY



*O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?*

*On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the Star-spangled Banner—O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!*

*And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.*

*O, thus be it ever when free men shall stand
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.*



DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDAVOR

The Sighted Pathway

Vol. 13 AUGUST, 1942 No. 8

DEDICATED TO OUR ORPHANAGE WORK



*"Be not dismayed what-e'er betide,
God will take care of you"*

"Thy Word is a Light Unto My Path"



The Editor's Message



Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

I am sure you will like our cover page this month, and I just imagine that you will feel just like I do when I see them personally here in Cleveland. I just want to get my arm around them and make them to know that I love them. Bless their little hearts. Now, don't you really wish you lived in Cleveland, and could see these little darlings often? Then we have over a hundred boys and girls just as precious as these. It would do your heart good to see and hear them sing. During our convention last week-end two little fellows about the age of the two smallest ones in our picture, stood on the altar railing and sang, "If I Could Hear My Mother Pray Again." It touched my heart and I'm sure it would have touched yours if you could have seen them.

In this picture you will see the children of Mrs. Young, of LaFollette, Tenn. These children were left fatherless last August when the father was drowned in an effort to rescue parties on an overloaded and sinking boat. They have been here only a short time. There are three sets of twins. I wonder if you can decide which ones are twins. I'm sure you can. Well, here they are:

Reading left to right, James, thirteen years of age; Frankie, eleven; J. T. and R. L. are nine. Bottom row, Phyllis Ann and Joann, six; Jean and Joan, three.

Now dear ones, is it not wonderful to feel that you have the privilege of helping these little ones to feel that they are not alone in the world?

Under our picture we find the words:
*Be not dismayed whate'er betide,
God will take care of you.*

Then let us add the last two lines of this same verse:

*Beneath His wings of love abide,
God will take care of you.*

Isn't it wonderful to be in a church which has become the great sheltering wing of Christ for boys and girls who have lost the best earthly friends one can have in this world? When Jesus went away, He left His work for us to do.

*Christ has no hands but our hands
To do His work today,
He has no feet but our feet
To lead men in the way.*

So the boys and girls are our boys and girls.

In John 14 we read where Christ went away to prepare a mansion for each of us. He says there are many mansions. One of them is for me and one for you, if we are faithful to Him and do the work He has left for us to do. When He was on
(Continued on page 25)



These fourteen boys have been received into the Home since the Assembly.

Left to right, back row, matron and Bible Training School graduate, Miss Mae Wheeler, of Oklahoma; Mrs. R. J. Nichols, head matron, and Rev. R. J. Nichols, Superintendent of the Boys' Home, of South Carolina.

We regret that matron Rabilee Lefard was away when this picture was taken.



This group of girls has been received into the Home since the Assembly.

Reading from left to right, back row are the matrons of our Girls' Home; namely, Mrs. Edith Brown, of Missouri, head matron; Miss Edna Hayes, of Alabama, and Mrs. Ada Benton, of South Carolina.

The Vision

By Paul Hutchens

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(Continued from last issue)

Rodney, lonely, homesick, bewildered, climbed the four flights of narrow carpeted stairs to his room. His fingers moved nervously, striking every key in the hymn he and Le Vera had been singing an hour ago—"I was that one lost sheep."

The events of the evening had taught him one more thing, and that was that when he made the once-for-all surrender of himself to Christ, he must yield not only past, present and future, but the matter of choosing his life companion.

The surrender must be made tonight. The transom above Gael's door was dark. He was probably out with Marsha again.

In his room Rodney closed and locked

the door. It was a crowded little room, no wider than the length of his bed, which occupied the space in front of the lone window on the east. He reached across the bed, drew the brown shade.

On one end of his study desk stood Gael's battered old phonograph, the felt-topped turntable empty *Tonight I place myself upon the turntable altar of sacrifice. Make me a clean new record, obliterating forever the miserable record of the past, and write upon me with the stylus of Thy Word, the message that I am to carry to all the world*

Door closed and locked, blind drawn, heart's door closed against all things and thoughts that might seek to enter—"And thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet and shut the door"

From his little library of books at the end of his desk, he drew out his Bible. He knew the passage he wanted to read first. He turned to the Old Testament, the record of a young man who had received his vision of service, and had accepted it, and had not been disobedient.

Would the Lord God give Rodney DeLand some great emotional experience tonight, some supernatural token, an angel visitor? So many times during his boyhood he had looked for such a manifestation. In the olden days, in Bible times, fire actually fell from heaven to consume the offered sacrifice

Be sure the transom is closed so you will have the privacy you desire. Someone might be outside in the hall, listening

He arose, closed the transom lightly,

reached across the bed, raised the blind to look out upon the blinking city, the cars milling in the streets. Icicles hung low from the overhanging roof, extending nearly all the way to the window box. He pulled the blind all the way down again.

He lay the open Book upon the blue blotter which covered his desk. The light from the adjustable table lamp showed him the verses which Le Vera had pointed out to him in the office that morning—No nicotine-stained finger could have shown him the way Footsteps tap-tapping down the marble hall outside, stopping at the vestibule door Shera swished in, in squirrel coat and feathered fur hat

"Shut the door, Rodney! Shut the door!" his thoughts cried. He knelt before the open Book, and beginning with the first verse of the sixth chapter of Isaiah, he read all the way down to the ninth Past, present, future, all known sin, everything!

He read the verses aloud: "In the year that king Uzziah died, I saw the Lord"

"O Father," he prayed, "let every old King Uzziah in my life die tonight! Let me die, and rise again to newness of life! Kill in me everything that in any way might dim the vision of Thyself. Selfish ambitions for worldly glory, selfish loves"

Was he saying only words? His heart was so cold, so very cold.

He opened his eyes. There had been a soft rustling of the window shade, made by the wind; a cockroach crawled from a crack between the baseboard and the wall, struggled up the drainpipe of the corner lavatory. Rodney seized a slipper and killed the cockroach. An automobile backfired in the boulevard; a late streetcar clattered over a rough crossing a block away; news vendors were hawking the morning papers.

Was the eternal God interested in a lonely heart four stories up, in a ridiculous old dormitory?

Battered old phonograph, playing either a dance number or a gospel hymn—Out of the same mouth proceedeth both blessing and cursing

Again Rodney closed his spirit's door, and continued to read from the Book, "In the year that King Uzziah died, I saw also the Lord"

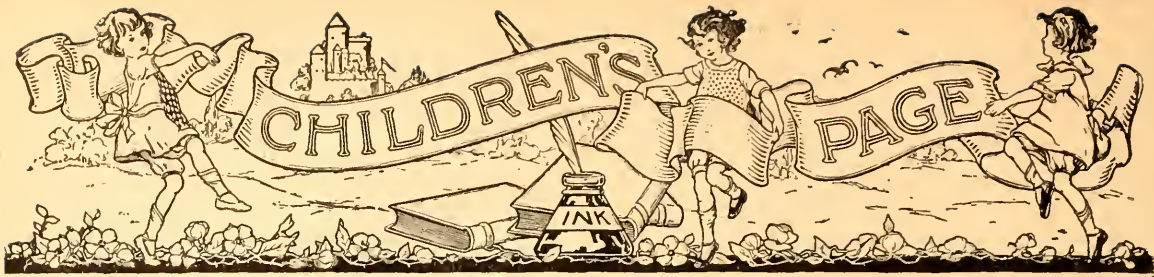
Verse five: "Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips"

Verses six and seven: "Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar; and he laid it upon my mouth and said, Lo, this HATH TOUCHED THY LIPS; AND

(Continued on page 29)



This is Willard Hill and the orphanage tractor. Although Willard is only 15, he can handle the tractor expertly and enjoys it.



Ruth's Conquest

She sat on the steps of the old red schoolhouse, a little figure in a faded blue gingham frock. Beside her sat her dearest friend in her pretty new muslin.

"You see, Beth, grandma gave me all these," and she slipped a flat parcel from her school bag. "Come out under the old apple tree and we'll look at them."

As Ruth spread the gay-colored ribbons and silks on the green grass, Beth gave a little cry of delight. "Oh, they're so pretty! I do like the pink so much! 'Tis your first choice this time 'cause I chose first when we had the candies."

"But—but—Beth, I guess this time I'll keep them all. I really don't see how I can spare a single piece!" The glad light left the little thin face. "It's all right, Ruth," she said, "I don't blame you for wanting them all, they're so lovely."

Her lips quivered, and she turned toward the schoolhouse that Ruth might not see the fast falling tears.

"I don't mind the silks so very much," she whispered, "but we've always divided everything!"

Ruth quickly gathered up the scattered silks, thinking to herself, "She feels very bad, but I do want every piece. They're mine, anyway, and they'll make a beautiful quilt for Anita, and Beth hasn't any little bed for her dolly. Still I 'most wish I had given her some, but, then, I want them more'n she does, so I guess I'll keep them," and the dainty maiden slipped the silks into her school bag and ran to the schoolroom.

Resentment was not one of Beth's failings, and, having hidden her disappointment deep down in her heart, she was her own bright self at recess time.

With Ruth it was otherwise. Conscience was at work, and both teacher and pupils wondered at the unaccountable irritability of the usually sunny-tempered child.

The long, warm day was drawing to a close and school was dismissed at last. Silently the little girls trudged along the dusty road till they reached the turn, when Beth said,

"Come over tomorrow, Ruthie, and bring Anita, and we'll have a picnic for the dollies under the maples."

"I will if grandma'll let me," said Ruth, her old smile returning. "Good-night,

Beth."

Saturday was bright and clear, so in the pleasant early afternoon Ruth set out for the dollies' picnic ground.

"I'm sorry I didn't give her some of my silks," she soliloquized, as she walked along the narrow pathway. "Her folks are poor and she hasn't a single plaything but that homely old doll. I guess I'm a dreadful selfish girl. I'm 'shamed of myself, I just am, and I'll do it, yes, I will."

Laying her doll on a rock under a tree, she turned and sped toward the house.

"Why, what's the matter, Ruth?" ex-

claimed grandma, as the child rushed into the kitchen with flushed cheeks and tangled curls.

"Oh, it's something inside me, right here, grandma, and it troubles me so I—"

"Dear me! You're not sick, I hope!" cried grandma, in alarm. "Where's the pain?"

"Oh, grandma, 'tisn't that!" and in a few words Ruth told her all about it.

"Dear child, that is right. Poor little Beth hasn't much to make life pleasant, to be sure. Now let me add my mite,"

(Continued on page 29)



Cucumbers by the tubfuls gathered out of our garden for present and future use. A general variety of vegetables are grown in this garden for both Homes.

Father's and Mother's Page



Home, Sweet Home

It Isn't Hard To Be a Mother

By Jane Burr

It really isn't hard to be a mother,
There really isn't very much to do;
The days are just exactly like each
other—

You simply shut your eyes and wander
through!

For six o'clock is time enough for rising,
And getting all the children washed
and dressed,

And breakfast cooked—it really is sur-
prising,

But mothers never seem to need a rest.
The lunches must be packed and jackets
rounded,

And everybody soothed and sent to
school.

To say that mother rushes is unfounded,
She's nothing more to manage, as a
rule.

Unless it is to finish piles of sewing,
And cook and wash and iron and scrub
and sweep,

To order food and keep the furnace go-
ing—

And then, perhaps, to hide herself and
weep!

And when at last she's tucked them un-
der covers,

And seen to doors that Dad's forgot to
lock,

Triumphantly, at midnight, she discov-
ers,

She's nothing more to do till six o'clock.

A Father's Task

No selfish man can be as good a father
as he ought to be. He has the responsi-
bility of shaping human lives. The chil-

dren are so dependent that a father
should keenly feel that he should not on-
ly feed and clothe his children, but give
them character training day by day, de-
veloping them into men and women
of worth to the world and satisfaction to
themselves.

A young woman in Dallas recently
said, "I would rather have him (a certain
leader) for my father than any other
man I ever knew." She could not have
paid him a higher compliment. It is a
great blessing to a boy or girl to have a
good, wise, well-balanced man for father.
There is strength and poise and sanity
going constantly into the children from
such a father.

Of course, the mother is nearer to the
children, next to God, because she gives
them their lives in this world; but even
the mother does not mold their charac-
ters more than the father does.

With every father physical support
ought to be secondary. Soul strength,
character excellence should be first and
highest of all he does for his children.
He should seek to be with them and win
them to him with all their power to com-
bine respect and affection. He should be
their model, their ideal, their leader.

The father is the spiritual leader of
the home. God made it so. The mother
should give perfect cooperation with him
and he should give the same to her. They
should be one in purpose and aim and
the father should see to it that he leads
continually in the accomplishing of that
high endeavor. — *Editorial, in Baptist
Standard.*

A Father Philosophizes About Archery and Life

By Basil Miller

When the trailer was unloaded at our
favorite camp site in Toulumme Mead-
ows out came bows and arrows, which
we had earlier decided to be contraband
materials for our camp trip to the Yose-
mite Park.

"Come on, Dad, and see if you can
beat my score," the middle boy chal-
lenged one sunny morning when not a
cloud decked the sky, not a wisp hung
over the surrounding peaks.

"But," I began, trying to find an al-
ibi for inactivity.

"Buts are out. You are just too lazy,"
the lad's mother broke in. "Go on with
the boys."

Four of us went out to shoot for dis-
tance. The seven-year-old's arrow had
gone forty-four paces. Ninety-eight was
Basil's score, and mine topped the list
(by accident, for of the many things I
have failed to learn, archery stands at the
head) with a hundred-and-one pace
score. Kirk's had fallen short of the hun-
dred mark.

"Dad, that's great. You set the score

for us. We'll shoot to beat it next time."

Thinking (certainly not one of my va-
cation complexes) about the lad's remark
brought startlingly home the fact that
in life, as in the archery contest, it is the
duty of us parents to set scores for our
boys and girls to equal.

The score we set for them to aim at
will come nearer marking the distance
they shoot the arrows of life at than those
set by other persons or influences. What
the boy sees a parent do will tend to
shape his future life.

It is easy to leave score-setting to others
and think our duty complete when we
feed and clothe our children and youth
and provide facilities for their training.
The parent who turns his religious train-
ing over to Sunday school teachers fails
in one of his greatest responsibilities.
Others may teach about duty, but we
have an opportunity of setting an exam-
ple of duty-in-action before our chil-
dren.

The score we set on moral ideals, the
sharp line of demarkation between right
and wrong, cheating and fair play will
have much to do in shaping the future
actions of our children.

The more I shot with the lads the
more they realized that my score should
be their aim. It is thus when we choose
the clear-cut path of right when an op-
portunity for wrongdoing is set before
us, and our children sit on the side lines
as spectators.

Morals are not taught by precept,
rather they are put in action through
life situations where our children can
work them out as daily deeds. If we
parents set high scores for the boys and
girls to aim at, they will tend to make
such the targets of their lives.

"Say, Dad," Basil became philosophical
as we returned to camp, which rested on
the edge of an icy stream, "a fellow
ought to set a high score in everything
he does, shouldn't he? When I grow up,
I'm gonna—"

The sentence broke in mid-air, for his
mother's voice rang through the pines
with a challenge that no boy can reason
against, "Hurry and wash up, for dinner
is set."

And dinner to a lad in the High Sier-
ras, who has raced and romped, fed tame
deer and relived the exciting times of the
bear's visit to camp the previous night,
is an epic. However philosophical the
youthful archer may become, the ten-
thousand-feet elevation whets his appe-
tite so keenly that life's main sport is the
race to the table.

A mother can hold her child only by
gradually letting him go.

No greater affliction can be thrust
upon the child than that of inheriting
the type of parents who refuse to allow
him to grow up.—*Thom.*

Helps for Tempted and Tried

THE WORLD'S GREATEST POEM

RYLAND KNIGHT

The twenty-third Psalm is the greatest poem in the world—the poem whose simplicity and sublimity have sung themselves into human hearts everywhere: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

I read somewhere that years ago the magnificent Kimberly diamond was found in South Africa and presented to Edward VII, then king of England, who had a special vault built for it and who kept an armored guard to keep watch over it day and night. How much more valuable this Psalm is than the Kimberly diamond, for that diamond is at best the possession of only one or two. It is enjoyed by only a small group. But this marvelous Psalm is the heritage of humanity. Its music has gone throughout all the earth and its words to the end of the world. How much more it enriches than does a mere diamond! If when King Edward was dying he said, "Bring me the Kimberly diamond," we should have said, "How poor he is." But if when he was dying, he had said, "Bring me the twenty-third Psalm," we should have said, "How rich he is."

How this wonderful Psalm has sung itself into human hearts! For many of us it was the first passage of scripture we ever learned. Through all the days of life its music and its message have brought us help and comfort. And when men come to the end of the road, when the path winds down into

the valley of the shadow of death, this Psalm is still their song, and they whisper, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

What does the sheep expect of his shepherd? First of all, nourishment. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters." What an essential thing nourishment is! I know a man who has been lame all his life because in the first two years of his life he was fed the wrong kind of food. Our hearts always go out

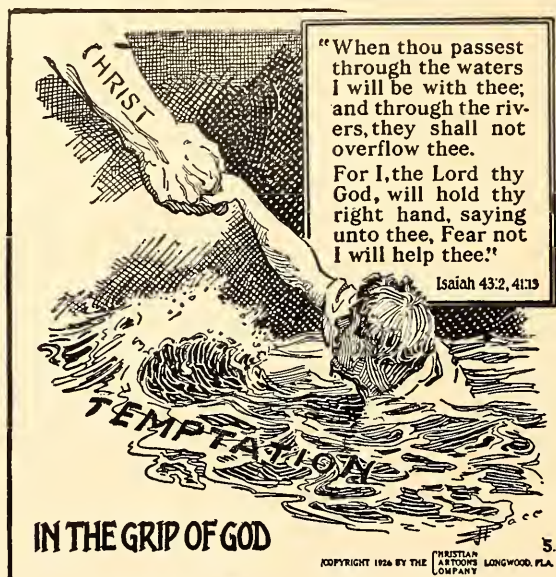
to pitiful, undernourished children. Bodily nourishment is important, but more important is nourishment for the soul. We may have material comforts and all the beauty and culture which wealth may give, and in the midst of this our souls may starve. But God provides nourishment for the soul. The hour of prayer, the place of worship, the strength and stimulus from reading His blessed Book, the sense of Christ's presence and power—how this builds within us new strength to face temptation, to meet life's problems, to triumph in the midst of its trouble! May each of us grow strong souls as we feed in His green pastures!

The sheep also needs restoration. Those of us who grow up on the farm know that one of the most foolish and helpless animals of all is a sheep. He is almost defenseless against the attack of his foes. Dogs in our country, or wolves and robbers in Palestine, were constantly preying upon the sheep. And yet the foolish sheep would wander away from the fold and out in the wilderness. Caught in the briars, torn and bruised and helpless, it would perish unless the shepherd came to bring it back to the fold.

Like foolish sheep we wander; like foolish sheep we need One to restore the soul; we need One who will leave the ninety and nine in the sheepfold and go after that which was lost until He finds it. How beautiful those words of our Lord: "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

*"But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night
that the Lord passed through,
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless and ready to die."*

Then also the shepherd gives the sheep guidance and protection. The shepherd leads and the sheep follow, for they know the
(Continued on page 29)



CONFIDENCE

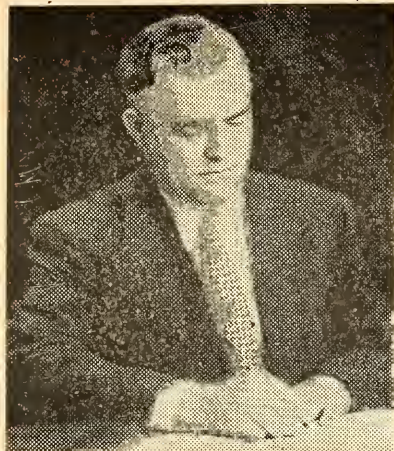
So dark the clouds around my way
I cannot see;
But through the darkness I believe
God leadeth me.
I gladly place my hand in His
When all is dim—
And closing then my weary eyes
Lean hord on Him.

Through thorny pathways He may lead
My tired feet—
Through hours of grief when teardrops flow,
But it is sweet
To know that He is close to me—
My Friend and Guide;
So while He leads me, I will walk
Quite satisfied.

To my blind eyes He may reveal
No light at all—
But while I lean on His strong arm
I cannot fall.
So trusting Him, I trudge along
Life's weary way,
Content to think that soon will dawn
A brighter day.

—The Evangelical Christian.

The Church of God Orphanage



REV. J. D. BRIGHT,
Chairman Orphanage Committee
ITS ORIGIN

Like all worth-while and successful institutions, the Orphanage had its beginning in the minds and hearts of progressive and consecrated Church of God ministers and members long before the work was actually started in 1919 by 1,000 delegates. In fact, had it not been for the effort of Florida in 1908, and those of Tennessee in 1911, though they failed, the realization of the need might not have been so pungent in 1919.

The delegates proved their determination to establish a permanent Orphanage by giving an offering of \$6,000, an amount equal to \$6.00 per delegate.

ITS PURPOSE

Was, and still is, to receive and care for:

1. Whole orphans, and so far not a single application for a whole orphan has been turned down, if otherwise eligible.

2. Half orphans.

TERMS OF ACCEPTANCE

Children must be free from tuberculosis and all other communicable diseases and that:

The undersigned resident of _____ in the County of _____, State of _____, does hereby make application for admission in the Orphans' Home for

_____ agree that if this application is accepted and approved by the committee in charge, and the above named child _____ is (are) placed in the said Orphans' Home to have no communication with _____ except by or through the said Or-

phanage Committee or matrons in charge, and will not interfere with any arrangements that may be made by those in charge of said institution for _____ welfare. _____ further agree, under no circumstances, to ask for or bring suit to recover compensation for the service or damage in the case of death or accident to said child _____ during the continuance of the agreement contained in this application.

_____ certify that no one else has any claim on said child _____, and that the following statements contained in this application and agreement are true to the best of _____ knowledge and belief. _____ further state that any and all statements made in any previous correspondence prior to this application are equally true.

SUPERVISION

At present, we have three matrons supervising the Girls' Home; namely,

Edith Brown, head matron, Ada Benton, and Edna Hayes.

Rev. R. J. Nichols and wife supervise the Boys' Home with the assistance of Robilee Ledford, Mae Wheeler, and Leavena Passman.

CHURCH AFFILIATION

Although the Orphanage is owned and supervised by the Church of God, it is run on non-sectarian basis; therefore, any

(white) child that is deserving and physically eligible will be received regardless of affiliation with the Church of God or any other church or, in fact, non-church membership, if there is room in the Homes.

We have by far more children in the Homes whose parents were not affiliated with the Church of God than we have of those who were.

EDUCATION

The Johnson, Arnold, Mayfield and Bradley High Schools give us the very best in educational advantages. The principles and faculties of all of these schools are very considerate of the children and co-operative with the Committee and supervisors of both Homes, for which we are very appreciative.

HOME TRAINING

The girls are given practical schooling in general home economics and laundry work. At this time twenty-seven are taking piano lessons and a number are taking voice, theory and sight-singing from Prof. Otis McCoy. The matrons are constantly coaching the children in their Bible studies.

The boys are getting practical training in farming, dairy and poultry work, as well as raising hogs.

We have installed a shoe shop, barber chair and machinery for a novelty shop in wood work, which means a broader range of schooling, as well as employment for our boys. Some of the boys are receiving special instruction by Prof. Otis McCoy in theory, sight-singing and voice.

CHURCH

Our children attend services at North Cleveland. The boys are taken to and from services in our bus. The Girls' Home is just across the street from the church and they march to the church.

A NEED

We have room, at this writing, for only three more girls, yet applications are still coming in from deserving, helpless and hopeless girls. I feel that wherever there is a need in connection with God's work there is a supply for the need, and I feel that it is an undisputed fact that we need another dormitory for our girls. Don't you?

SUPPORT

The only definite setup that we have in the Church for the support of the Homes is the penny march and birthday offerings in connection with the Sunday schools. It is a fact that the state over-

(Continued on page 32)



MRS. LILLIAN KINSEY, First Matron

PRAYER PAGE

Couldn't Argue

"Did you hear the sermon last evening, girls?" asked Aunt Hannah Roberts, looking over her spectacles at the two nieces, Sarah and Bell, who were spending the afternoon with her.

"Yes," replied Sarah, "and I wish I hadn't, for he said something that has troubled me ever since. He believes in prayer because communion with God elevates the soul. But he said that it is simply absurd to suppose that prayer for temporal blessings will be answered or that God will change the smallest plan to please a mortal. Oh, dear! I don't see the use of praying, if prayer isn't answered, but the minister argued so eloquently that I was almost forced to believe him in spite of myself."

Dr. Gleason, that is our minister, was holding revival meetings and he had invited neighboring ministers to preach, and, on the above evening, the minister, who occupied the pulpit, preached on prayer.

Aunt Hannah smiled as she replied, "I wouldn't pretend to argue with a gifted preacher, but the blessed Lord says, 'Ask and ye shall receive,' and I believe He means it. I think a child would make few requests if he did not expect to get what he asked for. Besides, I think the Lord often answers prayers in an indirect or circumstantial way. For instance, I was reading in the morning paper of a telegraph operator sleeping at his post, and his nap, the paper said, prevented a frightful wreck. The fast train was due at a way station where a freight train took a siding to give the passenger train a clear track. Presently the flyer neared the station, the engineer noticed the red light and whistled for a clear track. No response being made he put on the air brake, wondering why the red block did not drop. As the train got down to the ten-mile gait it swerved on to the siding. The freight brakeman failed to close the switch after his train took the siding. Had the operator been awake he would have given a clear track signal and the flyer would have hit the freight at sixty miles an hour down grade, and many precious lives would have been lost. To my mind that was no chance nap on the part of the operator. God had some of the people on the train whose lives He wanted to preserve even at the expense of the operator's sleeping."

"Oh, Aunt Hannah, tell us about Elder Swan," exclaimed Bell.

Aunt Hannah dropped her work in her lap as she related the incident which occurred in one of the factory towns of Connecticut. "You see," she said, "it was

a time very much like the present. A wave of refreshing from the presence of the Lord was sweeping over the country, and thousands were being converted. Well, Elder Swan, who verily was a man who had power with God, was invited to preach in one of the many mill towns of that state. The people were deeply moved, but, being a mill town, and in those times the mill worked until nine o'clock at night, the people were held from attending the revival services which were held every afternoon and evening. The church people went to the mill-owners and respectfully asked that their mills shut down at night so the people could hear the gospel.

"But the mill-owners were grasping, and were not in sympathy with the revival. Elder Swan saw that his labors would fail unless something were done. But what more could be done? 'We can pray,' said Elder Swan. I remember it well. The congregation, a very small one, had assembled for the afternoon meeting. The rumbling and clatter of the mills were plainly heard. After singing a hymn, the Elder led the congregation in prayer. And then his thoughts went out for the people in the mills deprived of the gospel. 'Stop the mills, O Lord,' Elder Swan pleaded. 'If it can be done in no other way, rather than that precious souls perish, break the main shaft.'

"Scarcely had the minister spoken the words than there was a silence. The clatter of the great mill had stopped. A hurried examination was made, and the main shaft was found broken! It was a clean, fresh break.

There was no more running of the mill until the shaft was repaired. In the meantime the whole town was swept with one of the most blessed revivals I ever witnessed. I don't know what your thought is about that incident of the life of that mighty servant of God, but it forcibly brings to my mind that passage of scripture which says, 'And it shall come to pass, that before they shall call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.'

"But, Aunty," interrupted Sarah, "you have an experience of your own that no minister can argue down." "Yes," assented Aunt Hannah, "no one can argue me out of that."

"Have you had a prayer answered, then?" asked Bell.

"Numberless times, dear, but there was an answer to one prayer I shall never forget."

"Tell us about it," cried the two girls. Aunt Hannah again dropped her work

in her lap, gently rocking as she began.

"When your Uncle Jacob and I were married he bought this place and gave a mortgage on it. Times were hard then, and soon little children came to be fed and clothed, and we had a great deal of sickness, but for all that, we managed to pay the interest on the mortgage and to lighten the debt each year; till one spring the frost ruined the crops, Jacob's horse died, and Jacob himself fell ill of a fever. So we got behind with the interest and things went from bad to worse, till the mortgage was foreclosed.

"You don't know what it is to have your home taken from you. It is next to losing a dear friend. Every inch of the place was dear to me. All my children were born here, and two had died and were buried where I could see their graves from the windows, as I sat sewing. Little Harry planted that willow by the gate just before he died. I couldn't bear the thought of strangers living here. It seemed as if all nature was trying to make the parting harder, too, for never had the dear old home looked so lovely as it did now. I used to stand in the back door, and look down over the orchard, white with bloom, and as I drank in the fragrance, I tried to imagine what life would be away from here, till my eyes grew dim with tears; then I would pray to God, as I never prayed before to let us keep our home. Many a time I awoke in the night and found myself crying out, 'Oh, Father, don't let us lose our home!'

"Well, time went on, and no help came, but I kept on praying night and day. And about two weeks before the time was up, I got the assurance that my prayer was heard.

"It was in the middle of the night but I woke Jacob and said, 'Jacob, we shan't have to leave our home.' 'Bless the Lord!' said he, 'but how do you know?' 'My Father told me,' said I.

"Well, he cheered up for a while but he soon grew downhearted again, while I went about my work singing, for, girls, I felt as sure that my prayer would be answered, as I do that I am sitting in this chair; but Jacob grew more and more silent and hopeless. It was now November and the nights were chilly; I had kindled a fire one evening, and Jacob sat by with his face buried in his hands. The children had gone to bed and we were alone. I knew he was grieving and said I, 'Jacob, have faith.' He arose from his chair and began walking up and down the floor as he often did when in trouble.

"'Faith!' he answered, bitterly; 'I don't see any chance for faith.'

"'The Lord is able to do great things,' I replied.

(Continued on page 32)

A Bond of Union

1 Cor. 11:24.

The memorial to the death of Christ for us might have taken the form of a monument reaching mountain high, a monument on which might be written His work for the salvation of man. It might have been in the form of a magnificent cathedral with stained glass windows and altars for the worship of God and the observance of the sacraments. But the memorial established by Christ is one that is not limited by time or space.

In the fields of Africa, the dusky savages sit on the earth, reverently eating bread made of maize and drinking the milk of the coconut. In the heart of Burma, a little group of Christians meets solemnly and thankfully to eat their cakes of rice and drink from a bowl of water—in memory of the Savior. In the mining towns and lumber camps, rough men in reverent mood gather to eat their morsels of coarse bread and to drink from a tin can filled with raisin water—in memory of Christ. So all over the world, men and women of every tribe and nation, rich and poor, high and low, lepers and princes, for nearly two thousand years have met to keep this feast in memory of the death of Christ. It is a bond of union for Christians of all lands and ages.

Death as "Just an Incident"

Instantly his face brightened when his wife told him the end was near, and he said, "Isn't that interesting?"

Miraculously, it seemed, his pulse strengthened, and Dr. V. Coxby Bell, "one of the great spirits of the Episcopal Church," talked with his wife an hour before the light went out.

Remembering his often-expressed wish to face death while still conscious, Mrs. Bell had told her husband that it was the time of fulfillment. A part of what was said in that last hour was a message to the students of the Virginia Theological Seminary, of whose faculty Dr. Bell was a distinguished member. The message is quoted by *The Churchman* (Episcopal) thus:

"Tell the boys that I've grown surer of God every year of my life, and I've never been so sure as I am right now.

"Why, it's all so!—it's a fact—it's a dead certainty. I'm so glad to find that I haven't the least shadow of shrinking or uncertainty . . . I've been preaching and teaching these things all my life, and I'm so interested to find that all we've been believing and hoping is so. I've always thought so, and now that I'm right up against it, I know . . . Tell them I say 'Good-bye'—they've been a joy to me.

"I've had more than any man that ever lived, and life owes me nothing. I've had work I loved, and I've lived in a beautiful place among congenial friends. I've

Treasured Gleanings For Ministers and Christian Workers

had love in its highest form, and I've got it forever— . . . I can see now that death is just the smallest thing—just an incident—that it means nothing."

"No one who knew Dr. Bell would find in the message anything but absolute consistency with his life," comments *The Churchman*. "It is impossible to read it without recalling the words from the cross, 'It is finished.' A rare life, rounded and perfected, a portrait of the Master."—*Literary Digest*.

Obedience, or What Willie Did

Turning into a certain street, I saw a company of boys playing very earnestly, and evidently enjoying themselves greatly. One I noticed in particular, who seemed to be the leader of their sports; and just as I came up with them he was proposing a new game, and giving instructions in regard to it. His whole heart seemed to be in the thing.

At this moment a window was thrown open in the house I was passing, and a sweet gentle voice called, "Willie, your father wants you."

The window at once closed, and that mother (as I took her to be) immediately withdrew, without even stopping to see whether Willie heard.

The boy was so busy that I doubted if that quiet voice would reach his ears. But it seemed she knew better than I. The words hardly escaped her lips when everything was dropped; the boys were left at play, and Willie was soon within doors, where, of course, I could not follow him.

"A fine fellow, that," thought I, "he will make his mark in the world. If a man would govern others, he must learn to obey; and surely Willie has learned to obey."—*Publisher Unknown*.

Make a Pearl

At the heart of every pearl there is a tiny grain of sand.

That particular grain of sand shifted about in its watery world until one day by chance it lodged inside the shell of an oyster. The oyster did not take kindly to the foreign substance within its bony

home and tried to eject it, but without success.

Being a wise old oyster, with an uncommon amount of good sense and patience, it gave up the struggle to oust the invader and proceeded to intern him.

An exudation of gum, kindly provided by nature for such an emergency, was gently wrapped about the discomforting sand. In time the sharp edges of the intruder were covered and the oyster settled down to more important work of its career.

In the course of events a woman of wealth desires a pearl. She goes into raptures over an especially beautiful one. It is soon her very own. Truly, as she says, "pearls are the loveliest things in the world." Yet that pearl was the biography of an annoyance.

At the center of every life there is likely to be the intruding grain of annoyance. People usually strain and fret happiness. They fight to eject it and at this invading element in their shell of failing, settled down to blame an unkind Providence for their trouble.

The Book of Job declares, "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." Certainly it would be difficult to find any man—Christian or non-Christian—who did not carry his share. It is the common lot of all men.

Christ's followers are not immune from the trials, difficulties, and burdens of life, but they have learned to surround their annoyances with patience, one of the blessed gifts bestowed through contact with the Christ. They make their difficulties the means to a richer experience.

Take a tip from them. God stands ready to help you. Make a pearl out of your grain of trouble.—*Publisher Unknown*.

The Side to See

Jane did not say a word in disapproval when an unkindly gossip came to her ears. She just looked troubled for a moment, then brightened up and said something especially nice about the subject of the gossip. The girls who liked that sort of thing soon found it was no fun telling Jane the bad news. She did not get excited. She plainly was not pleased. And she usually spoiled it with her charitable little comebacks.

So they gave up trying to make a gossip of Jane. Some of them went further than that. They dropped their growing habit of spiteful talk, and cultivated one more like Jane's friendly way, of seeing and telling the best people instead of the worst.

They soon found to their delight, that they were more popular than ever before with the best girls they knew; and a lot happier and more at peace with their own consciences.—*Unknown*.

The Sinner's Page

THE LOST SHEEP

I am a little lamb named Snowflake. My shepherd-master named me Snowflake because I was the whitest baby he had ever seen. I was born in the spring, when the fruit trees were blooming, and the birds were singing, and all the world was beautiful in its green dress. Of course, I did not know what a real snowflake was, for only on the highest mountain ridges does snow fall in our country. That is, I did not know until one day when something dreadful happened to me.

Every morning our strong shepherd took us out to pasture. I always tried to be the first one out the door of the sheepfold when he opened it early in the morning. I could hardly wait to get started, for my legs wanted to run and jump and my mouth wished for the sweet juicy grass. Sometimes the master said, "Now, Snowflake, don't be in such a hurry." But I knew that he loved me, for he always gave me a friendly pat as he scolded me. I would jump about until the old sheep slowly moved out of the narrow door one after one. Then we would finally get started.

The path through the mountains to our pasture was not always an easy one to follow. I wondered if I could not find better places to go than up the rocky, winding way which the shepherd led us. The old sheep never looked to the right side nor to the left, even when they could see patches of grass not far away. They followed close behind the shepherd until he stopped at the place where they were to spend the day. Then they would begin to eat. And most of them stayed close to him all day long. I thought they were very foolish, for I discovered such exciting places all by myself.

It seemed that the greenest grass always was farther away. Once I saw some juicy patches at the bottom of a steep pile of rocks. I was sure that I could jump down there on my spry legs and climb up again. But, alas! When I had gone part of the way I discovered that my leg was stuck between two of the rocks. I felt very thankful when the shepherd came along with his long crook and hooking it around my neck, pulled me up again. We had another exciting day when a large gray wolf came sneaking out of the woods. He was licking his chops, thinking what a delicious meal one of us sheep would make for him. Our watchful shepherd saw him almost

as quickly as we did. He jumped up, put a sharp stone in his slingshot, and more quickly than I can tell you about it, he let that stone fly straight for the wolf's head. And then, as the wolf turned around with a yelp of pain and started to run for the woods, our brave shepherd grabbed up his heavy rod and ran after him. I felt like staying close to the shepherd myself that day.

The Good Shepherd

Kittie L. Brackett

The shepherd counted his sheep one night
As into the fold they came;
He gazed on them with a tender love,
And called each one by name:
But one dear lamb he could not find—
It was wandering far away;
Yet the shepherd felt only pity and love
For the one who thus did stray.

So all through that dark and stormy night,
Through thickets of cruel thorn,
O'er jagged rocks, the shepherd searched,
'Til his hands were bleeding and torn.
Until he should find his wandering lamb,
The shepherd could never rest;
Its first sad cry, he quickly heard
And gathered it to his breast.

* * * * *

Thus does the Savior seek His sheep
Who've strayed to paths of sin:
He gave His life for them, that they
Eternal life might win.
He does not chide because His sheep
So far from Him do stray:
He gently calls unto each one,
"Come back, come back today!"

At our first cry, "Oh, Lord, forgive!"
He'll clasp us to His breast;
And there, our weary, sin-stained souls
In faith and hope may rest;
E'en though our sins be black as night,
They all will be forgiven;
Our souls washed clean in Jesus' blood,
Will be made fit for heaven.

Then, let us give our lives to Him;
(He gave His life for you)
Let's plan to live each day, each hour,
As He would have us to:
And up in heaven, the angel host
Will sing for joy today,
Because the Savior's wandering lamb
Returns, no more to stray.

—The Sunday School Banner.

But usually I was not at all careful. I loved to run on ahead of the others and find the tenderest grass before they got there. Sometimes the shepherd would get very cross at me for running so far ahead that he could not see where I had gone. Then he would call for me, and oh, how I hated to turn around when I heard his voice calling, "Snowflake! Come back!" I did like to have my own way, and go wherever I pleased without someone always calling me. Usually I took a few more bites after I heard my name, and then ran back. But one day, I was very bad. I did not go back!

The days were getting cooler, for it was winter in the Holy Land. I thought that I was very grown-up and quite a big lamb. The bright, crisp air and the sunshine made me feel as if I could jump over anything that came into my path. I was so full of life that the shepherd noticed how gay I was early that morning. "Be careful, Snowflake," he said, "you have a bad little look in your eye. You stay close with the rest of the flock today; the weather is getting bad."

"Yes, indeed," I thought to myself, "I do have a bad look in my eye, for I'm not going to be treated like a baby any more. Today I'm going to have a fine time before the winter, which my mother told me about, really comes. I'll show all these pokey old sheep what a good time I can have."

I was disappointed when I saw the meadow which the shepherd chose for our day's eating. It was not nearly so far away from home as many of the places where he had taken us before. The grass was not so green as that which we had had yesterday. Right then and there I determined to find some good pasture for myself. So I played around, not eating much, until my mother and the shepherd both were looking the other way, and then I ran off behind a big rock which I had seen not far away. From there I could look far up the hillside. Sure enough, the grass up there seemed greener and fresher than our pasture. Oh, what a feast I would have all by myself! As I went up the hill I stopped to eat the juiciest patches of grass by the way. Once I heard a strange noise in the bushes beside me, but I only ran on faster. And I had a lovely time, eating and playing up there by myself.

Suddenly, as I lifted my head to look for another bunch of grass, I noticed that the bright sunshine was gone. Dark clouds were making the afternoon look like evening already. One of the winter storms must be coming. Perhaps I had better start back down the hill. But which way was the flock and the shepherd? I had run around so much that I could not be sure which way I had come.

(Continued on page 33)

The Glory of the Job

EVA R. BAIRD

Sallie Reeves pushed the wet mop viciously across the floor of the Dennison Drugstore. An extra long string of the mop, absolutely unwrung, splashed across the toe of Sallie's blond pumps. The quick jerk with which she pulled the mop back sent a liberal drop of water onto the skirt of her fresh gingham dress, where it enlarged like a splotch of ink on blotting paper.

The water was reasonably clean, for Sallie's mopping had not materially changed the color of her water supply. The spot on her skirt would dry out quickly. Sallie looked ruefully at the line of wetness left on her pump, wondering which was the better, to rub it off, or let it alone. Wisely, she decided that the thing to do first was to remedy the general state of wetness which pervaded her field of action.

The mop was a self-wringer, but Sallie had not got onto its method of working. She had been too vexed at her unexpected mopping job to go about her work intelligently. Now she pulled herself together to study the intricacies of the mop, which after all, were not so perplexing. With her mop properly wrung out, she proceeded to mop the floor vigorously. Her thoughts moved as rapidly as her mop.

"Well, hello! Down to business, eh?" It was the hearty voice of May Donahue, who was the mainstay of the bakery next door. Although she was a middle-aged woman and the mother of a family, Mrs. Donahue was May to all the town of Dennison. "How d'ye like it?" she asked, looking approvingly at Sallie's clean floor.

"I don't like it at all," exploded Sallie. "I didn't know that I was hiring out as a scrub-woman when I took this job."

May laughed tolerantly. "We never know," she said, "what we're getting into when we take a job. But the glory of the job is to them as does it. What were you expecting to do? What were the terms of your contract?"

"Well," said Sallie hesitantly, "the terms I was thinking most about were ten dollars a week for the summer vacation. Mr. Furman said I was to wait on trade and make myself generally useful. I guess he has a right to expect me to be the janitor; I just wasn't figuring on it."

"You'll lose nothing by pleasing Mr. Furman," said May, consolingly. "He's a just man with his help. Get you a rubber apron and a pair of overshoes for your first hour's work in the morning, and probably you can be a lady the rest of the day."

May hurried on to her own work, leaving Sallie happier for having talked to someone about her grievances. But she had by no means told all the story. Half-way through high school, Sallie had thought herself fortunate to pick up a summer job at home that would swell the educational fund which was being carefully saved by the Reeves family to send her to college. Mr. Furman had explained that his need for a summer clerk was due to extra business of the ice cream booths and the soda fountain. Although he had expressly said that he liked these lines himself, Sallie had visualized herself as daintily serving the Dennison public with their summer refreshments, and the picture had been an attractive one. Sallie was of that not unusual disposition that loves an audience. "Playing to the gallery," was what Sallie's brother, Bob, called it, but that was not strictly true. Sallie was incurably sociable, and lingering over the ice cream tables, and jolly-ing across the soda fountain, seemed a delightful way of spending her vacation.

She had been on the job a week now, and she had not mixed a soda or served a dish of ice cream. Mr. Furman had given her some instructions about the foun-

tain. "For any emergency," he said. But the emergency had not occurred. Instead of being the central figure in the front of the Dennison Drugstore, Sallie found herself relegated to the rear selling unimportant drug sundries or to the side lines dispensing periodicals. Always she was expected to straighten up disturbed shelves, and Mr. Furman had emphasized the fact that it was part of Sallie's job to keep the place looking neat, clean and attractive. He opened the store himself in the early morning, and then returned home for his breakfast, leaving Sallie to straighten the stock, sweep and dust and put things in order. At the end of her first week, he had said, "About time to mop, isn't it, Sallie? We always mop once or twice a week. You know where the mop is, don't you?"

Yes, Sallie knew. Moreover the whole Reeves family could have testified that Sallie was a good mopper, it was the unexpectedness of Mr. Furman's demand that rendered her temporarily inefficient. May Donahue's friendly advice had in some measure restored her equilibrium. By the time Mr. Furman returned from his breakfast, Sallie was opening and sorting periodicals and gave no sign of her inward rebellion.

But the day which had started so unpropitiously was one of continued exasperation. Tim Davis came in for a special order of ice cream for the high school
(Continued on page 25)



Here is our Superintendent, R. J. Nichols, four of our largest boys and their fast-stepping mules.

The boys are working to make the Home as self-supporting as possible, so that cash can be used for other purposes, in connection with the Home.

Letters From Our Training Camps

Good-bye, My Boy

Gracie Elwood

(Dedicated to all mothers who have had to say good-bye to their boys who have been called to the colors of their country.)

"Good-bye, my boy, the time has come for you to go,
My heart is sad and aching, but I know
God answers prayer;
So I have prayed for you and put you
in His care.
Be strong and always do the right;
May God watch o'er you and protect you
day and night.

"Good-bye, my boy, God will take care of you."

"Don't worry, mother dear, I know your love is true."

I turned aside and brushed away a tear,
My lips were trembling so I would not
dare to tell him more.

I only pressed him to my heart again and
sighed,
Words failed me when I had to tell my
boy good-bye.

He's gone; it was so hard to see him go,
The tears I tried to hide now freely flow.
O God, bring back my boy again some
day,

Watch o'er him while from me he's far
away, I trust you now.

Grant that this awful war and strife will
end

And that the nations soon will be at peace
again.

— — —

Dear Sister Harrison:

May God bless you in your great work for the young people. I receive your Lighted Pathway every month from my girl friend back in Michigan. I enjoy reading it very much.

I am a Christian and a member of the Church of God at North Woodville, Michigan. My girl friend is also a member of this church there.

I've been a soldier in the U. S. army more than three months now and I am also a soldier for Jesus. Pray for me that God will have His full way in my life.—Pvt. Leroy B. Olson, Co. A. 38th Q. M. Bn. (Port), Oakland Sub Port, Oakland, Calif.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a soldier in camp at Presidio of San Francisco, Calif. I have been in the service three months.

I have just finished reading your June issue of the Lighted Pathway, which really was a blessing to my soul. I truly appreciate the good work you are doing

through the Lighted Pathway, and I know God will bless you for your untiring efforts.

Before I came into the army, I was president of our Y.P.E. at the 8th Ave. Church of God, Knoxville, Tenn. I truly appreciate the Y. P. E. for the desire and determination it put into my heart to be a better Christian and to do what I could for the Master.

Please pray that I will stay true and humble before the Lord and that He will use me here in camp for His glory that I may lead souls to Him. I would enjoy letters from anyone.—Pvt. Robert Cain, 46 Q. M. Co. (G. R.), Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

— — —

Dear Sister Harrison:

I just received the six copies of the Lighted Pathway and certainly was glad to get them.

To all who read this, I want you to know how much a soldier appreciates the paper. How badly it is needed in the armed services. If you knew how much it means to us soldiers to get it, I am sure the Church of God would send all they could to soldiers whom they know. I sincerely urge all who know boys from their home town to make arrangements to send them a copy of the Lighted Pathway, or even if you know someone who isn't from your home town, send him a copy too. I can assure you that it will be deeply appreciated by the one who receives it.

Pray for me as I need every prayer at all times to help me overcome temptations. I will be reading the Lighted Pathway next month, so remember me.—Pvt. O'dell M. Justice, Station Complement, Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

I have just finished reading your message in the May issue of the Lighted Pathway and it really means a lot to me. I am a member of the dear old Church of God at Blue Creek, Ohio.

I was first brought to Christ there in the dear little church, through the work of our dear Sister Stepp, pastor of our church. But since I have been in the army I have been failing God and wish to request the prayers of God's children that I may gain courage and faith to stand in these trying times, for I know that Jesus is coming soon and I want to be ready to meet Him when He comes.

I am twenty-two years of age and would like to correspond with other boys and girls who are near my age.—Pvt. Ottis O. Moore, Co. G, 325th Inf.,

82nd Division, Camp Claiborne, La.

— — —
Alda B. Harrison
The Lighted Pathway
Cleveland, Tenn.
Dear Friend:

Thank you for the twenty copies of "The Lighted Pathway" which you graciously sent. I have made distribution of same through our Post services and have placed one copy in the Post Library.—Sincerely yours, Luther G. Mosley, Post Chaplain, Brookley Field, Mobile, Ala.

— — —
Church of God Publishing House
Cleveland, Tenn.

Dear Friends:

The roll of copies of The Lighted Pathway has been received and I am grateful to you. A copy has been placed in each Battery Day Room for use of the men. I know that it will be read and succeeding issues anticipated.

May the Lord bless you in your ministry.—Sincerely, George I. Robertson, Chaplain, U. S. Army, 11th Coast Artillery, Fort H. G. Wright, New York.

— — —
The Lighted Pathway
Alda B. Harrison, Editor
Montgomery Ave.
Cleveland, Tenn.

Dear Madam:

On behalf of the boys and myself, I wish to thank you for the copies of The Lighted Pathway which you are so kindly sending us. I shall distribute them as best I can among the soldiers here, and I am sure that they will derive much benefit as well as pleasure from them.—Yours very sincerely, Everett E. Denlinger, Post Chaplain, U. S. Army, Harbor Defences of Portsmouth, N. H.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

I have received two copies of the Lighted Pathway from my sister, Mrs. Glenn Vick, Clyde, N. C., and I want to say that as a soldier in the army of the United States, I find no better literature to read. The more I learn about Christ, the better I feel. The Lighted Pathway is the most uplifting paper I have ever read. If everyone would abide by its teachings, he would be a better man or woman.—Pvt. William L. Lequire, Co. "A", 327 Inf., 82nd Division, Camp Claiborne, La.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

I would like to say hello to all the readers of the Lighted Pathway.

I was working at Trion, Ga., when the government called me back to the army. I would be glad to hear from any of you
(Continued on page 16)

Missionary Page

JAMAICAN HIGHWAYS

MARIE B. PEARSON

(Continued from last issue)

In the evening the building was over-filled. Since the building had no sides, those crowded around the sides could easily hear. Many of them came out of curiosity to see what white people would preach about, some came just to see. Many came because the wreck had jarred home the thought of eternity. That night many souls responded to Brother Pearson's message. One who was in the wreck, but not hurt so badly, responded. It seems sad to think that God must stir us up sometimes with misfortune to cause us to think of our souls. This church is about the most remote of all our churches. No church official had ever been there before. We are glad that we had the privilege of going and proving an ambassador of the King.

We took a different route homeward. This way, we found some scenes that look like Wyoming, some we could imagine in Oregon and some resembled our own sunny South. Perhaps it stills the lonesome feeling that insists on existing in our hearts, to keep looking for something that looks like home. The scenery is beautiful. The colors are gorgeous, the canaries and other wild birds sing sweetly; however, after one has been made acquainted with all this beauty he soon becomes uninterested with its sameness.

We wondered what the cloud of dust ahead would reveal. We heard hoof beats and bellowing. It was a large herd of Burman oxen. These Burman cattle have long horns and have humps on their backs. The Indians consider them sacred and will not kill them. We stopped to let them by. They swung their heads from side to side, pushing and ramming each other. As they went by the car, one powerful animal swung his head and hit our fender and put quite a dent in it.

The parsonage was a welcomed sight. We were so tired from the tedious journey. We rested a few days and while resting answered all the mail and posted the reports. Appointments at the home were filled and then we started out again.

Although the Island usually has plenty of rain, we are now experiencing a drought. As we motored along, we noticed the dry grass and the vegetation suffering from the lack of water. Having gone a few miles, we saw up ahead a beautiful lake. Its shimmering stillness was a relief to the dry scenes by which we had gone. It mirrored the white

clouds of the sky and the trees of the shore. It seemed to fill the whole valley below. We were disappointed in it, however, as we came closer. Our anticipation of water midst the dryness was just a mirage. The things of life that often seem so evident prove to be just mirages after toils and trials prove in vain. Truly Jesus is the only solid and sure investment, the never-changing Christ!

This trip, like some others, was a trouble-shooting trip. A dissension had arisen. Some said the offender was wrong and others said he wasn't. So it took authority to decide. It was not so difficult to find the man in the wrong; however, that did not cause all to concede. A group of rude folk came and talked out loud in the service and did other things to cause confusion. They wouldn't listen to the local or district pastor. We closed the hopeless act of trying to have congregational singing and I sang and played the guitar. They quieted down and listened attentively. These folks all like music and singing. Truly, we have won many hearts in this manner. They especially like the song, "Stepping on Gold." After I sang, I told them that I wanted to talk to them, and that they must be quiet because my voice wasn't as strong as men's voices. I used all my psychology. I assured them that I knew that there must be intelligent folk in this part as well as in the other parts of the Island. I preached from the text, "My thoughts are not your thoughts." When someone disturbed, someone else would say, "Be still, she did you nothin'." In spite of the turmoil, five came to Jesus. After we got out of the building, they peppered stones at it, determining to get revenge. We were repeatedly reminded that they were not angry at us. They soon went home and the whole affair forgotten. The majority of the natives are temperamental. They will join anyone for brief excitement, then switch to the other side on the morrow. We truly thank God that we have not a fear. We received letters from other parts of the Island encouraging us not to be afraid.

We had the privilege of spreading cheer in Jamaica's Leprosy Colony. We knocked at the large gate and were admitted by one of the inmates. Soon a smiling sister came to guide us around the place. First we went through the women's quarters. Those who were not so handicapped were sewing. They make their own garments here and sew for those who cannot. We saw the large kitchen and dining room. All the work-

ers are marked by this dreaded disease. Even those who sewed had fingers and toes missing. The faces are marred. In the yard children played. We were informed that these small children had leprosy also. The hospital ward was a sight of sadness. The odor was obnoxious. Hands and feet were missing. Arms and legs had been removed. Ears were gone. The heads were enlarged. Cruel open sores were on the faces. In the corner lay one that was soon expected to pass away. About every week one or two goes on. Just before we arrived a young fourteen-year-old girl passed away. The saddest case in this ward was a woman, who had no legs at all. She moved the stub of her body about on the canvas swing-like chair with what was left of her arms. She smiled as we greeted her. They all wanted to hear about America. One said sadly, "And to think that I'll never get to see that beautiful land." One elderly soul had been there since 1903.

The men's quarters were somewhat like the other. In the hospital ward we found a man and group of boys. We were told that this was school. I thought of the hopelessness of learning when one was in that condition. Of what good could an education be? These boys, some of them real young, were badly deformed. Their heads were very much enlarged. Parts of the bodies were gone. The teacher was a leper also. He also kept church for the inmates. They said he was a preacher. Outside, beside a bench, a man was kneeling in prayer. A sensible thing to do—to beseech the Friend of lepers to stay close by. Here and there inmates were seen with festering, running sores, some bandaged, some open. A few had been blinded by leprosy.

The guide said that in spite of careful vigilance of the inmates, illegitimate children were born, both parents being lepers. The strange thing about this is that the child is born free from the disease. The babies are immediately taken away and sent to another home, to be given a fair chance to live, grow and have a place in life. They are given special care and every precaution is taken not to let the tendency develop.

Some of the cases of leprosy are conquered to a certain extent. It is never pronounced as cured, but only "rested." These cases are checked and rechecked and then when it is found that there is no danger, they may leave the colony. The sister said that sadness reveals itself there, for no one wants the ex-leper, not even the relatives desire to take a chance. Think how Jesus touched and cleansed the lepers!

At home I thought much about this scene. As I sat there, God let me see
(Continued on page 32)

Department of Orphanage

REV. J. H. WALKER, General Overseer

The complete Church program includes orphanage. The relative importance of the various departments of the Church could be shown, and if it were, and an examination made among our people as to their feelings, we would find that the orphanage lies very dear to their hearts.



In a most marvelous way our people throughout the nation have contributed to the orphanage this year. No quotas were set, no specific amounts indicated to anyone, but you have most loyally supported this worthy cause. This is proof of your love for

the orphans. James said, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Pure religion before God and undefiled is the kind that is not mixed with the corruptions of this world; like false religions that have their impurities and uncharitableness. We find in the good Book, "Whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother," 1 John 3:10. On the other hand, a holy life and a charitable heart show a true religion. Our religion is not decorated with all the ceremonies and ritualisms to attract the attention of men, but it is filled with purity and charity, thus teaching us to do everything as if in the presence of God and to seek His favors and to study to please Him in all our actions. Visiting means all manner of relief which we are capable of giving to others and not a matter of just to be in the home and visit with them and not see their needs, nor supply that need. The inference in this verse is that if one does not help the fatherless and the widows and care for them in the hour of their need, that his religion will not be pure religion, but that it might be contaminated and defiled; it might become blemished. Therefore, if we want to have our religion pure and stand undefiled in the eyes of God, we should remember our orphan children, the poor fatherless, motherless, homeless, unfortunate little ones. After all, our provisions and the supplying of their needs with our money, the very best we can, we find there are still so many things that are lacking.

We have a nice, beautiful home arranged with just two children to the room, except for the smaller children. They have quite a sufficient privacy in their little rooms, which, of course, are their little homes. We have never agreed to let our children wear a uniform, so as to place a stigma over their social life, causing them to feel isolated from the rest of the community and from the city. While it is necessary to have a certain amount of regimentation and standardization of treatment, we have tried to be as loving and kind, sympathetic and understanding of each and every orphan. We try to encourage his individual initiative and help him in every way we can to live a normal life so that he can face the world of realities when he leaves the orphanage. We are arranging helpful instructions in agricultural science, in manual arts, machine shop work, music, singing, and are endeavoring to direct their spiritual, moral and physical life, to help them in every way we can. Nev-

ertheless, we feel that all of these things cannot suffice for their loss in the love relations of their true parents. It is possible, however, that the religious training is better than could be had in many homes, but that special love that the parent has for the child and the child for the parent is greatly missed by them, regardless of our attempt to love them and help them to know that we do love and appreciate them.

Recently at our state convention in Tennessee, I was so greatly impressed when Brother Nichols, superintendent of the farm, told of one of our little baby boys who came in, and, looking at the telephone, started to take the receiver down. He asked one of the matrons, "Do you know how to use the telephone?" She said, "Yes, do you?" He said, "No. If I did I would just call up heaven and tell mother 'Hello'." There is an aching void, and with all of the goodness and with all of our efforts to help, it seems we fail. I know you love the orphans. You care for them. You have provided for them and will provide for them. You are meeting their every need in every way you possibly can. I think this is one among the most worthy departments of the Church.

Whose Are These?

E. L. SIMMONS

Text: Gen. 33:5, "And he lifted up his eyes, and saw the women and the children; and said, Who are those with thee? And he said, The children which God hath graciously given thy servant."

It had been a long time since Jacob and Esau had met. Both of them were single at that time. Their relationship had been badly strained, and for years



many miles of hills, plains, and deserts had separated them. Both of them had settled down, married, and reared families, and possibly there was nothing dearer to them than their offsprings. Jacob had a very uneasy feeling when he was to meet his brother who, as he was very angry, and possibly he could think of nothing save that his life was in danger, and then he thought upon a plan. All of that group of children that had been born to him while he was in Haran, he would send with their mothers out in the forefront, because nothing could quench anger and nothing would appease wrath more than the presence of

children. It had its weight. It touched old Esau's heart, and he exclaimed as he saw them, "Who are those with thee?"

A similar question has been asked thousands of times. Riding along on the highway, out on the school campus, playing in the park, wading in the brooklet, or wherever the children are, so many times the question, "Who are these?" is asked. It is not hard to get an answer. Those are the children of Mr. Brown who lives in the big home over the way, or they are the children of Mr. Smith the carpenter. What makes the difference? They are somebody's children, and yet there is a difference, because there is always an interest.

Many be the times that these groups as in the case of our text, have their mothers with them, whose eye is ever watching. The little steps will not stray very far away for mother will be there to gently lead the little erring one back; or, if it hurts its little hand, to kiss and to pat it till it is well again. There is a group of children and they have no mother with them. The group is large. Two or three matrons and a manager of the Home stand by them. One of them came from Sequatchie Valley, Tennessee.

(Continued on page 25)

Contributions

By Young Writers

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR A SUCCESSFUL Y. P. E.

BY PAULINE WEAVER

(Continued from last issue)

Sixth Commandment

There is a certain amount of energy and pep in each child and young person that, in some way, has to be used. Most older people are content to do their daily work, make a visit or two during which they sit around and talk, read a while or talk a while at night and go to bed. But not so with young people. They must DO something, something which will exercise their muscles, their minds, and use up part of their youthful vitality.

Young people are often criticized for being worldly, for going places and doing things. If the church would use more of their energy and take up more of their time, then the devil would have less chance; his temptations would fail to tempt as much. So let's put our Y. P. E. to work, using their energy. After all, it's a thing to be thankful for, this youth that surges within a human breast once in a lifetime!

Don't have your Y. P. E. services all dry and "moldy." I have never liked the idea of having Y.P.E. so much like a regular prayer meeting or so much like a regular preaching service until you couldn't tell them apart. Let this service be different, be young, be energetic. Don't think you need to have it like your usual services to have the spirit and power of God either. He will bless in a mighty way if we will give Him a chance.

Have some good singing! Have an energetic scripture scramble! Have a quiz program! Have a pantomime! Have special music! Sponsor a contest, anything—but keep them busy. All the week they can go about working on a contest, or a mission drive, or an Octagon soap coupon drive, and then in Y. P. E. you can have a five or ten-minute session for each to tell what he has accomplished. Put his energy to God's work and His benefit.

And the social part comes in too. "All

work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is the old proverb. On a beautiful spring, late afternoon, there is nothing nicer than a wiener roast with the Y. P. E. boys and girls, and then as the fire burns low and the dusk deepens into darkness, have everyone sit in a circle around the fire and sing some beautiful hymns, have a sentence prayer and an inspiring scripture. I love that. Try it and see if your young people won't enjoy it. It is inspiring in the loveliness of ending day, to see God in the beauty of nature, feel Him under the sky.

Read Sister Harrison's book, "Child Training and Social Evangelism" for ideas on your socials. Here's wishing you a grand time!

Seventh Commandment

There's something about "newness" that stimulates a person. A new suit of clothes, a new hat, a new job, a new book, a new kind of flower—anything new affects us all in a pleasant way. We enjoy anything that is new and different.

And that is why something new or original is a great blessing in Y. P. E. It is easy to get into a rut, to do the same thing, to be with the same people, to have the same kind of services all the time—but we must not let ourselves. If we find we have drifted into this state of affairs, we must arouse ourselves and get some originality into our services. Start thinking, start reading, start praying more, try to go visiting in another church service. Do something new and different to put new interest in you. For we must have an interesting Y. P. E. if we are to have an increasing congregation.

Some Y. P. E's perhaps have never varied from the Lighted Pathway lessons for a long, long time. Those lessons are good, but every once in a while, I would say at least once a month, have another kind of program. Use some of YOUR originality, work out your program. Don't be afraid to try. If you have ever had a thought that you think could be developed into a program, keep working on it and present it, don't just neglect to use it. By using your thoughts and ideas, more thoughts and ideas will present themselves.

And just to start you off, if you have never varied from your regular Lighted Pathway lessons, let's make some suggestions. If you cannot write a play or pantomime yourself, order one from the Publishing House. They have several to offer which are very good.

And another time, try a quiz contest. Outline some good questions or order a quiz book. Have all your Y. P. E. members line up for the questions or quizzes and ask them to sit down if they can't answer, when their time comes.

Another plan would be to study a

chapter for each Y. P. E. service and take about fifteen minutes to answer questions on the chapter, or you might have a spelling match of Bible names and places.

I am sure after you get started, you'll have some good ideas. Ask God to help you. Throughout all the Y. P. E's "Ten Commandments" we will need to have our hand in His, the presence and power of Him to inspire us, and then with His greatness and ability, together with our passion, zeal, and willingness to work, we can go over with an increased Y. P. E.—in attendance, in spirituality, and in helpfulness to our community.

(To be continued)

Lighted Pathway Rating

	Sold for July	Total
Alabama	1,716	17,325
Arizona	28	561
Arkansas	374	2,720
California	342	2,613
Colorado		1,003
Delaware	231	902
Foreign	331	2,697
Florida	2,339	22,330
Georgia	4,498	44,708
Idaho	84	941
Illinois	1,349	9,447
Indiana	243	2,214
Iowa	84	761
Kansas	52	1,527
Kentucky	1,611	20,294
Louisiana	692	4,824
Maine	112	1,108
Maryland	530	4,490
Massachusetts	28	308
Minnesota	70	630
Michigan	621	4,765
Mississippi	527	4,931
Missouri	306	2,637
Montana	70	1,562
Nebraska	14	294
New Jersey	84	1,010
New Mexico	202	1,026
New York	2	188
North Carolina	4,439	40,716
North Dakota	610	2,388
Ohio	940	8,835
Oklahoma	406	3,051
Oregon	112	1,053
Pennsylvania	699	7,833
South Carolina	7,744	64,630
South Dakota	84	9,291
Tennessee	3,083	31,402
Texas	1,808	19,028
Virginia	1,157	9,804
Washington	258	1,341
Washington, D. C.	98	890
West Virginia	1,310	20,557
Wyoming		126
	39,288	378,261

Some minds are small because they have never been given enough exercise to enable them to grow.

SPECIAL NOTICE, LOCAL Y. P. E. PRESIDENTS AND LOCAL SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS

The contest for the national Y.P.E. and Sunday school banners will close August 15. There are just a few more weeks until that time. We hope that every local Y.P.E. president and Sunday school superintendent will cooperate with their state superintendents by sending in immediately after the closing date necessary information for the state superintendents to have in order to make out their annual reports and compete for the banners. Please refer to the rules for awarding the national banners, given below:

Rules For Awarding the National Sunday School Banner, 1941-42

1. Largest attendance according to church membership.
 2. Largest gain in attendance over last year.
 3. Greatest number of Sunday schools according to the number of churches.
 4. Greatest number of Sunday schools organized this year.
 5. Largest amount of offerings for orphans according to the Sunday school attendance.
 6. Highest percentage of faithfulness in monthly reporting to state superintendent.
 7. Largest percentage of teachers taking or having taken a teacher-training course.
 8. Highest percentage of Sunday schools having superintendent and teachers' meetings at least twice a month.
- (The state superintendents' monthly reports to the General Overseer will be used in determining the winner.)

Rules For Awarding the National Y.P.E. Banner, 1941-42

Contest includes only the Senior Y.P.E's

1. Largest average Y.P.E. attendance in proportion to church membership.
2. Largest total gain in attendance over the previous year.
3. Greatest number Y.P.E's organized this Assembly year.
4. Largest number of Y.P.E's according to the number of churches.
5. Largest circulation of the Lighted Pathway in the state in proportion to church membership.
6. Largest Lighted Pathway circulation.
7. Highest percentage of prompt monthly reporting to state superintendent.
8. Largest amount of money raised for missions, orphanage, or other purposes according to church membership.

All Lighted Pathway contests will close August 15.—Editor



REV. F. R. HARRAWOOD,
*Secretary of Orphanage Committee and
pastor of North Cleveland church.*



REV. RUSSELL HUFF,
*Member of Orphanage Committee and
pastor of South Cleveland church.*

What Shall I Do?

Frank Thomas Blackwell

The little girl cried, as her mother lay
Cold in death one blustery day,
"What shall I do to get my bread?"
While bitter tears she freely shed.

A lady so kind, who was standing near,
Heard the child, and dried each tear.
"I'll find a home for you," she said,
And stroked the tousled little head.

She came to our Orphanage, and fared
well,
Glad with others there to dwell;
And as she left one pretty morn,
She prayed for the Church of God

Children's Home.

"Dear God, I'm so glad I have found the way,
And if I tried," we heard her say,
"I could not tell all it has meant
To be in the home to which I was sent."

—Sesser, Ill.

Bible Readings For August

	Morning	Evening
Aug. 1	Esther 1-2	Prov. 12
Aug. 2	Esther 3-4	Prov. 13
Aug. 3	Esther 5-7	Prov. 14
Aug. 4	Esther 8-10	Prov. 15
Aug. 5	Job 1-2	Prov. 16
Aug. 6	Job 3-4	Prov. 17
Aug. 7	Job 5-6	Prov. 18
Aug. 8	Job 7-8	Prov. 19
Aug. 9	Job 9-10	Prov. 20
Aug. 10	Job 11-12	Prov. 21
Aug. 11	Job 13-14	Prov. 22
Aug. 12	Job 15-16	Prov. 23
Aug. 13	Job 17-18	Prov. 24
Aug. 14	Job 19-20	Prov. 25
Aug. 15	Job 21-22	Prov. 26
Aug. 16	Job 23-24	Prov. 27
Aug. 17	Job 25-27	Prov. 28
Aug. 18	Job 28-29	Prov. 29
Aug. 19	Job 30-31	Prov. 30
Aug. 20	Job 32-33	Prov. 31
Aug. 21	Job 34-35	Rom. 1
Aug. 22	Job 36-37	Rom. 2
Aug. 23	Job 38-39	Rom. 3
Aug. 24	Job 40-41	Rom. 4
Aug. 25	Job 42	Rom. 5
Aug. 26	Eccles. 1-2	Rom. 6
Aug. 27	Eccles. 3-4	Rom. 7
Aug. 28	Eccles. 5-6	Rom. 8
Aug. 29	Eccles. 7-8	Rom. 9
Aug. 30	Eccles. 9-10	Rom. 10
Aug. 31	Eccles. 11-12	Rom. 11

Letters From Our Training Camps

(Continued from page 12)

who would be interested in writing me.
—Pvt. E. A. Digsby, Service Battery,
3-18th Field Artillery, Camp Rucker,
Ala.

— — —

Dear Friend:

Reading in the Lighted Pathway how the paper could be sent to the soldiers in service I remarked, in the presence of my two sons, I thought I would send \$1.00 to the Lighted Pathway to help support it and in appreciation of this good work. The older said he would give 50c, whereupon the younger said he would give all he had, which was 25c. We are sending \$3.00 with a prayer that God will bless our soldiers.—Carl Rowland and family, Hayesville, N. C.

— — —

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am enclosing \$4.00 to send the Lighted Pathways to the army camps. Trust the Lord will continue to talk to people and they will obey until suffi-

(Continued on page 25)

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

In a Plain Path

PEARL HOLLOWAY

"But, Dr. Parsons, couldn't we give him the same care at home?" Isabel Hawkins' eyes were misty, and her voice trembled.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Hawkins, but to keep your husband in this climate is inviting permanent invalidism. There is a strong probability that he will be able to enjoy life if you go to Freetown at once. I suggest that because it has everything conducive to the recovery of such cases—mild climate, pure air, good water, pleasant surroundings."

"I suppose there is nothing to do but go," she mourned. "I hate to give up my church and Sunday school work, though, and leave my home and friends."

"Your attitude," he warned, "has much to do with Mr. Hawkins' recovery. If he is worried because of your unhappiness, no climate in the world will help him."

"Thank you, doctor, I'll do my best." Dropping to the porch swing, she sat silent as the car drove away. Never had she been faced with a problem like this. She loved her church, her Sunday school class, her friends. Everyone said she was indispensable. How would things get along if she left? And yet—she loved Harold, too. He had done his best. Long years of close confinement in office work were telling on him now. He would be unhappy alone, no matter how good the doctor. No, there was nothing to do but go; but why had this come to her? Hadn't she always put first things first? Didn't she tithe, not only money, but time and talents as well? She had given more than her tithe, given freely, joyously. Where were God's promises? Why didn't they hold good for her?

Clearly and distinctly, the words came to her mind, "Lead me in a plain path," "Teach me thy way," "He will be our guide unto death," "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it." Involuntarily her eyes closed. "Forgive me, Father," she prayed, "the path is plain. Help me to walk in it joyously."

With a smile on her lips she entered the sick room. "I think it will be wonderful in Freetown," she announced gaily. "The children have never seen the mountains, and all of us will gain. When you are well again, we can come back."

"But your church—your friends—," he stammered. "I—Isabel, I don't want you to sacrifice everything for me."

"Who said anything about sacrificing?" she bantered. "This is an adven-

ture, Betty and Bobby have been longing for one, and now it is dropped right in to their laps. Vivian and Gerald will be glad to rent the house, furniture and all. We can start right away."

A month later the Hawkins family was established in the village of Freetown, nestling among the mountains.

Scarcely were the trunks unpacked when a caller arrived. "I'm Mrs. Dennison," she introduced herself. "We have the cabin next door. I couldn't help but wonder when I saw you come if you felt as unhappy about the move as I did when the doctor ordered Fred out here."

Isabel cast a furtive glance in Harold's direction before replying. "Only for a few moments," she answered in low tones, "then I realized God was leading and everything was all right."

"I knew you were like that!" the visitor exclaimed. "Do you know, there's one Bible in this whole town, and that is mine!"

"Don't they have a Sunday school?" Isabel queried, her heart sinking.

"I guess I've been a coward," the other asserted, "but now that you are here, we can start one right away."

In a few weeks, young and old were flocking to the cabin, discussing plans, entering wholeheartedly into community fellowship. Harold, growing stronger, had his part in the program, too. The

(Continued on page 33)



Our first orphanage home



Boys' first country home



The top picture gives a panoramic view of our Girls' Home on 24th and Peoples Streets.

There are forty-three girls and their three matrons on the campus.

This building was purchased from the Bible Training School in 1938 when the school was moved to Sevierville.

We have room for only two more girls in the Home at present, yet applications for deserving children keep coming.

The lower picture shows our superintendent of the Boys' Home, R. J. Nichols, and several boys carrying on their farm work near the Lee Highway.

From left to right in the background

you see a four-room house and a six-room house, which are being rented. Then the large modern barn, built at an approximate cost of \$5,000. In the cluster of trees in front of the barn is the dairy. Next is the three-way two-story garage. The top floor is being equipped with machinery as a novelty shop.

The two-story full basement, half-circle \$75,000 building is the Boys' Home. We are able to accommodate 85 boys conveniently. At present we have 69 boys. In the basement we have space to install a laundry plant large enough to do the work for the Home, a large kitchen, where the canning may be done,

a barber shop, and a shoe shop. This building was erected under the supervision of Rev. E. L. Simmons, former Orphanage Committee chairman.

Down in front of and to the right in the grove, we have another house.

You are cordially invited to visit these Homes and support them with your prayers and means.—*J. D. Bright, chairman of the Orphanage Committee.*

I appreciate the Girls' Home and find it an excellent place to work for the Lord.

Many of the girls have been filled with the Holy Ghost the past six months.

We have a great work to accomplish



for God in this Home.

I feel thankful to the Lord and His Church for providing us with this good home and count it an honor to be associated with it.—*Edith Brown.*

Since starting my work as superintendent of the Boys' Home, Oct. 15, 1941, I have felt more like I have been in the perfect will of God than I have ever felt in any line of work that I have ever followed.

Indeed, the responsibility is great and at times the problems are numerous and hard to solve, yet my wife and I love the children and desire to be a father and

mother to them in the fullest sense possible.

The Committee is cooperative and understanding, which makes the work pleasant. The ambition of all connected with the supervision of the Home is to conduct it in such a way as to please God and you good people who are supporting it.—*R. J. Nichols.*

I praise the Lord for the privilege of saying a few words about the Orphanage.

In 1932 I was left with three children, two, four and six years old. I put my two little boys in the Home and put in an application for work in the Home. At

that time they didn't accept matrons who had children in the Home. Later they needed help and called for me to work in the Boys' Home.

I am happy to say the past seven years and four months have been the happiest part of my life. Although the work is hard, I enjoy working for these precious boys. I wonder many times what would have happened to my own precious children if I had not put them in the Orphanage.

Many times while cooking for these boys I have lifted my hands and praised the Lord for the privilege of being here.

(Continued on page 32)

Bible Lessons

Topic: **Young People**

Esther Holland

Today our young people are the most important and fill the most important places they have ever filled in the world. The government is calling for the young to sacrifice their lives and give their best to their country. The world is calling them to give their best to the worldly amusements and seeking to destroy their characters in the amusements that are provided in the sections where the greatest number of young people are assembled. Then God is calling the young to give of their best to Him and His cause, for He knows the time for their labors is very short and the night will soon come when no man can work. Let us think for a little while on some of the truths to be kept in mind by our young people in this crucial hour.

The Ideal of a Clean Life

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word," Ps. 119:9. The true Christian spirit of the young person will heed this warning and keep his heart clean by the washing of the word as we are taught by Paul the Apostle. Clean thoughts, clean words, clean conversation, clean minds, clean hearts, clean walks, clean deeds are the things that'll make a clean man and this scripture teaches that these can be ascertained through the scriptures or heeding the scriptures. Our feet will walk in a clean way if our hearts are clean. Our hands will do clean work and be honest if our hearts are honest. Our conversations will be clean and uplifting only as we live holy lives and keep our minds and hearts pure and stored with the holy Word of God. It is God's will and purpose that each one of us can be clean that we may be examples to others who do not know God. The person who is not willing to be cleansed from everything that is unclean, is not fit for the kingdom of God, neither can God use him. So let us cleanse our way by heeding the Word of God.

The Value of Restraint

"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth," Lam. 3:27. It is not always easy to bear the yoke or to be yielded to the heavier burdens that come to the young person in his youth, but this word teaches that it is good for us. Jesus said, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my bur-

den is light." Therefore, if Jesus feels that way about it, surely there is a yoke to carry. But the blessedness of it all is that when we take upon ourselves the yoke of Christ, He is bearing the other end of the yoke, and He bears the heavier end of it. Then when we bear the yoke with Him, we are associated with Him in that closer relationship that brings us to listen to His voice and know the way He leads. The young person who is willing to yoke up with Christ in his early days is the one on whom the Church can depend when he is older. He is the man to whom God can entrust a larger deposit of the bank of heaven. He is one on whom his community will call when in need. The ministry of bearing the yoke in one's youth broadens his views on life and on the duties of man according to the will of God. Not only so, but he receives that vision from the glory world that assures him of the glorious reward shining at the end of the way. Young man, will you not put on the yoke of Christ today? This yoke will keep you from evil many times, for when you are yoked with Christ He will not do certain other things that would mar your character, and by being yoked unto Him you, too, will shun the very appearance of evil.

The Power of Personal Influence

"Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in Spirit, in faith, in purity." 1 Tim. 4:12. How many times do we hear criticism of the youth of today because so many young people are indulging in the lowest despicable depths of sin! Yet Paul here exhorts us to so live that no man can despise our youth, no man can speak evil or lightly of us, but that there will be something within that will shine through the surface and declare unto the outside world that we have been with Jesus. Being an example is not always easy, for people are looking for different examples, and when one is an example to one type of person, there will be others who will criticize and then that person is sometimes discouraged because he does not know what step to take next in order to be the right kind of example. Let us remember that Jesus was persecuted and He said if they persecuted Him, they would also persecute us, and when others criticize us, let us look unto our example who is depending on us to be examples to others who are to come after us and be as true to Him as He was and is to us. Our examples in conversation will cause men to stop and think what they are saying many times, if we refrain from using the wrong words. Then if we keep the faith that is given unto us, it will mean that others will take courage and fight the same fight of faith and remain faithful just because of our faithfulness.

God expects each one to be examples; the Church expects you to be an example, and the sinners are looking for a true example of a believer in you. Surely under these circumstances, we cannot fail. Come on, young people, let us stand for the right and be right and lead others to the fold of God.

Biblical Examples in Young People— Joseph

Genesis 41:38-46

Joseph was an example in power because he obeyed the teachings of God in chastity. His character was above reproach and his faithfulness to God brought him into great favor with the king when he met trouble. Then Joseph's faithfulness brought him to the throne of Egypt. He could interpret the dream of the king because he was in close connection with God and could hear the voice of God above the voices of the throngs round about him. God will give young men power with Him in the same measure today if they will come with the same kind of yielded vessel.

David

1 Sam. 17:33-37

When God got ready for a man to rule His people, He looked for a man whose heart was pure and perfect, and He said that David was a man after His own heart. Then having a heart like that, he could rule God's people with wisdom and honor and judge them righteously. He was able to slay the giant with the same weapons with which he had slain the bear and the lion. When God calls us to service, He expects us to use what He gives us to fight His battles. He will sustain us and give us that which is needed if we fully trust Him. David found that God never failed Him, neither will He fail us if we remain faithful.

Conclusion

Let each one reconsecrate himself to God and determine that from henceforth he will use his all for God.

Topic: **God**

Ottis Hewett

Scripture: Gen. 1:1.

Thoughts for the Leader

Needless to say, the doctrine of God is the most sublime, transcendent theme that can engage the human mind. It is a study exhaustless, incomprehensible, mysterious, yet precious and blessed, as well as spiritually profitable, when approached in reverence and humility. The Bible does not attempt to prove the existence of God, but assumes such a fact from its opening page. That majestic sentence commencing Holy Writ leaves the honest mind in no doubt as to the reality of a Divine Being — "In the beginning God—." There are at least four great avenues of revelation regarding the fact of God; namely, the physical universe,

the human soul, the written Word, and the living Christ. In this lesson let us study the first two and last. Space will not permit the third. Let us try to discover how the One who ordered the universe, constituted our being, planned the scriptures, spoke through Christ, are one and the same Being.

The Physical Universe

Psa. 19:1; Rom. 1:19, 20

Within the physical universe, one could bring forth positive arguments for the being of God. The trees, plants, flowers, lakes, mountains, streams, rivers, animals, all point us to something, somewhere, sometime. Creation reveals the product of a mind that could devise, and a will to carry such a design into effect, and as these qualities belong to personality, some person must have acted as Creator. Evidences of design, or plan of creation, abound in every department of nature, for "nature is a living arithmetic in its development, a realized geometry in its repose." As a design demands a designer, no one could have conceived the universal harmony prevailing in nature save God Himself. God is the perfection of all that is symmetrical, systematic, orderly, as one can readily see in the wise arrangement to be found in the physical universe. "God is not the author of confusion," 1 Cor. 14:33.

The Human Soul

Rom. 2:14, 15

In the human soul we discover another strand of evidence that God has not left Himself without witness, for "the descent into the human soul is the ascent to God." Human personality proves a divine personality. Man can act as he pleases and is separate from what he feels, thinks and knows. His Creator, therefore, must possess the same personal traits. God is thus proven as a personal Creator, independent of His works, and not part of them as materialism affirms, or unable to control them as rationalism contends. There is a consciousness of God within the soul, a consciousness which is the ineradicable element of the soul. Man has irrepressible longings and aspirations after God, and out of this part of his nature or constitution springs the desire for worship and fellowship with the Supreme One of whose existence the very soul within gives witness. These intuitions of the soul, so interwoven into the very texture of our being, may be suppressed or stifled, but ever and again they burst forth like a slumbering volcano, proving thereby that God made man for Himself, and that man is restless until he finds repose and rest in God.

The Living Christ

Heb. 1:1

To know what God is like we must study the life of Christ as given in the gospels. Philip, anxious for a revelation

of the Father, was reminded by Christ that He was the culmination of the revelation of God, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," John 14:9. In His high, priestly prayer Christ could tell the Father that He had manifested His nature unto His disciples. And our only safeguard these days, when loose thinking about God leads to loose living, is the assimilation of all that Jesus taught us concerning His Father and ours.

Topic: **There's Nothing Too Hard For God**

Gladys Delk

Scripture: Jer. 32:17.

Thoughts For the Leader

Did you ever think of God's greatness? He is truly wonderful, for there is nothing He can't do. There is no affair He can't straighten out, no law He can't bring to pass, no disease He can't heal, no matter He can't understand, no promise He can't fulfill, and no provision He can't make. Oh no, there is nothing too hard, difficult, or great for our God to do.

Not Too Hard For God To Create

Gen. 1 and 2

What a wonderful thing it would have been (could it have been possible) to have watched God as He stretched forth His hand, spoke the word and earth, heaven, stars, moon, animals, etc., began to form. It was no miracle for God to do this because there can be no miracles with God. With God NOTHING is impossible. We, with our small, weak minds could never have conceived such a thought as creating a world and all the living creatures thereon. How displeased God must have been when He looked upon man in His fallen state and thought of the time and effort wasted. But it wasn't wasted, for God in His great mercy came to our rescue and sacrificed His only Son to save the creation that could have been lost, had He not been so great.

Not Too Hard For God To Multiply

1 Kings 17:8-17

There had been no rain in Israel for quite a time and food and drink were scarce. Even the prophet, Elijah, was having a hard time getting food. God had provided Him bread and flesh brought by ravens and water from a brook for awhile. Then he had to move on because the brook dried up, but God knew where to send him. He told Elijah of the widow He had chosen to care for him. When Elijah asked for bread and water she declared, "As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse: and, behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it, and die." Elijah comforted her by telling her that the barrel would not empty,

neither would the jar run dry until the rain fell. She did as she was told and sure enough it was just as he had said. What marvelous things God can do!

Not Too Hard For God To Use Small, Weak Things

1 Sam. 17:31-58

The armies of the Philistines and the Israelites were drawn up in battle array on opposite sides of a little valley. Each day a huge warrior came out from the ranks of the Philistines. He was dressed in the battle array of that day, carrying a large shield and spear. He challenged one man of the Israelites to fight him but no one dared to face him. David, a small boy who tended sheep for his father, volunteered, but they laughed and scorned him. David selected five smooth stones, and with a prayer in his heart and a sling in his hand advanced toward the giant. He jeered when he saw only a boy coming toward him, but David calmly fitted the stone, raised his arm, and threw the stone with such a force that Goliath fell upon his face. His own sword was used to cut his head off. All his great strength was of no use to him because God wasn't in it. Think what wonderful things we in all our weakness can do if we only would believe that there's nothing too hard for God.

Topic: **Faith**

Louise Harris

Thoughts for the Leader

Let us think for a while of faith. Paul tells us that "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," Heb. 11:1. Faith is the foundation on which things we hope for stand. The evidence of things not seen is the assurance that such things do exist. Faith is complete confidence as to things hoped for, the conviction as to things not seen. Faith comes by hearing the gospel.

The sure highways of faith are: an honest heart, a candid hearing, and a searching investigation.

Faith in God

Mark 11:22

Let us think of the woman of whom Christ said, "O woman, great is thy faith." We see a sad, perhaps frail, little woman, a heathen, or outsider from the chosen people of God, whose home had been made very unhappy because of the affliction, by demons, of her beloved daughter. She had heard of Christ, probably just a little, but she knew that somewhere in the vicinity He had slipped away to rest; and, knowing that He could help her and believing with a childlike confidence that He would, she went immediately, alone, to find Him, although confronted with many obstacles and discouragements. The disciples, when she found them, were not kind to her

and asked Christ to send her away; and even Christ at first did not answer her. But realizing that she was unworthy of the great blessings of God, she waited, hoping only for the crumbs that might fall from His great storehouse. And she did not go away with her faith unrewarded. Although Jesus was apparently indifferent to her entreaties, He was only trying her faith and patience.

Let us think of Elijah, who was hiding away with God in the solitudes of the wilderness by the side of a cheerful little brook from which he drank in faith of the goodness and love of God, but when he found the little stream completely dry one morning, he might have felt that God had ceased to care for him or was too busy to notice that the tiny stream had ceased to flow. It was dry; however, not because God did not still love His prophet, but because there had been no rain on account of the sins of the people. God is not the cause of the evils that come to us, but He is able to deliver us out of them. God had other plans for Elijah. He needed someone to witness for Him in Mt. Carmel and to speak to a widow the Word of God and to provide means of sustenance for her. These things Elijah could not do unless he left the brook. He remained within the circle of God's will and all things worked out for good toward him. And so it will be with us if we live true to God. "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly," *Psa. 84:11*. Let us hold to the fact that God loves us with an everlasting love, loves us when things are dark, and loves us when things are sunny, cares for us as He does the fragile lily of the field and the little sparrow, too faint or sick to fly longer.

Faith in Others

We could perhaps please Satan no better than by losing faith or confidence in our brothers and sisters. That was his chief characteristic. When God spoke of the integrity of Job, Satan replied that he knew Job but stated that Job loved God simply because He was taking care of him and prophesied that if he would be permitted to touch Job, he would then curse God to His face.

That is the same story that he frequently presents to us today. He tells us that certain of our friends love us simply because we are good to them and that they serve God just for some certain selfish motive. But Satan was wrong many years ago. Job was true to God even in his greatest afflictions, when apparently God had forsaken him; and today there are many of our friends and brothers and sisters who will remain true to God and to us in the greatest of adversities.

God's prophet, Elijah, once lost confidence in his brethren. He came to the

place where he felt that all others had turned their backs on God and were serving Baal and he alone was left to bear the persecutions because of his faith in God. But God could see where Elijah could not. He could read the hearts of all His people and was able to tell Elijah that there were yet 7,000 in Israel who were worshipping and serving Him.

Not only do we need to have confidence in our brothers and sisters but we need to have confidence in those who are not yet saved. The story is told of two missionaries in China who found it necessary to make a trip by boat up the river into the interior of China. Bandits had followed the boat all day; and when it became dark, it was impossible for them to go farther into the rapids and they were there compelled to stop in a little village. As they stopped, down the narrow streets could be seen the bandits coming—three of them. One of the missionaries jumped up and with a ring of confidence in her voice called the boatman to put out the gangplank so that she could go to shore. He stared at her incredulously, but she jumped out and met the bandits with a polite bow, and addressing them as gentlemen, told them that she was very happy to see them, that wicked bandits had followed them all day, but that she knew they would be safe now that they had come to protect them. The leader, pleased at the courtesy and confidence extended him, grinned at her and his men, and, drawing himself up to his full height, replied that they were gentlemen and the missionaries need not be afraid, they would be protected.

Let us have confidence in those about us. In that way we can encourage them to aspire the highest and best possible for them. There are some bad men, some godless men, but they are not all so. Let us believe in the honesty and goodness and purity of at least a few.

Faith in Self

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

While we have faith in God, we must have faith in ourselves. Living the Christian life and letting our light shine before the world requires courage, and we need confidence in ourselves. In our daily lives in contacting others we need self-confidence. But our confidence is different from that of the world.

It is easy to have confidence in ourselves when we are succeeding in the things we are undertaking to do, but when we have stumbled and failed, it isn't so easy then to be sure that we can win the fight before us. Have you ever done something that you knew was wrong—not because you really wanted to do wrong but somehow almost before you realized it, you had in a measure failed Christ? Did you feel that there

wasn't any use to keep on trying to serve God? It is at times like those when we need to lean on God and remember that He has promised never to leave us nor forsake us, that He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able to bear but will with each temptation make a way of escape. It is well that sometimes we fail and thus realize our weakness and inability to live uprightly without the help of God. We are in a dangerous position when we feel self-sufficient. "Let him that thinketh that he stand take heed lest he fall."

Youth is the time for dreams and for ideals, and it is well that we have ambitions and that we dream dreams, but in them all, we need Christ first. Paul as a young man had had many opportunities. He was well educated and had been taught by one of the greatest teachers of his day, but all his ambitions he lay at the feet of Jesus and said, "Without him we can do nothing."

Have you ever had a feeling that you were of no account and never would be; that in spite of all that God had done for you, you were a failure? If you have, you, no doubt, felt that it was no use to try again. Some people have felt that way. They worked, but nobody seemed to appreciate what they did and nobody complimented them. But remember that God knows your weakness and He knows your efforts for Him.

Mary was not a great preacher. Perhaps in words she could not tell her Lord how much she loved Him, but she did what she could. She gave to Christ perhaps the most precious thing she possessed—the perfume—and He commended her for her work. We cannot measure the value of the work we do for Christ. That we must leave for Him, and when we stand before Him at the end of the way, we can see then how He has blessed the little things we have done for Him. If you have lived for God, you have been a blessing. We may not accomplish our ambitions. We may not realize many of the great hopes of life, but if we live for Christ our lives will not be a failure, for our God is not a failure. Do the little things that you have opportunity to do and God will bless your efforts and will give you grace to serve Him better. Remember that what sometimes appears to us and to others as failure appears to God as great success and what sometimes appears to us success is failure in the eyes of God.

NOTE: This is the first of a series of lessons on Faith, Hope and Charity. Next month we will have Hope.

When a minister has learned what to say and how to say it he is ready to speak; he has mastered his subject and has the right message.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I read the Lighted Pathway each month and enjoy it very much. It is the best paper I have ever read and I read it from cover to cover. I can hardly wait for the next paper to come.

You are certainly doing a good work for the Lord. I wish it were possible for me to help send the papers to the boys in camp.

Pray that more of our young people will be saved.—Verlie Wolf, Lepanto, Ark.

— — —

Dear Sister Harrison:

Words cannot express my appreciation to you and the Lighted Pathway. It is a wonderful paper and I enjoy your messages very much. I thank God for the privilege of receiving this wonderful paper. May God help you in sending it out each month.—Mrs. W. W. Yoder, Shawnee, Okla.

— — —

Dear Sister Harrison:

Truly we have so much to praise the Lord for and we hardly know where to begin.

We enjoy the Lighted Pathway very much and it is food to our soul.

The Lord has healed in our home so many times. Our boy suffered for over three months but the Lord healed him completely. At times he couldn't bear his weight on his feet. We fasted and prayed for him until the victory came.—Mrs. C. W. Fender.

— — —

Dear Sister Harrison:

The Lighted Pathway surely is a light to my path. Please pray that I will get my heart's desire, the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

I am the mother of three babies and I need the Holy Ghost to help me in rearing my children. Pray that I will be true and faithful and receive healing for some kind of fits.—Mrs. Dorothy Fargis, Rt. 2, c/o Frank Carter, Jr., Stoneville, N. C.

— — —

Dear Sister Harrison:

Everyone who reads the Lighted Pathway enjoys it. I know, without a doubt, that there is not a better paper of its kind.

I was stricken with a nervous breakdown and I promised the Lord if He would heal me I would tell about it. I am now able to get around and can go to church. Pray that I will be completely healed.—Pearl Tunstall, Acosta, Pa.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus' name. After reading your wonderful message, I feel impressed to write to you. May the Lord continue to bless you in your work and always give you health and strength and divine guidance in what to write so it

will always be a blessing to the readers.

I am so glad that Jesus knows just what we stand in need of most and just when we need Him; then is the time He proves Himself real to us if we will only let Him.—Edna Allred, Thomasville, N. C.

— — —

Dear Sister Harrison:

I praise the Lord for the Lighted Pathway. I have been a reader of the paper for about eight years and I love the paper now better than I did then. It helps me to live closer to Jesus.

We have a splendid Y. P. E. at our church and God really blesses us. Pray much for our Y. P. E., for we certainly need your prayers.—Mrs. Lena Denham, Clay City, Ky.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

The poem on the front cover page of the February issue had so much meaning in it. We will all have to pray hard for our nation. Our boys are fighting for protection. We will have to pray for the unsaved ones. Your message is always good.—Mary Henderson, Marietta, Ohio.

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## Exchange Page

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Dear Sister Harrison:

I thank the Lord for the Lighted Pathway. I am always anxious to get it each month and wish it would be published oftener. It is a wonderful paper.

We have a grand Young People's Endeavor here at South Shady Grove, and much good is being accomplished through the Y. P. E. Our young people are on fire and reaching out after hungry souls. Pray much for our Y. P. E.

We surely appreciate our good pastor, Brother Lamar Roberts, and family. We give the Lord all the praise for sending this wonderful man here.

May the Lord bless you, Sister Harrison, and may you continue in this good work until Jesus comes.—Mrs. C. M. Todd, Mize, Miss.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a steady reader of the Lighted Pathway. I praise God for it. I want to praise God for saving me and putting a desire in my heart to be true to Him.

I thank God for a good praying

Mother and Dad. Many times I have heard them call my name in prayer. I am thankful that the Lord saved me one night. I love that song, "I can tell you now the time, I can show you the place, where the Lord saved me by His loving grace." I was saved during our Y. P. E. services at the 35th General Assembly. Jesus is a wonderful friend. I find in Him all I need.

Pray for our Y. P. E. here at Pittsburg and also don't forget to put me on your prayer list. Pray that I will receive the Holy Ghost.—Mrs. Dorothy Bolte, Pittsburg, Kans.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

We have a fine group of young people here at our church. They are all so willing to do what they are called on to do but they are unsaved. Please pray earnestly that they will be saved.

We had a good day Easter Sunday. Had all-day services and dinner on the ground. A good offering was received for the orphan children, for which we are thankful.—Mrs. Lula Hurst, Live Oak, Fla.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

My family and I certainly enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. It is a great help to us and we are always delighted when it arrives. As soon as we have finished reading it we give it to my sister's boy friend who reads it and then hands it to his cousin to read.

I am very glad indeed to say I have salvation and am a member of the Church of God. Please pray that my daddy will give his heart to Christ.—Bernice Durrett, New Orleans, La.

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Dear Sister Harrison:

The Lighted Pathway is a splendid paper and I enjoy reading it. May the Lord bless you in your good work.

I am a Christian girl seventeen years old. I would enjoy hearing from any young people who would care to write to me. I enjoy letters from all the states and foreign countries and will answer all I receive.—Dorcas Faye Spears, Mercedes, Tex.

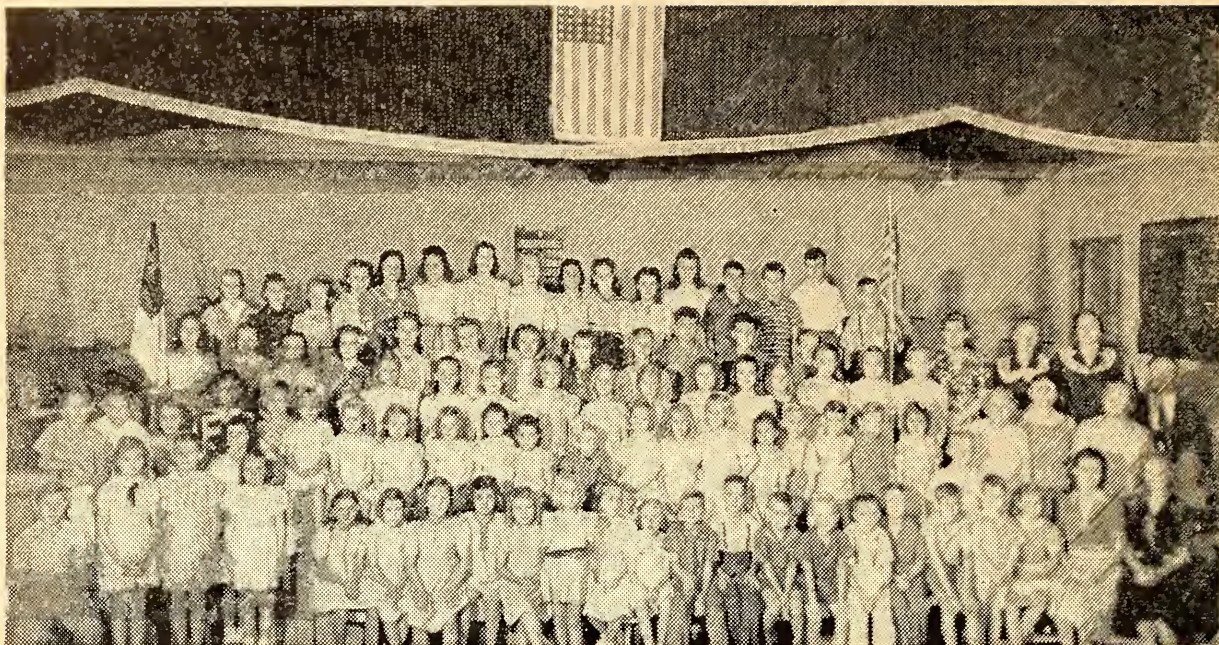
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Dear Sister Harrison:

The Lighted Pathway is a wonderful paper and I enjoy reading it very much. I can hardly wait for the time for it to come. It is really food to my soul and encourages me many times.

As I live so far from the church, I hardly ever get to attend. Do pray for me that I will stay true to Jesus and do what He bids me. I desire to be in His services more.

I would like to hear from any Christian who desires to write.—Laverne Leggett, Coffee, Ga.



The Daily Vacation Bible School at N. Cleveland, Tenn., Church Successful

The Daily Vacation Bible School at the North Cleveland church was a success from every standpoint. The week's training for teachers, under the able supervision of Mrs. Ruby Sneed, of Humboldt, Tenn., was a blessing to all those who attended, and has enabled them to prepare lessons for flannel boards and other means of presentation that will make Bible teaching to children much more interesting to both teacher and pupil.

The school opened June 8 with a fine group of children present and a splendid quorum of teachers to take their places in the different departments of the school.

It would be hard to believe that so much could be accomplished in two weeks unless you attended the closing exercises on Friday night, June 19, and enjoyed, with us, the interesting program given by the school, with the twelve-year-old daughter of Rev. E. L. Simmons, Amalfi Lou, directing.

There was special singing, Bible quotations, a drama, and a very interesting display of the handwork done by the students in the school.

Yes, the Daily Vacation Bible School will live on in memory and influence in the North Cleveland church. — F. R.

Harrawood, pastor.

This being my first experience in Daily Vacation Bible School work, I find it very beneficial.

The training school for teachers was most helpful in understanding child-nature and imparting the Bible in an interesting and effective way. I pray my efforts will be of lasting benefit to the children.

I hope that all the Churches of God will make an effort to have a Daily Vacation Bible School and will be as fortunate as the North Cleveland church in getting an instructor as capable as Mrs. W. D. Sneed.—Mrs. Milford Miller.

In the Daily Vacation Bible School recently conducted at the North Cleveland church, we were taught how to teach the Bible by song and vision in a way that is interesting and attractive to children.

I greatly appreciate the opportunity of attending the school and count it a rare privilege to have had an instructor with the ability that Mrs. Ruby Sneed has.

I have learned things that will be of life-long value in training children.—Mrs. Edith Brown.

Daily Vacation Bible School With One Hundred in Attendance

Daily Vacation Bible School at the North Cleveland Church of God, under the direction of Mrs. Ruby Sneed, was considered very successful. There were about one hundred in attendance in the various classes, which were organized into three groups, with nine teachers.

The standard course of study was carefully presented to the pupils in a very vivid and impressive manner, which held the interest of the students throughout the entire ten days.

The flannel board lessons and notebook work were very educational.

In the closing exercise on the last evening, the children, through their drills, recitations, Bible memory work and songs, rendered a splendid program, which seemed to be enjoyed by all.

Daily Vacation Bible Schools, I believe, are a great blessing to the church.

Brother F. R. Harrawood, our pastor, expressed his sincere appreciation for the school and its accomplishments.—Mrs. J. H. Walker, one of the teachers.

Vacation, and What?

Yes, vacation time is here. I see the children as they leave the schools where they have spent many happy hours for the past nine months, and they (some reluctantly, others happily) wave their final good-byes to the dear teachers and toss their hats into the air, and with a tune whistled from the boys and a melody bursting from the heart of the girls, they skip away to their respective homes for their vacation, and WHAT?

Some will go to the country, others to

the cities, others out into the dirty places of the communities, some here and some there, but all of them will be in search of something to fill their minds, which are so alert and ready to receive that with which they come in contact, whether good or bad.

Our entire nation is rallying forward in the greatest defense program of our known history. Every true and loyal citizen is doing all he can to help put this program over. That is just what we should do, but what kind of defense program are we launching, to enable the children of our church and community to meet the armed forces of hell? Yes, dear pastors, the children are looking to you and the church to prepare them to face the greatest enemy known to mankind, the devil, with all the evil forces of hell that are turned loose in this world to deceive the mind of the child, and thus get into his clutches the most precious jewel we possess.

I am sure that every true shepherd is ready to grasp this wonderful opportunity which is placed before him and his church. No pastor is willing to enjoy the milk and wool from the sheep, and then neglect the precious little lambs who, when properly cared for, will soon fill the places of the old sheep who will eventually be overtaken by age.

The pastors who have already sponsored schools in their churches are highly pleased with the results, and are planning to repeat them over each summer. Oh, can't you just see by faith a few years into the future, such an army of trained workers filling the churches and communities, doing trained work for the Master in His vineyard, having been trained in the Church and Vacation Bible Schools? Surely this is an investment which will pay big dividends.

Pastors, if you do not have competent teachers for your school, there are dozens of good Holy-Ghost-filled students leaving Bible School every summer, many of whom would be so glad for an opportunity to work in your church in this kind of work. Or you can always contact our Evangel Editor and Publisher or the Editor of our Lighted Pathway, and they will be more than glad to secure for you the very best teachers and superintendents available.

Dear PASTORS and PARENTS, what shall we give our children for vacation? Mrs. H. L. Hunt.

Whose Are These?

(Continued from page 14)

His father and mother died when he was so young he can scarcely remember. Another is from Rome, Georgia. So far as he knows he does not have a relative in all the wide world. Another is from Charlotte, North Carolina. His father

deserted them when he was but a babe. His mother finally married again, then died. Later as a small lad he was inducted into this group. Some others are from Gadsden, Alabama. Mother and father were both shot in a bandit hold-up of a filling station. Later special friends took the matter up with those in authority at the Church of God Orphanage and a provision was made to take care of them. The story goes on, over and over, and is very interesting.

"But who are these?" the question may be asked, "And whose are these?" There is only one voice that can answer and that voice is the voice of the Church of God. It may be a voice that is similarly framed to that in our text, "And he said, The children which God hath graciously given thy servant." This group is a group of children that God has graciously given the Church of God, with a responsibility to care for and train them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Can it make any difference to the ordinary man who they are or from

OVER \$5,000 FROM SOUTH CAROLINA



C. O. JOHNSON, JR.
State Y. P. E. and Sunday school superintendent of South Carolina

The special offering from the South Carolina state convention for the orphanage was over \$5,000. At this writing we have not had the final count.

They also brought over 128,000 coupons for the orphanage. This is over 50,000 more than South Carolina had last year.

All of this was done by the Sunday schools and Y. P. E's through the faithful efforts of C. O. Johnson, Jr., the state president. — M. P. Cross, overseer of South Carolina.

where they came? Possibly that part is not of so great concern, but one thing concerns us all, where they are going and what is it that will happen to them?

One little child in the Orphanage stood in the office when someone was using the phone. He said, "I wish I could talk on that. I'd call up heaven and say, 'Hello, Mamma.'" And it is that care that the Church has of training them so that those who had Christian mothers and fathers will be able to see them again and to let them know that their prayers in behalf of them were answered. Who are these? They are the children that God has so graciously given the Church of God.

Letters From Our Training Camps

(Continued from page 16)

cient money is sent in where every camp will be getting Lighted Pathways. We hope to contribute monthly to this worthy cause.—Mrs. Hugh L. Lyles, 852 Oceola Ave., Lake Wales, Fla.

The Editor's Message

(Continued from page 2)

earth He took the little ones in His arms and blessed them and since He is not here today He expects us to do this for Him. As we do the little deeds of kindness for the children we are taking His place.

There are many boys and girls who are being reared in sinful homes that we wish we could gather under the sheltering wing of our orphanage, but thank God for the little churches dotted here and there as lights along the way where we can gather them and train them for the Master. Thank God for these little work shops and the laborers He has called into His vineyard. Let us be up and doing while it is called day for the night cometh when no man can work.

The Glory of the Job

(Continued from page 11)

picnic, which, of course, Sallie had to miss because she was working. Mr. Furman, hurrying to get the freezer for Tim, stumbled over the mop pail which Sallie had failed to empty. The dirty water came streaming out over the clean floor, while Tim laughingly straddled a stool, and quoted:

"If seven maids with seven mops swept at it for half a year,

'Do you suppose,' the Walrus said, 'that they could get it clear?'

'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter, and shed a bitter tear."

Sallie could have shed a bitter tear herself, not so much in vexation at her own stupidity, as in sympathy for her lot. For with the spilling of that bucket of

water and the necessary remopping of the floor, Sallie's job had suddenly become hateful to her.

Why did she have to work at all? Other girls went to college without having to save money for it all through high school. And if she must work, why did she have to take the job of a scrubwoman? Sallie was very sorry for herself as she went back to the job of opening periodicals.

It was May Donahue bringing in fresh wafers from the bakery for the day who sidetracked Sallie's thoughts. May had only paused for a cheery good morning to Mr. Furman and had said nothing at all to Sallie, but her presence for a moment brought back to Sallie's mind her visit of the early morning. What was it May had said about jobs?

"The glory of the job is to them as does it," had been May's ungrammatical expression of her philosophy of work. Sallie thought of it now unwillingly. There was no glory in her job, that was sure. Hadn't she just made herself ingloriously ridiculous to Tim Davis? Her innate sense of honesty immediately compelled her to admit that the episode of the mop pail was from work that she hadn't done.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of the morning marketers, stopping for a cool dish before they started home. The young matrons whose cars stopped in front of the drugstore looked especially attractive to Sallie. She would have loved to serve them, and receive their smiling thanks. These were the society women of Dennison, and Sallie's family were plain working folks. But the nearest Sallie got to intercourse with them was when young Mrs. Benson came back to look for a particular kind of tooth paste. It was funny, thought Sallie, but folks who are friendly and sociable at the ice cream tables always become very businesslike over the drug counter. Mrs. Benson seemed scarcely to notice Sallie, although she accommodately searched through reserve stock to find the right brand of toothe paste.

Little Hammie Miller, who stuttered, was Sallie's next customer. He wanted "th-th-that b-b-b-b-building magazine f-f-f-for f-f-father." Mr. Miller was a building contractor who had recently met with an automobile accident. Sallie guessed rather than understood that it was a building magazine Hammie was asking for. But what building magazine? Hammie couldn't remember the name of it. Sallie patiently went through all the building and home magazines until the little boy recognized the cover of his father's favorite.

Old Mrs. Hasting came in for corn medicine, complaining that the last she bought was no good. Sallie carefully

went through all the brands in stock, reading the directions aloud to the old lady whose hearing and sight were both defective. "Soak in warm water—soak in warm water—do they all say that?" she asked as Sallie read one set of directions after another. "I never soaked my corn in warm water." It took Sallie but a moment to discover that Mrs. Hasting's failure to get results was due to her failure to follow directions.

All through the day these commonplace customers kept coming. As a matter of fact, the same kind had been coming all the week Sallie had been working in the store. But the attention she had given them had been perfunctory, divided with her envious glances toward the front of the store where Dennison society came and went all day, devouring ice cream and sundaes.

But today, which began so stormy, was different from the preceding days. "The glory of the job is to them as does it," May Donahue had said, and Sallie, glimpsing her meaning dimly, was trying the glorious experiment of doing her job. Not the dainty, ladylike job she had thought she was getting, but the practical, necessary one of serving the common needs of the community. She spent as much charm and intelligent effort on little Hammie Miller and old Mrs. Hastings as she could have given to the most extravagant group in the ice cream booths. Between times she considered how the store could be kept in a neater and more attractive manner. She wondered why Mr. Furman didn't use an oil mop, and decided that she would ask him.

There was a fascination in the new viewpoint Sallie was taking, but her work did not suddenly become attractive. She would rather have sold ice cream to the leisurely, laughing folks who loitered in the front of the drugstore than to sort pill boxes. But she knew every one in the small town, and gave a ready sympathy to her customers, whether they sought cosmetics or mustard plasters. She began asking Mr. Furman what to recommend for chronic ailments which got no further than the drugstore.

The magazine rack which had seemed at first a place of drudgery began to show new lights of interest. Sallie found amusement in her leisure hours in looking through the favorites of some of the regular customers, and seeing how their tastes in reading reflected their personalities. When she had about decided that magazines were factors in forming character, she asked Mr. Furman timidly if she might recommend the better class of juveniles to the boys who came regularly for thrillers.

"Sure you can, Sallie," said Mr. Furman heartily. "And you'll sell 'em, too.

You have a way with you. I don't take much to those wild westerns myself."

Mr. Furman was right, Sallie had a way with her. She had charm and intelligence and above all she had interest. "Ask Sallie Reeves, she'll know," was what people were beginning to say of uncertain purchases. Sallie did not mind her morning mopping when she considered it as part of making the store attractive. When Tim Davis, coming by early one morning, quoted again:

"If seven maids with seven mops swept at it for half a year,

'Do you suppose,' the Walrus said, 'that they could get it clear?'

'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter, and shed a bitter tear."

Sallie laughed and said that there were no tears about keeping up with the Dennison Drugstore.

"I've been thinking that myself," said Mr. Furman, coming in from his breakfast, as Tim passed on. "You have surely given the store nothing to mourn over, Sallie. Could you do a little more for it through the month of August, I wonder?"

Sallie looked up from her mopping with interest. "I'll do anything that goes with the job, Mr. Furman," she said quietly.

"Well, it's for you to say whether this does or not," he murmured. "Mrs. Furman and I want to go on a month's holiday. I can get a druggist from the college to fill the prescriptions, and he may be good for some things, at the soda fountain. But the point is, ours is the only drugstore in town, and I want someone here who knows the trade and cares for the folks. You've got the line, if you don't mind a little extra work and responsibility. You'd have to help out on the ice cream booths, I expect, but the main thing would be to see that the Dennison drugstore delivers the goods to the public. See?"

"Oh, Mr. Furman, I'd try," breathed Sallie, amazed at the confidence her employer was putting in her.

"Well, that's settled, then," said Mr. Furman. "I'll wire the college to send on their man. Oh, and there's double pay in it for you, Sallie, while I'm gone. Glad to have somebody on the job that's dependable."

"The glory of the job is to them that does it," May Donahue's words were singing themselves through Sallie's mind as May herself stuck her head in the door for a friendly good morning.

"Just does me good to see you 'round here," she said. "I like folks as does their job."

"Who wouldn't do mine?" said Sallie happily, as she turned to begin opening the new periodicals.—*The Youth's Comrade.*

Sunday School Page

WE DREAM DREAMS

The girl at the end of our block is teaching her first Sunday school class. In it there are six little boys. To most people in the Sunday school they are just six ordinary little chaps who make much noise by shuffling feet and creaking chairs, by laughing and whispering. But to the teacher they are six little boys who will some day become great men, leaders in the church and the community.

One day she said to me, "Jerry Dubois will be a great writer. I know, for he retells so beautifully the stories I tell in class. He is very talented, and I want to influence him so that he will never write cheap, trashy, sensational stories."

Yes, this teacher has beautiful dreams of success for each of those six boys. She does not stop with dreaming. To Jerry she carries the best of storybooks so he can read at home. She takes time from her busy life to go on hikes in the woods and parks with Paul and Charles. She is sure that these boys, who love growing plants and flowers, will either become great florists or farmers. She works to impress them with the beauty of growing plants.

Her dreams of those six boys always picture them as Christians. They could not be otherwise with the tense work she is doing to make them love God.

Nor is she the only Sunday school teacher I know who dreams dreams. There is another one who is teaching girls in their teens. With them she shares a dream of making the old church building into a place so beautiful that people who pass will want to stop, rest, and pray. For that reason she has had window boxes at the windows along the street as a class project for these girls. They bring potted plants to Sunday school in the wintertime to make the room more cheerful.

Right now they are making a quilt in order to earn money to buy a picture to hang in their own corner of the Sunday school room.

In that same Sunday school room is a boy who can hardly wait to grow up, for then he is sure a new church will be built to replace this old one, and he wants to take a vital part in building it.

His teacher, a young architect, often dreams aloud his dreams of that church. And this particular boy, when with his parents on a vacation trip, insists upon stopping to look at all the beautiful churches they pass. He wants to see if some parts of these are not worth copy-

ing in the perfect one to be built in his own home town. His father, who thanks the superintendent of the Sunday school for giving his son a teacher who can "dream dreams and see visions," willingly stops for the little boy to study these churches.

We look back at the hardy pioneers who always dreamed of new towns and neighborhoods they would build as they drove over prairies and through dark, dangerous forests. Always in these dreams were churches for their worship of God.

I think we often get too far away from these dreams for our own good. We are not willing to make great sacrifices to build beautiful churches.

We also say, "Our young men and women today are soft and without ambition to build. Things have been made too easy for them. As a result they have no respect for our own principles or our religion." But we should frankly admit to ourselves, "We have not dreamed dreams with our children regarding the church. We have not shown them that our religion is one worth great sacrifices. It is our fault that they do not have the burning ambition of the pioneers to have more churches built and filled with people."

The girl at the end of our block not only holds dreams for her six boys, but inspires them to dream dreams also. One of those boys is the youngest in our home. The other night he showed us a crude little picture of the Sea of Galilee, which he had made with chalk from the etching his teacher had given him.

In his eyes was a faraway, happy look as he said, "Some day, when I am grown up and a great artist, I shall paint a picture like this back of the pulpit of our

church. Miss Jean says she can hardly wait for me to put it there. She says it will be a mural."

We must keep that dream in the mind of the little boy through the years, for it will hold him close to that church.

At our house we are all very glad that the little boy has a Sunday school teacher who can dream dreams and can also teach her pupils to dream them.

Many, many years ago Solomon said, "Where there is no vision, the people perish."—*The New Century Leader*.

Food For Thought

(The following paragraphs came from an English publication but might well stimulate serious thought on the part of Americans.)

We have been a pleasure loving people, dishonoring God's day, picnicking and bathing—now the seashores are barred, no picnic, no bathing.

We have preferred motor travel to church going—now there is a shortage of motor fuel.

We have ignored the ringing of church bells, calling us to worship—now the bells cannot ring, except to warn of invasion.

We have left the churches half empty when they should have been filled with worshippers—now they are in ruins.

We would not listen to the way of peace—now we are forced to listen to the way of war.

The money we would not give to the Lord's work—now is taken from us in taxes and higher prices.

The food for which we forgot to give thanks—now is unobtainable.

The service we refused to give to God—now is conscripted for the country.

Lives we refused to live under God's control—now are under the nation's control.

Nights we would not spend in watching unto prayer—now are spent in anxious air raid precautions.—*Sent in by Mrs. Dallas King, Newberry, S. C.*



Personal Evangelism

HIS MINISTRY

Deep snow covered the ground, and the wind whistled cold and shrill through the trees, as a farmer, driving a spirited horse, dashed into the yard. It took but a few moments to put the animal away, and as the gentleman entered the house, his wife, lifting a sweet, earnest face inquired, "How did you find Stephen today?"

"Very comfortable, but he is evidently failing."

After becoming thoroughly warm, the gentleman threw himself carelessly upon the couch, but he was restless. Drawing a paper over his face, he tried to compose himself, but frequently he drew a deep, audible sigh, while his restlessness increased.

After a while his wife gently said, "What is it, Frank? Is neighbor Stephen much worse?"

"Oh, it is not that," he said, as he arose and paced the floor. "It is not that; I know he must die, but I did not do my duty. I felt I ought to pray with him, but there were so many around, I did not. I fear he is not ready to die."

"If I felt that way," said his wife, softly, "I would harness quickly and go right back."

His face brightened, "I believe I will." A few moments later his wife saw him drive out of the yard and down the road at quick speed.

"Why, Neighbor N—, did you leave anything?" they asked as the door of his friend's house was opened to him.

"No," he replied, "but I want to see Stephen again."

"All right, walk right in."

More than an ordinary friendship existed between the two neighbors, and as Mr. N— stepped quickly into the sick room, the dying man looked up with a smile, "Why, Frank, back so soon?"

"Yes, Stephen," and taking the feverish hand in his, while tears ran down his cheeks, he said, "I came back because I want to pray with you—for your soul, Stephen."

The blood mantled the pale, sick face, but still clinging to the strong hand of his friend, he said, "All right, Frank," and there close by the bedside, holding in his great strong hands the thin, emaciated one of his sick brother's, that stalwart, manly man fell on his knees and pleaded with tears and sobs and tender words for the soul of his friend.

Rising, he brushed away the tears, laid his hand for a moment on the burning forehead, and with a hushed, "Good-bye, I'll

come again," went out as quickly as he came.

Oh, Christ of Galilee! How mighty is Thy love. How strong Thou art in the souls of Thy children if we only let Thee have Thy way!

This Christian gentleman was constitutionally timid and reserved. He held no office in church or state, but he had a great loving heart, and he believed in Jesus. His wife might have said, "I would not worry, the minister will probably call."

Could the minister do Mr. N—'s duty? Could he have come as near to the needy soul, or lifted as strongly as

the beloved friend and neighbor?

It is said of Jesus, "And he laid his hand upon him." If we would lift a soul, we must touch him with our love and sympathy. You, Christian man, who are standing closest to that unsaved soul, you are the one to lay your hand upon him, and prove your faith in the Christ of the Gospel by your loving works and words of entreaty.—*Unknown.*

THE GOSPEL IN BOTTLES

E. C. POWERS, D. D.

Pedestrians near the water front at the corner of Lombard Street and Market
(Continued on page 33)

BIBLICAL EYE-OPENERS

By C.M. TRUESDELL & DANA NORTH

Ben FRANKLIN



COINED SEVERAL PROVERBS DURING HIS LIFETIME BUT SOLOMON PROBABLY SPOKE AND WROTE MORE. *The Bible* ascribes THREE THOUSAND TO HIM.
(1 KINGS 4:32)

LOOK OUT KIDNAPPERS



THERE WAS ONLY ONE SENTENCE PASSED BY HEBREWS ON PERSONS WHO STOLE PEOPLE FOR SELFISH REASONS OR PROFIT. THAT SENTENCE WAS *Death* (EXOD. 21:16; DEUT. 24:7) ALSO READ MOFFATT'S TRANSLATION.

A MOUNTAIN?

CHRISTIANS POPULARLY SEEM TO TAKE IT AS AN ESTABLISHED FACT THAT THE PLACE OF CHRIST'S CRUCIFIXION WAS A HILL OR MOUNTAIN, AFFECTIONATELY CALLING IT "MOUNT CALVARY," etc. THE BIBLE DOES NOT EVEN INFER THAT THIS SPOT WAS EITHER, ALTHOUGH IT MAY HAVE BEEN.... SCRIPTURE DESCRIBES IT AS THE "PLACE OF A SKULL," AND LOCATES IT OUTSIDE JERUSALEM'S WALL, NEAR A GARDEN. (MATT. 27:33; HEB. 13:12; JOHN 19:41)... *The Latin name for "Skull" was Calvaria; the Greek, Kruvion; the Hebrew, Golgotha.*





Ruth's Conquest

(Continued from page 4)

and grandma brought from her room the prettiest little cradle that ever filled a doll mamma with delight.

"'Tis one your Aunt Alice had when she was a little girl, and I thought I'd always keep it but I think Beth would better have it."

"Oh, you darling grandma!" cried Ruth, giving her a loving hug.

"What can Ruth be bringing? I do b'lieve she's got a new cradle for Anita. I wish—but there, I can't have one, so I'll not wish any more," and the rosy lips closed firmly, only to open in a moment to greet her friend.

"There, Beth, I've brought these all for you. I'm just as 'shamed as I can be 'cause I didn't give you half my silks, so I've brought them all, every one, and grandma sent this cradle and hopes you'll like it."

"Ruth-Carman-Aldrich—you don't mean it!"

"Yes, I do; and I want you to forgive me. I—" But Beth threw her arms around her friend's neck and the joy tears mingled with the tears of penitence, while Beth whispered, "We'll divide them, Ruthie."—*Evangelical Visitor*.

The World's Greatest Poem

(Continued from page 6)

shepherd will take care of them, no matter how dark the valley or how grave the peril. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." There are dark valleys in every life; there are hours when our path goes in the shadows. In such an hour, above everything else, we need to know that the Great Shepherd walks with us and will comfort us. I like that word, "through." We

do not stay in the dark; we go into the shadows, but He leads us through the valley into the eternal sunlight that lies beyond. Always and everywhere we may safely trust and follow Him.

And so the Psalm closes with a great paean of joy—the Shepherd's unfailing care has filled the heart with hope and happiness. "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."—*Christian Index*.

The Vision

(Continued from page 3)

THINE INIQUITY IS TAKEN AWAY AND THY SIN PURGED." Never again, Lord, will I sing the songs of the world—any song that dishonors Thy name, or Thy word . . .

Verse eight: "Also, I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me."

Rodney fixed his eyes on the verse. Isaiah had said it, and he had touched the whole world through the book he had written. It was from Isaiah, that the Ethiopian eunuch was reading, the day he had met Philip on the desert road. It was from Isaiah's book that Paul had quoted so often in his epistles . . .

"So Lord, take my voice, and all of me, now and forever!"

It was so easy to say—so hard to say—Why must his heart be so cold? Should there not come from heaven a fire to warm his heart, to witness with his spirit that he and his offering were accepted?

He saw no angel, no writing on the wall; no ecstatic joy flooded his mind. Perhaps if he should cry aloud in prayer, shed tears, God would see how very much in earnest he was! Yet why should God who sees every corner of every heart, need

to see tears? Was not His eye on the sacrifice of Calvary? It was not shed tears that cleansed from sin, but the shed blood of Christ!

"Don't you want me, Father? Have I so sinned in going astray from Thee, that I have no faith? I cannot feel Thy presence."

And so, fifteen minutes after he had knelt, he arose, bewildered, disappointed, discouraged, and thinking, "My faith is not great enough. I cannot reach Him any more. I must do something to increase my faith."

Could he never fully regain the vision? Must he always be dominated by doubts? Yesterday they had seemed to be gone forever. Tonight—!

Slowly, floundering in unbelief, he undressed and went to bed, where once more he read the passage Le Vera had showed him that morning in the office. He was still being sifted. Was there no wheat at all? Was he all chaff? "Satan hath desired thee, that he might sift you as wheat!"

And he thought, Satan wanted me, wanted my voice, wanted my personality. He wants the voice, the personality, the soul of every human being in the world. Christ Jesus also wants them, died to purchase them, offers Himself for them and to them; but when they will not let Him possess them, He allows Satan to have them until—until they come to the end of themselves, until they discover the futility of living without God

"You'll never know real peace till you know Jesus,

No matter how or where you try,
For life is but dross without Him,
Jesus, Jesus."

The hungry vacuum of his soul reached up to be filled with the fullness of God, and was not satisfied.

He became sleepy, dozed, the Book slipped through his hands, dropped to the coverlet of the bed. When he aroused and picked it up, it was open at another place—. Perhaps he would find the message he needed in this new place—. God had prepared it for him.

But the Book had fallen open at the passage he had been reading only this morning. The bookmark was still there, the reason why it had opened at that particular place:

"The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron and with the point of a diamond on the tablet of their heart."

The verse seemed to mock him, as if it were saying in modern language, "The sin of Rodney Deland is written with a steel needle and with the stylus of a diamond; it is graven upon the record of his heart. The playback will always be the same: A composition seeking a lost chord,

and never finding it."

He closed the book, laid it on his desk, snapped off the lamp, lifted the window shade and the window, felt the inrush of cold night air, drew the blanket close about his neck, turned to his side and slept.

Rodney's sleep was dreamless. When he awoke, the moon had risen and was plowing its way through a sky of fast-moving clouds. Still half asleep, he lay looking up at the moon, seeing it through perpendicular ice bars that rose from the window box to the low-hanging roof, like stalagmites rising from the floor of a cavern to meet their counterpart in stalactites descending from the ceiling.

There was nothing unusual about the upright ice bars on the window box. He had seen them form like that at home at the mouth of a small cave along Crawfish river. Water above, dripping and freezing, formed icicles; tiny drops of water falling from the icicle's point, and freezing again, and eventually a column of ice rising from the floor of the cave to meet it, fusing themselves into one solid column of ice. It was a scientific fact that "ice melts at 32 degrees F., and water freezes at the same temperature."

It was the same in the great caves of the world, where were formed, not little ice bars such as those along Crawfish river, but gigantic columns of purest onyx.

Like scales falling from his eyes, Rodney saw and understood. The stalagmite rising from the floor to meet the stalactite descending from the ceiling: Such was man's faith reaching up toward God, but not of himself! It was the Word of God from above that produced faith below. God was reaching down to man, making it possible for sinful man to reach up to God. "We love Him because He first loved us"—We are able to love Him because He first loved us and gave Himself for us! God Himself produced in man the faith that enabled that man to be united to Himself. True faith was God-given, God implanted. And the instrument which the Spirit used was the written and preached Word!

"Whom shall I send? And who will go for us?"

"Then said I, Here am I; send me." The vision had come again!

An angel? A writing on the wall? A ball of fire? A mighty inrush of joyous emotion?

There were none of these tonight. Rodney knew he did not need them. Faith grew, not from these, but from the proclaimed Word. A sweet wonder filled his heart, and he was satisfied. From henceforth he was God's man one hundred per cent. He had surrendered once for all to the Lordship of the risen

Christ. Let doubts, fears, heartaches, Bible problems come to challenge his position! They were bound to come, but He would yield them also to Him, who lives and reigns forever.

Rodney sighed, content. Tomorrow he would tell Gael and Shera and Norda and Mother, yes, and Le Vera. Le Vera would be very happy.

There had been no visible angel, no lettering on the wall of his room, no overflow of spiritual joy. Yet in the days immediately following the episode in his room, Rodney Deland, man of destiny, lived and moved in a maze of wonder, aware of the Living Presence around him at all times, One who loved him with a sweet and tender love.

* * *

It was now the last Saturday morning before Christmas. Rodney, alert with the anticipation of seeing Norda, was jolting along on a downtown streetcar, en route to Central Station, where Norda's train was due to arrive at nine o'clock.

It was going to be great, seeing her again. There was something about the love of a big brother for his younger sister that could not be defined. All his life he had felt this way about Norda, always doing things for her, sharing her little-girl heartaches, untangling algebraic equations, giving her a brother's interpretation of her teen-age heart affairs, warning her of the pitfalls that teen-age girls seldom see, but so often stumble into.

It had been terrible, that winter three years ago when she had gone down with pneumonia, and the doctor could not be reached because telephone lines were broken, and Rodney had snowshoed his way two miles through the blinding blizzard to Rexville—and Norda had lived. The agony of those hours of white terror, he would never forget. For it was on that day that the sleeping Rodney Deland awoke within him, preened his wings and prepared for flight. Once when he stumbled and plunged head first into a drift and thought he would not be able to rise again, he had heard himself singing, "Have Thine Own Way, Lord," the words themselves little more than spasmodic gasps, but words nevertheless.

* * *

Less than an hour ago when he had entered the school post office, Shera had been waiting for him. Her eyes were eager. "I enjoyed your solo very much this morning." He had sung "He Loves Even Me" on Mr. Webber's broadcast.

"Thank you," he said.

She turned to go, then came back, "That reminds me—What became of the record we made that afternoon?"

"I sent it to Mother."

Her lavender eyes were searching his. "I guess I never did tell you I was sorry about the way I acted that day."

"Are you?"

"I am." Her eyes dropped to her music notebook. "I've been thinking that some time I'd like to hear it played. It's very beautiful, don't you think?" She was looking away now, toward the scaffolding of a new building being erected several blocks down the avenue—across the street from which was Dr. Thorwald's dental suite.

His eyes and his thoughts followed hers. Then he glanced at his watch and exclaimed with a gasp, "See you later," and hurried away to the car line.

Too bad to have had to break away like that, he thought, but he felt a greater pang that Shera was still in unbelief. True, recently, she had shown an increased interest in spiritual things, but was it for her own sake, or because of her interest in him? For two Sundays now, she and Wenda had sat in the Riverside church in the evening services, and last Sunday night they had remained in the auditorium for the Fireside Hour which was broadcast directly from the church pulpit. He knew that tomorrow night she would be there again, and he hoped that for her sake she might hear and believe and be saved.

It so happened that Dr. Thorwald's office was midway between the conservatory and the car line. That was another reason why Rodney was in a hurry to get away from Shera. He had a self-made appointment with the dental assistant. There was nothing wrong with his tooth, but there was an ever-recurring heartache which only she could relieve. Recently the heart had had to have almost daily attention. He felt Shera's eyes following him all the way down the block, and he was sorry for her.

He took the elevator to the fourth floor, and with his heart racing ridiculously, he hurried down the wide hall toward the entrance, pushed open the vestibule door and stepped inside.

"You counted to thirteen!" he accused her when a moment later she appeared in the reception room doorway. Her snow-white uniform was perfectly pressed; her orthopedic shoes a spotless white; her black fringed nurse's cap was off, as was also the veil that sometimes hid from him the thoughts behind her eyes.

She was glad to see him. What lovely hair! It was a red-gold this morning, he thought.

"Actually," she said, "I counted to fourteen. I didn't want to stop at thirteen; besides I recognized your step and—"

"And decided to count one for each unit of measure—I wear only ten's how-

ever." They had been on bantering terms for some time now; it kept the conversation from getting too serious, but it did not prevent them from saying things with their eyes—except that he could seldom be sure he was reading hers aright.

"I suppose you wish to see Dr. Thorwald?" she asked coyly, rearranging the magazines on the reading table. He watched her hands, reminded of that morning when she had pointed out to him Luke 22:31-34, when Shera had come swishing in.

"My teeth are all right," he said, "but it's my—" Say it! Don't be timid!—"it's my heart," he finished. "It keeps pounding away."

"That's me, with my little mallet and chisel, trying to chisel out a hole big enough for me to crawl into."

"Chiseller!" he accused. Their eyes met challengingly.

"I humbly confess," she said, laughing away the seriousness of the confession.

"You're sure you aren't trying to chisel your way out?" he asked. And that, too, was a confession. They had better stop now. Some day they would say it seriously.

He turned to go, came back. "I wanted to ask if you will have lunch today with Norda and me. I'd like her to meet you and vice versa." He glanced at his watch.

They decided to eat at Wah Long's upstairs cafe two blocks from the conservatory.

A moment later he was in the hall hurrying toward the elevator.

Le Vera sighed happily and for the next few moments as she went about her work, she was like a talking somnambulant. Her dimpled cheeks in the retiring room mirror were a rosy pink, the gray-green agates that were her eyes were alight with love fire. She was very, very happy, and she quoted to herself her own tri-syllabic rhyme which began:

"Le Vera Deland was a gay little bride . . ."

The telephone rang at the same time the buzzer announced the arrival of someone in the reception room.

She answered the telephone. "Dr. Thorwald's dental office, the nurse speaking . . ."

And so another day began.

Rodney's streetcar, nearly empty at this hour of the morning, handstraps swinging crazily at either end, clattered over noisy intersections, burrowed through a tunnel under the river, came grinding out on the other side, rumbled along under a roaring elevated.

Rodney, sitting near the window, looked out upon the people in the street—hurrying, hurrying, always hurrying. How few of them were hurrying on the

Home road!

It was a cold, cold morning. Steam pipes pounded in the car—hammer and chisel. Oh, there was no love in the world like the love he was beginning to feel for Le Vera. That night in his room, when he had seen the stalactitic ice bars, he had surrendered her also to the Lord. And He, gracious as always, had given her back to him and increased his love for her fourfold—"There are ninety and nine that safely lie in the shelter of the fold"—"O Father, send me after them! Help me to bring Norda back to Thee, or if she has never known thee, to show her the way."

Radiant little Norda, black-eyed . . .

His heart pounded strangely as he hurried through the station gate to meet her, down the long platform, past the panting engine, all the way back to Pullman number thirteen. Le Vera had counted to fourteen before answering the buzzer.

They saw each other at the same instant. She was wearing, he noticed, with a queer little summersault of his thoughts, a new green coat with a fox collar. They threaded their way to each other through the crowd of people whose interests and emotions were like their own, and Norda flew into his arms in true Norda style. "Rod!" she cried.

"Norda!" He kissed her big-brother fashion and released her, readjusted his hat while she did the same to her own—a cone-crowned, off-the-face, green feathered bonnet.

"That's one load off my mind!" she exclaimed gaily. "You don't know how to kiss a girl without knocking her hat off, so that means you aren't engaged yet. Your description of her in your last letter sounded like the real thing all right, and I was afraid I wouldn't get here in time to pass my invaluable opinion before it was too late."

He took her bag and she his arm, and in spite of himself he kept thinking of another green coat with a fox collar. In reply to her banter, he said, "You almost knocked my hat off, too, so that settles that and saves me from having to buy a wedding present for you and some hombre from Crawfish river. By the way, how are things going between you and Jim? Any new developments?"

"Who is this Johnny Nystrom you've been writing about? I've always wanted to marry a wealthy bachelor. How old is he?"

"He's too old, but he's the grandest, finest man I've ever known. I'll tell you about him later—How's Mother?"

"She's as radiant as ever—Say, that reminds me. She had the queerest look on her face when she read the letter you wrote about Nystrom. You're sure he's all one hundred per cent what he claims to be? You know how careful Mother is

about the type of friends you and I make, and I guess she's right."

"Johnny's one hundred per cent gold. You'll say so, too, when you see him. But let's talk about you." They were in a taxi now, on their way to the conservatory. "Remember the night under the grape arbor?"

He saw a cloud settle over her heart-shaped face, and for a moment there was silence in the cab while it crawled slowly through downtown traffic. Then she spoke falteringly, "It's been getting worse since. I've been reading and praying and getting all mixed up worse than ever. I can't understand things sometimes. When I was a little girl, God was so real and so very near all the time, but I don't know. I get to wondering sometimes whether I've ever been a Christian. I can't seem to pray any more—not like I used to. Maybe I've never been born again at all!"

"Tell me about this new experience you've found, Rod. Maybe that's what I need." She looked away and he saw her lip trembling.

He caught her hand and clung to it and said huskily, "It's the most real thing to me in all the world, Norda. Or rather, He has become very, very real. I don't think of what has happened to me as an experience that has happened, but of a fellowship with Christ that is mine all the time, every moment. I have entered into, not an experience, but a Presence."

Saying it, he heard a stifled little sob. A second later her face was buried against his shoulder and she was crying, "Oh, Rodney, I'm such a miserable person. And I'm so defeated all the time. I—I'd give anything in the world to know—what you know!"

He remembered what he had heard Dr. Webber say a few Sundays ago. "Anything in the world isn't enough, Norda; it costs everything. Salvation itself is free, for the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord, but to know the joy of salvation, we must be wholly separated unto Him. Listen, Norda, there isn't any problem too hard for Him to solve, if you'll let Him have control." He blotted her tears with his handkerchief.

The cab driver, glancing at them through the mirror above the windshield, smiled, and may have thought, "Another lovers' quarrel made up in a taxicab. If only taxicabs could talk!"

"Listen, little pal," Rodney said, "you're going to quit trying to fight your own battles all alone. You've going to let the One who has all power in heaven and earth, give you His victory. We win in this fight, not by fighting, but by surrendering to the Victor; and when

we let Him conquer us, the battle is won, isn't it? I was reading a little book this morning by J. Stuart Holden, and he says: 'His enthronement necessitates my dethronement.' Isn't that what's been the trouble with us and with the whole, wide world—we've had the wrong ruler? What we are is determined by what or whom we allow to govern us."

She sighed a heavy, hungry-hearted sigh. "I don't know. I—" She sat tense for a moment, thinking. In another five minutes they would be at the conservatory.

She straightened up suddenly, "Do you think Jim ever really knew the Lord?" she asked.

Jim, then, was the cause of her miserable state, at least he was a contributor to it; worldly-minded Jim, who once had professed to know God, but who now walked afar off.

(To be continued)

Jamaican Highways

(Continued from page 13)

the whole world as a leper colony of sin, spiritually deformed souls trying to go on with God, thinking themselves to be somebody, but sending obnoxious odors in the nostrils of God. I saw members of dignified families, the rich and poor, all confined in a spiritual colony of leprosy. The real cases of this affliction are terrible, but more appalling than that is the spiritual condition of souls. What a cleansing is needed! We feel that we must work quickly to get the gospel to as many souls as possible, to compel them to come in from the highways and the byways.

In a cafe, a man, designated as a preacher by a backward collar, sat opposite from our table. He ordered beer and leisurely rolled a cigarette. What aid could such a leader be to a spiritual leprosy colony of sin? It is a battle to get the gospel to these needy souls, but it is intensified by that kind of white missionaries. Would to God that money spent to keep up such shams of religion could be spent to be a tangible blessing to eternity-bound folk. There is a movement here to unite all churches, to have them come together on one teaching. Of course, that means that the lowly Nazarene and His doctrine will not be welcomed. False leaders or no, the fact still remains that death cometh to every man and after death the judgment for leaders, as well as for those who follow.

As the roads of life, so the roads in Jamaica all lead to somewhere. Heaven is at the end of the straight and narrow way, hell awaits those of the broad way. Perhaps the most beautiful drive is through the bamboos. Here the large bamboos on one side of the road bend over to greet the bending boughs from the other side.

This makes a shady highway for miles. Soon, however, we emerged to be again on the rougher way. So in life as we press forward many times the path is rough, but often, too, the way is pleasant.

Since we cannot buy a drop of gas, we must make the journeys by less appreciative means. We jealously guarded a few gallons of gas to make one convention, mixing a little kerosene. This is not a good mixture for climbing hills. Anyway we were on our way to the Nairne Castle convention. We stopped at the foot of the last long hill and continued the journey on horseback. They don't have saddle horns on the saddles here, so a person would have difficulty "pulling leather." God blessed here. The good folks here are cooperating with their district pastor, Brother Parara. The rain poured down. Good crowds came anyway. We preached and sang and played until we were glad for a rest. A good number of souls prayed through to victory. One hungry young man prayed, "God fill my empty bucket."

In the morning we were escorted down the long hill to the car by a stream of marching saints. We were presented with flowers and other gifts of the soil. The car was reluctant to start on the gas mixture so it got pushed until it decided to go.

Over rocks and rills and templed hills, we journeyed onward, homeward. Upon arriving, we found that in spite of the rains that we had had in the country, we were still being rationed on water at home, on account of the water shortage in Kingston. Being deprived or rationed on paper, tires, gas, clothes, food and water, we are still going onward. Traveling Jamaican highways, aiding weary wanderers on life's highways, is the life of the Island missionary.

The Church of God Orphanage

(Continued from page 7)

seers and Y.P.E. and Sunday school superintendents encourage offerings, which are received in district and state conventions, and the General Overseer encourages an Easter offering each year, yet there is no assessment or amount prorated for members or churches to raise. Many are the contributions sent in by non-members of the Church of God, who appreciate what we are doing for destitute children.

WHAT TO SEND

No doubt some of you would like to know more about what to send, and I am glad to state that clothes (preferably new clothes) for boys and girls ranging from two years to eighteen years, bed clothing (every kind except quilts) for three-quarter beds, and above all things, *cash*, since we are anxious to liquidate the debt incurred by building the Boys' New

Home.

SEND TO WHOM

Make checks payable either to, The Church of God Orphanage, E. J. Boehmer or J. D. Bright. When making to E. J. Boehmer or J. D. Bright, please specify that it is for the Orphanage.—J. D. Bright, chairman of the Orphan-Committee.

Orphanage Testimonials

(Continued from page 19)

This is a work that everyone should remember. Don't forget to pray for us.—Robilee Ledford.

My heart is filled with love for our boys, and although I know that no one can fill the place of mother and father in their precious lives, my husband and I are striving to cheer, guide and train the children to the best of our ability to love God, His Church and serve humanity.—Mrs. R. J. Nichols.

I praise God for leading me to the Church of God Girls' Home as matron for I feel sure He led me here. Oh, how I have learned to love these precious children. I think we have some of the best in the world. This is a great work and I need your prayers. I want to be just the blessing to them that the Lord would have me be.—Yours in the Master's service until He comes or calls, Mrs. Ada Benton.

This is my first experience in orphanage work. It is a great work and worthy of wholehearted support.

I have supervision over thirty-five children and it is my sincere desire to care for them in such a way as to give them a true perspective of life.—Mae Wheeler.

Couldn't Argue

(Continued from page 8)

"He turned to me sharply. 'Hannah!' he cried, 'you don't really think that God will help us at this late date, do you?'"

"'Yes, Jacob,' said I firmly.

"He shrugged his shoulders as he replied, 'Well, Hannah, there's a difference between faith and folly, and I think what you call faith is the worst of folly.'

"I didn't reply for I knew it would do no good, but I never wavered in my faith, for that precious promise came to me, 'Ask and ye shall receive,' and I had asked earnestly.

"Just then the door opened and our well-to-do neighbor, John Wilson, walked in.

"'Good evening, Brother Roberts, good evening,' he called out in a brisk way as he drew a chair before the fire and sat down. 'I've been intending to come over for a long time, but I couldn't get a chance. How does your corn turn out this year?'"

"He and Jacob sat for sometime talk-

ing about the crops and one thing and another. After a while John said, 'Brother Roberts, I hear you're in a tight place, is it so?'

"Yes," groaned Jacob, 'and I can see no way out of it.'

"Well," said John, 'if you will do as I tell you, I can help you out. I want some wood hauled and I have two stout horses doing nothing. Now, I'll let you have the money to pay your mortgage, and my horses for their keeping, so you can pay me by hauling wood, and after mine is hauled perhaps someone else will want some help. Come, what do you say?'

"Jacob didn't say anything. He tried to speak once or twice, but the words stuck in his throat, so he just laid his head down on the table and sobbed like a child. I guess I cried some, too, and John blew his nose vigorously.

"When we got done thanking John, I turned to Jacob and said, 'Jacob, was it faith or folly?'

"The next day we paid the mortgage, and before spring we had nearly paid John the money he loaned us. We have lived here ever since, and some day I hope to close my eyes here and open them in heaven.

"I wouldn't argue with your great preacher, but he couldn't beat me out of my experience."—*Selected.*

The Lost Sheep

(Continued from page 10)

How far I had come up that large hill! I ran along down the path, hoping that I was going in the right direction, but not feeling sure. The hillside looked the same around me. I had seen rocks like that coming up the hill. But in a minute I knew that this was not the path, for directly in front of me was a high cliff which dropped down, down, until I was dizzy, looking.

My fun was gone all at once. I wished very much that I were back with the flock. The shepherd would be taking them home before the storm came, and they would be perfectly safe with him even if it stormed before they reached the sheepfold. I turned around and climbed up the hill a way before I started down again in a different direction. Yes, far, far below and almost out of sight I could see the flock. They were following close behind the shepherd who was taking them home. And here was I, far away, all alone, on a rocky hillside with a storm coming. I began to "ba-a-a" in fright and anxiety, hoping that the shepherd would hear, but he was too far away. In a few minutes the whole flock was out of sight, and I was alone out in the wilderness!

The sky grew darker and darker. A cold wind began to blow. I decided that I must get down this hill and try to find

my way home alone. I jumped and slipped over the rocks. The sharp briars on the bushes caught my soft white wool and pulled it out. They scratched my face as I went by, as if they wanted to keep me there all night. I kept going faster and faster in my fright, until suddenly I slid over the edge of a big rock and fell into the middle of one of those thorny bushes. My wool caught in the briars and held me fast. I kicked and struggled, but I could not get free. I was caught, and the storm was beginning to break. The sky was as dark as night now, and something cold and white landed on my nose. Then more little wet, cold flakes fell upon me. Now I knew how the shepherd got my name. They were snowflakes, as white as my wool, but oh, so wet and cold! In a few minutes I was shivering all over.

The other sheep would be home by now, I thought, safe and warm in the fold with the loving shepherd shutting the door tight. They would snuggle together and be as warm as warm could be, while I was freezing here on the lonely hillside. Oh, surely my mother would see that I was gone! Surely the shepherd would miss me when he called each sheep by name as it went into the fold. He would count ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine—but not one hundred, as he usually did. He would miss me, too, when he poured healing oil upon the scratched places on their backs, for he often had to bind up some of my sore places after I had been careless.

The snowflakes were coming faster and colder now, with the wind whistling through the bushes and around the rocks. I could hardly bleat any more. My voice was hoarse, and I knew that I should soon die from the cold and dampness unless someone came to find me. I could not help myself. But who would come out on the lonely hillside in the blackness of the fierce storm? Even our big strong shepherd would be risking his life in such a storm and darkness. He would be tired and glad to get into his warm home to rest by the fire. Why should he go tramping into the raging wind and wet snow, over rocky paths which he could not see, to get one little lamb? I was not worth very much. But in spite of such sad thoughts, I kept hoping that he would come. Every once in a while I gave a weak little bleat in case he *might* come looking for me.

And then I heard him! I heard that wonderful voice which I knew so well! He was looking for me. He was calling, "Snowflake!" Perhaps I was dreaming. No, I heard him call again. My heart beat faster with joy. "Here!" I bleated as loudly as I could. "Ba-a-a!" Again he called, a little nearer now, and again I answered as loudly as I could. Then he

heard me! Over the rocks he came, stumbling and almost crawling against the bitter wind. How tired and cold he looked! I felt very badly to think how my tender shepherd had suffered because of my naughty, selfish ways. The sharp thorns had pricked him, too, and torn his hands and his face. But how glad he was to see me! In another moment he had picked me carefully out of the briars, and tucked me inside his heavy coat, just like a wee lamb once more. It was warm and dry there. I still shivered, but in a few moments I began to feel like myself again, against his warm body.

I hardly know how we made the long journey home again. The wind howled and whipped around us, the snow had changed to a pouring rain, but my shepherd kept going. At last we were home, safely home. He took me into his house to dry me out by the warm fire. And I heard him call his friends and tell them to be glad with him. "Rejoice with me," he said, "for I have found my sheep which was lost." I really was a grown-up sheep that night, for I never, never ran away from my good shepherd again. —*Primary Teacher.*

IN A PLAIN PATH

(Continued from page 17)

entire family was happy, and the months passed swiftly.

At last the doctor said, "There is no reason why you can't go back if you prefer living in Centerville. But," he added, "you must live cautiously."

"And if he stayed here?" breathlessly.

"If he stays here," the physician assured them, "he will be a well man."

"Then," she declared without hesitation, "we are staying here."

"But," her husband objected, "your friends, your church, your home—what about them?"

"You see," and she smiled into his troubled eyes, "I have discovered that God leads in a plain path. We have friends, church, home,—and health here. Can't you see this is where He wants us?"

And Harold, from a full heart, answered, "I see."—*Gospel Herald.*

The Gospel in Bottles

(Continued from page 28)

Place in Baltimore, Maryland, might observe a rather unpretentious lunchroom bearing the sign "Mike's Place." At first glance this rather forbidding name suggests an alliance with the underworld. However the presiding genius of this hostelry is an Italian whose heart is aflame with evangelistic fire. This devoted Christian, Michael Coscia, has hit upon a most unique method of sending the Gospel to those who go down to the sea in ships.

Coscia was born over a saloon kept by his father. There was little religious in-

fluence about his childhood and early youth. Brought up to regard liquor as a necessity, he drank it at will. His associates were the type of men who loaf in barrooms and until past thirty years of age he found no incentive to change his manner of living or break with his surroundings. Then came a day when, like John Wesley, his heart was strangely warmed and life and duty took on a new significance for Mike Coscia. He felt a Pauline urge to preach the Gospel, but, handicapped by lack of education and readiness of speech, it became necessary to discover some mode of proclaiming his message other than from the pulpit or upon the corners of the streets.

About this time he opened his lunchroom in the busy downtown section opposite the People's Court and diagonally across the street from the Candler Building. One day the thought came to him that probably not less than seven thousand people look daily from the windows of the Candler Building and the Court toward his lunchroom. Why not place a message from the Bible on his roof where it could be seen and read by these thousands as they wait to transact business? To think was to act. Now those who glance across Lombard Street, by day or night, are confronted by these words, for a spotlight plays upon them until midnight: "Lest you forget—God says to you again: The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Mike's next inspiration came from finding every morning scores of empty whiskey, gin and wine bottles scattered around Market place. Of course they were gathered by the white wings, so that for the most of the day the streets were clean. But Mike saw in these empty bottles a great opportunity. He and his family began to gather the bottles daily, like the manna. Labels were removed, the bottles carefully washed, then a tract or Gospel penny portion placed within, after which the bottles were sealed and consigned to the sea. This is no small town enterprise. Sometimes as many 2,500 bottles go into Chesapeake Bay at a single launching.

In the lunchroom, behind the counter, Coscia keeps thousands of tracts and Scriptures ready to supply any wayfarer who may stop for lunch and who also indicates either hunger or need for the Bread of Life.

Many of the Scripture bottles have been found by sailors who later reported at Mike's place telling the story of finding the bottle in the bay or the ocean, and sometimes the story of their conversion as a result of this strange evangel. The vessel once containing a legion of evil spirits is now filled with the Holy Spirit. Who can tell what miracles of

grace have already been accomplished, or who can prophesy what Kingdom impulses may come from these cleaned and redeemed vessels of iniquity in the years that lie ahead?—*Herald of Holiness*.

HOME SCENES

This is the picture of two homes. One young couple starts out in life to make Christ the foundation for their home and it has a very beautiful ending. The other couple builds on a sandy foundation and the evening of life is very sad. It is a sermon within itself. Price 25 cents.

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Glints of Knowledge



A League of Nations

History may record that the first act in this catastrophic war was not Herr Hitler's march into the Rhineland, but America's repudiation of the League of Nations.

The new Gallup poll shows that 70 per cent of the members of the Republican party today favor American participation in a League of Nations when this war ends. As late as 1937, only 23 per cent of the Republicans favored a league. Today, the Gallup poll shows, 73 per cent of the America people, regardless of party lines, favor a league, while in 1937 only 33 per cent of all the people favored it.

A Deck of Cards

It is stated that for every twenty-five persons attending a mid-week prayer meeting there are six hundred or more church members elsewhere playing cards and that some churches have substituted the card party for the prayer meeting.

A magazine article recently stated that Mr. Culberson, known as an authority on the game of bridge, had published a book of instructions on the game and at that time was selling 1,500 copies of his book a day.

The article further stated that he had trained 1,600 men and women to teach the game, for which they had paid him sixty dollars each for a 5-day course of lessons. It stated that the American people had spent ten million dollars in one year on lessons alone and one hundred million dollars on the game.

Theaters Say "Go to Church"

It is just too bad when the moving picture theaters must carry on a campaign urging people to "Go to Church." The individual conscience has become so numbed on this issue that even the theater sees the necessity of an awakening. In St. John, New Brunswick, seven movie theaters are participating in such a campaign, directed to people of all denominations and to all non-churchgoers. They are using newspaper publicity, lobby displays and screen slides. The churches themselves should feel chagrined that such help appears necessary.—*Herald of Holiness*.

General MacArthur and the Bible

Before he was graduated from West Point, General Douglas MacArthur had read the Bible through six times. Thus our thorough-going American hero has set a splendid example in his reading of the Bible!

How comparatively few persons—even professing Christians—have read the Bible through from Genesis 1 to Revelation 22!

We would be the very last to discourage the reading of any portion of the Holy Bible, for it is all given by divine inspiration and is "profitable," 2 Tim. 3:16-17.

But along with the perusal of "Daily Devotion" portions, we would encourage the consecutive reading of the Scriptures. There is no way of knowing what is in God's Book apart from reading it from start to finish.

There are 34,000,000 motor vehicles in the United States, serving 130,000,000 people.

If everybody continues to run his car as he did in pre-war days 20,000,000 will go off the streets and highways in the next 12 to 15 months. That will leave 8,000,000 still rolling in 1943.

The average car holds 4.2 passengers. In 1940 private passenger cars were driven 480 million miles with an average passenger load per mile of less than two.

There was a per capita travel by auto in 1940 of 3,750 miles, though several millions of Americans never get in a car during the whole year.

American cars have been using half the world's output of rubber—98 per cent coming from the Far East, now cut off.—*Pathfinder*.

Erick A. Johnston said: "Ours may be the tragic privilege of living in the greatest military crisis since Napoleon; the greatest economic crisis since Adam Smith; the greatest social crisis since the fall of the Roman Empire. But if ours is the tragic privilege, it is also the magnificent opportunity—the opportunity to hold and form and direct this society, which will lead to greater happiness, greater enjoyment of life—a society which can lead to permanent peace."

Secret Weapons

The Evangelical Christian has some startling things to say about recent discoveries in the realm of science. Just now scientists are seeking to discover and release this power for purposes of destruction. If they could produce an ounce of this substance and explode it the result would be equivalent to the effect of exploding a thousand tons of TNT, which is one of the most powerful explosives now known. The destruction that would be caused by such an explosion is beyond computation.

But now the same paper tells of an even more destructive element that British scientists think they are on the verge of discovering. Can you imagine this: "One ounce of uranium would give a blast equal to a million tons of TNT and possibly destroy all life within a radius of hundreds of miles. Certainly one dozen such bombs would turn the whole of Europe into a shattered, desert waste. Properly placed in the ocean it would cause devastating floods a thousand miles away and fling to destruction every ship on the high seas, battering to rubble the great ports of the world. All this at a single stroke, by one man, if necessary." The probable effect of such a discovery would be: "The final assault on Nazi Europe will possibly come when the super bomb can be turned out in great numbers. Immediately atomic war is unleashed, war will be ended. There will be only two choices left to mankind: peace, or the end of the world."

Crime Wave Rises

Dan Gilbert says there were 1,531,272 major crimes committed in the United States last year, and 46 per cent of them were by young people nineteen years of age or younger.—*Gospel Minister*.

Modern Heroes

"We do not need to go to stories of the early church, we need not enter the catacombs to find Christian courage; it exists today," President Samuel Trexler of the United Lutheran Synod of New York recently told a gathering of laymen. "Niemoeller has been in jail for five years; he would rather be fettered in body and free in soul. Our bishops in Norway, headed by Berggrav, have taken the same stand. Of our foreign mission posts none have been abandoned . . . Men do not take a stand of this kind by themselves; it is only as God puts into their hearts the sense of His presence that they will obey God rather than man."—*News in the World of Religion*.

A paper called *Nation's Business* says: "Vice-president Wallace . . . is set to lead the fight for internationalism in post-war period—will make this his big bid for the White House in 1944. There will be hot opposition, however. Standard Washington planning has been that the United States and Britain will team up, police the world, collaborate closely in finance and trade. Now there is acute awareness that friend Russia will have a place in the driver's seat, and the talk is being shifted accordingly."

Left Alone

*It's the loneliest house you ever saw,
This big gray house where I stay;
I don't call it livin' at all, at all,
Since my mother went away.*

*Four long weeks ago, an' it seems a year,
"Gone home," so the preacher said,
An' I ache in my breast with wantin' her,
An' my eyes are always red.*

*I stay out-of-doors till I'm almost froze,
'Cause every corner and room
Seems empty enough to frighten a boy,
And fill to the doors with gloom.*

*I hate them to call me in to my meals,
Sometimes I think I can't bear
To swallow a mouthful of anything
And see her not sittin' up there*

*A-pourin' the tea an' passin' the things,
An' laughin' to see me take
Two big lumps of sugar instead of one
An' more than my share of cake.*

*"I'm too big to be kissed," I used to say,
But somehow I don't feel right
Crawlin' into bed as still as a mouse,
Nobody saying "good-night,"*

*An' tuckin' the clothes up under my chin,
An' pushin' my hair back so—
Things a boy makes fun of before his chums,
But things that he likes, you know.*

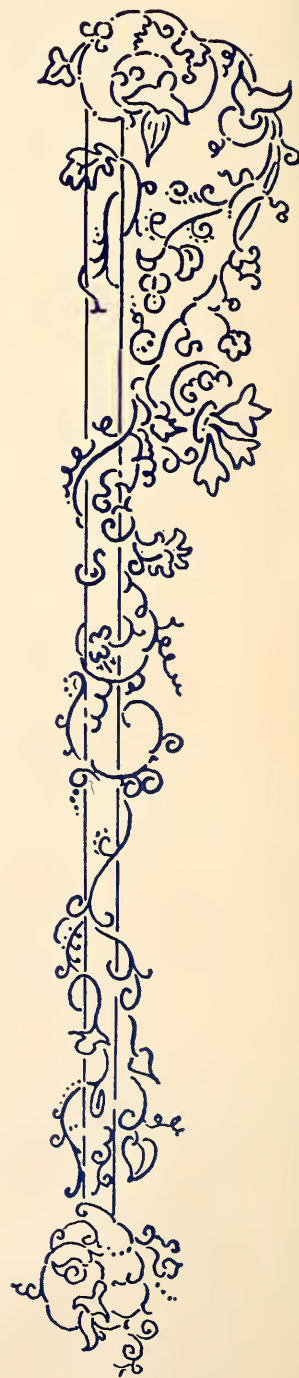
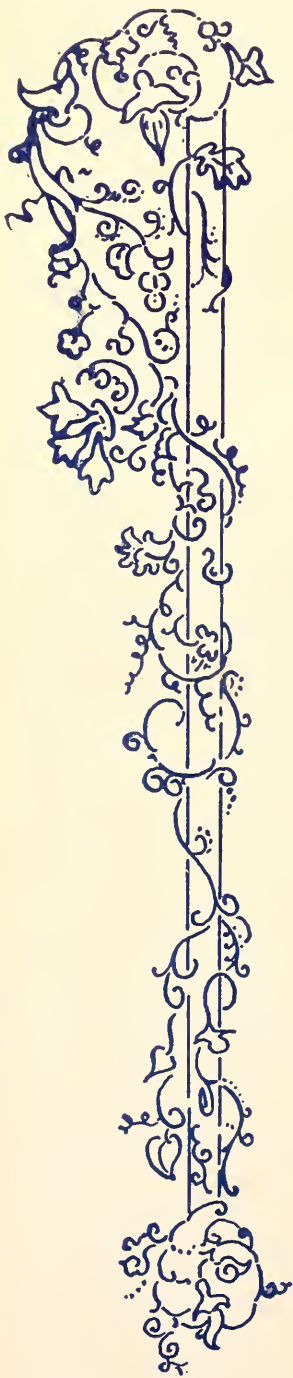
*There's no one to go to when things go wrong,
She was always so safe and sure.
Why, not a trouble could tackle a boy
That she couldn't up and cure!*

*There are lots of women, it seems to me,
That wouldn't be missed so much—
Women whose boys are about all grown up,
An' old maid aunties, and such.*

*I can't make out for the life of me
Why she should have to go
An' her boy left here in this old gray house,
A-needin' and wantin' her so.*

*I tell you, the very loneliest thing,
In this great big world today
Is a boy of ten whose heart is broke
'Cause his mother is gone away.*

—Selected.



DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDAVOR

The Lighted Pathway

Vol. 13 SEPTEMBER, 1942 No. 9

DEDICATED TO
OUR BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL AND COLLEGE
SEVIERVILLE, TENN.



COMMENCEMENT DAY AT SEVIERVILLE

"Thy Word is a Light Unto My Path"

Psa. 119:105



The Editor's Message



Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

Here we are ready to go back to school again. I wonder if you are happy about it or sad. Well, I hope you are happy because I want you to go on to school, for it means a lot these days to have an education. It may mean more in the days to come.



You see, on our front cover page, the stage of our new auditorium at the Church of God Bible Training School and College, of Sevierville, Tennessee, with Brother E. M. Tapley, of Nashville, Tennessee, delivering

the commencement address. This new auditorium is beautiful. It has a seating capacity of over one thousand. It is modern in every respect. You will appreciate it when you see it.

From left to right on the stage are: Miss Colleen Huff, piano instructor, Prof. LeRoy Carver, voice instructor, Rev. J. D. Bright, state overseer of Tennessee, Miss Helen Blackwell, salutatorian, Mrs. Grace Stephens, valedictorian, Rev. Zeno C. Tharp, Superintendent of Education, Rev. M. P. Cross, Rev. J. H. Walker, General Overseer, Rev. U. D. Tidwell, and Rev. R. P. Johnson, First Assistant General Overseer.

We are very anxious to say just what we should say in this article because we want to help you. It is very tempting now, in all of this war excitement and defense work, to leave school before it is necessary, but remember, this war will be over some day and it has been said that we will live in a new world, a better world. We do not know whether this is true or not, we hope so; but we do know that "God holds the future in His hands" and whatever He has planned will need trained minds and sanctified, Spirit-filled lives to carry out His plans. So if I can say a word which might cause our young people to seek an education, I will feel that I have accomplished something worth while. May I say to the parents of our boys and girls, the one thing you can leave your children that will be a blessing

through life is an education. The thief can steal the money you might leave them, or houses and lands through misfortune might be swept away, but a good education will usually mean a successful life if the foundation has been laid securely on the Rock Christ Jesus. Of course, even if they are not building on this foundation, their lives will count more with an education in this world and they will be more able to accomplish something from a worldly standpoint, but they will be building on a sandy foundation and it may collapse any time. A good education with a Christian foundation will enable your boys and girls to go through life and be a blessing. Look around, parents, see if you can not provide a way and means to send that son or daughter to school this year.

Recently a young lady with high school education wrote me, out of the fullness of her heart, about her ambitions in life. She desired to work along journalistic lines. She stated that she would like to have a position in the Publishing House. I saw immediately that she was getting in a hurry to reach her goal just like the majority of young people do. So I wrote her at once, advising her to go on to college and take intensive training for her work. I think she has de-

cided to do that. Young people, a hint to the wise should be sufficient. Whatever your calling is please do not be in a hurry.

Many a life is handicapped by young people getting in a hurry to marry. I am very much opposed to childhood marriages, fifteen, sixteen, or even eighteen years is too young. A young man or woman could easily wait until twenty-two or twenty-three years of age or even longer and be much better off. That would give time for a high school and college education. But you say, "Oh, I'm sure he or she would not wait on me and I'd lose out." It might be a blessing to lose out with one who does not care for you enough to let you prepare for life. Then I hear you say, "I do not need an education, for I expect to marry and will not need to have a college education to be a wife and mother." Oh, dear child, you will never find a greater calling in this life than home-making and motherhood. A child can be reared to speak good English from the very beginning, if the parents are educated, and how grateful they will be when they grow up because they do not have to fight the incorrect English learned in their childhood. Then you will be able to help your children when they come home from school with problems they cannot solve.

I would not, for the world, say anything to wound the feelings of those who have neglected the opportunities of getting an education, or who for any other reason have had to go through life without the education they desired, for God is mightily using some of them for His glory, but I am trying to inspire those who still have an opportunity to take advantage of it and do their best.

I am sure many of our boys and girls would like to go to school, but they feel that they are not financially able. So many letters come in asking me to suggest a way for them to go to school. It breaks my heart to know they are willing and anxious for an education and I do not have the money to send them, but, of course, I do not, nor can I tell them where to go for help. There are plenty of people who are able to take these boys and girls and finance them through school, but they do not have the vision.

MORE WOOD THAN ELBOW GREASE

"What a wonderful woodpile you have," I exclaimed, as I surveyed the gigantic proportions of the winter fuel supply which a certain boatman had accumulated close to his cottage.

"That's what everybody says who comes down here," rejoined the fortunate owner, stopping his ox work. "It's no hard to get, though. It drifts down to my little landing, and all I have to do is to fish it out of the river and cut it up."

Seeing my look of amazement, he led me down to the river's edge, where a number of sturdy logs and thick chunks of wood had been spread out to dry in the sun.

"Must be a lot of chopping in even that much," I ventured, and he nodded assent. "Can anyone claim driftwood like this?"

"Certainly; it's no good for anything but firewood now," replied my new acquaintance. "Lots of people ask me about wood, and I tell them to come down and help themselves. But that's not what they want. They'd sooner have the chopped sticks, even though they had to pay for it. They want me to sell them a chunk off my woodpile, if you please. So I say there's a heap more wood than elbow grease in these ports!" and he chuckled as he went back to his chopping.

More wood than elbow grease! A hamely saying with more truth than poetry in it. The young man, or woman, who is afraid to work is not apt to find many of the rewards of life coming his or her way.—Publisher Unknown.

Boys and girls, educational opportunities are drifting your way. Everything is made easy for you to prepare for your lifework. There are schools all around you, buses to pick you up and carry you without cost to your school. Just a little real grit and determination and elbow grease is needed. Do you have it?—Ed.

(Continued on page 25)

The Vision

By Paul Hutchens

(Used by permission of the Eerdmans Publishing Co.)

(Continued from last issue)

*"Lord, lay some soul upon my heart,
And love that soul through me,
And may I humbly do my part,
To win that soul for Thee."*

It was on the final Sunday night before Christmas that Le Vera found her first opportunity to speak definitely to Shera about her greatest need. They were in the church at the time.

Father Webber's sermon was over, the congregation was standing and singing the closing hymn. Le Vera, in the beautiful choir loft under the starry canopy, looked out over the large audience. Rodney, leading the singing with his voice, was standing directly in front of her. She could see over his left shoulder into the balcony where Wenda and Shera and Dr. Thorwald were standing, in the third row.

Shera's eyes were fixed upon the platform and upon Rodney. She made a pathetic figure standing there, so unhappy, so deeply moved by the Spirit, yet so unwilling to yield. After all, Shera had not been brought up in a Christian home. No gospel was preached in the fashionable church where she had attended all her life.

A Christmas sermon on the Cross! Strange topic for a Christmas sermon. Yet, was not that why there had been a first Christmas—why the Son of God had become incarnate—that He might give His life a ransom for many—that some day His blood might be shed for the remission of sins? Shera did not believe in the reality of sin. "O Father, show her tonight!"

The Dying Thief had been the simple sermon title—the story of the salvation of one of the malefactors who was crucified with the Lord. The main outline of the sermon was easy to remember:

1. The Cross of Rejection (one thief rejected Christ).
2. The Cross of Redemption (Christ

was on that Cross).

3. The Cross of Reception (one thief received Christ as his own Savior).

Yonder in the center section, sitting with Maybelle, was Norda, Rodney's sister. She had listened so attentively, so hungrily. She was twisting her handkerchief, standing tense, as if her mind were searching, searching all up and down the keyboard of life for her own lost chord

The first and second stanzas of the hymn finished, Father Webber, standing king-like, his eyes searching the audience, was saying, "Are there any here tonight whose hearts have been spoken to by the Spirit, who would like to have our workers show you the way more clearly, that you may be saved?"

There was to be an after-meeting in the choir room immediately, where the plan of salvation would be explained in careful detail to those who might wish to remain. The invitation was open to all. No, it was not an invitation to church membership; that matter could be settled later. "But do you wish to become a Christian?" Those who so desired were requested to come forward during the singing of the closing hymn . . .

And they were coming, not many, but in groups of two's or three's, or singly . . .

*"Just as I am without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me . . ."*

Suddenly Norda's place was vacant, and a vacant heart was about to be filled. The Lord Himself was seeking a lost chord and was finding it.

For a moment Le Vera's attention was directed elsewhere, and when she looked again toward the balcony to Shera's place, it, too, was empty. She saw a flash of squirrel coat, a white handkerchief fighting her tears, saw Shera move swiftly toward the gallery stairs, down to the platform and into the choir room. She thought she heard a sob as Shera streaked past.

Dr. Webber turned, and a moment later Le Vera was looking straight into her father's eyes. He nodded toward the choir room, then turned and gave his attention once more to the audience.

Le Vera's heart began to beat loudly in her ears. Her prayer was being answered. Shera was about to be saved. She moved quickly from her place in the alto section of the choir, her New Testament in her hand. At the inquiry room door she stopped. It was always a beautiful sight to her, these repenting ones who came to Jesus. This was the time to which she looked forward all week long. This was her life work, her true vocation. Being a dental nurse was merely her avocation. All week she lived in communion with Christ that on Sunday she might be a clean channel

through which the Savior might continue His work. There was her class of girls in the morning, a mission class of street boys in the afternoon, and at night the evangelistic services in the church; and nearly always an inquiry room filled with needy ones seeking Christ . . .

It was so tonight. In an opposite corner, Johnny Nystrom, with open Bible, one artistic hand gesturing earnestly, was explaining the way of life to two young men. Near by, mischievous, fourteen-year-old Maybelle, now sober-faced and business-like, was kneeling beside a girl of her own age. Precious little Maybelle, Le Vera thought. Grandest little sister in all the world . . .

And there was Shera, kneeling alone and sobbing. Shera, the daughter of Dr. Thorwald, now humble and repentant. Oh, the preaching of the cross was a great leveller! Destroying social distinctions and making all of equal rank—all lost sinners needing a Savior—it lifted all believers to the same high plane, made them heirs and joint heirs with Jesus Christ.

Why this strange feeling of hesitancy within me! *Why do I cringe? Why am I afraid to talk to Shera? Is it because of Rodney?*

But this was not time for a psychological examination of emotions. She was a channel only. Let all contrary emotions be sidetracked for the tremendous business of soul-saving.

Le Vera moved quickly across the room, knelt beside the sobbing girl in the squirrel coat.

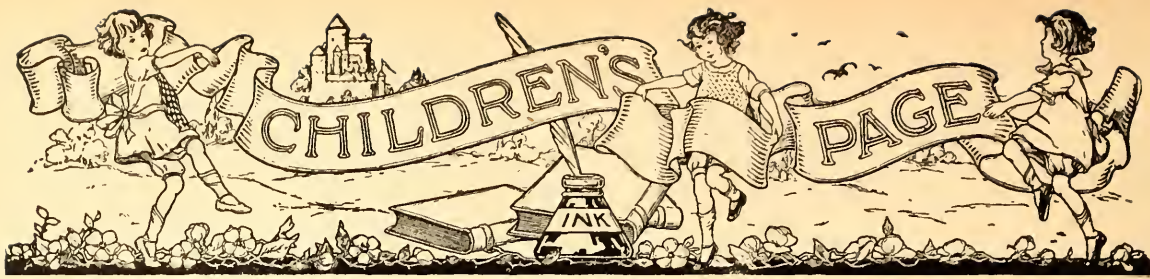
She slipped her hand through Shera's arm. "May I help you?" Her New Testament was already open to the right place. She knew what this beautiful, refined girl needed—*just Jesus*. He was the answer to every problem. Without Him there was only restlessness and heartache and dissonance—and death. But God could erase the writing on life's record and with the stylus of His love, make life beautiful and peaceful and all-glorious within.

At first there was no response to her question; only a continued weeping.

"Shera! You know that Jesus loves you and wants to save you; He gave Himself for us upon the cross."

Shera's dainty handkerchief with its delicately embroidered edge was like a little white ball of tears. And Le Vera could not but recall the story of the repentant woman in the New Testament who had knelt at Jesus' feet, while He reclined, oriental fashion, at the Pharisee's table, the woman whose tears had bathed the Savior's feet and whose luxurious hair, as custom sometimes was, had been the towel to dry them. The woman had been forgiven much, and had loved

(Continued on page 31)



Cheer For a Rainy Day

N. E. SCHROCK

*As I stood beside the window
On a gloomy, rainy day,
Feeling fretful, as my mamma
Would not let me out to play.*

*From some place out in the distance
Came the sweet golden song—
Notes of gladness, notes of beauty,
Swelling out distinct and strong.*

*Then I sought to find the singer,
Gazing through the misty pane,
And I saw upon the elm a
Robin singing in the rain!*

*How he caroled out his gladness,
Caring not for rain and mist!
As I looked, I learned a lesson
That my heart could not resist:*

*If that bird could be so happy
When the day was sad and gray,
Could not I, a little Christian,
Smile and drive my frown away?*

*Then I smiled right up to Jesus,
(Mamma saw the pleasant look),
And I settled down, quite happy,
With my Bible story book.*

A YOUNG SOUL-WINNER

"All who are Christ's and have the spirit of Christ have a passion for souls." These words were rushing madly through Bessie Sander's mind as she walked home from church one beautiful Sunday morning.

"What did Dr. Brooks mean by those words?" Bessie was saying to herself. "Could he say that unless one is trying to win others to Jesus he himself does not know Jesus?"

Bessie had given her heart to God when she was very young, but she had done nothing to bring her friends to her Savior. She had hoped that something would cause them to surrender their hearts to God, but her conscience pricked as she realized she had made no effort to win others to Christ.

When she reached home she met Goldie Barten at the gate.

"Good morning, Bessie," she called merrily, "I have waited so long for you."

"I am late this morning but I am so glad you are here, Goldie," returned Bessie slowly.

she slowly.

"I must be going, Bessie. I just came to tell you we are having an outing this evening at Shady Grove. We want you to come. We will have a lovely time."

"But Dr. Brooks will preach."

"Don't say that. You can hear Dr. Brooks every Sunday but you cannot afford to miss this good time," and Goldie ran down the steps calling back, "Be there at six o'clock, supper at six-thirty."

Bessie stood on the veranda thinking, "An outing on Sunday evening and not go to church! What would Dr. Brooks think and what would Jesus think?"

Bessie rushed upstairs with a heavy heart and, kneeling down before God, she asked Him to help her to do what was right.

In the afternoon she took her Bible and Sunday school papers and went alone into the garden to read and pray.

Her heart was filled with joy and peace when she returned in the evening. She hurried to the phone and called her friend. "Hello, Goldie? Yes—no, I can't come this evening. I am going to church."



Robert Earl and Harry Lee, twin sons of Rev. and Mrs. A. V. Beaubé, state overseer of Georgia.

Maybe I can help someone."

The large church was filled to overflowing. Bessie's eyes filled with tears of joy when Dr. Brooks announced his theme, "We Have Left All To Follow Thee."

When the invitation was given to those who did not know Jesus, Bessie looked across the aisle. Her heart leaped for joy when she saw Goldie Barten, but she was wearing a troubled expression. With a brief prayer for guidance, Bessie stepped across to her friend and, slipping her arm about her, she whispered, "Will you go?" After but a moment's hesitation she answered, "Yes," and passed to the front and gave her heart to God.

Goldie and Bessie walked home together, rejoicing; the one because her heart found the Savior; the other because she had brought a soul to Jesus. —Publisher Unknown.

SOMEONE IS WATCHING

Emily Blair lived across the street from a beautiful old mansion. There was a lovely walled garden at one side and Emily often wished she might go inside and see all of the beautiful flowers. But there was a stern old gardener who did not look as if he would allow children inside the wall. One day Emily noticed that the stern-faced gardener was gone. Instead there was a jolly-looking fellow busy with the hoe.

"Do you suppose he would allow us to go in and see the flowers?" Emily asked her little sister Bess.

"Want to see flowers," Bess cried, "want to smell flowers!"

Emily walked up close to the wall. The round-faced gardener looked up.

"Hello there," he said, with a smile.

Emily spoke as politely as she knew how. Bess smiled and showed her pretty dimples.

"Why not come in?" the gardener invited. "You may walk along the gravel paths and see the flowers. But you must not pull any. Mr. Downes, the owner, would be angry if you destroyed his flowers. There are several little folks in the garden now. They all promised to be very careful and not to pull the blossoms."

"Oh, thank you," Emily beamed. "We

(Continued on page 6)

Father's and Mother's Page



Home, Sweet Home

A CHILD GARDEN

BY ROSE B. FOSTER

What seed was sown that the harvest is so great? What were the sower's visions as she labored at her beloved task? A child garden must show a few weeds to be a true garden, but those weeds must be quickly pulled without disturbing the tender roots of little plants. There must be watering, but not too much; sunshine, but stars, too; hoeing, thinning, letting nature predominate—these are some of the aims of the child gardener, or kindergarten, following the great master, Froebel.

One of the aims so diligently sought is the sunshine of happiness, for it is only through this medium that the child flower can grow and blossom into natural endeavor. Like flowers, some children are more glowing when striving the hardest to attain perfection. Often greatest joy lies in greatest difficulty or greatest responsibility. The gardener will not deprive those hardy flowers of their labor of growth.

Little flower plants, many transplanted from homes where each is the center, taking their places in a common soil, a cooperative garden if you will, to learn to mingle harmoniously, yet maintain each its own divine individuality. Here is the gardener's problem—to bring about these two much-to-be-desired conditions, naturally, happily, beautifully.

There is no simple formula for meeting this complex and shifting problem. Each situation has to be treated on its own merits, always with the main reason for education in mind—preparation for complete living. The bringing out of the shy plant, the implanting in the aggressive shrub respect for the rights of others

whom it must not too much overshadow, the proper development of self-esteem and esteem for others, thankfulness for soil, glory in growth, and joy in looking forward.

Added to the sunshine of happiness and the growth of social ideals, are the daily nurture of right habits, the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual uprightness so vital to perfect character blossoms.

The beginning of the gardening season finds the gardener filled with hope mingled with apprehension. She seizes time as her greatest helper. Not all at once is the accomplishment perfected. Not any attempts to cram into their precious budding selves too much knowledge, or too much information, none of that! Only a creating of an atmosphere of stimulation for minds and souls, one of beauty, comfort, naturalness, and joy. An environment of charm (not overcrowded) to stimulate initiative, to quiet alarm, to set the growth to functioning in the most natural way for each individual—these are her aims.

And how she will guard against an overfed soil, an overstimulated growth. She will let the toys be simple, (in spite of Santa Claus and overindulgent parents), but toys whose manipulation calls for ingenuity, imagination and concentration.

What? Ingenuity, imagination and concentration in a little plant in a garden? "Who knows," says our greatest authority, Burbank, "how much effort, energy, concentration and cunning are needed for the budding of the tiniest flower?" And so I feel pardoned in extending our comparison of child garden and flower garden a step farther. A block to be painted, a house to be built, a story to be acted, boards to be nailed and placed, plain paper to be cut, or folded or colored, these are worth more to the child garden than the most expensive, intricate toy ever invented.

And as the little plant needs so little guidance, after all, to take up the business of real living, even so our child plant shows early initiative, and becomes designer, manager, builder, inventor, artist, if left largely to his happy imaginings, and concentration, and ingenuity.

So the gardener assumes her most precious mission of standing by, watching, weeding, encouraging, noting the growth in the three great directions, physical, mental and spiritual.

So the garden grows, and who can say better than the gardener what glory will develop before the season is over?—*Mother's Golden Now.*

BEAUTIFUL WEATHER

LYDIA LYON ROBERTS

"What a beautiful rain!" exclaimed

Mrs. Burt as she opened the front door.

The small child who had rung the bell looked at her in surprise. "It's raining dreadfully hard," she said, "and everything is wet."

"Yes, Ruth, I can see the raindrops dancing in the puddles," said Mrs. Burt. "The birds will have some nice baths very soon. The rain is like a silver curtain above the green grass. See how pretty it is over on the meadow?"

"I didn't know rain was ever pretty," said small Ruth, and she looked again with eyes opened to the loveliness of the scene.

Children hear many complaints about the weather, sometimes there is hardly a good word spoken for it, and yet there is seldom a day that does not hold some beauty of sun or shadow, wind or rain. To help the children appreciate the vivid pictures Nature offers in her varying moods is to open the way to a deep contentment through the years, for the weather is always with us, and we may well accept it with serenity.

The sunny days appeal to everyone, but gray days have a peculiar charm, a quiet hunting quality impressive in its rich monotonies. Show the children that gray days bring clouds changing from white to violet-gray and lavender, that a pond or a puddle floats shadows holding tints of green and amber. Note the misty veils on the hills, and the slow-rising fog wraiths circling the fields.

Children usually delight in the hilarity of the wind and its many pranks; they respond eagerly to its rush and roar, and love to dance to its wild piping. Encourage them to enjoy to the full, without disparagement, this exuberance and breathlessness of the wind that stirs emotions and makes eyes bright and cheeks rosy. Let them watch the mad dance of the tree branches keeping time with the wind. Show them how the fields ripple like an inland sea as the wind passes over the waving grass, let them notice the grace of swaying flower and tossing bush, and the flitting shadows at play on the hillside.

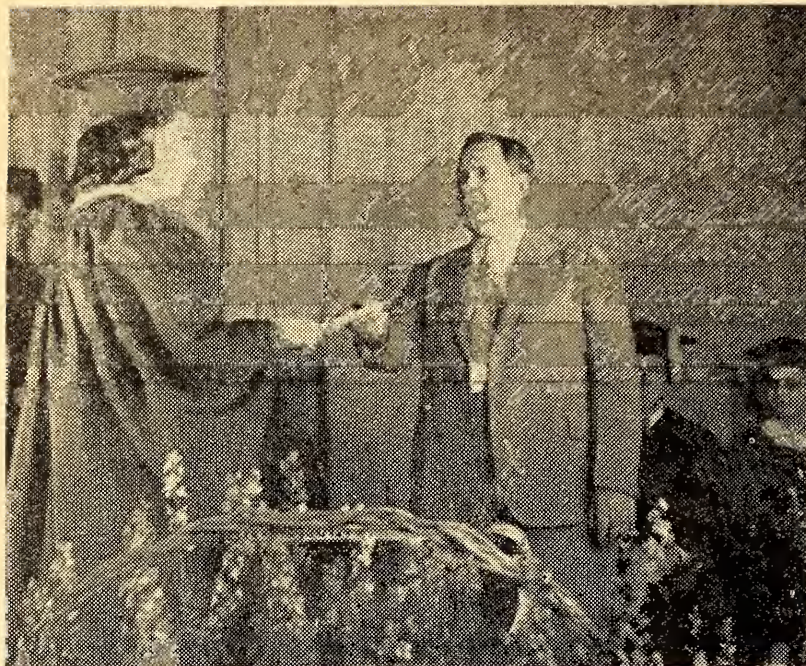
Snow and sleet bring their own shining wonder and this may well be dwelt upon rather than any discomfort which may ensue.

"I go out in any kind of weather and I like it all," declared a vigorous young woman of seventy dauntless years.

This attitude is natural to children unless imitation of grumbling adults warps their adaptability. A sleet storm may be a game, a challenge, a white excitement; snow transforms the everyday world to a strange mystical land of radiant silvery bloom, while icy winds create glittering palace and jewel-hung bush and tree.

(Continued on page 10)

Awarding Diplomas



President Zeno C. Tharp awards a diploma to Miss Lillian Bennett, Naples, Fla., a high school graduate, eager to find a place to serve her God and her country in these perilous and uncertain times.

Forty other diplomas were awarded by President Tharp at the close of last term to students classified as follows: twenty from the Christian Workers' division, seventeen from the Academy, four from the School of Business. Two students received diplomas from both the Christian Workers' division and the Academy.

With only a few exceptions, the graduates of the Christian Workers' Course are now engaged in full-time gospel work and about forty per cent of the other graduates have also accepted the challenge to work for the Lord "while it is day."

Thus the school continues with the training of Christian youth for some definite Christian work as its primary purpose. Through the years, however, its directors have striven to meet the demands that the modern world is making of all educational institutions. At the same time, the individual needs of the students have neither been overlooked nor minimized. Whatever is the educational problem of a student, the school is eager to help him solve it at least through the sophomore year.

Commencement exercises will indeed be epochal next year. In that happy line of graduates we shall see our first Junior College students. Only twenty were enrolled in the College of Liberal Arts last term, but we can expect this division to grow even as the school in its entirety has grown.

Explanation of Front Cover Page

The stage setting on our cover page is for the commencement program held in the beautiful new auditorium located on the third floor of the \$75,000 building constructed last term under the supervision of W. A. Miller, noted contractor and builder of Cleveland, Tenn. This building has been described as a perfect combination of beauty and utility, not only by a grateful and enthusiastic faculty and student body, but also by hundreds of visitors. The auditorium,

equipped with an elaborate lighting system and gorgeous curtains, is especially designed for dramatic productions, but the huge stage affords ample space for seating the entire school choir.

The building also houses a new cafeteria, which will meet the demand for service, that is modern in every detail, yet cheerful and homelike in spirit. Well-lighted and well-equipped classrooms are located on the second floor. These will be reserved for the College of Liberal

Arts and Christian Workers' divisions.

The balcony surrounding the main floor of the auditorium was converted into twenty-six sound-proof studios which will be of untold value to the fortunate students of the School of Music in 1942-43.

In his baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of last term, Rev. J. H. Walker, General Overseer and former Superintendent of Education, referred to the progress made by the school in the last few years. "When I was graduated from Bible School," he said, "there were only four graduates that year; however, there were others in the class who lacked only a few units. We did not have a special program as you are having today. Oh, how I had longed for everything to be as it is today. You look so pretty! I just couldn't keep back the tears as you marched into this beautiful auditorium. My classmates and I took our respective seats in the old study hall and were merely called to the front when our diplomas were handed to us. We have traveled a long way since then and oh, how thankful we are!"

Someone Is Watching

(Continued from page 4)

won't touch a single flower."

Emily took Bess by the hand and together the little girls walked along the pretty gravel paths. Finally Bess became tired of being led. She wriggled loose and ran down the path ahead of Emily. All of a sudden Emily heard a cry. It sounded very much like Bess' voice. Emily rushed down the path toward the stone steps. The sight that met her eyes made Emily throw up her hands in horror. She could not even utter a word as she stood looking at Bess with wide eyes and an open mouth! For that mischievous child had strewn roses all over the walk. Piles of red, pink, and yellow petals lay everywhere. "Bess!" cried Emily after a moment, "Bess, whatever have you done?"

"Old pin on the rose stuck Bess," the baby answered, holding up an injured finger.

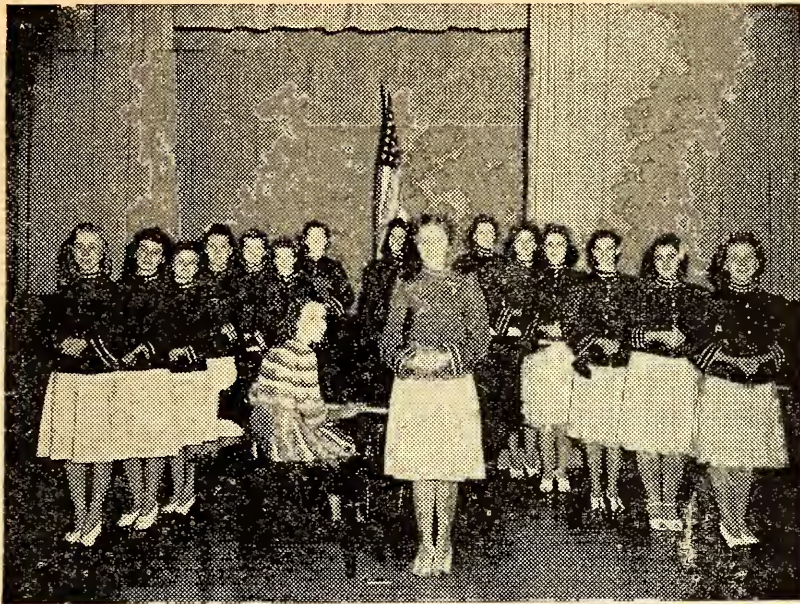
"Oh, Bess, what shall we do?" Emily moaned. "Just look at the lovely flowers you have ruined. Whatever will the gardener say?"

The little girl did not seem to understand what mischief she had done, but poor Emily knew that this was the last time she would ever be allowed in the beautiful garden. Suddenly a thought came to her. Perhaps if she took Bess and ran out fast, very fast, the gardener might not know who had destroyed his nice flowers. Grabbing Bess' hand, she began to run toward the gate.

When they reached the gate the gardener was busy pulling weeds. His face

(Continued on page 30)

Girls' Glee Club



The Girls' Glee Club which, under the direction of Miss Colleen Huff, rendered enjoyable songs throughout the second semester and during commencement week. These students are not only being trained to compete for artistic recognition in a song-loving world, but are also taught the value of the ministry of song through which the despondent and downcast can receive new hope and courage, the troubled and distressed can be soothed and comforted, and lost souls can be led to the Savior.

This is only one of the many vocal ensembles trained during last term. Professor LeRay Carver, who came to the school from Vaughan's Conservatory to head the School of Music, proved to be both a talented musician and an able instructor, especially in voice culture. The annual musical program on Wednesday evening of commencement week displayed a wide range of talent that showed definite marks of excellent training.

Professor Carver is taking advanced work at the Cadek Conservatory of the University of Chattanooga this summer. Miss Huff also expects to complete her training at Cadek's.

THE DIFFERENCE ENJOYED

Student life is one of the most important factors of any school. Regardless of the superiority of the academic training received in the classroom, it must be supplemented by extra-curricular activities that will prepare the student for a well-balanced social life. Most schools have set student life in practically the same mold—they date, they drink, they dine and dance at sorority houses and night clubs, but the Church of God Bible Training School and College is different and the difference is enjoyed and appreciated by Christian youth.

The school has always tried to promote a clean everyday life, free from the vices which threaten to destroy the Christian faith and virtue of our boys and girls in this evil day. It has been the earnest endeavor of its directors to give personal attention to each student. Parents have been assured that their children will be just as safe, if not safer, in Bible School

than at home. One man gave evidence of the success the school has attained toward the accomplishment of this effort when he said, "The Bible School has done for my boy in three years what his mother and I failed to do in seventeen."

The spiritual interest of each student is given special attention. Not only is each class opened with prayer, but special prayer is called when a student is distressed and discouraged or feels the need of special divine guidance. The morning prayer at chapel each day from Monday through Friday is always a "sweet hour of prayer." Here the students make requests both for themselves and their friends. Many times a prayer meeting starts at chapel and continues throughout the day. There is also a prayer room in each dormitory where students may pray either alone or one for another at any hour of the day or night. Many have said that prayer was the first thing

they heard upon arriving at Bible School.

The school sponsors student organizations that are varied enough in their activities to include the interests of all. Students receive in their club work a type of training that is impossible in the classroom. The opportunity for professional and intellectual interests, along with the social life among the students, is a valuable feature of the extra-curricular activities.

Since the school is co-educational, provisions have been made for social contacts of such a nature as to maintain an atmosphere of culture and refinement. Students are encouraged to meet on terms of friendly social fellowship, but intimate and improper association of co-eds is strictly forbidden. All social functions are under the direct supervision of the Dean of Women. Such precautions have made the wholesome Christian environment one of the greatest influences for character building in the school.

The fellowship that exists among the students and between the faculty and student body has always been one of the most outstanding features at B.T.S. It cannot be described—it must be felt in order to be understood. Year after year it prevails. It is the spirit that makes students say: "It's the dearest place on earth to me," "The happiest years of my life were spent in Bible School," "I wish I could spend the rest of my life at B.T.S.," "I would not exchange the wonderful experiences I enjoyed at Bible School for anything in the world."

Thus the Church of God Bible Training School and College is different and it is this difference that is enjoyed and appreciated by Christian youth. It is this difference that is making our Bible School the national educational center for all Christian youth.

Scriptures

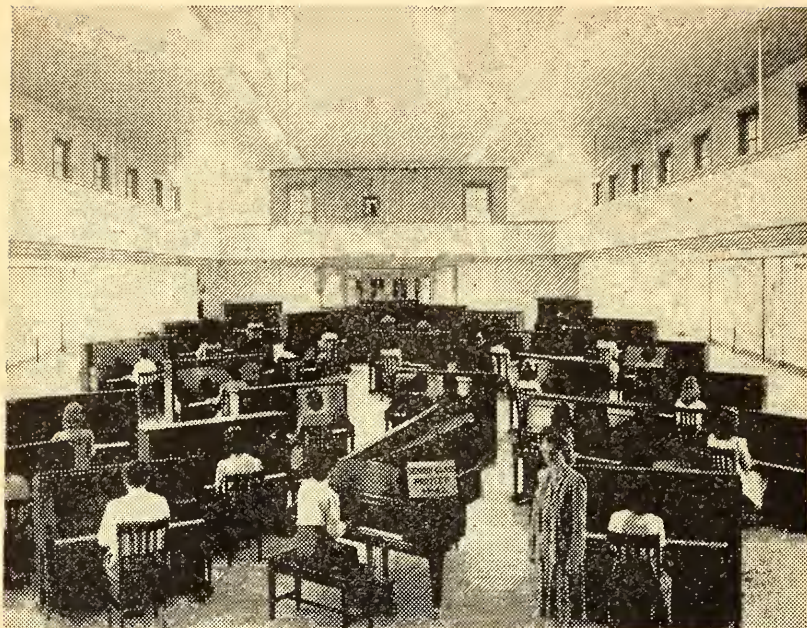
Phil. 4:19, "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

This scripture has been a great blessing to me. When the enemy tries to get me to look at the riches of this world, then I like to think of this scripture. God didn't promise to supply our wants, but everything we need He has promised to supply.—Jesse Millwood.

Hebrews 13:5b, "For he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

This is my favorite scripture. It has helped me so many times when the enemy tried everything, seemingly, to trap me. This scripture has always encouraged me to press on and fight the battle to a finish. Friends here may forsake us, but the best of friends, Jesus Christ, will never leave us nor forsake us.—Edna Malone.

The Piano Department



Miss Dora P. Myers, head of piano department, with the students who took piano during the 1941-42 term. This picture was made on the main floor of the new auditorium as the new Kimball pianos, together with the ones already in use in the school, were being moved to the soundproof studios located on the balcony surrounding the auditorium.

These splendid newly acquired facilities for the School of Music will more than double the efficiency of this division. Music has always been an outstanding feature of the school; its value can not be overemphasized, and now we can offer excellent accommodations to all of our students. The studios will be used principally for practice and no student will be given credit either in vocal or instrumental music unless he has practiced the required number of hours. We can look forward to a record-breaking term for the School of Music in 1942-43. The final recital this year was impressive, inspiring, and entertaining. Many said it was the best ever given in the history of the school. The entire program showed that the department had made wonderful progress under Miss Myers' expert supervision and untiring effort, but when these essential qualities are coupled with the up-to-date equipment now available, the results will far exceed the accomplishments of all previous years.

How God Delivered a Ship

(The following is an account which was written by J. Hudson Taylor, the noted missionary to China, of how God, in answer to prayer, saved the ship on which he was journeying to China from going on a reef when it was hopelessly becalmed and could do nothing. The account is taken from the book, "Hudson Taylor in Early Years.")

On one occasion we were in dangerous proximity to the north of New Guinea. Saturday night had brought us to a point some thirty miles off the land, and during the Sunday morning service,

which was held on deck, I could not fail to see that the captain looked troubled and frequently went over to the side of the ship. When the service was ended I learned from him the cause: a four-knot current was carrying us toward some sunken reefs, and we were already so near that it seemed improbable that we should get through the afternoon in safety. After dinner the long-boat was put out and all hands endeavored, without success, to turn the ship's head from the shore.

After standing together on the deck

for some time in silence, the captain said to me, "Well, we have done everything that can be done. We can only await the results."

A thought occurred to me, and I replied, "No, there is one thing we have not done yet."

"What is that?" he queried.

"Four of us on board are Christians. Let us each retire to his own cabin, and in agreed prayer ask the Lord to give us immediately a breeze. He can as easily send it now as at sunset."

The captain complied with this proposal. I went and spoke to the other two men, and after prayer we all four retired to wait upon God. I had a good but very brief season in prayer, and then felt so satisfied that our request was granted that I could not continue asking, and very soon went up again on deck. The first officer, a godless man, was in charge. I went over and asked him to let down the clews or corners of the mainsail, which had been drawn up in order to lessen the useless flapping of the sail against the ship's rigging.

"What would be the good of that?" he answered roughly.

I told him we had been asking a wind from God; that it was coming immediately; and we were so near the reef that there was not a minute to lose.

With an oath and a look of contempt, he said he would rather see a wind than hear of it. But while he was speaking I watched his eyes, following it up to the royal, and there, sure enough, the corner of the topmost sail was beginning to tremble in the breeze.

"Don't you see the wind is coming? Look at the royal!" I exclaimed.

"No, it is only a cat's paw," he rejoined (a mere puff of wind).

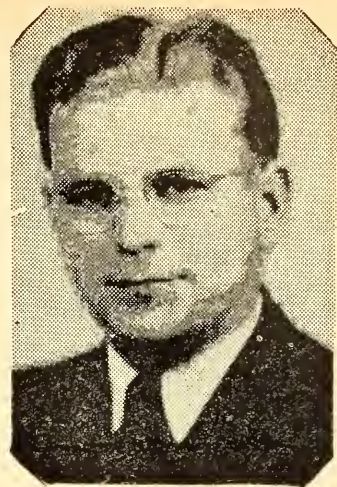
"Cat's paw or not," I cried, "pray let down the mainsail and give us the benefit!"

This he was not slow to do. In another minute the heavy tread of the men on deck brought up the captain from his cabin to see what was the matter. The breeze had indeed come! In a few minutes we were ploughing our way at six or seven knots an hour through the water***and though the wind was sometimes unsteady we did not altogether lose it until after passing the Pelaw Islands.

Thus God encouraged me ere landing on China's shore to bring every variety of need to Him in prayer, and to expect that He would honor the name of the Lord Jesus and give the help each emergency required.—*Light and Life Evangel.*

Why Ministers Need an Education

Rev. M. M. Mortenson



It is with one supreme motive I have accepted the invitation to write on this tremendously important theme; namely, to stimulate and encourage the ministry to incessant effort toward a more useful and influential ministry for the glory of God.

Let us first look at the definition of EDUCATION—"The training of the mental powers, EITHER by a system of study and discipline or by experiences of life." This definition indicates the multitudinous sources of education. The question comes crowding upon us, Why do ministers need education?

1. Present Day Circumstances Demand It

This is a day when we are hearing everywhere the word "preparedness." Men who fill public and governmental positions of importance are trained men, and shall there not be educational training preparatory to this most difficult of crafts, the art of preaching? It is unquestionably necessary and correct for men of all walks of life to avail themselves of proper educational training. The

prospective minister should, by all means, if possible, complete high school and college and if not attend seminary, continue his study of various branches of knowledge offered by such institutions. Our government now seeks ministers to serve as chaplains but they must be college and seminary graduates of accredited schools. In this tragic period of life, this effectual door of service is shut in the face of men who have not that preparation. This is only one of a thousand doors shut to the ministers who are not prepared. The ministers who have missed these opportunities can certainly study along with their duties, which effort has often proved the possibility of self-development.

II. We Are Not Like Christ in His Omniscience

If we were as was Christ there would be no need of our attending schools or seeking an education by self-application. He was omniscient. When Christ returned to Nazareth, He opened His mouth to preach to them. As they listened they were astonished, and someone asked,

"Whence hath this man these things and what is the wisdom given unto this man?" Then at Jerusalem where was gathered and centered the light and scholarship of that day, when a false accent or misquotation would immediately have been detected, of the most critical hearers of His day it is written, "The Jews therefore marvelled saying, How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" The Greek word translated "letters" occurs only one other place in the New Testament. "And as he thus made his defence, Festus saith with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad." Festus meant by the word "learning" exactly what these men meant by "letters." Festus detected the speech of Paul, all that he had gained from his careful training. There was the accent of the school of Gamaliel, and it was this tone of erudition that the Jews were astonished at in Jesus when they spoke of His knowing "letters." When they said, "How knoweth this man 'letters,' having never learned," they meant that He had never studied in schools and yet possessed all that schools could give Him. NO one else has ever had a perfect personality as Christ. Men have to learn, to study, to go through processes of training to obtain what He possessed without these processes. Christ never learned, for there was no necessity for learning. Learning was made necessary for man by his own fall and the sin of the human race. As we have stated Christ was omniscient, needing no education as we do today, then it must be known that though the Holy Ghost will guide us into all truth, He will not supply a knowledge of learning absolutely indispensable to ministerial education without personal study on such subjects as history, geography, autobiography, archaeology,



A Campus Scene in Winter.

(Continued on page 34)

Hearts Broken, Then Mended

L. FRANCIS MIESSE

Jean Larson sat by the little grave until after dark. No persuasion could induce her to leave. She made a pitiful picture of grief and despair as she patted the earth and talked to the child that could not hear. "Mother will not leave you, Little White Flower," she said with trembling lips. The child had been given no other name—she had lived only two months. Many times as Jean had held the baby to her breast she had feared such an hour as this, and now that which she feared had come upon her. Her hopes for the future lay under that tiny mound of earth.

Roy Larson tenderly lifted his wife to her feet. "Come, dearest, you must rest and have a bite to eat." But Jean stared into the man's eyes as if he were a stranger. Then freeing herself from his embrace she dropped once again beside the baby's grave. "Mother will not leave you in the dark alone," she cried. "This first night away from your little crib and its warm blankets, Mother will not leave—" But Jean did not finish the sentence. The overwrought nerves could stand no more, and unconsciousness came as a merciful deliverance.

For weeks the grief-stricken little woman seemed conscious of nothing but her loss. All the sweetness and joy of life had fled. The fragrance of flowers was sickening now; the aching memories of the funeral came back at the sight of them. It mattered no more whether the sun shone or the birds sang or not. What changes can come in a few short hours!

Her childhood was happy and carefree, her girlhood sheltered, protected, and then two years ago she was one of the happiest brides in all the world as she stood by the side of Roy Larson and softly promised, "I do." She was only eighteen then. Two years later little White Flower came to them and their joy was complete; the sun shone brighter, the birds sang sweeter, the flowers sent forth more fragrance—the baby was theirs to love and plan for.

But now her life seemed empty, and her heart was bitter. Why did God do this terrible thing to her? If He were a God of love, why would He torture one of His creatures by taking away that which was dearest in all the world? A depressing gloom settled down over the household like a pall. Even the dog sensed that something was wrong, and the cat became accustomed to being neglected. Failing to find companionship at home, Roy stayed in town more and more often for his meals. But he was not missed by the little wife, so completely was she given over to her grief and self-commiseration.

One morning Jean was aroused from her moody meditation by the insistent jangling of the telephone. At first she ignored the ringing, for she did not care to talk to anyone. But as the call continued, she took down the receiver. The words she heard sent the blood rushing to her head, so that the very roots of her hair were made to tingle.

"Your husband has been critically injured in a car wreck and is in the Mount Hope hospital. Come at once," the crisp voice came over the wire.

Jean sank limply into a chair. "O God, if there be a God, help me now," she cried in her agony. Like a flash something happened to her! Instead of fainting, as it seemed that she would, she got up to the telephone and ordered a taxicab, with a strange feeling of calmness and self-possession. For the first time in months she forgot herself.

In the cab her thoughts raced. How selfish she had been! Poor boy! The baby had been his as much as hers. Now she remembered how worried he had been about her and how she—O God, how could it be possible for one to be so blinded! She had failed to see that he suffered too. Now he was in the hospital, wounded, perhaps dead. Naturally, he would not expect help from her—she who had always received and failed to give. She could see it all plainly now. God had allowed every earthly support to fail her that she might see herself as she really was. How strange that she had never felt the need of God before!

"O God, if you will spare my husband, I'll live the rest of my life for you!" These words were not spoken aloud, but God heard them, for they came from the depths of a troubled and contrite heart.

Bending anxiously over the unconscious form of her husband, Jean was possessed of a new love—such as she had never dreamed possible. And now was she to lose him? What was it the nurse was saying? "He is coming to fine. He will be out from under the influence of the ether in an hour or so. How fortunate he was. Unless complications set up he will be as good as new in a week or two."

"Thank God! Thank God!" was all Jean could say. In her immeasurable relief she became conscious that tears were streaming down her face. She dropped into a chair and dried her eyes, saying again under her breath, "Thank God!"

That night she hunted up her little Testament that had been given her years ago by her grandmother. The Book proved so interesting that she became oblivious to the passing of time. On and on she read in search of the truth about God and

her duty to Him.

Three days later she was sitting at Roy's bedside. He reached for her hand and looking into her eyes said, "Jean, dear, what has come over you? You are a different girl; I hardly know you." As she hesitated a moment, he added, "But I like you this way."

"Sweetheart," she responded softly, "I am different. I have found something to live for. There is a God, and I know He is a God of love. I can't understand why He took our little White Flower away from us but I know He loves us. I have been terribly selfish." Her eyes filled with tears but she went on bravely, "O Roy, can you ever forgive me for the way I have acted? I mean to be a better wife from now on, God helping me!"

"There, honey, don't cry," Roy protested, patting her hand. "I haven't been a perfect husband by any means. As soon as I am well we'll start all over again and be happier together than ever before."

"Roy, let's go to the little white church and dedicate our lives to God, just as soon as you are able. . . . Listen." She quickly opened her little Testament and read several passages that had come to mean much to her in the past three days. Roy listened attentively and found something wonderfully satisfying in just lying still and watching Jean's face as she read.

From that day on they sought God together through the reading of the Testament. Finally one happy night they learned experimentally what it is to be "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." A happiness came into their home even brighter than that which had fled with the departure of the little one. The sun shone with a new radiance and the birds sang of an unspeakable joy. The fragrance of flowers seemed to bring heaven itself near. The presence and love of God seemed to envelop the world.

Jean never wondered any more why her path had led through valleys misty with tears. "All of God's ways are best. He never allows His children to suffer more than is necessary for their purification. He never takes away our good things except in order to give us the better," she reflected. Then she quoted from Job, "For he maketh sore, and bindeth up; he woundeth, and his hands make whole."—*Gospel Gleaners*.

Beautiful Weather

(Continued from page 5)

For the understanding adult every mood of the weather is merely another phase of beauty, and in teaching this responsiveness to children we may inculcate the poet's attitude when he sang,

"When God sorts out the weather and sends rain, w'y rain's my choice."—*Mother's Golden Now*.

I Want To Know the Truth

REV. R. C. STEINHART

Man is a persistent worker. Due to unprecedented development of modern science during the past century, both in knowledge and equipment, he has been enabled to amass much data in his search for truth. It is the truth that matters most. We live in a world of change and decay. We are changing. Truth is the one unchanging thing in this changing world. I want to know the truth.

The greatest authority on life, Jesus Christ the Son of God, said, "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." While His feet trod the Judean hills, while He ministered to the sick and the needy, while He stooped to the fallen, He was looked upon as "The Way, the Truth, and the Life." Religion is not to be understood either as theology, ecclesiasticism, or ritualities, but as those eternal principles that are hungered after and agree with the reason, intuitions and wants of humanity. Man can do much against the theology or theory of truth. Man can do much against conventional manifestations of the truth. But whilst man can do much against all these things he can do nothing against the truth. The truth that Christ taught and incarnated is independent of these. Whilst you can do nothing against the truth, remember that in opposing the truth you may do much against yourself.

I want to know the truth. It is true that it may upset my plans and change my whole life course, but I want to know the truth. I want to anchor my life to truth. It was Dryden who said, "Truth is the foundation of all knowledge and the cement of all societies." The grand character of truth is its capability of enduring the test of universal experience, and coming unchanged out of every possible form of fair discussion. If I know the truth, the truth will set me free. I care very little about opinions. They tell us the feeble tremble before opinion, the foolish defy it, the wise judge it, and the skillful direct it. Tyron Edwards said, "He that never changes his opinions, never corrects his mistakes, will never be wiser on the morrow than he is today." A wise man alters his opinion. Opinions and ideas and beliefs of others may lead me far from the right path. I care little about beliefs compared to what I care about the truth of things. Falsehood will eventually enslave me in chains of defeat and failure. I see the importance of truth, therefore, I seek the truth.

I want to know the truth about my religious life. There are many definitions

on religion, but I am willing to accept that religion is such a belief of the Bible as maintains a living influence on the heart and life. I also know from experience that the religion of Christ reaches and changes the heart, which no other religion does. I have found the truth as it is found in the religion of Jesus Christ. With strong determination I sought the truth, with great joy and unspeakable glory I found the truth. I reasoned with myself and discovered that it was my business to set aside all else and seek the truth. They say I am incurably religious, if so, what about my religious life? Do I force myself to worship God or do I feel myself just reaching out to Him? Is it my task to go to His sanctuary and there worship God, or is it my delight and the inspiration of my life? Do I drive myself to read His Word and entertain within myself a feeling that the all-seeing eye of God is upon me beholding me as I read and somehow because of this He will have mercy upon me and make the sun shine on my pathway? What are my motives for doing things for God? If I have the wrong faith I want to know it; if I have the wrong idea of religion I want to know it. I just feel myself wanting to know the truth. If I seek the truth as it is in Christ my Lord, I will be able to live in the freedom and safety of genuine reality.

I want to know the truth about my own life. Horace Bushnell said, "Every man's life is a plan of God." It is idle time to pry into my neighbor's life. He must live his own life and I must live mine. If I have time for prying I ought to try to discover the best way to develop my own life. It is my own life about which I am concerned. If I am failing, I want to know it. To go on failing because I have not the moral courage to face my failures is suicide. There is no reason in the world why I should fail when all around me I may find the kind of help essential for one to live the best life possible. I think Goethe was right when he wrote, "A useless life is only an early death." This naturally concerns me, for I am alive and I have a life to live. I am not here primarily to get a living, I am here fundamentally to make a life count for some good. Do I want to live long, or do I want to live well? Should I be looking forward to what I shall be or backward to what I have been? I have possessions, but this is not life. A man's life does not consist in the things that he may have. He may lose all his possessions but still hold on to life. I am eager to know the truth about my

own life. I have been born. I may feel the cold hand of death upon my brow, but between these two great events it is life that confronts me. In the quietness of my heart Jesus Christ speaks to me, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Wilcox said, "It is an infamy to die and not be missed." Out of this quarry called life I want to mold and chisel for myself a character. I suppose the truest end of my life is to know the life that never ends. I want to know the truth about my life so that I may work accordingly.

I want to know the truth regardless of its consequences. It may be bitter or it may be sweet; nevertheless, I want to know the truth. I cannot afford to waste time on those who dodge the truth. I have lived long enough to know that all falsehoods are contradictory to God's plan and detrimental to my life. The man who lives for two worlds must be greatly concerned about the truth of things. Here I am, a human being, in a fast moving world. God has endowed me with intelligence. He does not expect me to go through this world with my eyes blindfolded. He wants me to know. He has given to man a searching spirit. Survey all the sciences and you will discover that man has not said the final word in any branch of knowledge. Man is still seeking truth. Why should I be satisfied with a partial knowledge of things, as for example, just a little of religion, just a little of life, just a little of anything, when before me is a vast field full of knowledge? Knowledge in itself is power, but its value depends upon its application. I must search constantly for the truth about all things. I want to know the truth.

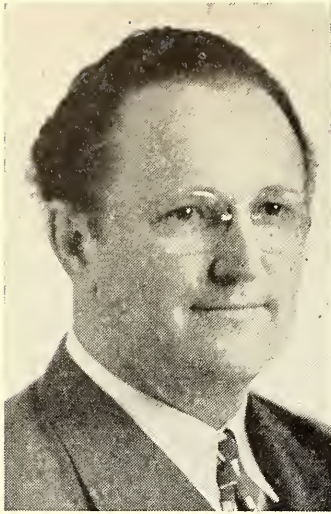
I want to know the truth about God. God's revelation to man informs me that God is the God of Jacob and the God of Isaac. But I am not satisfied with this type of general knowledge. I want to know if the true and living God can enter into my experiences and become my God. The Bible sets Him forth as Father. I want Him to be such to me. I want to know the truth about trusting Him as my Father. There are times when my heart is heavy; there are times when my burdens are too heavy to bear. I must have One to whom I can go and tell out my heart. To know the truth about God as my Father would indeed warm my heart and lift me above the fog of materialism and place me in an atmosphere of confidence and hope. I want to know the truth about God.

I want to know the truth about Jesus Christ. I accept Plato and Socrates on the grounds of history, and on the grounds of their personal accomplishments. I must accept Jesus Christ on the same grounds.

(Continued on page 26)

Education

J. H. WALKER, General Overseer



Many definitions have been given of the word *education*. It is the training of the mental or moral powers, (2) the knowledge and ability gained by such training; an attempt on the part of adult members of a human society to shape the development of the coming generation in accordance with its own ideals of life. J. S. Mill included under it "everything that helps to shape the human being." Education is the development of mental power, personal talent, and building personality. It is building stores of knowledge, developing the sense of cultural values, training for citizenship, training for usefulness, training as wage-earners, development of spiritual values.

Life is like a tree. It needs to be put into lumber, dressed and manufactured into such articles as shall render largest service. The process is leading the tree out into its possibilities of service. Life is also like a granite mountain. It needs blasting out, shaping up and building into road ballasts, pavements and palaces. The process is leading the mountain of granite out into its possibilities of service. Life is like the metal—iron, which must be dug from its hiding place in the earth, smeltered from the rocks, tempered and formed into the various thousands and thousands of useful implements. The process is leading the metal into its possibilities of service.

Human life has measureless possibilities, but standing untouched and untrained it remains unrelated to the big things of life. The uneducated cannot get much out of life. There are no highways out into the vast worlds of interest.

The educator is the one who leads the individual out into his world of interest and trains him to be related to every interesting thing and forward movement. An education is a life unfolded into its capacities, introduced into its wealth of knowledge and into its world of service. Therefore education is a process in leading men out into the greater possibilities of service. We obtain education through study, the development of the intellectual power, personal talent, and wealth of personality.

The intellect is like a telescopic searchlight by which we search the worlds of literature, music, art, true science, true philosophy for the materials out of which to build our paradise within the empire of the soul. It is very important to train the intellect. It is only the well-trained mind that can find the wonders of the world of knowledge. The student who chooses the easy course may hereby be an intellectual cripple all his life. One should study mathematics, the languages, natural sciences, and solid courses, to bring out his reasoning power. The undeveloped intellect has a very small world in which to live. His horizon is

I AM EDUCATION—THE MIGHTY PILOT OF LOVE

I am Education. I bear the torch that enlightens the world, fires the imagination of man and feeds the flames of genius. I give wings to dreams and might to brawn and brain.

From out of the silent shadows of the past I came, bearing the scars of struggle and the stripes of toil, but bearing in triumph the wisdom of all the ages. Man, because of me, holds dominion over earth, air and sea; it is for him I leash the lightning, plumb the deep and shackle the waves of ether.

I am the parent of progress, the creator of culture and the molder of destiny. Philosophy, science and art are my handiworks. I banish ignorance, discourage vice, disarm anarchy.

Thus have I become freedom's citadel, the arm of democracy, the hope of youth, the pride of adolescence, the joy of age. Fortunate the nations and happy the homes that welcome me.

The school is my workshop; here I stir ambitions, stimulate ideals, forge the keys that open the door to opportunity, the master of human destiny. I am the source of inspiration, the aid of aspiration, for I am Irresistible Power.—J. T. Thompson.

near at hand, but the keenly developed mind has almost an infinite sweep in his horizon. The intellect is the power by which we sense life and its entire surroundings. Perception is the key to placing a life and properly relating it. Reason is the power to weigh, to measure, to turn, and overturn the problems of life, and the adjustments in life's relationships are directed by the trained power of reason. The memory is a capacity of unlimited possibilities and service in life. But remember, you can't remember something you have never known. Therefore it is necessary for us to study. Even though we are promised that the Holy Spirit will teach and guide us and will bring all things to our remembrance whatsoever He (Jesus) has said to us, yet if we did not know what Jesus had said, the Holy Spirit could not bring back through memory's lanes the things that had never been known or heard. Therefore one must study, building great stores of knowledge which is a real paradise within, the romance of a lifetime. Our paradise takes on form just as knowledge is accumulated. The quest for knowledge is a glorious adventure. Man should be satisfied with nothing less than his best, and to have personal experience with the greatest things of interest in every realm.

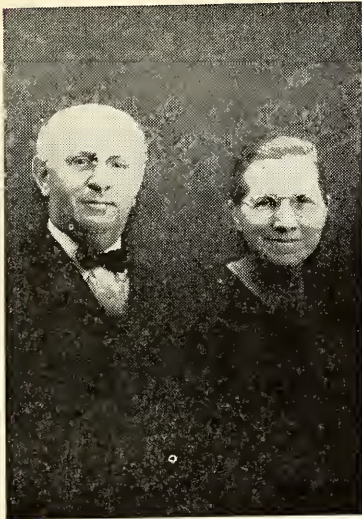
In order to be a successful engineer one must know materials, their properties, the laws by which they are governed, and the sources of such materials, before he can do a piece of work. So knowledge of the materials with which one must deal in a life's program are necessary. Vast stores of knowledge concerning the world about us are required for large success. The natural sciences offer this field of knowledge. It has been said: "An education should lead one into stores of information concerning the seven great worlds of interest which great souls build within. One must build highways out into these vast worlds and appropriate the information in the world-building program. A knowledge of interpretation renders it possible for one to disclose to others the wonders of the world we have explored. 1. Knowledge is power. 2. Knowledge is wealth. 3. Knowledge affords great gladness. 4. Knowledge builds personality. 5. Knowledge lays bare worlds of interest. 6. Knowledge opens the way for large usefulness. 7. Knowledge virtually relates us to the whole universal scheme. Therefore read, study, observe, listen, and acquire knowledge."

Study to develop the cultural values. Everywhere we find the need for the touch of the spiritual as the awakening force in the sense of values. One of the great powers that God has given us is

(Continued on page 15)

Mission Page

Rev. and Mrs. Robert F. Cook
Missionaries to India



MORE OPEN DOORS

BERTHA N. COOK

You may remember of our writing about Mr. P. V. Vereghese of Calicut, one who joined the Church of God about a year ago. The Lord has blessed the work in Calicut under some workers we have sent there from Travancore. Mr. Vereghese was also a help in the work, while at the same time editing a small paper in Malayalam, called "The Morning Star." His wife, who is a government school teacher, was transferred to another part of Malabar, so the family moved there. He writes as follows:

"There are just two other Christian families in this village, Ambikapura, (Kalpathi is only the post office one-half a mile away). So even for a need, no one to help, how much the need of a believer. All around are Brahmins and Nairs. With all that we are assured more than before that the Lord has sent us here and we trust and believe that He will give us some believers here . . . Palghat is a big district in Malabar, containing nearly seventy divisions and in less than ten some little work is being done . . . By His grace, even on the first Sunday, we started worship in our house here and we had five outsiders—a teacher of the government training school here, her father, two Christian girls in the training school hostel here and a Hindu girl from the same school . . .

"Moreover, God has shown me another field of labor half a mile from my house, a place called Puthu Palayam where some

forty Tamil Catholic families are living in one community. They are poor and ignorant; only once in a year a priest goes to them and they are expected to worship in a small place of worship in their midst, where one of their number leads them in a few set prayers recited many times and they go home. I have been told that they have been going on like this for more than fifty years. What a pity! And just a handful of their children go to any school. They are poor and ignorant and they have asked me to open a small school among them just to teach them to read and write. I have a great desire to do something for them.

"Then again a few furloughs away from our house, I have found another caste of Tamil Hindus. There are one hundred twenty houses, all in a few rows clustered together and there is a splendid chance of work. I am all alone, weak and less of spiritual endowments and according to our belief, not capable of any spiritual work. Still I wait on the Lord for the baptism of the Holy Spirit; yet I have not been seen fit in the sight of God and I know I have to become much more holy before Him.

"With all these God has a definite plan for this humble life I am sure. I wait on Him to show that plainly to me. Please help me in prayers. My heart is always burning to give the gospel to this country. My heart is for the non-Christians of Malabar. More than 400 divisions of Malabar, each containing from six to seven thousand people, are devoid of any Christian testimony. I invite you to share with us the burden of the country. Always the thought comes and upsets me, 'What is our little effort compared with the big need of the country and what can these insignificant beings do?' But we know that it is the evil one encouraging us to do nothing. What our Lord has taught us is different. We need only to give our five loaves and two fishes into His hands; then He will bless and give it to us to give out, and it is more than sufficient for this big multitude. I am writing this to you as my five loaves and two fishes to this people. Please heed in His name to His glory. With our loving greetings and prayers. —P. V. Vereghese, S. India."

When the Church as a whole wakes up to her responsibility and feels it, to carry the gospel of Christ to every nation of earth, the glorious gospel fire soon will burn up heathenism and the globe will be girdled with salvation.



Miss Lois Kimbal, Prosser, Washington, left, and Miss Fernella McNamar, Sandpoint, Idaho, right.

These two girls attended the Tri-state convention in Yakima, Washington. Miss Kimball desired to give something in the mission offering but did not have a penny. All she had was a streetcar fare to Seattle, Wash. She came down the aisle asking if anyone would give her a dime for the fare to put in the mission offering. Different people in the congregation began to give, some 10c, 25c, \$1.00, \$5.00, etc. Soon \$202.28 was raised for the mission offering.

Miss McNamar, a chum of Miss Kimball, desired to give something also. She gave her pocket book with everything in it. She didn't know just how much was in it, but when it was counted there was \$11.96.

The next morning Brother Paulk saw these two girls and asked them how they were feeling. They told him they were very happy indeed for having given everything they had. Too, they had located a good job and this made them very thankful indeed.—Report by Brother Earl P. Paulk, Second Assistant General Overseer.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE PEOPLE OF NORTH CAROLINA AND FLORIDA

I want to give you this information. Your state Y.P.E. and Sunday school superintendents have very kindly relinquished their back cover state information in order that we may use the space for B.T.S. material.—Ed.

Letters From Our Training Camps

Dear Sister Harrison:

I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. I think it is a wonderful paper. It is real food to my soul. I thank God for His many blessings He has given me while here in the army. God can take care of us here if we will only trust Him. It's hard to live a Christian life here, but God said He would be with us all the way even unto the end of the world. I am glad I can be a soldier for God and my country too, for He said to obey them that had rule over you. But still we can go to Him for help and when the storm clouds are rolling we can pray the clouds away. It's wonderful to serve God for He will go all the way with us. Everyone who reads this please pray that I'll get the Holy Ghost. I want to be true to Him and let my life be a blessing to someone else, for there are plenty of boys here who never think about their souls and don't realize where they will spend eternity. So please help me pray for them and this lost world. I would like for people to write me.—Pvt. Robert Lee Scoggins, C 4, 2. F. A. R. C., Fort Bragg, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Today finds me happy in Jesus. I am so glad that Jesus saved my soul when I was eleven years old. I received the Holy Ghost when I was eighteen years old. I am a reader of the Lighted Pathway and read it from cover to cover and enjoy it very much. I am glad that I had a praying mother, but she passed away a year ago. Thank God, I'll meet her some day in glory. My word to the young people is for them to give their souls to Jesus. I know the young people are the workers of tomorrow. I am not very old myself. I am only twenty-one years old, but I want to be working when my Lord comes after His own. What a great day that will be. Pray for me that I may be a great worker for the Lord because I was called to tell souls about my Lord, which I am going to do if it takes my life. I am going through with the Lord. I would like all of the Christian brothers and sisters and young people to pray for me because I have a great task to go through with. If any of the Christian people would like to write to me, I would appreciate it. This means young people too. My address is Pvt. Robert Edenburn, Q. M. C. Det. (W), Camp Sutton, Monroe, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have just received twenty copies of the Lighted Pathway, which were sent from the Church of God Publishing House.

I passed them out among the boys and they all were very much interested in them.

I surely do appreciate your kindness in sending them and also some copies which were sent to me several weeks ago.

Any time that these nice copies are sent to me I will distribute them among the boys.

I was one time a Christian but I went back from the Lord. Pray for me that I will get back to Jesus.—Hayden Wesley Higginbotham, A. S., U. S. N. T. S., Great Lakes, Illinois.

Dear Mrs. Harrison:

With delight I received the copies of the Lighted Pathway. May it be continued? The men of such minds who love their Lord look forward to this reading material.

Chapel number three, the one I occupy, usually has in a single service at least twenty-five different denominational

NOTE: We are very grateful for the many donations to this worthy cause of sending the paper into the camps. We have almost a page of names of donors we are not able to publish in this issue. These names would take almost a page and we are sure you had rather have something inspirational for our boys to read than to have your names published.

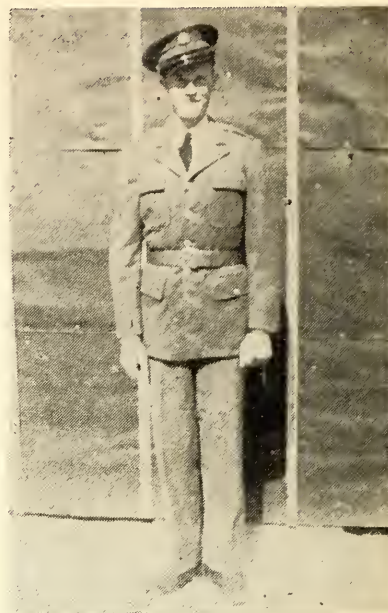
Then you may miss some of our regular pages this month. We are sorry that we do not have more room but when we have special issues, as we have this time, it is impossible to carry out our regular pages.—Ed.

representatives, a most wonderful experience. I wish you could sit in it and share with us. There are so many good men in the army because there are so many good homes still being kept in our nation. Let's never fail with our "good homes."

Then, too, I'm more concerned about the womanhood of America. It is the woman, not the man, who holds up and keeps the moral standards. We'll look after the soldiers, but you folks back home please, please help the girls. Keep them pure.—Gratefully yours, Russel L. Shay, Chaplain U. S. A., Chanute Field, Ill.

Dear Friend:

I have received the Lighted Pathways from you and certainly do thank you



Pvt. Ruben Odle

for them. I really do enjoy reading the paper very much and it makes me think of home and friends and how I once enjoyed the Y. P. E. programs at home. I let the boys in my barracks read the paper.—Pvt. Ruben Odle, 325th Inf. Co. M, 82 Div., Camp Claiborne, La.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Please send me two rolls of Lighted Pathways. I do love to read them. They make me feel like going on and serving God more than ever before. I like to sit back and read what others have written in the paper.

Now I do thank the Lord for being good to me and I am still looking up to Jesus, for He is keeping me good and faithful. I am trying to let my little light shine where others may see that I do walk the straight and narrow way. I pray that the Lord may richly bless you, Sister Harrison, and all the good workers in the Church.

Pray for my chaplain, William H. Hyers. He has been a great help to me.—Clyde F. Barnett, A. S. N. 37060819, Co. C. 153rd Inf., APO 935, Seattle, Washington.

Gentlemen:

Some time ago I subscribed for the Lighted Pathway and I have enjoyed every copy. I have moved to another army post and will you send the copies to the

(Continued on page 25)

Speech Department



We have a letter from Miss Mary Elizabeth Harrison, head of the speech department, who is now in the State University of Iowa. Here are some excerpts from her letter:

Dear Brother Sharp:

I just came in from class and found your letter here. I appreciate very much your interest in my work and your taking the time to let me know. The attitude that you and the other Church officials have shown me has made me very happy but at the same time very humble. I realize I have a great task ahead of me to live up to your faith in me, but I shall try.

I am enjoying my work here very much. I suppose the most important thing I have learned about speech since I have been here is how very important speech is becoming in the field of education.

The College of Liberal Arts will offer the following courses in Speech: Fundamentals of Speech, Public Speaking, Parliamentary Law, Argumentation and Debate, Debate Practice, Interpretative Reading, Elementary Radio Technique, Acting and Play Production.

Since educators are realizing that speech is a basic tool for social adjustment and personality development, it is rapidly losing its reputation as a "frill" of the curriculum and is taking its place as one of the fundamental courses from the first grade on up. You, in the Bible School, are right in line in attempting to offer such a broad course of study in speech.

Consequently, I begrudge each passing day that makes my time here shorter because I feel there is so much here to get and so little time to get it in. The University of Iowa has an excellent speech department—one of the best in the United States—so my only handicap is time.

I feel very happy over the prospect of working with you in the Bible School this year. I feel there will be a fine spirit of cooperation there, which always makes for a happy faculty and a better school.

Thank you again for your letter, and may the Lord bless you as you work for Him.—Mary Elizabeth Harrison.

Note: We are very fortunate that we have been able to secure the services of Miss Harrison for this department. She received her A. B. degree at Maryville College and her M. A. at Duke University, one of the best universities of the South.

To add to these literary attainments, Miss Harrison is a devoted Christian and has been a member of the Church of God since she was fifteen years of age. Her life is an inspiration to the young people and her work among them is her greatest pleasure in life. It is believed that the school has acquired a valuable addition to its faculty in the person of this ambitious young educator. — Zeno C. Sharp.

EDUCATION

(Continued from page 12)

the soul's sense of values. If, however, it is dead with sin, it is blind to cultural things. "Nothing so surely puts out the eyes of the soul as immorality." To sinful, self-centered people life holds little of interest in cultural worlds. They "are dead to rapture." With the spiritual awakening the human spirit revels in the world of the beautiful. The eye may become keen, the mind discerning, and the heart aglow in the presence of cultural interest. It has been said that one is not educated until he has taken time to sense the world of beauty as found in

music, painting, architecture, sculpture, and literature. The frivolous, pleasure-loving girls and boys—yes, even men and women—may live a gay life, but theirs is a shallow life. They know not the depths of the soul of culture. To know how to interpret music requires years of toil; likewise of paintings; but the returns are great. One should study and train for good citizenship. Building fine, interesting personalities is high service. Every beautiful life advances the spiritual wealth of the nation. Laziness and selfishness make for dullness and

sordidness. Cheap living is disgusting. Lifetime thrills come only to those who live the great life of usefulness and thoughtfulness of others. Citizenship has taken on a new meaning since our country has become the "pilot nation of the world." The world needs America above all nations. Our ideals, opportunities of citizenship, our helpfulness has given us commanding influence around the world. With modern transportation, the news service, wireless, and other things in our modern life we have been brought next door to the whole world. The possibilities in the near future are by far the greatest in the history of man. Wage-earners should study and train for service. Laziness and indolence are utterly unnatural and distressing. No man is happier than when he has some special work that he can do and do well in serving others. Men never lived in an age when there was a greater demand for trained service. Our government is demanding trained men for all branches of service in this great conflict. Men with varying degrees of knowledge and schooling are placed in the respective responsible positions, given a technical training necessary for them to master the situation at hand. Therefore, in every walk of life young men and women should learn more, so that they can earn more, so that they can have more in order that they may render larger service.

Recently Dr. John W. Studebaker, Director of the United States Office of Education, disclosed that approximately 250,000 physically fit men have been rejected for army service because of illiteracy. After discussing with Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Studebaker said that a program is being worked out with the War of Man Power Commissioner, Paul McNutt, to give the functionally illiterate basic training in reading and writing and arithmetic. He said that 433,000 men, who would have been placed in Class 1-A, had been deferred because of inability to meet the Army's literacy requirements. This is alarming, and yet not nearly so alarming as the number of those who are illiterate concerning God's work and God's will concerning their lives.

Everyone should get a vision of service. Failure to do so is disastrous. Fields for service are open in every direction. The very air is full of the atmosphere of service. It has been said, "This world will not be what it should be until all, no matter what profession, take as their motto, 'I serve humanity.'" *Others* is the big word in the English language. Religious training and experience furnish the only sufficient motive and power for moral restraint. Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the FBI, when speaking to the graduates of the St.

(Continued on page 24)

Reading Circle



Books Recommended For Your Library

FOR BIBLE READERS

Smith's Bible Dictionary with complete concordance. Price, \$2.00.

The Light of the Bible, arranged by John S. Dickson. Price, 35c.

The Grip That Holds, compiled by Chester M. Savage. Price, \$1.00.

Know Your Bible, by Amos R. Wells. Price, 50c.

This Critical Hour, by Robert G. Lee, D. D. LLD. Price, \$1.00.

Not by Bread Alone, by Carl F. H. Henry. Price, 75c.

All the Days, by Clark J. Forcey, Th. D. Price, 75c.

The Secret of a Beautiful Life, by Dallas C. Baer, A. M., S. T. M. Price, \$1.25.

Crossroads on Life's Highway, compiled by Clyde N. Parker. Price, 75c.

Life Forever! by R. E. Golladay. Price, \$1.00.

Go Till You Guess, by Amos R. Wells. Price, 50c.

Hurlbut's Story of the Bible, by Rev. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D. D. Price, \$2.00.

FICTION

Mary Sunshine, by Bertha B. Moore. Price, \$1.00.

At the Crossroads, by Minnie E. Ludwig. Price \$1.00.

The Pilot's Voice, by Isabel Byrum. Price 75c.

Sally Jo, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

The Return of the Tide, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

One More Year, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.

Though He Slay Me, by Ella M. Noller. Price \$1.00.

To These Also, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.

Under Whose Wings, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

Blaze Star, by Paul Hutchens. Price \$1.00.

The Vision, by Paul Hutchens. Price \$1.00.

FOR CHILDREN

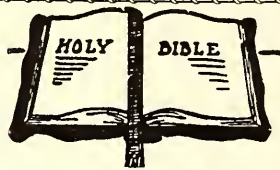
The Adventure of Jack and Joyce, by Grace Phelps Lumm. Price 25c.

The Story of Jesus, by Hesba Stretton. Price 75c.

Junior Surprise Sermons, by Arnold

Carl Westphal. Price \$1.50.

99 New Sermons for Children, by G. B. F. Hallock, D. D. Price \$1.00.



"This little Book I'd rather own,
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
Than all their diadems."

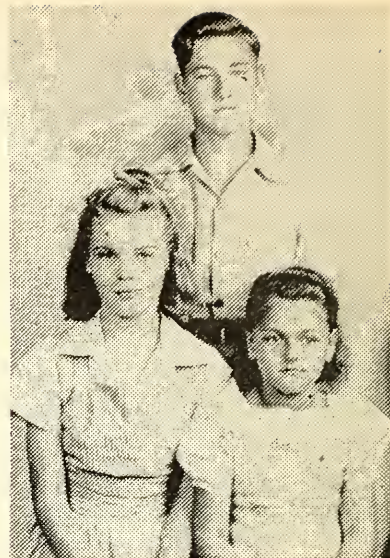
Bible Readings For September

		Morning	Evening
Sept. 1	Song of Sol.	1- 4	Rom. 12
Sept. 2	Song of Sol.	5- 8	Rom. 13-14
Sept. 3	Isa.	1- 2	Rom. 15
Sept. 4	Isa.	3- 5	Rom. 16
Sept. 5	Isa.	6- 8	1 Cor. 1
Sept. 6	Isa.	10-11	1 Cor. 2-3
Sept. 7	Isa.	12-13	1 Cor. 4
Sept. 8	Isa.	14-15	1 Cor. 5-6
Sept. 9	Isa.	16-17	1 Cor. 7
Sept. 10	Isa.	18-19	1 Cor. 8-9
Sept. 11	Isa.	20-22	1 Cor. 10
Sept. 12	Isa.	23-24	1 Cor. 11
Sept. 13	Isa.	25-27	1 Cor. 12-13
Sept. 14	Isa.	28-29	1 Cor. 14
Sept. 15	Isa.	30-31	1 Cor. 15
Sept. 16	Isa.	32-33	1 Cor. 16
Sept. 17	Isa.	34-35	2 Cor. 1
Sept. 18	Isa.	36-37	2 Cor. 2-3
Sept. 19	Isa.	38-40	2 Cor. 4
Sept. 20	Isa.	41-42	2 Cor. 5
Sept. 21	Isa.	43-44	2 Cor. 6-7
Sept. 22	Isa.	45-47	2 Cor. 8
Sept. 23	Isa.	48-49	2 Cor. 9-10
Sept. 24	Isa.	50-52	2 Cor. 11
Sept. 25	Isa.	53-55	2 Cor. 12
Sept. 26	Isa.	56-58	Gal. 1
Sept. 27	Isa.	59-60	Gal. 2
Sept. 28	Isa.	61-63	Gal. 3
Sept. 29	Isa.	64-66	Gal. 4
Sept. 30	Jer.	1- 2	Gal. 5

Daily Vacation Bible School in Lindale, Ga.

Dear Sister Harrison:

We have just closed a very successful Daily Vacation Bible School conducted for two weeks at the Church of God at Lindale, Ga. Sister Willie Mae Carroll was in charge. The Lord certainly blessed



They are Bobbie Ruth Smith, Naomi Durden and Willard Wright.

her efforts and all those who helped to make the school a success.

There were 105 enrolled and 56 of this number received graduating certificates at the close of the school. There were 13 honor students with three receiving highest honor, as you see in the picture.

Closing exercises were held at the church June 14, at the morning hour of worship. A splendid program was given by the boys and girls, consisting of songs, scripture readings and a scripture quoting contest. Billy Landers won the prize of a nice Bible for quoting 71 scriptures verses. June Kennington also received a Bible for bringing the most members to the school. Several of the larger children have become interested in attending church services since the school began, and as a result several have been saved and filled with the Holy Ghost, including the ones in the picture. Pray that the Lord will continue to bless us at Lindale.—*Flora Rutledge, Lindale, Ga.*

Lighted Pathway Rating

	Sold for	Total
	August	
Alabama	1,859	19,184
Arizona	28	589
Arkansas	386	3,106
California	424	3,037
Colorado		1,003
Delaware	112	1,014
Foreign	317	3,014
Florida	2,081	24,411
Georgia	4,070	48,778
Idaho	70	1,011
Illinois	1,659	11,106
Indiana	251	2,465
Iowa	84	845

(Continued on page 26)

Education---Why?

LOUIS CROSS



LOUIS CROSS, B. S.

Lewis is the son of Rev. and Mrs. M. P. Cross, state overseer of South Carolina. He graduated in 1942 from Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., and received a scholarship to continue his work on his Master's Degree, but on account of the war situation was unable to do so. He is now engaged in defense work in West Virginia.

— — —
Never before in the history of our nation has there been such a demand for men of training and education. Our country is calling for military experts, chemists, physicists, engineers, production experts, and men trained in every phase of our defense effort. Never before has our Army and Navy undertaken such a program of training. In every branch of the service—on the land, in the air, on the sea—the youth of our land is being given the best training and education our country can afford. Officers' training schools are crowded and new ones are being created throughout the nation, students in our colleges are being given reserve commissions and allowed to complete their courses before being inducted. Almost all of our schools are beginning a twelve-month schedule. Everywhere there is a program of education and a demand for men of training and experience. Why?

Because our country has a mission. A mission which it cannot fail. A mission, the success of which depends upon the freedom of a nation, its people, and their ideals. The efficiency of our effort does not depend alone upon the number of men we place on the battlefield, but even to a greater extent upon their training,

their leadership, and upon the supplies and equipment furnished them. Hence our soldiers, sailors and marines must be given the best of training. We must have clear thinking, intelligent officers. We must have the personnel in industry with ability to make our armed forces the best equipped in the world.

I think now of the soldiers of Christ, the defenders of Christianity. We, too, have a mission, and likewise we cannot fail. Failure means that the world will be plunged into darkness, and men will be condemned to death, eternal death, for we are the light of the world. Should we, to whom this great mission has been entrusted, enter into the battle without preparation? Do we, too, not need the best training and equipment? As to leadership, it is true that in Christ we have the greatest general—He has never lost a battle and He always gives the right command—but the captains and lieutenants must not falter. Our officers and enlisted men (ministers and laymen) must be trained. We must be familiar with the Word of God. We must be given the fundamentals that enable us to properly interpret, rightly divide, and intelligently present the Scripture. As in a literal battle, we must have the diplomacy to win new soldiers for Christ. Too, our youth must be given the best education and training our Church can afford. We

must have all the equipment necessary to defeat the enemy and all of his forces.

I visualize now an analogy between the Christian and the scientist. The former, after having received his basic education, must first develop an interest for science. Then through diligent study and instruction, he must become well grounded in scientific principles. He must then go into the laboratory for an application of these principles. There his first task is to duplicate the works of previous scientists. Certain laboratory experiments are performed in which he must obtain the results that have previously been shown to result from the given conditions. After having been well drilled in fundamentals and having proved his laboratory ability, he may then go into research.

There he will meet problems that have never been met before. Many times he will work in a field in which no one has ever before worked. If, however, he has the proper training, he may be able, with the help of advice of superiors, to devise a method by which he can solve his problem. It is in this manner that the truly great contributions to science are made.

Likewise with the Christian. First, he must become interested in his soul's salvation. He must be grounded in the fundamentals through instruction (ministry) and study (Bible). He must duplicate the works of the early Christians. When the given conditions are met, definite results are obtained. These conditions, their results, and the evidence of their results are clearly outlined in our textbook, the Bible. He is then given a chance to apply the principles of Christianity. After a determination to be a Christian and a

(Continued on page 22)



Laurel Falls in the Great Smokies.

THE CHURCH OF GOD BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL



Commencement Address, 1942

BY REV. E. M. TAPLEY

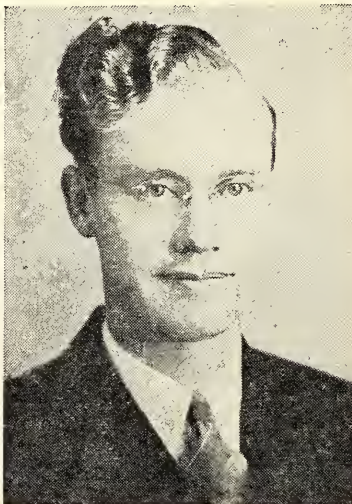
Brother Tharp, Brother Walker, Fellow Members of the Board of Directors, Senior Class and Student Body of the Church of God Bible Training School and College, Brother Ministers and Friends:

I shall say first that my heart is filled with gratitude this morning when I see what God hath done for us. This new building which the Lord has given us and its beautiful auditorium which we are in, gives all of us reasons for gratitude.

As I look upon this graduating class, there is no doubt in my mind that the class of 1942 goes from this institution at the most crucial hour in the annals of secular history. Not in the history of this school has a class gone forth amidst such uncertainty, amidst such social and political upheaval. In view of this fact, I wish to call your attention to the words of Christ found in John 9:4—words that I wish might become the slogan of every student leaving the school and of every one of us here today.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work."

Members of the graduating class, you have come this morning to one more of life's steppingstones. May you make it a steppingstone to service, and may you also make it a steppingstone to further study. If you fail to pursue a life of both service and study, your coming to the



point you have reached today is of little avail. You are leaving here for various fields of labor. Most of you young men are ministers; some of you young ladies will perhaps become the wives of ministers. Whatever field of service yours may be, the more training and education you have acquired the easier your task is going to be. We have reached a day when education is essential to everything we turn our hands to do. Sociologists even tell us that by actual statistics a much higher percentage of marriages succeed

where both persons are educated. It seems, then, that education is not only essential to efficient service, but it also contributes to individual happiness and good social adjustment. Seeing the growing need for better training, this school is now engaged in a program of expansion. Perhaps Brother Tharp has told you already that we hope to add a college of home economics.

That there is an increasing stress being laid on training is obvious the world over. A few years ago when Mr. Hitler envisioned the present struggle, he began compulsory military training of German youth. He realized training was necessary to wage a modern war. The populace of the United Nations is crying for a second front to be opened in Europe immediately, but our military men are aware that such a task cannot be undertaken until their armies are thoroughly trained and equipped for it. May we remind ourselves that time spent in preparation is never time lost.

A few days ago I talked with a young man from one of our army camps. He told me that his camp had just sent away a large detachment of men traveling northward under sealed orders and thoroughly equipped, "And I mean equipped," he repeated. Our government is awake to the value of preparation, and so are we.

Education is indispensable just now, more so than at any time in the world's history. I am not alone in this conviction; our government believes it, and it is encouraging young people to remain in school where at all possible. So do not
(Continued on page 23)

AND COLLEGE, SEVIERVILLE, TENNESSEE



B. T. S. and College Opens September 7

Only a few more days until hundreds of happy boys and girls will be gathering in Sevierville to attend another term of school.

Some will be taking a Bible course, and preparing for the ministry; others will be taking music, high school, college or business. All will be in the same big group, composing one big family.

The teachers, deans, and other officials will be coming a few days early to assist in getting everything arranged. We are expecting this to be the biggest term yet.

If you have not sent in your application, do so immediately. If you do not have an application blank, write for one.

Married Students

Many young married girls who did not get to finish their schooling are taking advantage of their opportunity and coming to school this term while their husbands are in the Army. This, we think, is a splendid idea. They can board as cheaply here as any place, and go to school at the same time. The allowance from the Government will more than pay their expenses. Furthermore, one could not hope to find a better place to meditate and pray than here. The encouragement one will receive from both students and faculty will be worth much

in this trying hour. Come and spend this term with us.

Special Announcement

Whereas, the General Assembly is to be in Birmingham this year, students may, if they desire, come directly to the school in Sevierville. They may arrive the 6th or 7th. The 7th will be registration day. Students will make their own arrangements in getting from the Assembly to Sevierville. It will cost almost as much to stay at the Assembly a week as it will a month in school. Therefore, it might suit you better to come directly to the school.

If there is other information you desire, write the Bible Training School, Sevierville, Tennessee.

All prospective students are urged to mail applications to the school immediately. No student is expected to come to school unless his application has been officially accepted. Application blanks are mailed upon request. Send for yours today! Enjoy the many blessings of B. T. S. during the 1942-43 term.

State Prizes To Be Awarded By Bible Training School and College

To each state that has as many as ten students above the number enrolled last term a cash prize of \$100 will be awarded. This amount may be applied

on the account of some worthy student or students from that state.

The following is a list of the number of students from each state who attended school last year.

State	Students
Tennessee (32 local)	65
North Carolina	28
Florida	22
Georgia	19
Virginia	17
South Carolina	16
Kentucky	14
Alabama	10
Ohio	9
West Virginia	7
Mississippi	7
Texas	6
Pennsylvania	6
Washington	5
Arizona	3
Maryland	3
Michigan	3
Montana	1
Iowa	1
Colorado	1
New Mexico	1
Kansas	1
Oklahoma	1
North Dakota	1
Arkansas	1

We hope that at least ten states will take advantage of this offer because that will mean \$1,000 in cash prizes. This amount would certainly be appreciated by worthy students who are praying that some way will be provided for them to come to school.

Some states have already reached the goal. Will yours reach it by September 7?

Bible Lessons

Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

Topic: The Gospel Call

ALDA B. RANKIN McLENDON

Scripture: Rom. 1:16

Thoughts For the Leader

In the scripture for our lesson, Paul tells us he is not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. In all walks of life we see those who are seeking after things that will make them great or powerful.

In this study let us consider some things concerning the gospel that will enable each of us to have power that will enrich our lives and make it possible for us to live a life that will count for God at all times; wherever we may be called to serve, whether at home or abroad, in training camps or on the battlefields. With the power of the gospel we can be victors on any front, and with Paul we may be able to say, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay in all these things we are more than con-

querors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord," Rom. 8:35-39.

The Call to Choose

In Joshua 24:15 he told the people to "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." None of us can escape making a choice. We are either on one side or the other. We cannot remain neutral, for if we do not choose Jesus and take our stand for Him we are against Him, however much we should like to deny the fact, for Jesus said in St. Matt. 12:30, "He that is not with me is against me." So it behooves each of us to make the right choice and choose Jesus Christ, the one who will never leave us nor forsake us.

The Call to Come

We are not only told to choose but to come. Just listen to the gospel call as these blessed words ring out, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." St. Matt. 11:28-30. Where else in all the world could we go to find such comfort? It is certainly not to be found elsewhere, for God's Word tells us the way of the transgressor is hard, and although he may seemingly be having a good time in worldly pleasure, his day is coming, for we are told to "Fret not thyself because of evildoers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity. For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb," Ps. 37:1, 2.

"O sinner come, and tarry not;
Why wilt thou longer wait?
The Lord of heaven and earth invites
Thine entrance at the gate.
Why wilt thou linger in thy sin,
The darkness and the gloom?
While in the banquet hall of light
For thee there's ample room."

The Call of Love

In 1 John 4:7-11 we have these words, "Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."

Throughout the Bible we are called to love. We are told to not only love the righteous or good but also our enemies, and to do good to those who hate us, and pray for those which spitefully use us and persecute us. Matt. 5:44. And in Gal. 5:14, "For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this; Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The Call to Faithfulness

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. 2:10. In these words we are made to realize the importance of being faithful or enduring to the end. There are those who have started out well but failed to endure or be faithful and have gone back into the world. The Word of God says in 2 Peter 2:20, 21, "For if after they have escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein, and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning. For it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them."

The most important thing for each of us who know Jesus Christ as our completeness is to be faithful to the end. We will have trials but in 1 Peter 4:12 we are told to "think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."

"God hath not promised skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways all our lives through;
God hath not promised sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow, peace without pain.
But God hath promised strength for the day,
Rest for the laborer, light on the way;
Grace for the trial, help from above,
Unfailing sympathy, undying love."

Topic: Hope

HOPE GOODMAN

Thoughts for the Leader

Hope is one of the most blessed gifts God ever bestowed in the bosom of man. Hope, in many cases, proves a curse to mankind in such events as hoping to recover from illness rather than preparing to meet God, in case of death. However, hope has in thousands of instances kept man alive. Sinners are privileged with the hope that they can be saved and that they can become heirs of God through Christ. We, as Christians, have hope in our Father that not only in this life will we continue to receive the bless-

ings of God, but that after this world of sorrow we shall go into a greater beyond to be with our Redeemer forevermore. Let us always be faithful and true.

Present Hope

Everything that occurs in this world, either directly or indirectly, results from hope. Hope arouses courage within us. Hope endures trials, conquers temptations and causes us to enjoy heaven below. Hope helps us to yield to the present and wait for the future. "Hope, kindled by a divine promise, affects the entire life of a man in his inmost thoughts, ways and feelings."—*Spurgeon*. The present condition of man before God cannot be found truer to test than the secret hope that is within him. The "big" and "little" hopes within us at the present are pointing to our future—foretelling our eternal abode.

Future Hope

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." 1 Cor. 15:19. But there is a hope beyond this veil of tears. It has been said that hope, which has no outlook beyond the grave, is dim windows for a soul to look through. Those in hell do not hope. They are like the Tamil language which does not consist of a word meaning "hope." In this life we do have hope for a greater beyond. We are what we hope. If in this life we build our hopes on Jesus and on things above, it bespeaks for us a home of eternal bliss. Sometimes we have hopes that crush, but our hope in Jesus cannot and will not fail us. "When Christ died on the cross our hopes began; when He arose they were confirmed; when He went up on high they began to be fulfilled; when He comes the second time they will be realized. Until then we hope and our hope layeth hold upon the promise."—*Spurgeon*.

Let our hope for the future grow unbound in our hearts, for in so doing each trial and test of this life will prove easier. We hope to see our loved ones in heaven, but to see the one who bled and died for us is our greatest hope for the future. "We give thanks to God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ . . . For the hope which is laid up for you in heaven . . .," Col. 1:3-5.

Hope Thou in God

There is never a reason for us to lose hope in God. Other hopes may fail but our hope in God can never fail. God is an eternal Father and His ears are always open to those crying for mercy and to the cries of the righteous. Perhaps at times it seems we hope in vain, that there is no way out of our troubles, but God has a million ways He can deliver us in the time He has appointed. Our puny ideas and feeble plans of how He should deliver us are not always those that will work out in the divine plan He has drawn

for us. When we tell God our troubles, in our weak childlike way, then we have performed our part and the rest is up to Him. Is there any reason why He should not hear us? If we are His children then it is foolish to doubt Him. Man may fail us, forget us and misuse us, but our hope in God is not in vain. It is our absolute duty to put our complete hope in God. Therefore let us put our hope in Him and we will live with a full assurance of inheriting the things God hath prepared for them that love Him.

Topic: A Battle of Life

SARAH BLANCH MCGUIRE

Thoughts for the Leader

A battle is truly on in this last day when Satan realizes he has such a short time, and he must work hard. The sinner does not bother Satan; it is the Christian man or woman, one who is out and out for God, that he wants, just to defeat God's purpose, not because he has a great love for us but because he hates us and hates God and wants to bring grief to the heart of God. But, thank God, we have a Master who is able to keep us until that last day. Satan has always been a deceiver and a liar, a broken reed to lean upon in time of need. How he must laugh when another soul has been lost and he was won in the battle of right and wrong. Thank God for Isa. 40:31, "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

Idleness Versus Diligence

Prov. 10:4; Deut. 4:9

Who are we to say we can do nothing in this old world of ours? God can do all things, if our lives are lived as God would have us live them. He can use us as He sees fit. If we sit down and say, "I have no talent, there is nothing I can do," you may be sure God will let us sit there. But if we remember that Paul said, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me," we will win a battle to start with. Things may not come out just as we think they should, but God's ways are not our ways. An idle mind is indeed the devil's workshop. If we keep our hands busy, our minds will have no time to pick up all the foolishness Satan would have us spend our time with. If we let the devil have his way, we will soon learn the truth of the Proverb, "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger."

Heaven Versus Hell

Matt. 25:40, 46

To think of the beautiful home in heaven which God has prepared for those who love Him, who work faithfully while here on earth, the home we will

one day enter for a wedding, never to return, never to suffer the pangs of sorrow and despair, the hardships all past, to dwell with Him who loves us forever. To think of an everlasting day, one which is always bright, with no need of a sun but the Lamb is the light thereof.

Hell was never intended for man, but for disobedience he must enter darkness forever, away from the presence of God without mercy or hope. There he will find his place with all liars and drunkards, while eternity rolls on and on. We should thank God for giving us a chance while here on earth to escape such a place. We shall never enter there if we keep His first commandment, for if we love Him with all our hearts, we will surely do His work and some day reap a great reward.

Jesus Versus Satan

Matt. 4:1, 10

When we think of Jesus who suffered and gave His life for us that we might have eternal life and the things we are promised if we stand true and faithful, we have peace and joy and love for our fellowman. The wonder of belonging to a great God like ours makes us have a desire to press forward.

If we go Satan's way, we will have misery and hate, envy, strife and every thing. We will be always seeking for things we do not find as long as we serve Satan and at the end we will be lost in eternity. If we are cast into a devil's hell, we will suffer forever and ever, with a mind in torment thinking of a heaven that we have forever missed.

Spirit Versus Flesh

Deut. 4:9

John 6:63, "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

Unless we are born of the Spirit we cannot fight the devil, neither can we worship God in truth and in Spirit because He said, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." The Spirit of God is mindful of the things of God. The flesh is an enemy of God; therefore, we always have to be on the lookout for something the devil will try to make us do. Only by prayer can we overcome the things of the flesh. We must go by the leadings of the Spirit. We will not let the flesh get the upper hand if we say, within ourselves, as the Psalmist, "But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night."

Topic: Abundant Life

WILMA UNDERWOOD

Scripture: John 10:10

Thoughts for the Leader

In our scripture, Jesus says that He came that we might have life and have

it more abundantly. Abundant life came through giving. God gave His Son and the Son gave His life. Oh, how we should appreciate it and thank God for such a great privilege. Let's be determined, by the grace of God, not to let anything hinder us from abundant living.

Hindrances to the Abundant Life

Anything that destroys life hinders abundant living. Some of these hindrances are: wrong thoughts, hate, unforgiving spirit, strife, pride and lust. Many times our best friends hinder. Remember how Christ said to Peter, who might have hindered Him from reaching His goal, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

Sometimes things hinder us, as in the case of the rich young ruler who came to Jesus by night. He let his riches come between him and the Lord. He wasn't willing to make the sacrifice.

This young man wasn't the only one to be hindered of abundant life because of money. You remember the story of Ananias and Sapphira, how they sold their possessions and kept back part of the money. These two, also, were hindered of abundant life.

Writing to Timothy, Paul says, "For the love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith . . ." 1 Tim. 6:10a.

There are many things in this day which could hinder us if we only heeded, but let's press on, holding high the blood-stained banner of Jesus, our soon-coming King. He's coming back for those who have served Him and waited patiently for His return. Let's not let anything hinder us of this abundant life.

Appreciation of Abundant Life

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord," Psal. 150:6. Let us show our gratitude for life in abundance by expressing our love and appreciation not only in word but in deed. I think one of the best ways to show our appreciation for abundant living is to serve the Lord with all our heart. Another is to witness anywhere and any time for the abundant Life Giver. My, I could never express how much I appreciate the abundant life. I could never sing enough, write or tell as much as I appreciate it. Friends, we have a right to be happy and enjoy this abundant life, for just think it cost the life of Jesus, the only Son of God.

I'm persuaded to believe that most of the people of our land and country don't appreciate this life as they should. If they did, there would be more people saved and accepting it.

I would to the Lord I could show my appreciation for what He is to me. My, I can never tell how I appreciate abundant living, but I can serve Jesus and

strive to win lost souls and tell the world about this life which is so free and abundant.

Abundant Life Through Giving

After looking down from heaven and seeing the sins of the people were getting so great, God saw that the blood of animals would no longer atone for sin. "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh."

Around thirty-three and a half years after Jesus left His home in glory, He went to Calvary's cross, suffered, bled, and died that we might have life and have it more abundantly. Think of the Lamb of God who shed His precious blood for us! Oh, how I love the atoning blood of Jesus. "What can wash away my sins? Nothing but the blood of Jesus." There's power in the blood.

This abundant life, which we have the privilege of having, came through giv-

ing. We have a part in giving to have abundant life. If God gave His only Son and the Son gave His life, surely we can give up the things of the world to serve a true God. He gave His life for us, what have we given to Him? If you haven't accepted Jesus as your Savior, today is the day of salvation, now is the accepted time.

Education—Why?

(Continued from page 17)

willingness to give up the world have been shown, the Christian will meet more problems, many of which will be different from those that anyone else has ever met. But if he has been properly trained, he will, by the help of Christ, be able to overcome. This overcoming distinguishes the true Christian.

Surely if education has been recognized as so valuable in war, in industry, in all other fields of work, we, too, must recognize its value in this the most important work on earth—that of spreading the gospel of Jesus Christ.

BIBLICAL EYE-OPENERS

By C.M. TRUESDELL & DANA NORTH

God Commanded that NO FRUIT-BEARING TREES

COULD BE CUT BY ISRAEL FOR USE IN THE SIEGE OF THE TOWNS WHERE THEY GREW. THEY WERE TO BE SPARED, BECAUSE THEY WERE TREES FOR MEAT, OR EDIBLE FRUIT. (DEUT. 20:19,20)



ENGLAND'S FAMOUS EXPRESSION "GOD SAVE THE KING"

.... Is taken from the Bible. THE ISRAELITES SHOUTED IT FOR SAUL, THEIR FIRST KING. (1 SAM. 10:24) JUDAH CONTINUED TO USE IT AFTER THE DIVISION OF THE KINGDOM. (2 KINGS 11:12)

RACHEL... WAS A BUSINESS WOMAN.

AND WAS ENGAGED IN HER PROFESSION WHEN SHE MET COUSIN JACOB. "SHE WAS A SHEPHERDESS" Moffatt's Trans. "HER FATHER'S SHEEP, FOR SHE KEPT THEM." A.V. (Gen. 29:9)



Commencement Address

(Continued from page 18)

leave this school feeling that a diploma from it has prepared you for all of life's battles, and you have nothing further to do. This is only the beginning of your education. You must continue to study as you serve, and what I have alluded to already I shall now plainly state: IF AT ALL POSSIBLE continue your school work in institutions of higher learning.

But if we are to seek more education, it must not be alone for some selfish motive; it must rather be to serve bleeding humanity in mankind's darkest hour. When once more the bells toll and the whistles blow proclaiming that peace has returned to a war-torn world, when once more men can stand erect on the blood-soaked battlefields without the fear of whining bullets and bursting shells—and that time will come again, if by no other means, sheer exhaustion will bring it—this world is going to need trained men and women for the huge task of reconstruction. More than at any previous time in its history it will need young men and women with ideals, spirituality, optimism, and foresight. Adjustment during the post-war era is a problem greater than war itself. War lowers the ideals of men; someone must inspire them to higher ideals again. War destroys the morals of a people; someone must rebuild those morals again.

Our experience in the destruction of morals and spiritual ideals was not so bitter as that of the European nations during the last war, but it was bitter enough. Before World War No. 1, Germany was one of the most highly moral countries on earth. They had been one of the world's best disciplined people since the days of Frederick the Great. During this great war Germany lost more than seven million men, killed, wounded, and missing—a tremendous loss for a country of Germany's population—and their whole social, economic, and political structure toppled. Their morals sank to an exceedingly low ebb, and twelve-year-old girls sold themselves upon the streets for bread. We cannot yet foresee what our experience will be this time, but our nation is going to need Spirit-filled young people to lift our morals from the dust again.

There is a wave of skepticism, radicalism, intolerance, and standardization that follows war. These things were very evident after the last war. When the smoke of battle has cleared away and men see the lofty ideals and slogans for which they have fought were, after all, commercial and imperialistic interests, the disillusionment that follows is both painful and bitter. They become skeptical of spiritual values, of God, religion, and of eternity. They often become cynical toward the whole of mankind. This has

ever been the history of war; this will ever continue to be the history of war. During the post-war era more than ever before, the world is going to need your ultra-spirituality to inspire them to faith and hope again.

A few days ago I talked with a well-known historian who is dean of a prominent Southern college. He said to me, "You are going to see a different world when this conflict has ended. Five years from now you will hardly know the world in which we now live. We shall have greater regimentation and stricter standardization; men will lose faith and forget moral principles. We shall never return to ante-bellum days. A great task faces the ministers and churches," he said, "and I hope you ministers and churches will be wide awake and ready to cope with it."

I wanted his opinion on a timely question. "What is your hope for the world's future peace and security?" I asked. "It seems that nations are incapable of dealing justly with each other. You historians agree that no greater injustice was ever forced upon a conquered people than the Versailles Treaty that ended the great war of 1914-18; that a war to end wars apparently ended in a peace to end peace. If this be true, do you believe men can create a just and lasting peace?"

"I have little hope of it," he replied.

"But can civilization survive a greater and more violent conflict in each succeeding generation?"

"It is questionable," he thoughtfully remarked.

"But do you believe civilization, as we know it today, can perish from the earth?" I further inquired of him.

"It has been done," was the answer. "Think of the Grecian and Egyptian civilizations. What of Roman civilization, one of the greatest man ever built! Its position seemed secure, but southward and westward swept the invading hordes of the Goths; out of the dark and shadowy East came Attila and the Huns to ransack, to plunder, and to destroy. Roman culture and civilization perished, and the dark ages and feudalism engulfed Europe. It has happened."

"But we have our modern inventions," I protested.

"Inventions are not the savior of civilizations," he calmly stated. "Egypt and Greece had their scientific discoveries, which were lost and remain lost until the present day. The steam engine was even invented in the second century B. C., but until recently that invention was lost. The only preservers of civilization are deep spiritual and religious ideals. If these fail, all is gone."

That, student body, is the opinion of a man who has his doctorate in history and political science, a man who for the past

several years has been a teacher, traveler, and writer.

However, through the centuries men have dreamed of permanent peace, of a united and peaceful world. That hope has never been more beautifully expressed than it is in Tennyson's famous *Locksley Hall* poem:

*"Till the war drums throbbed no longer,
And the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation
of the world.*

*There the common sense of most shall
hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly world shall slumber,
lapped in universal law."*

That federation will come, but fallen man cannot perfect it as Tennyson hoped. Everlasting peace will come for us when the Lord Jesus shall reign, and then it be that, "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Yes, at last—far off—at last, every winter will change to spring.

Yet, it is not within the range of our vision to foresee the horrors that humanity may suffer before this dreadful carnage of war has spent its inhuman fury and passed on, but we do know that whatever comes God will give us grace to face it bravely.

*"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill."*

Whatever may come, and however dark the future may be, let us hold on to hope. Hope! Precious jewel that it is. When hope is gone all is gone. Hold ever to hope; it is an anchor steadfast and sure. Maintain your lofty moral and spiritual ideals; they are the guiding sails of destiny.

In obedience to the words of Christ, let us gird ourselves for the mighty spiritual conflict before us. Before peace comes again blood may drench the soil of Europe from the Scandinavian Peninsula to the Caucasus, and from the Baltic Sea to the Rock of Gibraltar; Africa and the Orient may be crimson with the blood of dying humanity. But the greatest battle of this war will not be fought on the far-flung battle lines of the earth, nor upon the seven seas. It will be fought here at home. It will last long after the guns have ceased to fire and the armistice has been signed. That battle will be the battle to support right ideals and to remold those that have been broken; the battle to support and reconstruct the faith of mankind; the battle to reshape and recreate hope that has been crushed to the earth. In that battle we all must begin an immediate fight.

The night now approaches when no man can work. What you plan to do in life, you must begin now. You are young
(Continued on page 24)

Contributions

By Young Writers

The Ten Commandments For a Successful Y. P. E.

By Pauline Weaver

(Continued from last issue)

Eighth Commandment

If someone would make a survey and find out what the majority of people dislike having to contend with, and what they most thoroughly dislike, I believe "being bored" would rank somewhere very near the top of the list. As for me, I believe I could very well give it first place! Don't you hate to be somewhere and everything so dull and uninteresting, until you feel you'll be bored to tears? We must not, we cannot let our Y. P. E. get boring, for if we do it will surely die and nobody will come to see our programs. Even the members will drop out one by one and one day we'll wake up to find ourself and a few faithful church members assembling for another Y. P. E. meeting—oh terrible thought! Let us stay awake and be up and doing things, thus chase away even a hint of boredom if it shows itself.

YOU, Mr. President, have you ever sat in church and heard an hour and a half or two-hour sermon that had gotten terribly uninteresting after the first thirty minutes? If you have, remember not to talk so long before or after the program.

You, Mr. Group Leader, have you ever heard a person conduct a prayer meeting who put so little energy and spirit into it until you felt you would just die if he didn't sing a song, have someone testify, or something? If you have, watch your program, and keep it going!

You, Miss Secretary, have you ever heard anyone read a report or paper of some sort in class, and read it so much in a mumbling tone, or so "sing songy" until you were glad when he had finished? Remember, if you have, and read your report slowly and distinctly.

You, Mr. Song Leader, have you ever been to a church where they "murdered" songs by the wholesale? where they just dragged along in a slow, unmoving way with a spiritual, fast song? or where they

just "flew away" with such beautiful old hymns as "Old Rugged Cross"? If you have, remember to watch your songs, and sing them as they should be sung—put hand-clapping, and real lusty singing in our new, spiritual songs, and real feeling and meaning in the older slower hymns. And, too, be ready. Don't keep your group leader waiting after he has asked for a song.

And so on and on—let's not ever be boring. Let us have something interesting for each Y. P. E. service. Show the members it will not be boring—it won't be the same old thing every time they come to your service. Let each one be so inspirational, so spiritual, so educational, so interesting, until they will leave feeling that it was truly "good to be there." You can by His help.

NINTH COMMANDMENT

Don't Neglect Honorary Members

Isn't it a thrilling sight to have the church practically full of honorary members? It's quite enough to make all happy and feel as if their programs are good and that they are accomplishing something. So let's see if we can make our honorary members feel welcome and like to come so much that they will be regular attendants.

We must keep our honorary members' attendance high, because that is the real way to judge a Y. P. E. If you are to have an interesting program, a spiritual program, and an inspiring, helpful program, you must have someone there to enjoy it, to tell you it was enjoyable, and to give the Y. P. E. some encouragement. It is very discouraging to go to Y. P. E. and find no audience to appreciate your hard work in mastering a play; nor will empty benches inspire you to make a talk that has all your mind, heart, and soul in it. Everyone likes an appreciative audience for his efforts, and in Y. P. E. we find this in our group of honorary members.

So always be sure to welcome your honorary members each service. It isn't that they might not feel welcome, but anyone likes to know that he is helping someone, so tell them how much they help you. At the beginning of the service tell them you are glad they came and that you hope they will enjoy your program. And at the ending of the service remind them of how glad you are they were there and how much their presence affects you, and helps the other members to do their best in the program. Never let them even imagine you don't care if they are absent. Impress it upon them to be present every service.

And do not always leave them out of your programs. There are several interesting features they can take on your program. And sometimes, let them have an entire program. Let one of them plan it,

and put it on. Also use them in your plays when an older person is called for.

One nice way of having the older people on a program is to have them choose sides of line up, as for a spelling match, then quote scriptures against each other, letting them sit when they can't think of one. Continue as long as anyone can think of a scripture, if they are to have the entire program, or just for a certain length of time if they are going to have only a part of the program. Or you could limit the verses to one certain topic; such as Love, Faith, or Prayer. This is very interesting and you will be surprised to find how many scriptures some of them know. Another plan would be to feature them in a special quiz program, or anything. Just be sure not to neglect them—ever—because they are important and we love them.

(To be continued)

Commencement Address

(Continued from page 23)

this morning, but this afternoon you will see life's sun sinking to rise no more, and you will go the way of all the earth. Death is universal. It disrupts the plans of us all. In the words of Thomas Grey, "*The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave*"

Awaits alike the inevitable hour: The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

An old philosopher had sought through his entire life to understand the history of man. At last he lay dying. Suddenly he gazed on friends standing round. "Can someone give me briefly the history of man before I die?" he asked.

A comrade standing by answered, "My brother, they are born, they live, they die."

Our life is as a vapor. Our candle burns at both its ends; it must soon go out. Let us work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

Education

(Continued from page 15)

John University Law School, said, "In far too many homes reverence of God does not exist. Religion and the guidance of God are not sufficiently considered." He further stated, asserting with reference to greed and vengeance and quest of power throughout the world, that they can be overcome only by a superior force of spiritual development that brings justice to all peoples. Therefore, God in the human heart is the greatest possible asset from every point of view. Religion, then, should be a part of education. Steinmetz, the world's greatest electrical engineer, says, "Some day people will learn that material things do not bring happiness. Then the scientists of the

world will turn their laboratories over to the study of God and prayer and the spiritual forces which as yet have hardly been guessed at. Then more progress will be made in one generation than in four now."

"It is not absolutely necessary that an education should be crowded into a few years of school life. The best educated people are those who are always learning, always absorbing the knowledge from every possible source and at every opportunity."—*Sel.*

"The best education in the world is that gotten by struggling to get a living."—*Wendell Phillips.*

THE BEST EDUCATION

A professor in the University of Chicago, says the Kansas City Star, told his pupils that he should consider them educated in the best sense of the word when they could say yes to every one of the questions that he should put to them. Here are the questions:

Has education given you a sympathy with all good causes and made you espouse them?

Has it made you public spirited? Has it made you a brother to the weak?

Have you learned how to make friends and keep them? Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself?

Can you look an honest man or a pure woman in the eye? Do you see anything to love in a little child? Will a lonely dog follow you in the street?

Can you be high-minded and happy in the meaner drudgeries of life? Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano playing or golf?

Are you good for anything to yourself? Can you be happy alone? Can you look out on the world and see anything except dollars and cents?

Can you look in a mud puddle by the wayside and see a clear sky? Can you see anything in the puddle but mud? Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars? Can your soul claim relationship with the Creator?—*Sel.*

AN EDUCATION FROM A NICKEL

A young girl who lived in Mississippi asked her brother to give her the money to go to college. He told her that he could not afford it and tossing her a nickel, added, "Unless you can go on that." The plucky girl took the five-cent piece and bought some calico from which she made a bonnet which she sold for twenty-five cents. With this money she bought more calico and made more bonnets. After she had made several dollars in this way, she determined to grow potatoes and did all the work in the field except the plowing. The venture was a success, and she had enough money to start to school. She did not stop work,

however; and it is not surprising that a girl of so much determination was able to pay her way through school. She was graduated with honors from the State College for Women, attended a medical school, still earning all of her expenses, got her degree and is now a successful practicing physician in a large town in the South. It all began with a nickel. It has been said that the will is the shaft upon which all the pulleys of life are set. The boy or girl who says that he or she cannot afford to go to college, is faced with every reasonable fact that he or she cannot afford not to go to college. Ministers whose college days have flown, avail yourself of every opportunity of study, and continue to study. 2 Timothy 2:15, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God."

Letters From Our Training Camps

(Continued from page 14)

following address? As a soldier I can say that Jesus is a friend of mine and truly one cannot really live until he accepts Jesus as his personal Savior. I visited your headquarters while on duty in Cleveland and enjoyed the fellowship very much.—Sgt. Francis C. Brackett, Anti-tank Co., 354th Inf., APO 89, Camp Carson, Colo.

Dear Editor:

I have read your paper and enjoyed it very much. The articles are most encouraging in these days when everything looks very disappointing.

We hear so much about people investing ten per cent of their earnings in war bonds and stamps to help win the war, which is a fine thing to do. I very often wonder why we are not encouraged more by the radio and press to use the secret and most effective weapon that ever was invented—PRAYER. "Wisdom is better than the weapons of war," Eccl. 9:18. If people would devote part of their time each day to prayer and earnestly ask God to help us, we would look for a quick victory.

I am writing this to you as one who can, and must, encourage people to pray for a complete, swift and long lasting victory.

O God, help our enemies to become our friends.—Corp. Fred Honeycutt, Personnel Office, 74th C. A. (AA), Portsmouth, Virginia.

Editor's Message

(Continued from page 2)

Here is a story I have recently heard of one of our great missionaries that might inspire someone to select one of these boys or girls and give them an education, or some of the churches could send good consecrated boys and girls from their Y. P. E. They could not find

a work which would pay larger dividends than this. Let me tell you this story of Dr. John B. Clough of India as given by Dr. George W. Truitt in his book, "Follow Thou Me."

"I was converted back in a little country church, joined the church and was baptized, and for my daily work I followed the plow. As I followed the plow, great impulses stirred in my heart to be a preacher. One day I ventured to tell the senior deacon in our church about my longing to be a preacher, and he promptly suppressed me, or tried to do so. He said, 'Why, John, you could never be a preacher. God does not call dullards to be preachers. A man must have some gift of speech if he is to be a preacher, and you do not have any gift at all. You would not want to say any more about that, John. You go on and be a good church man, but do not say anything more about preaching to anybody else.'"

John went back to his plow, and he told us that as he plowed the desire burned within him, with ever deepening intensity, to be a preacher. One day he met the deacon again, and said, "I've tried to forget about being a preacher, as you told me, but I cannot. I lie awake at night, restless, praying about this preaching." Continuing he said, "Deacon, let me ask you this question, If the Lord has called me to be a preacher, and if I will study and pray and do my best, won't He make up for my lack?" The deacon could not trifle with that question. He answered, "All right, John, come up to the church and tell us about it next Saturday." The next Saturday, at the close of the country church conference, the deacon said, "John Clough has something to say to you. I have talked with John, and I have vainly tried to talk him out of what he is going to tell you. I have asked him to come and tell you what he has told me." That awkward, modest, country boy got up in the little country church, and told the people what he had told the deacon. He told his story with halting words, told it stammeringly, told it with painful embarrassment. When it was over, the church people said, "Let us give John a chance. Let us send him away for a year to school." One man said he would give one hundred bushels of corn, another one gave a hundred, others eighty, sixty, forty, and so on all around. They made up hundreds of bushels of corn that day, worth only a few cents per bushel, the sale of which sent John away to school for one year. John came back at the end of the year, and it was noised abroad that he was to preach his first sermon in the little country church. People from near and far crowded to hear John's first sermon. When he stood up to preach, the same Spirit that came down on John's Master yonder in Palestine, nineteen

hundred years ago, came down on John, and his tongue was loosed, and his words burned like fire in the dry grass. Women sobbed while John preached and the strong faces of the men softened and were subdued. They got around the young preacher and said, "God knows best; John is God's man." That is the man who went out to India, and did a work in India which is fairly matchless in missionary annals. This is the man under whose testimony for Christ in India there were baptized at one time two thousand, two hundred and twenty-two converts.

Education is a polishing process which will prepare boys and girls to fill great places in life. There are many talented boys and girls who could have made a success in life had someone been interested enough to give them a lift as these men did John Clough.

Addison has said, "I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works on a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without such helps are never able to make their appearance. If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hidden in a block of marble, and that the art of the statuary only cleans away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lies hidden and concealed in a common person, which a proper education might have disinterred and have brought to light."

"Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," 2 Tim. 2:15.

Lighted Pathway Rating

(Continued from page 16)

Kansas	128	1,655
Kentucky	1,176	21,470
Louisiana	582	5,406
Maine	126	1,234
Maryland	519	5,009
Massachusetts	28	336
Minnesota	70	700
Michigan	873	5,638

Mississippi	397	5,328
Missouri	340	2,977
Montana	98	1,160
Nebraska	28	322
New Jersey	84	1,094
New Mexico	63	1,089
New York		188
North Carolina	4,479	45,195
North Dakota	596	2,984
Ohio	987	9,822
Oklahoma	340	3,391
Oregon	112	1,165
Pennsylvania	735	8,568
South Carolina	5,462	70,092
South Dakota	42	9,333
Tennessee	2,156	33,558
Texas	1,545	20,573
Virginia	1,136	10,940
Washington	342	1,683
Washington, D. C.	98	988
West Virginia	1,476	22,033
Wyoming	14	140
Total	35,373	413,634

I WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH

(Continued from page 11)

No historian could write a complete history and let Him out. To do that would be like writing about astronomy and forgetting stars; or writing about geology and forgetting the rocks. Jesus Christ has done something for me. History supports Him and I must uphold Him. I want to know the truth about Jesus Christ. I know that He lived. I know that He died. I know that He came forth from among the dead and He lives now and appears before God in my behalf. I want the inner life of my soul to feel the warm friendship of His personality. I want this truth to live in me so that the sun of hope will never go down in my life. I cannot escape the fact of sin. I am a sinner. I need a Savior who is above sin and who can forgive sin. I find this problem solved in Jesus Christ. I do not make Him my Savior. He was born such. He becomes my Savior when I implicitly trust Him to do for me that which I cannot do for myself. The truth of this brings a sweet assurance to my soul. I want to know the truth in Jesus Christ for it sets me free. To know Him is life eternal. I want to know the truth about Jesus Christ.

I want to know the truth about the Bible. I am convinced I cannot outgrow the Bible, for it seems to deepen and widen with my years. If I had to select from the library of the world the book I wanted in my dying moment, I am sure the Bible would be my selection. If it is my selection for the dying moment it ought to be my selection for every living moment. I can well say with Coleridge, "I know the Bible is inspired

because it finds me at greater depths of my being than any other book." I have read Shakespeare, Milton, and others. I have also read the Bible. I still read the Bible. My library has many volumes—some I have read twice. I refer to these works often. But the Bible is read frequently, again and again. I find new meaning each day. I see new light in old truths. In my hours of discomfort it comforts me. In my hours of sorrow it brings hope. When floods have destroyed my possessions I have a treasure that waters cannot touch. If I had but one book to choose from all the books in the world I would select the Bible, the Word of God.

I have lived a few years upon this earth. This earth has many beautiful touches. God's finger has left its impression upon Mother Earth. Here I find heights and depths of great interest. This is a wonderful old world and I delight to journey in and out, beholding the handiwork of the great God. I am wondering about the next world. I want to know the truth about the higher life, the life about which Jesus Christ speaks when He says, "Where I am, there ye may be also." I am living for two worlds. Naturally, I am interested in the life yet to be. We call it eternal life. While here enjoying a life that has its limitations I am daily thinking of the life that knows no limitations and has no ending. My God is the God of the living. I am looking forward to a larger development of life, a new life, a higher life, a life that will never grieve my blessed Lord. Jesus Christ gives me the truth about this life and I want to know the truth. The Psalmist David was looking forward to dwelling "in the house of the Lord for ever." He saw a land yet beyond where saints immortal dwell. The songsters who write about heaven always picture its beauty and often call it the "City Foursquare." The dimensions of a city may appeal to some, but I have always been interested in the kind of people who live there. The truth of the matter is, that heaven is prepared for a prepared people. If I have set this Home beyond as my goal; if I desire to make heaven my home, I must make some preparations down here. I want to know the truth. The Bible way to heaven is the way of truth and life. This is God's way to the "City Foursquare." Some day, when the mist has blown away, and we have said farewell to the changing things of time, we shall say to the world we leave behind, "World, thou dost look strangely dim in the light of God's glory and grace." I want to know the truth, for the truth shall set me free.

The greatest success any boy can have is to make a man out of himself.

The Sinner's Page



GOING TO SING IN HEAVEN, OR THE SKEPTIC CONVINCED

"If I could have your faith, Hawkins, gladly would I, but I was born a skeptic. I cannot help my doubts more than I can the results they lead to. I cannot look upon God and the future as you do; with my temperament, and the peculiar bias of my mind, it is utterly impossible."

So said John Harvey as he walked with a friend under a dripping umbrella, for the night was stormy and very dark, though the brilliancy of the shop lamps made a broad path of light along the wet sidewalk. John Harvey was a skeptic of thirty years' standing, and apparently hardened in his unbelief.

But one friend had never given him up. When spoken to about him—"I will talk with and pray for that man until I die," he said, "and I will have faith that he may yet come out of darkness into the marvelous light. And oh, how wonderful that light will seem to him, shut up so long!"

And thus whenever he met him John Harvey was always ready for "a talk." Mr. Hawkins pressed home the truth upon him. In answer on that stormy night, he only said, "God can change a skeptic, John; He has more power over your heart than you have, and I mean still to pray for you."

"Oh, I have no objections, none in the world; seeing is believing, you know. I'm ready for any modern miracle, but I tell you it would take nothing short of a

miracle to convince me. However, let's change the subject. I'm hungry, and it's too far to go uptown to supper this stormy night. Whew! how the wind blows! Here's a restaurant; let us stop here."

How warm and pleasant it looked in the long, brilliant dining saloon! Clusters of gas jets streamed over the glitter and color of pictures and the rows of marble tables reflected back the lights as well as the great mirrors.

The two merchants had eaten, and were just on the point of rising, when a strain of soft music came through an open door—a child's sweet voice.

"Upon my word that is pretty," said John Harvey, "what marvelous purity in those tones!"

"Out of here, you little baggage," cried a hoarse voice, and one of the waiters pointed angrily to the door.

"Let her come in," said John Harvey, "I want to hear her."

A slight little figure came in, wrapped in patched cloak, and leaving the mark of wet feet as she walked. John Harvey motioned her to sing. The little one looked timidly up. Her cheek was of olive darkness, but a flush rested there, and out of the thinnest face, under the rich broad temples, deepened by masses of the blackest hair, looked two eyes, whose softness and tender pleading would have touched the hardest heart.

"That little thing is sick, I believe," said John Harvey, compassionately. "What do you sing, child?" he added.

"I sing you Italian, or little English," she said, softly.

John Harvey had been looking at her shoes. "Why!" he exclaimed, and his lip quivered, "her feet are wet to her ankles, absolutely; her shoes are full of holes!"

By this time the child had begun to sing, folding before her her little thin fingers. Her voice was wonderful and simple. The little song commenced thus:

*"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."*

Never could the voice, the manner, of that child be forgotten. There almost seemed a halo round her head, and when she had finished, her great speaking eyes turned toward John Harvey.

"Look here, child; where did you learn that song?" he asked. "And you don't suppose there is a happy land?" he continued, heedless of the many eyes upon him.

"I know there is; I'm going to sing there," she said so quietly, so decidedly, that the men looked at each other.

"Going to sing there?"

"Yes sir, my mother said so. She used to sing to me until she was sick; then she said she wasn't going to sing any more on earth, but up in heaven."

"Well, and what then?"

"And then she died, sir," said the child, tears brimming up and over on the dark cheek, now ominously flushed scarlet.

John Harvey was silent for a few moments. Presently he said,

"Well, if she died, my little girl, you may live, you know."

"Oh no, sir! no, sir! I'd rather go there and be with mother. Sometimes I have a dreadful pain in my side, and cough as she did. There won't be any pain up there, sir; it's a beautiful world!"

"How do you know?" faltered on the lips of the skeptic.

"My mother told me so."

Words, how impressive! manner, how childlike, and yet how wise! John Harvey had had a praying mother. His chest labored for a moment—the sobs that struggled for utterance could be heard even in their deeps—and still those large, soft, lustrous eyes, like magnets, impelled his glance toward them.

"Child, you must have a pair of shoes."

John Harvey's voice was husky.

Simultaneously hands were thrust in pockets, purses pulled out, and the astonished child held more money than she had ever seen before.

"Her father is a poor, consumptive organ grinder," whispered one. "I suppose he's too sick to be out tonight."

Along the sloppy street went the child, under the protection of John Harvey, but not with shoes that drank the water at every step. Warmth and comfort were hers now. Down in the deep, denlike lanes of the city walked the man, a cold little child hand in his. At an open, broken door they stopped—up broken, creaking stairs they climbed. At last another doorway opened; a wheezing voice called out of the dim arch, "Carletta."

"O father! father! see what I have brought you! Look at me! Look at me!" and down went the silver, and, venting her excessive joy, the child fell crying and laughing together, into the man's arms.

"Did he give you all this, Carletta?"

"They all did, father; now you shall have soup and oranges."

One month after that the two men met again, as if by agreement, and walked slowly downtown. Threading innumerable passages, they came to the

(Continued on page 30)

Temperance Page

"WHISKEY MAN DOT MY DADDY, O DOD"

INA LOUIS

With a great burden upon her heart, Miss Berteau wended her way down a back alley in a large city. "O God," she prayed, "why hast Thou given me this vision, this burning, this passion for the lost? Direct me, I pray Thee, to some needy, hungry soul whom Thou canst win through me, and use to Thine own glory." Suddenly, from somewhere, a plaintive wail in a childish voice reached her ears. "O Dod—" There was more that she could not hear distinctly.

Stopping, she looked around to ascertain the source from whence it came. Then turning back a few steps she slipped through a broken place in a fence and on through a narrow passage to an old, rickety door sagging on its hinges and refusing to budge. The sobbing of a child came from within.

"Whiskey man dot my daddy, O Dod!"

Miss Berteau purposely rattled the door and there was silence. Peering inside and waiting until her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, she saw another door evidently leading up a flight of stairs; a frazzled curtain whipped through an open window, wiping the smoke and grime from every object within reach. On the second step sat a little girl of perhaps four or five years. She was the picture of neglect. Her soft curly hair was tangled and matted; her stockings, as if they too had lost heart, slumped down over her shoes; her dress was unfastened and had fallen from one little round shoulder, and her otherwise, cherubic face was smeared from the small, soiled hands which had brushed away the tears. The small elbows rested upon her knees and the dimpled chin rested in her hands.

Seeing Miss Berteau she was frightened and looked for a way of escape and then burst out afresh with a torrent of tears and convulsive sobs, "Whiskey—man—dot—my—daddy—, O—D—o—d!"

"Tell me all about it, darling," Miss Berteau said gently, at the same time laying her hand upon the little bowed head. "Whose little girl are you? What is your name? Where is your mother?"

The child studied the face before her a moment and then said shyly, "My mama has—done—to—see—Dod. My—name's—Wosebud but whiskey—man's—dot—my—daddy—, O—D—o—d!"

Miss Berteau sat down on the dusty steps and, drawing the child close to her

side, waited. When the sobs had somewhat subsided the child looked up into the face of her new friend and asked, "Did Dod—send you—to find—my—daddy,— bu'ful lady?"

"Yes," Miss Berteau replied, "I feel certain that He has sent me to find him. But tell me where do you live and who cares for you?" she continued.

"We live wif—Martin," she lisped, "but she—don't—like me. My daddy—takes—care of me."

"Well, I must see Martin," Miss Berteau insisted, "will you show me the way?"

"Up dare," she answered, pointing one little finger towards the door back of her, but refusing to turn her head lest the vision vanish.

"Miss Berteau tugged at the stubborn door which threatened to fall to pieces as it swung back on its rusty hinges with a groan. The steps were first cousins to the door for they creaked with every step as Miss Berteau ascended slowly with the child clinging to her hand. When she finally reached the top she almost gasped as she gazed upon a scene that beggared description. Every available space was filled with rubbish which evidently had been years in collecting. Even the floor gave no evidence of ever having seen a broom. On the top step there had one time been a ripe pumpkin glowing in golden splendor and begging to be made into delicious pies, but there it was, rotted and dried until nothing remained but the crumpled shell and the remains of seeds, the centers of which had evidently been eaten by mice and rats. In the center of the comparatively vacant space was a table with a box substituting as a leg, a broken, littered stove, two chairs minus the backs, and one large old-fashioned rocker which was fully occupied by a stout, lubberly woman who laid her trashy magazine upside down on the floor and stared at the newcomer.

Her hair was disheveled, her ragged dress was stiff and shiny, and great rolls of surplus flesh hung around her body like inner tubes on a country filling station.

"Who be yer?" she queried gruffly. "I heard ye comin'. Them there steps is as good as a watchdog. No one can ever slip up on me. But what the likes of yer want here?" she added.

"I wish to see Martin," Miss Berteau replied kindly.

"Look then," the woman blurted out, "that's what they call me. But what yer

want with me? Ef it's somethin' about that kid, taint mine so I don't pay whatever she's been up to. Her dad's off somers drunk I spose. He used to have a job; he kept that kid like a doll. Then her maw died and he went off to booze with my old man, and lost his job. He hain't been home now fer two days and she misses him and is so cross I can't stand her, so sent her outside to play. Ef her dad don't stop that booze he'll jest have to find another boardin' place, that's all. Two drunks around one house is jest too much fer any decent woman to stand," she finished, with an attempt at a laugh.

Miss Berteau stood speechless and listened.

The woman picked up her magazine and then asked, "Now is that all yer want with me?"

The child had watched Miss Berteau intently but now dropped her head upon the rags piled high on the box against which she was leaning, and sobbed softly.

"I would like some water and a comb," Miss Berteau said at last, "can they be had?"

The woman pointed to an old iron sink, adding, "The kid can find yer a comb and a clean dress like as not. Ef yer want to take her, go ahead, I don't care a nickel," and resumed her reading.

Suddenly the child lifted her head, "Will you find my daddy, bu'ful lady?" she asked pitifully.

"Find him, course not," interrupted the woman. "Imagine the likes of her going into one of them filthy saloon gardens."

"I shall certainly try to find him," Miss Berteau replied evasively.

Having made some improvement in the child's appearance and comfort, and exacting a promise that she be given her supper and put to bed (mentally questioning where the bed could possibly be), Miss Berteau promised again to find the daddy if possible and said to the woman as she started down the rickety stairs, "I will bring you something good to read." She went on her way with a new burden but with a thankful heart, believing that God had answered her prayer and would help her in the search.

After a hasty lunch at a restaurant, she attended the service at the mission. At the close of the service she told of her experience in the afternoon. "Now," she added, "we are going to look for the daddy, will you pray while we go?"

Accompanied by two helpers, each with a bundle of tracts, she started on her usual, nightly tour. With the boldness granted to the disciples of old, the missionaries entered the dimly-lighted places of sin, praying for protection and

(Continued on page 31)

Helps for Tempted and Tried

THE SUCCESS OF SEEMING DEFEAT

REV. WILLARD ARCHER

"Abraham . . . Isaac . . . Jacob . . . Moses . . . Gideon . . . Barak . . . Samson . . . the prophets; who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness . . . escaped the edge of the sword, out of weaknesses were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens: others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings; they were stoned, they were slain with the sword; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy." (Hebrews 11.)

"Stoned . . . sawn asunder . . . slain." What are these words doing here? This is the chapter of an overcoming faith. I can understand the right of the earlier record, "who subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, . . . stopped the mouths of lions . . .," etc.

This is the victory of faith—this is overcoming. But what place have such words as "tortured, mocked and scourged, imprisoned, stoned, sawn asunder, slain with the sword"? Is this the roll call of God's heroes? Yes. Who are they? Those who escaped the sword and beat back the enemy. Hear them answer to the roll call—Abraham, Joshua, Gideon, Samson, David . . . What of the dead on the field who have been slain with the sword? God counts them worthy of equal honor; He adds, "of whom the world was not worthy."

To conquer with the sword is the victory of faith. To be slain with the sword is also a victory of faith, if the same fidelity fills each heart and nerves each arm. To escape the sword may mean defeat; it may be a disgrace to be alive. *Seeming* failure, then, may not be as black a word as it looks. It is not. It can be a greater friend than foe.

The tool of the carver is dulled and worn away. Is that failure? The chips of his work are about him, cut away from

the mother-wood; is that which falls to the earth a failure?

Is the dead soldier's a wasted life? Even though his finger can no longer pull a trigger—even though he is buried in a nameless grave! Can you see the success of *seeming* failure?

Did the chisel fail that, in wearing away the wood, was itself worn away for faithfulness? Did the chips fail that fell, not from rottenness, but that the vision of the carver might be realized? Did the brave heart fail though the soldier fell? To gather the lead of a hun-

dred shells in his body and make a way for liberty was death, but no failure.

What if the carving failed, and the cause was lost for which the warrior died? That is failure! No, no. The tool that was true steel, and the soul faithful unto death, succeeded. Each was true, each fulfilled its mission. The plan I conceive may fail, the cause I love may go down, while I, loyal to my convictions, true to my post, blazing away at my gun, am a success. I need be no failure. My field may be strong, my plow may be poor; my strength small, the weather bad; but if heartily as unto the Lord I do the best I can and look not back but keep right on, I am no failure.

To have failed means to have striven, and to have striven means to have grown stronger. A boy, taunted for failing in a prolonged attempt to answer a hard question, said, "Well, I would rather try and fail than to do as you did, sit still and do nothing." The lad expressed in his own words what Georgia Elliott meant when she said, "Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have striven good enough to be called a failure." Yes, the work may be a failure but the worker stronger. That is God's point. It is better to have tried and failed than not to have tried at all.

We have known a young man who became a failure in the eyes of the world for conscience sake. He went deliberately into failure, choosing to suffer rather than to sin, to fail in his plan rather than to do wrong. Heroism is doing what is right, no matter what it costs, no matter how much it is worth. This is to have the thing succeed and the man fail. These are the days to show that we believe it is better to fail on right principles than to succeed on wrong ones. "I will suffer, but I will not sin; I may be wronged, but I will not do wrong; my hopes and plans may fail, but I will not be a failure to save them." God is alive. He is not mocked. Character is making, it is everything, and compromise kills it.



MY STEPS ARE GUIDED

Edward R. Kelly

All the way my steps are guided
By a hand that is Divine;
As it leads me, as it guides me,
All the pathways 'round me shine.
Shine with Thy effulgent glory—
God the Father; God the Son,
And the blessed Holy Spirit,
Blessed Holy Three in one.

Wonderful the hand that guides me,
Guides me all the pathway long;
Guides me through the heavy shadows,
And my soul is filled with song.
Songs of Zion fill my being
As I am guided all the way,
For I have the hand now leading—
Gently, surely all the day.

Grateful for the hand that leads me,
Leads me every day and hour,
Leads me down into the valley,
Leads me by almighty power.
Glory! glory to the Father!
Glory! glory to the Son!
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Blessed Holy Three in one!

—Christian Monitor.

"God give us grace to be a failure for Thy sake!"

Beloved Christian, look up! Hear God say, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" Doubt not, faint not.

Jesus *seemingly* failed! He came to His own but His own received Him not. He stretched forth His hand to a rebellious people. He faced fierce opposition, heartless calumny. He was betrayed and denied and deserted by His friends. He was crucified, He had wept in vain. He died between two thieves, and was buried in a stranger's grave.

Seemingly, it was the supremest failure, but yet it was the greatest victory.

He did not fail, neither was He discouraged. He cried, "It is finished!" "His cry taught us that every life that seeks in love and loyalty to do the will of God is a complete life, no matter how or where it ends."

To be *faithless* is to fail, whatever the apparent success of earth. To be *faithful* is to succeed, whatever the apparent failure of earth.

Someone Is Watching

(Continued from page 6)

was turned the other way. Emily knew she could slip past without being seen. Just as she was about to do it, she remembered that Someone had seen her. Someone who watches over the world night and day, Someone who would be grieved if one of His little ones deceived. Emily stopped short. If she told the gardener what had happened, she would never be allowed in the garden again. She hesitated, but not long. "Mr. Gardener," she said in a small voice, "I'm terribly sorry,—I—I—"

"Why, what's wrong?" the astonished gardener asked. And Emily told him what had happened.

"Come and show me which ones she pulled," he said.

Emily ran ahead. She bounded up the stone steps and pointed to the heaps of petals lying there. Then she looked up into the face of the gardener. Why, he did not look angry at all. He was smiling!

"That little girl did not pull the roses," he said. "Those are just old blossoms that I snipped off this morning so that the buds would grow nicer. You need not have been so frightened, little Missy, but I surely am glad to meet such an honest little girl. You and your sister may come in and see the flowers any time you like."

"Oh, thank you," Emily said with shining eyes. Why, everything that had been so very, very wrong only a few moments before was all very, very right now. "And all because I remembered

Jesus was watching," Emily said to herself.—*Publisher Unknown.*

Going to Sing in Heaven, or the Skeptic Convinced

(Continued from page 27)

gloomy building where lived Carletta's father.

No—not lived there; for as they paused a moment, out came two or three men bearing a pine coffin. In the coffin, the top nailed down, slept the old organ grinder.

"It was very sudden, sir," said a woman who recognized his benefactor. "Yesterday the little girl was took sick, and it seemed as if he dropped right away. He died at six last night."

The two men went silently upstairs. The room was empty of everything save a bed, a chair, and a nurse provided by John Harvey. The child lay there, not white, but pale as marble, with a strange polish on her brow. Oh, how those dark eyes on the instant became eloquent, as John Harvey sat on the side of the bed!

"Well, my little one, so you are no better."

"Oh, no, sir! Father is gone up there, and I'm going."

Up there! John Harvey turned unconsciously toward his friend.

"I wish I could sing for you," she said, and her little hands flew together.

"Do you wish to sing?"

"Oh, so much!—but it hurts me. It won't hurt me up there, will it?" Where was the child looking, that there seemed such wonder in her eyes?

"Did you ever hear of Jesus?" asked John Harvey's friend.

"Oh, yes!"

"Do you know who He is?"

"Good Jesus," murmured the child, with a rare smile.

"Hawkins, this breaks me down," said John Harvey, and he placed his handkerchief to his eyes.

"Don't cry, don't cry; I can't cry. I'm so glad!" said the child, exultingly; and she looked up as if heaven's light were already dawning on her.

"What are you glad for, my dear?" asked John Harvey's friend.

"To get away from here," she said deliberately. "I used to be so cold in the long winters, for we didn't have fire sometimes, but mother used to hug me close, and sing about heaven. But I did have to go out, because they were sick, and people looked cross at me, and told me I was in the way, but some were kind to me. Mother told me never to mind, when I came home crying, and kissed me, and said if I was His, the Savior would love me, and one of these days would give me a better home; and so I gave myself to Him, for I wanted a better home. And oh, I shall sing there, and

be so happy! Christ sent a little angel in my dream—mother told me He would—and that angels would carry me up there. Oh, I feel so sleepy!"

With a little sigh she closed her eyes.

"Harvey, are faith and hope nothing?" asked Mr. Hawkins, pointing to the little face taking on such strange beauty, as death breathed thus icily over it.

"Don't speak to me, Hawkins; to be as that little child I would give all I am worth," was the broken response.

"And to be like her you need give nothing—only your stubborn will, your skeptical doubts, and the heart that will never know rest till it finds it at the feet of Christ. O my friend, resolve, by the side of this little child, who is soon to be 'singing in heaven,' that you will be a follower of my Savior. Let reason bow here before simple, trusting faith."

There was no answer. Quietly they sat there in the deepening shadows. The hospital doctor came in, stood off a little way, shook his head. It needed no close inspection to see what was going on.

Presently the hands moved, the arms were raised, the eyes opened—yet, glazed though they were, they turned still upward.

"See! see!" she cried. "Oh, there is mother! and there are the angels! and they are all singing—all singing."

Her voice faltered, her arms fell, but the celestial brightness lingered yet on her face. Feebly she turned to those who had ministered to her, feebly smiled—it was a mute return of thanks for all their kindness.

"There is no doubting the soul-triumph there," whispered Mr. Hawkins.

"It is wonderful," replied John Harvey, looking on with both awe and tenderness. "Is she gone?"

He sprang from his chair as if he would detain her, but the chest and forehead were marble now, the eyes had lost the fire of life; she must have died as she lay looking at them.

"She was always a sweet little thing," said the nurse softly.

John Harvey stood as if spellbound. There was a touch on his arm; he started to turn.

"John," said his friend, with an impressive look, "shall we pray?"

For a minute there was no answer—then came the tears; the whole frame of the man shook as he said—it was almost a cry—"Yes, pray, pray!"

And from the side of the dead child went up agonizing pleadings to the throne of God. That prayer was answered—the miracle is wrought—the lion is a lamb—the doubter a believer—the skeptic a Christian. — *Author Unknown, in the Evangel.*

"Whiskey Man Dot My Daddy, O Dod"

(Continued from page 28)

guidance and the blessing of God upon their efforts. First, they located the proprietor and asked his permission to give out tracts. This being granted they proceeded to testify and talk to the different ones as the Lord led. Sometimes it was a well-dressed intelligent young man who seemed wholly out of place in such surroundings. Again it was a young woman from a good home and sometimes of Christian parentage. Often they found parents, who, forgetful of their responsibility, sat drinking beer, wines, and hard liquor, and smoking cigarettes. Many times they found elderly men and women smoking, drinking, and gambling with the rest. One and all treated the missionaries with respect, the majority gave them attention and accepted the tracts gladly.

Tonight, however, there was an unusual burden on one missionary's heart. In each place they entered she would ask, "Is there a man here who left a dear little golden-haired girl alone to weep for her daddy who has not returned?" It was in a large, dimly-lighted place that a young man of princely bearing, with light hair and pleasing appearance, came forward with unsteady step and asked, "Where you see my child, Misses?"

"Her daddy calls her 'Rosebud,'" Miss Berteau said, watching him closely, and when, by his expression, she knew that she had found the object of her search she added, "I found her just where you left her, dirty and neglected and sobbing her little heart out with these words, 'Whiskey man dot my daddy, O Dod.'"

He seemed to sober suddenly, and burying his face in his hands wept like a child. "What a fool I've been," he said at last when he could control his voice, "they coaxed me to take a glass to drown my troubles and then it got me. I wish I could stop it," he cried.

"God can and will deliver you," Miss Berteau said kindly, "if you will yield your heart and life to Him."

"Well, I must go to my baby," he replied evasively. "Thanks for calling," he said as he started for the door. "She'll cry herself to death; why haven't I thought of it before?"

"Any time you need help call at this address," said one of the missionaries, thrusting a tract into his hand. "There is a brother there who will always be ready to help you."

"Suppose you bring Rosebud and come tomorrow evening?" suggested Miss Berteau. "You will be welcome."

He did not reply, but hurried out and started up the street.

"Let us claim him for God," Miss Berteau said to her companions. "How I do

praise Him for helping us to find him tonight. Little Rosebud will soon be happy."

It was near midnight when they hurried back to the mission to report; they found that some of the faithful ones had remained to pray.

The following evening during the last song before the message the desolate man entered the mission with little Rosebud in his arms; they dropped into the seat farthest in the rear. As the messenger spoke of the infinite love of God and His gift to a lost world, of the wages of sin and the awfulness of being lost eternally in the face of it all, the man bowed his head and wept softly. He was thinking of the promise made to his now sainted wife, and of his failure and neglect. Rosebud tried to comfort her daddy and wiped the tears away with her little hands. When the altar call was given Miss Berteau invited him to come to the Lord Jesus. Rosebud insisted on going with him, so she knelt by the side of her father. She did not understand all that was going on but she did know that her daddy was doing the right thing as he poured out his heart in sincere repentance, confessed his sins, and surrendered his life to God. When he looked up through his tears and announced that the burden of sin was gone, she rejoiced and said, "Dod saved my daddy from the whiskey man, bu'ful lady."

In a short time, by the help of the missionaries, he was reinstated to his former position and found a respectable home to board in. He became a valuable worker, and was used of God in leading many others into a better life. Rosebud grew to be a beautiful woman with strong faith in the living God, and was loved by all who knew her.

"There is no question about it," Miss Berteau said when talking to a friend, "God does answer prayer when we are definite and really expect the answer. He is faithful, and is abundantly able to save. He has called us to be soul winners, the responsibility is upon us; the harvest is great and the laborers are few. We must be among the wise who win souls for Him. 'He that winneth souls is wise.'"—*The Sunday School Banner*.

The Vision

(Continued from page 3)

much in return. Shera, perhaps, would be like that. And in the days ahead her violin would play out the love of God to all the world.

Simply then, as soon as she was able, Le Vera explained the way.

Shera, ashamed of herself, hating herself and the Shera within her who had lived in unbelief so long, did not understand the strange burning within her heart. It had become more intense dur-

ing the past weeks, making her unhappy, but she had attempted to smother the fire by plunging deeper into the river of pleasure. Tonight she had seen Him on the cross for her, dying there for her; and in the railings of the unbelieving thief and the repentance of the other, she had seen the conflicting attitudes of Shera herself toward the Lord. Two weeks ago, scoffing at the gospel; now repenting . . .

"Just as I am . . ." She had sung and then could no more, for it seemed the Spirit was crucifying her and revealing a paradise for her. She did not understand it all, not at all . . .

Then while the song continued, had come the awful sense of her own unworthiness and the desire to know and be with the lovely Savior in His paradise, a paradise that should be within her now; and after her earthly life was done, *another paradise!* What would Mother say? Her father? Her friends? Am I willing to be ridiculed, as was the Savior? And then suddenly it did not matter what anyone said or cared, only what He had planned for her . . .

And now here she was, kneeling on a luxurious green rug in a church whose pastor, her mother had said, was a great man, but hopelessly old-fashioned in his doctrine. She was kneeling beside that pastor's daughter, Daddy Thorwald's dental nurse, the girl who had come between her and Rodney.

Which thief am I? The believing and repentant one, or the one who railed upon the Savior?

She looked down at the Book in Le Vera's neat little hand, a hand not perfectly soft and smooth as were her own . . . The Savior's hands had been scarred and torn with great ugly nails . . . *for me!* There was not beauty in that horrible death. She could never believe that it was necessary for Him to die . . .

Through tear-blurred eyes she read the verse Le Vera indicated—1 Timothy, verse fifteen of chapter one—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners . . ."

I as a sinner! No, no, there is no sin. Sin is only relative. What have I done, what have I ever done that is *sin*?

Which thief? . . . This little book in Le Vera's hand was the same little book that she had seen that morning in her father's dental suite when she had suddenly come upon Rodney and Le Vera standing near the window. This hand was the same hand that would some day be given in marriage to Rodney and would belong to him forever . . . *If I yield to the Savior tonight, will it mean that I must give up Rodney? Am I willing to give him up if it be His will?*

And then suddenly it seemed sacrilegious to Shera to be here. Her heart was too proud, too rebellious, too full of bitterness toward Le Vera. If the Savior had died for her, how could she accept Him as her Savior if she were not willing to live for Him *after tonight!* To live for Him tomorrow and tomorrow and all the tomorrows. How could she hope to enjoy His presence in the paradise of the future, if she was unwilling to yield to Him now?

She was not hearing anything Le Vera was saying, but only the loud pounding in her mind of her own bewilderment. Her heart was beating, beating—hammer pounding nails, great ugly nails, tearing through quivering flesh . . .

The thought was repellant to her; she did not believe it. She was not a sinner! She did not need a Savior! *She would not yield to Him!*

And immediately she was on the other side of the cross. She was the other thief. No longer repenting, but rebelling.

The kneeling girl in the squirrel coat, about to be crucified to the world, suddenly tore herself free, and, dominated by her own sovereign will, came down from her cross. She had been first one thief and then the other, arguing back and forth, for and against the Lord, had felt the Spirit crucifying her; and then, looking upon the One upon the middle cross, she had almost cried out to Him, "Lord, remember me!" *Almost!*

But she did not want His paradise enough to die to self—and could not have it until she was willing so to die. Looking away she saw a door with an exit sign above it. Immediately she was seized with a desire to flee, to run away. Quickly she obeyed the impulse.

Through the door into the street she fled from the presence of the Lord—for He who was everywhere present did not manifest His power everywhere in the same degree.

Through the door into the street, tears blinding her eyes, rebellion blinding the eyes of her soul, she stood for a moment looking up at the great windows, on one of which was designed *The Master in Gethsemane*.

The moon behind her cast a pathetic shadow of herself upon the cornerstone of the building. She turned to look at the moon, a sorrowful little slice of silver in its last quarter—an old moon dying. In another week a new moon would be born. Always it was like that—a dying in order to live. She did not want to believe it.

She had come down from her cross, yet she still suffered as she walked beside her shadow toward the main entrance of the church.

She decided to go back into the gallery where her father and mother were

and wait with them until the meeting closed, for it was very cold outside. She took the back stairway. The song had been changed, she noticed, and they were singing, "Almost persuaded, now to believe; Almost persuaded, Christ to receive; Seems now some soul to say, Go Spirit, go thy way! Some more convenient day, on Thee I'll call." Her heart told her she was a sinner, and lost. The same heart told her she was not.

Hesitant, she stood at the top of the staired aisle leading down to where she had been before; her eyes were on the platform and upon Rodney standing straight and square-shouldered, his voice audible above them all. *He loves it, she thought. He had been crucified, he is dead to sin and alive unto God—and I am alive only to myself and to sin! What is SIN?*

Silently she took her place beside her father. Where was Mother? She slipped her hand through Daddy Thorwald's arm and clung to it, trembling.

"Where's Mother?" she whispered in his ear. His face was tense as he looked straight ahead. She felt the muscles of his arm tighten.

"She went forward," he said, and nodded toward the inquiry room.

Mother Thorwald! Surely, surely not! Yet it was so.

"I'll get the car warmed up for you," Beade Thorwald said when the meeting closed. "You wait for Mother. Tell her I'm tired and want to get home as soon as possible."

It was a strange new Wenda that flew into her daughter's arms at the inquiry room door a few minutes later. "Oh, Shera darling! I'm so happy for you. I couldn't stand it when I saw you going alone, and I didn't want you to be the only Christian in the family. But I couldn't find you—Here's Le Vera! Come here, you precious girl. Oh, thank you, thank you for showing me the Way. It's all so beautiful and wonderful, and so simple. And I have been so wicked and rebellious!"

It was true then. Wenda had obtained a definite Christian experience. Mother, of all persons in the world!

"Where's Daddy? I tried so hard to get him to come too, but he wouldn't."

"He's getting the car warmed up. He doesn't feel well and I think he wants us to hurry." Shera said.

Le Vera watched them go, and as they went, the one rebelling and the other repenting, she remembered the words once spoken by the Lord when He said, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father and the daughter against her mother and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they

of his own household." Even at the cross it had been so. The two thieves had been in agreement at first, both railing upon the Son of God who hung between them—until one of them believed, and then peace—false peace, fled.

Shera rode home with Gael who had parked his car next to their own and was waiting for them when they came out.

"Let's take a little spin in the country," he suggested when they were alone.

They rode in silence for some minutes, then Gael said, "I could tell by the way you and Wenda were nibbling, that sooner or later you would get hooked. I should have warned you."

"I'd rather not talk about it, Gael."

He nosed the car out onto the highway that led from the city. "I suppose you're going to be a good little girl from now on. No more dancing, no more theater, no more beer—"

She interrupted sharply, "Stop it!" She experienced a sudden thrill of freedom, like a young colt released from harness. She could not, she *would* not yield to—to—

"Let's go some place and celebrate. Let's run out to the Toadstool!" she cried excitedly.

"Let's *what?* I thought . . ."

Freedom. *Freedom!* That was what she wanted. Freedom to do what she pleased, to be what she wanted to be! "You thought wrong!" she exclaimed. "I didn't even know I was going to go forward. In fact, I fought against it. And now I've made a fool of myself!"

He laughed. "Evidently you didn't get religion in the anteroom."

Here in the car with Gael, who had always laughed at the church and old-fashioned gospel, she felt a wildness, a boldness, a rebellious desire to go places and do things, things that custom had once frowned upon, but which the modern age had made plausible and right. She wanted to go out and commit some of the sins that were not sin, because there was no such thing as sin. She wanted to do the things that lost souls do—souls that were not lost because no one was lost!

She tossed away conviction and gave heart and soul to the world. "Where's Marsha?" she asked.

"Marsha? Oh, I decided I didn't want to marry a chorus girl. I'm going to pick out some neat little blond who is musical and sweet, and settle down."

She didn't want to talk about that either. She—oh! what did she want? They would be broadcasting from the church now, and Rodney would be singing, Rodney and Le Vera, who had found a happiness in life without being worldly.

She reached out to the dash and snapped on the radio switch. He did not protest her act, but looked grimly ahead

down the white road.

They drove and listened, and kept on driving. Shera sat huddled in her furs, a dejected little girl, fleeing from the presence of the Lord whom she knew was continuing to follow her with His love, and was saying sadly, "Ye will not come to me that you might have life."

From the loudspeaker there came Dr. Webber's voice, saying, "For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world but that the world through him might be saved."—*I won't listen to Him! I WON'T LISTEN!*

She continued to listen. "He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God . . ."

Gael reached over to the dash, but her hand caught his.

"I thought you didn't like it," he said.

"I don't."

Dr. Webber's voice went on, quoting from the Bible:

"And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil . . ."

The headlamps of the car shone far down the road. A jack rabbit shot from the darkness out into the light, stopped, darted to the left, to the right, then ran straight ahead of the car. Gael slowed down too late. The rabbit leaped into the air, struck the bumper, and a moment later lay dying in the darkness behind them.

Shera cried out. She could not stand the thought of suffering tonight. It had happened this same way that other time, when she had been with Rodney. Sin was like the darkness,—also like the light. It lured one into the path of coming judgment. It blinded her to its danger, even to its reality. It bewildered her and left her wounded and dying in the darkness behind.

She set her will, snapped off the radio. "Come on!" she cried. "Let's get there!"

At The Toadstool she would be able to drown the voice of conviction in her heart.

It was Sunday night, but that made no difference in the hilarity at The Toadstool. It was also the Christmas season, and bells and colored streamers and Christmas trees enhanced the festive spirit.

The two in Gael's car waited a moment before going in. He left the motor running and the heater on. A side door to The Toadstool opened, a girl in fur coat came hurrying out, opened the door of a parked car near by, reached into a back seat, drew out a large flask, slipped it under her coat, slammed the car door,

and turned back toward the red-lighted entrance. A raucous, jesting voice called a smart remark from another car near by. The girl laughed, swung open her coat, displayed the flask, hid it again, and hurried inside.

One great, ugly word was thrown upon the screen of Shera's mind, a word that she shrank from, but which reality demanded that she accept as awful fact. That word was *SIN*.

She stared at the red light above the side door entrance. This was the Christmas season, when wise men brought to the Savior gold and frankincense and myrrh—not hilarity and drinking and carousing.

"Well?" Gael's voice broke into her reverie. "Let's go in. Or do you want to?"

She sat tense. Rodney and Le Vera might be singing now. She snapped on the radio switch once more, and in a brief moment the music came fading in . . .

" . . . in the fold,

Safe, though the night was stormy and cold;

'But,' said the Shepherd, when counting them o'er,

'One sheep is missing,' there should be one more.'

Like the sudden turning on of a light in the darkness of her heart, Shera understood. *To be astray from God* was sin, as truly sin as to live in wantonness and gluttony. All sins were not alike, nor of the same degree, but to be a sinner at all was to be lost and to need the Savior.

"One sheep is missing!"

The chorus of the song—tenor and contralto duet—perfect harmony—the chorus ended with the words: *"I was that one lost sheep."*

Shera's thoughts transported her back to the balcony of the church, and again she was looking down over the heads of the people to the platform, above which twinkled the stars in their canopy of dark blue . . . Long years ago a moving star had trailed its way across the sky to Bethlehem . . . One thing would make that song more beautiful still—a violin accompaniment . . .

Again Gael's voice interrupted:

"Listen, Shera," he said, and what he said startled her, "why don't you and I get off the fence and quit fooling around with trivial things? Why don't we—why don't we do something worth while? Do you know what I've been thinking lately?"

He was *serious*. Seldom had she known him to be that—never, in fact. Always his talk had been frivolous or irreligious.

"What?" she asked. The side door of The Toadstool opened and two young couples came out. In the interval of the

opening and closing of the door, Shera saw dancing, heard the ranting of the phonograph. It was all so cheap and low-lived.

"I've been thinking," Gael said, "that one of the greatest sins in the world is to have talent and not use it in—the way it ought to be. Take Johnny Nystrom for instance . . ."

It was late when Shera let herself into the Devonshire with her passkey, and went up to her room, where as one in a daze she faced herself in the mirror. There were tired rings under her eyes, misery in them. Mother was a Christian . . .

Slowly she turned. There on the desk was her recording machine, and on its turntable the record Rodney had made that afternoon . . .

In bed she rethought the experiences of the night, tossed and could not sleep. She saw the stars above the church altar, saw a New Testament opened to a verse which said,

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," saw the blue neon sign above The Toadstool entrance, saw a fur-coated girl come swaggering out the side door, saw her go back in again, saw three crosses upon a hill—Cross of Rejection—*I am that cross . . . Cross of Repentance and Reception—I am on that cross too,—there are two of me . . . Cross of redemption—The Savior had hung there.*

And while Shera tossed and could not sleep, another girl, in the manse at Riverview, fought a strange battle with herself. She saw a lovely girl in squirrel coat hurrying down the staired aisle to the platform, and into the inquiry room, saw a wisp of handkerchief in the girl's hands, knotted into a damp ball of tears . . . Why had Shera been unwilling to yield? Was it—was it because of Rodney?

"Lord, lay some soul upon my heart, And love that soul through me . . ."

Am I standing in her way? Am I willing, if He, the Lord, should ask me, to prove my love for this soul by paying any price? *Any price?* Is it right that I should?

Le Vera sighed, lifted the blind near her window, saw the Christmas moon in the form of a smile in the eastern sky.

Across the room Maybelle stirred in her sleep, mumbled unintelligible words, sighed a heavy sigh, and again was asleep.

And He who never sleeps worked silently on, wooing, molding, shaping the souls of men the world over, knocking at hearts' doors, displaying nail-scarred hands as evidence of His love, offering paradise to whomsoever will . . .

(To be continued)

July Prize Winner

Mrs. Ollie Hill, Riverside, Ga., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

Honor Roll

Edwin Mortenson, Columbia, S. C.
Ruth Ross, Greenwood, S. C.
Mae Couch, Fort Mill, S. C.
Mattie Roberson, Valdeese, N. C.
Claude M. Beam, Lindale, Ga.
T. J. Collins, Ninety Six, S. C.

Why Ministers Need An Education

(Continued from page 9)

biology, anthropology, religions, science, philosophy, logic, psychology, sociology, ethics, finance, architecture, classics, rhetoric, art, Bible encyclopedia, Bible commentaries, Bible concordances, dictionaries of the English language, etc. Ministers should be satisfied with nothing less than to have a personal experience with the greatest things of interest in every realm of this universe. To refuse ordination to men who have not had college and seminary training (which is the policy of some churches), could never be Biblically approved. Think of the thousands of useful ministers whose labors would then have to cease. And it is a fact that some of the world's greatest preachers were neither university nor seminary men. Think though of how much more they might have done had they not been thus handicapped. Every minister should go forward in some definite measure of study toward becoming, educationally speaking, cosmopolitan.

III. Without It Ministry Is Doomed To Failure

We have given a definition of education which shows the varied sources and means of gaining an education, but allow me to mention a few sources, which, if neglected, will impoverish any minister's life and usefulness.

1. The BIBLE. It has been truthfully stated that no one is truly educated who has never read the entire Bible, the light of all literature. Are there any ministers today who have never read the entire Bible, verse by verse, to its completion? Yes, there are many such ministers. If any such minister reads these lines, for your own sake and your ministry's sake, set about reading the Bible through this very hour. To know this volume is not an easy task, but it is one of the things that the preacher is expected to do. Therefore, ply your pure Bible as Paul and Timothy did and your profiting, like Paul's profiting and Timothy's, will soon appear unto all. Studying and reading just your Bible your

profiting will soon appear in your English style, both spoken and written. It will appear in scriptural stateliness, in strength, and depth, and spirituality, and experience, and freshness in your preaching and teaching. Know the Book of books!

2. BOOKS. A minister attaining his education must be a student of books. His years of study do not terminate with the college career. The college course is rather a preparation for the course of study which must be continued through life. If one has not had college, it is apparently all the more imperative that he apply himself even more rigidly . . . He must read widely and comprehensively. He must know many books, and be a universal student, drawing illustrations from any source of information. He should, through this medium, acquaint himself with as many great past and present preachers and their works as is possible.

A great preacher from England visiting America remarked concerning some ministers in the western states, "They have big new shining automobiles but only a few antiquated books or none at all in their libraries." What a revealing remark!

3. The wisdom that comes from God. Please read James 1:5, and Galatians 1:1. This phase of heavenly education cannot be substituted.

4. The Holy Spirit's teaching. He shall guide you into all truth. The ministry, to be truly advancing educationally in God's sight, must be filled with the Spirit, allowing His guidance and teaching to be constantly inherent.

5. Education by prayer. The minister must know the whole Biblical scope and teaching on prayer, and have a definite prayer and devotional program for his daily observance. One hour out of twenty-four is not much. Let the ministry give more "time" to prayer. Oh, for a more useful ministry! My space is filled and I close with Paul's exhortation to Timothy, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

In His Likeness

A little lad was sick unto death. "Daddy," he said, "is God as nice as you?"

After the silence during which the father's throat was too full of sobs to answer, the little fellow said, "Then, daddy, I am going; I am not afraid."

This beautiful statement needs no comment. Comment would spoil God's lilies with man's mean paint. But a question is not out of order. This: How many get

such an impression about God from us who are preachers, leaders, parents, teachers, church officers? How many? And—how constantly? — *Church Administration*.

The reason Paul called "faith" a "shield" is because it shields the one who has it against doubts and fears and wards off all the fiery darts of the wicked and insures constant victory no matter how fierce the battle or severe the trial.

New Gideons

Blanche Housley, Dahlonaga, Ga.
Ruth E. Rice, Flint, Mich.
Jeanette Haynes, Nokomis, Fla.
Pearl Jackson, Pelham, Ga.
Dossie B. Wynn, Rockledge, Fla.
Henry Creech, Totz, Ky.
Mrs. Thelma Evoy, Middlesboro, Ky.
Foris Jean Gunter, Benton, Ill.
Velma M. Dix, Salinas, Calif.
Doris M. Terrell, Brookhaven, Miss.
Reuben L. Rider, Trumann, Ark.
Bessie Norman, Clarksburg, W. Va.
O. B. Martin, Hope Mills, N. C.
Elmer Franklin, N. Tazewell, Va.
Phyllis Irene Irwin, Shelburn, Ind.
Ollie May Sears, St. Joseph, Mo.
Cathern Rexrode, Davis, W. Va.
Lucille Boehm, Sharples, W. Va.
Viola Kimbrough, Jefferson City, Tenn.
Bertha Brice, Summerville, Ga.
Mrs. W. H. Diggs, Oneonta, Ala.
Clarence Surrall, Dayton, Ohio.
Mrs. James Gwaltney, Harrisburg, Ill.
Mrs. Helen Logan, Carthage, Ind.
Vergie Whittington, Rt. 1, Dillon, S. C.
Mrs. W. D. Pippins, Valdosta, Ga.
Miriam Willingham, Bauxite, Ark.
John Porterfield, Princeton, W. Va.
Mrs. Artie Davis, Daisy, Tenn.
Laura Mae Hutchinson, Montgomery, Ala.
Mrs. Frances King, Long Island, Ala.
Mrs. Nellie June Willard, Birmingham, Ala.
J. B. Ellis, Jr., Largo, Fla.
Mrs. Bennie Waters, Apopka, Fla.
Lucille Cast, Sandpoint, Ida.
Mrs. Hazel Helton, Clopslint, Ky.
Mrs. H. E. Creed, West Monroe, La.
Mrs. Isaac Adams, State Road, N. C.
Mrs. J. E. Pendergraft, Raleigh, N. C.
Mrs. Pearl Clymer, Elk City, Okla.
George Vance, Anadarko, Okla.
J. T. Satcher, Spartanburg, S. C.
Marjorie Leonard, Bristol, Tenn.
J. B. Myers, Galveston, Texas.
Cora Massey, Huntington, W. Va.
Mrs. Helen Stewart, Parkersburg, W. Va.

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THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual uplift of our young people everywhere

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Glints of Knowledge



Last month the Lighted Pathway carried its message to the youths of 50,000 homes. It is expected that on no distant tomorrow the Lighted Pathway will have a circulation of 100,000.

We understand that free papers are now published for the blind. If you know any blind persons, send their names to the John Milton Society, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., and they will receive free copies of papers they can read.

President Roosevelt has been advised that insufficient education has eliminated approximately 250,000 physically fit men from military service. John W. Studebaker, Federal Education Commissioner, using 1940 census reports said, "There were over 10,000,000 persons in the United States more than twenty-five years of age who had not been beyond the fourth grade in school. That is 13.57 per cent, or approximately one out of every seven persons of that age group." He did not have figures on all persons over twenty-one.

There now is pending in Congress a bill proposing a \$15,000,000 appropriation to aid the educational attainment of persons seventeen and over having less than four years of schooling, and some education quarters hinting that twice that amount may be needed.

Figures on the education problem by states, presented by the Federal Education Commissioner and the Selective Service Director, showed that 28.9 per cent of 1,354,736 Alabamians twenty-five years or older had four years or less formal education. The figure for Mississippi was 30.2 per cent of 1,043,584 persons.

The following four items are from the Gospel Minister.

Since the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, 90 persons have been killed every twenty-four hours. During 1941 there have been 109 killed every day. Liquor was involved in 20 per cent of the cases and in some records 60 per cent of the cases.

Bible stocks at Madrid have been burned and in the country the prohibition of the Bible is carried to the extent of confiscating copies owned by individuals.

Churches in Russia are reported to be torn down, turned into brothels, or otherwise desecrated. Preachers have been executed, driven into exile, denied food and shelter, and ostracized. Jews in Russia, who could not give a small coin to help re-

build Palestine, soon lost their big coins, their lives, and their properties when they became victims of Bolshevism.

Truckloads of Scriptures amounting to thirty tons were sent up the Burma Road and into Free China. Lack of transportation has been a real factor in supplying China with the Bible. A tiny New Testament was produced that could be mailed for letter postage. A ton of Scripture was sent by air into one locality where transportation was cut off.—*Sel.*

In Missouri the Supreme Court decided against the Catholic Church or any other religious body getting any portion of public funds to help in their parochial educational systems. The absolute separation of church and state was maintained in education as well as in worship.—*The Gospel Minister.*

An arrival from Greece gives us a glint of the sad plight of that unfortunate land. She said: "Greece will die as a nation unless she gets more food quickly." She told of an average of two thousand persons dying daily in Athens, nearly all of starvation. A general estimate is that twenty per cent of the people of some districts are already dead. By next spring it is expected that only ten per cent of the Greek people living a year ago will be alive. The Red Cross is feeding daily 125,000 children in Athens their only food—mush and beans cooked in water. When asked when the expected insurrection would occur, an American woman who returned on the Drottningholm replied, "There is no hope for an uprising. People are too weak even to carry a gun."

A southern church paper reports that moonshine distills to the number of 1,939 were destroyed in Georgia last year and 1,277 in Alabama. They did not report the number they did not destroy.

Nazi oppressors have ordered Dutch churches to pray for the success of the German occupation authorities, and even written out the prayers to be prayed.

After nineteen years of atheistic propaganda in Russia, a census was taken expecting to find Christianity extinct. The president of the Militant Godless League announced that "50 per cent of the youth of Russia are Christian, 34 per cent of the collective farmers are Christian, 40,000 communities maintain churches, and only half of the population are athe-

ists." "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," said Jesus.—*Moody Monthly.*

A church on a barge, seating 200 people, has been built and is moving about in the great Atchafalaya Swamp, Louisiana, for the benefit of the hundreds of fishermen, trappers, and mossgatherers busy in the 2,400 square miles of wilderness and waterways.—*S. S. Times.*

The War of Attrition

A quart of blood for a barrel of oil seems to be Herr Hitler's standing offer in the Russian drive. He seeks the oil of Baku, at whatever cost.

An English publicist has said that "the internal combustion engine has made of oil what gold used to be—the bait of covetousness, ambition and power-fantasy; the inspiration of every perfidy and brutality, the moral stench of the world and the devil." Without that oil, Herr Hitler's Broddingnagian war machine would sputter out. With it he may replenish those ungainly crawling fortresses which form his forward wall and with which he has crushed most of a continent.

Germans might be willing to fight on if they thought they might live to enjoy the future of fat plenty with Herr Hitler's promises with French or Dutch or Polish or Greek slaves to wait upon them. But a war of attrition, now on the horizon, means a war of death. Germans, once they learn they are fighting for nothing else than a future life of ready money and fruitful looting, will not likely be willing to die merely in order that other Germans might enjoy those Hitlerian delights.

The mission in Labrador, founded by Wilfred T. Grenfell is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary this year.

What Men Say About the Use of Tobacco

"Henry Ford: 'The world of today needs men: not those whose minds and will power have been weakened or destroyed by the desire and craving for alcohol and tobacco, but instead men with initiative and vigor, whose mentality is untainted by habits which are oft-times uncontrollable.'

"Herbert Hoover: 'There is no agency in the world that is so seriously affecting the health, education, efficiency and character of boys and girls as the cigaret habit. Nearly every delinquent boy is a cigaret smoker.'

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DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

The Lighted Pathway

Vol. 13 - OCTOBER, 1942 No. 10

"And he arose, and sa into the sea, Peace, be still."



us Savior, pilot me
er life's tempestuous sea
nown waves before me roll,
ing rock and treacherous shoal,
art and compass come from thee,
us Savior pilot me.

"Thy Word is a Light Unto My Path"



The Editor's Message



Dear Boys and Girls; God bless you.

I am beginning my message to you this the first month of the new Church year by asking you a question. Nearly all boys and girls have some ambition in life. They have some certain goal for which



they are aiming. This is my question to you, "What would you like to be and do?" "Well," I hear someone say, "I would like to be a wealthy man and have everything that money could buy. I would like to

have a fine home with all the fine furnishings to make it beautiful. I would like to have servants to come and go at my command. I would like to have the finest automobile that money could buy and the promise of all the gas and tires I could use." We're not thinking in terms of war now, for that might spoil everything.

Another might say, "Oh, I'd like to be the president of the United States and live in the White House and have everyone look up to me and acknowledge that I hold the highest position in the greatest nation of earth." These two desires would represent the two greatest desires of earth—that of wealth and fame. Well, it would be a wonderful thing to have all the money one could use and all the comforts money could buy, if we would use it for God. It would be grand to be the president of the United States, if we would be the right kind, one who would lead our nation to victory through faith in God. But we cannot all be rich, nor can we all be president of the United States, but we can all be fishers of men in our little corner of the world. This is what I'd rather be than anything else. Jesus said, "Follow thou me and I will make you fishers of men."

Some thirty years ago, on a farm out West lived a family—parents with two boys. One day the eldest son became very ill. The younger one later wrote how he watched his father, on horseback, galloping for a doctor who lived twenty miles away. In due time the doctor arrived.

The small boy hid himself behind some furniture to learn all about his sick brother, fearful of being asked to leave the room if seen. He says that he watched every move of the doctor and saw depicted on his parents' faces sadness and sorrow. After administering some medicine and waiting a while, the doctor smiled and said, "He is ill, very ill, but in a couple of weeks we shall have him all right again."

From behind the furniture the small brother saw the lines which were on the faces of his father and mother disappear. Their faces became wreathed in smiles and they looked happy again. That small boy that moment said to himself, "When I grow up I am going to be able to do that; I am going to be able to make boys and girls better when they are ill and make their mothers and fathers happy." He stuck to his purpose against terrific odds. The boy is Doctor Rosenow, of the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota.

The registering of a noble purpose has been the turning point in many a life. It is the dividing line between mediocrity and excellence, between uselessness and fruitful service, between heaven and hell.

Yes, I'm sure it was wonderful for this lad to watch the faces of dad and mother and see the light in their eyes because of the good news that the doctor brought them. But how much more won-

derful to see the shining faces of those who have been cured of sickness. Can you not visualize the sad faces of mothers and fathers over our country today because of the sick souls of their boys and girls? Wouldn't it be wonderful to carry a message to them or to put a letter in the post office saying, "Your boy or your girl was saved last night"? My, can't you see their faces beam! Then boys and girls, if you are in sin, I hope this may cause you to realize what joy you may bring to your loved ones by giving your lives to Christ and then you, too, may become fishers of men and when Jesus comes you will be ready to meet Him. There are thousands of fathers and mothers thinking of their boys away off somewhere in this terrible war unsaved. They would give all they have in the world, yes, even their own lives, to know that they were ready to meet God if He should call; but they must go on bearing that heavy burden. Boys, do you not care that your loved ones suffer? I will leave you to answer this question.

As I write, I catch a vision of those who would like to be fishers of men, but they have little opportunity. God never places us in a place so small that we cannot find something to do for Him. Here is a little poem I want to give you:

*Is your place a small place?
Tend it with care!
He set you there.*

*Is your place a large place?
Guard it with care!
He set you there.*

*Whate'er your place is,
Not yours alone, but
His, who set you there.*

If the Lord has called you into His vineyard and has given you a place to work, no matter how small or secluded, He will be right there to help you. It is not your place alone, but the Lord's also. How precious the thought to know that you are not alone, but that He is right there to help you!

In a large mill where is a lot of machinery, just suppose a very small screw would say, "I am so small, I do not amount to much, I'll just drop out." That might be the means of stopping the whole works. Even so in the work of the Lord, the least little thing, if not done as unto the Lord, will not prosper. If one becomes discouraged and thinks he is not
(Continued on page 22)

Our cover page, I am sure, will suggest to you our need of God in these perilous times and how we need a pilot to steer our little barque across the angry waves.

Many are giving up and going down today because of the angry waves. Like Peter you are sinking because your eyes are riveted on the waves. God is above us, He is around us and if we are truly His He abides in us and we do not need to look at the waves. Everything we have in this world may slip away from us during this war, but let us remember that the greatest thing is the fact that we still have God, and God is love.

And now just this little personal message to you. I am so sorry I did not get to the Assembly, but I have been very sick. I am sure you had a good time and I feel confident that you prayed for me because I'm better. We hope that the little message we are sending you this month may prove a great blessing to you and that you will get your eyes on "others" and bring so many young people to Jesus that you will forget the angry waves that our cover page has brought to you.

Then I want to thank all the good friends for assisting me in selling my books. It has meant much to me and I shall not soon forget this kindness.

We thank you for your wonderful cooperation in the service of the Master last Assembly year and we are expecting the same during the next twelve months. We believe in you. We are hoping to be able to help you in a greater way in your spiritual life by sending you good inspirational material through the printed page. Again God bless you.

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V. 13-16

The Vision

By Paul Hutchens

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(Continued from last issue)

Christmas came and went, and Shera was still in unbelief, still lingering just outside the fold. The Shepherd had trailed her by His Spirit all the way to her wilderness, and had revealed to her the emptiness of life without Himself. She had let Him lead her all the way back to the cross, and there she had stopped, still blinded, still unwilling to confess herself a sinner in His sight. *And the cross was the only entrance to the fold.*

He had come to save the lost . . . And she was not lost!

He had come to save sinners . . . And she was not a sinner!

He had come to give His life a ransom . . . And she would not believe it!

He had come that she might have life, and have it more abundantly . . . *That* appealed to her. She needed *life*, to take away the feeling of deadness within her. And to take away her fear.

Yesterday, in the Roentgen-ray room in her father's dental office, Shera had learned the, to her, terrifying truth: an ulcerated tooth must be pulled.

Others might sit calmly under the horrible mechanized monster with the four electric eyes glaring down at her from the ceiling, the elbowed, pendulous arm of the unit, twisted like the contorted body of a violinist playing a wild and savage melody; but not she.

After the processing of the film, she had learned her fate: "Ulcerated tooth. We'll have to make you a new one." Daddy Thorwald had been so cheerful, and Nurse Webber had smiled so disarmingly.

The hour was set for tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. She would rather have anything else done to her. Anything! She could not explain the strange fear that always smothered her when she was in the dental chair.

She tried to calm herself by thinking that hers was not an isolated case, that

there were many others in the world like her, and that people died in *electric* chairs, not dental chairs.

She could not be comforted however. "Tomorrow at nine!" had haunted her for the past twenty-three hours, keeping her awake much of last night.

And now it was tomorrow at *eight* in the Devonshire. Daddy Thorwald had breakfasted early and gone to the general hospital to look after a patient who—another exception!—was not recovering properly from a simple bit of dental surgery.

Slowly Shera drank her orange juice, nibbled at her buttered toast, made a wry face as a piece of crust collided with the offending tooth. Across the table on the immaculate table cloth, was an open Bible at Wenda's plate, beside it a little book,—"His Joy" by Harrison.

Mother, heretofore entangled in clubs and civic affairs, was now concentrating on the work of the church—not their own church, but another—Riverview Memorial, where Mother had been "saved." She was attending an evening Bible class twice a week now and studying personal evangelism—how to win souls to Christ. It was all so strange and bewildering.

In another moment Mother would say graciously—Mother was always gracious—"Here, Shera, is something beautiful for you to think about today."

Beautiful! Shera was thinking now of a horrible monster with ominous arms reaching down, clutching at her tooth with steel fingers as if to tear out her very life. A mechanized instrument of crucifixion . . .

The thought started an avalanche of other thoughts which came rushing down upon her, and for a moment she felt she was being smothered.

"Listen, Shera. Here is a lovely thought for the day—*Shera!* you—aren't you feeling well?"

Shera forced a smile. "I'm all right." Her hands under the table were trembling. She had fainted once in a dental chair.

Wenda studied her daughter a moment. "You're afraid, aren't you?" Should I go with you?—"

Shera's pride was hurt. She was no baby. She rallied her courage. "I can't be a little girl all my life," she said. "Want to read to me now?"

She tried to assimilate some of the strength that was offered in the paragraph her mother read:

"A fertile source of sad, joyless living in self concern . . . Release comes in the realization that the Christian faith is of purpose and power to free us from this very thing, and that by a change of center. Thus: 'It is no longer I that live, but Christ that liveth in me,' Gal.

2:20 . . . Joy comes when we dismount and turn over the reins to Christ. This results in a sweet sense of freedom, an abandon that leaves ourselves and our affairs in the hands of one who is working all things for our good."

It was assuring to listen to, Shera thought, but am I willing to turn the steering wheel over to Christ? Will He take me where I want to go?

Where *I* want to go!

Where *do* I want to go?

She could not struggle with the problem now, not until today should be past. She summoned momentary courage. There was no need to let Mother know how afraid she was. *There is no such thing as fear. Fear is unreal. It is not truth.*

No need to tell Mother I do not feel well today; that the very thought and smell of antiseptics and anesthetics sickens me. No need to tell her my heart has been acting queer the past few days.

Paint, too, was unreal, and the world was only filled with lovely things. No, she would not be afraid.

At the revolving door entrance to the dental office building, she heard a gruff voice call out, "Hi there, Shera! Going to pass me up this morning?" It was Gael. "What's the little eyebrow down for?" he asked.

She forced her eyebrows up. "Nothing. I'm just going to have a tooth pulled. I'm still trying to reduce, you know; and that'll take off another half ounce."

He looked at her skeptically, then he said, "Seriously, Shera, I wish you'd forget about that crazy diet you've been on lately. You're not looking so well, and you know I like 'em plump."

She laughed, "That's why I'm dieting—Well, I'll have to be going up." She broke away from him and hurried to the elevator.

On the fourth floor she stopped just outside the office door, gold-lettered:

DR. BEADE THORWALD

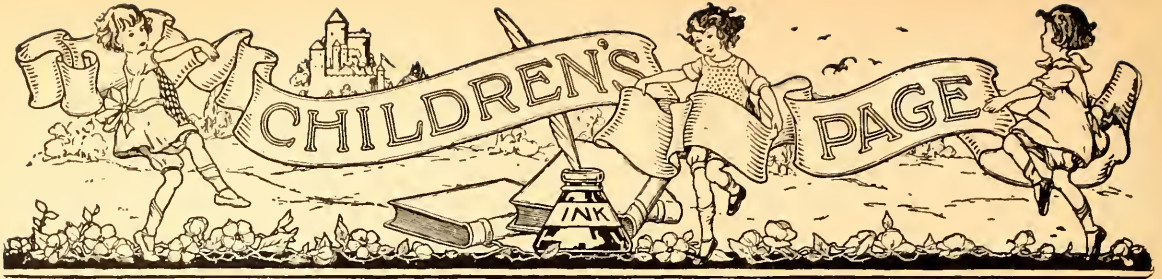
Dentist

She had seemed very brave when talking to Gael, but she was terrified now. Maybe it was her dieting that was making her feel so tired lately. She would have to be more careful.

There was something in Gael's attitude recently that she liked, something in his eyes this morning she had never noticed before.

"WALK IN," the invitation on the door said. She felt more like being carried in. She stood with her hand on the knob, not wanting to go in until she was sure she could face the ordeal ahead of her.

And while she waited, hesitant, the elevator at the end of the hall opened, and Rodney, home from his vacation and (Continued on page 31)



IS IT MINE?

BY FOREST RIVERS

Carrie Linwood and Dora Graham had never had a falling out before, but this afternoon, on the parsonage porch their happy companionship was broken. And, as has happened before between girl friends in their early teens, it started innocently enough.

Carrie had always been a little awed by Pastor Graham, who was Dora's father, but felt perfectly at home there, perhaps because her own father, a well-to-do farmer, was head deacon of the Senior church.

Chatting gayly with Dora, who was swinging her tanned legs from her perch on the end rail of the porch, Carrie swept her eyes over the trim lawn that was Pastor Graham's pride. Suddenly she caught a gleam, reflected by the setting sun, near the foot of the front steps. She leaped down and picked up something.

Carrie held up a large four-bladed knife. "Did you lose this?" Dora laughed. "No, Carrie, I never had a boy's knife, but I guess I know who might have lost it. Clifford Hunt was here last night for a music lesson from Mom. Must be his."

Carrie's blue eyes flashed. "Well, I found it so it's mine now." Her slender fingers tightened around it.

"I know how you feel about knives, Carrie, you just can't resist adding one more to the wonderful collection of yours. But if you knew the knife belonged to Clifford, would you feel right to keep it?"

"Yes, I would feel right to keep it," Carrie declared angrily, "and you needn't ever tell him I found it."

"But would that be honest?"

"Finder is keeper, always has been. That's the law and you can't change it."

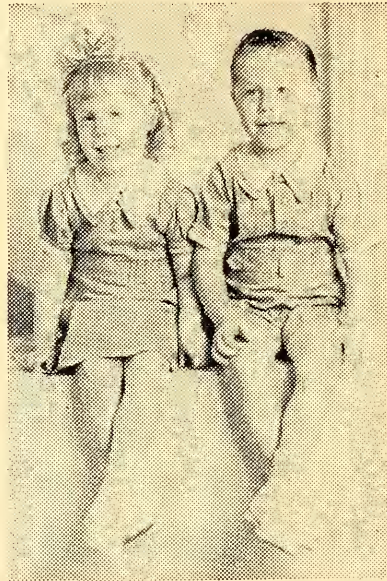
Dora sighed. "Very well, I won't tell any one, but if Clifford asks me if anyone found his knife I'd have to tell him the truth."

"And please tell me why," Carrie challenged. "I found the knife, not you. It would be the truth for you to say you didn't find it."

"But, Carrie, that would not seem right to me."

"I see that you are envious because I found the knife and you did not. Well

envy is as bad as keeping what is not your own, so you are no better than I



Twins of Rev. and Mrs. Earl P. Paulk

Our Twins

*Side by side, they play all the day,
Then side by side at night they pray,
Yes, they're cute at night when ready for bed,*

As the little paths 'round the house they tread.

*They bow their heads and fall asleep,
Then the whole family steals in to peep.
Two little heads lay close together,*

To part them, it seems we can never.

Never could any eyes be bluer,

Nor little hearts be any truer.

Their round dimpled arms high over their heads,

They lay very still in their little beds.

The tiny red lips that seem to smile,

Adds to the expressions that are so mild.

The broad smile and the dimpled chin,

Now where is the heart that they couldn't win?

You may be sure that the girl is the blond,

And more brownish is sweet little Don—

Four chubby hands and four sturdy feet,

To us—these twins just can't be beat!

—MYRTLE PAULK.

am, Dora Graham," and Carrie gave her golden curls an angry toss.

Dora's brown eyes darkened, "I simply can't believe it, Carrie, hearing you talk like that."

"Well, if you are not envious, why are you so anxious for me to return the knife to Clifford?"

Tears filled Dora's eyes.

"Oh, Carrie, only for your own sake, because I love you and feel so sad to see you doing what I know is wrong. Can't you see?" Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling came from Mrs. Graham's little silver bell. Carrie felt like marching home, but it was too late now to refuse her invitation to supper so she and Dora set side by side at the table.

After grace was said, Carrie again had that feeling of awe as she watched Pastor Graham pile up plates with hot, good food.

A voice piped up from George, Dora's eight-year-old brother. "Hey, Mom, see what I found in the woods!" He held up a ball of kite string. "Tom Martin lost it, I betcha so—"

"Ah, not I betcha, son," Pastor Graham corrected, "bet you, er-ahem! Maybe a better expression is, 'In my opinion.'"

"Well, anyway," George went on with his cheeks full of biscuit, "I gotta take it over to Tom after we're done eatin'."

Carrie flashed a smile at George, saying, "Finder is keeper."

"But," George declared staunchly, "Mom always said when we reach out for anything that we'd always ought to ask ourself, 'Is it mine?' Well, if it isn't, you just don't take it, that's all."

Mrs. Graham, calm and smiling, gave her son an affectionate little pat. "That is right, George, I am thankful that both my children have learned to ask, 'Is it mine?'" She laughed pleasantly, "Surely Miss Carrie was only joking."

As she sat up straight in her chair Carrie's cheeks were burning. Pastor Graham began in a casual, friendly tone to George, "Have you ever noticed, son, how careless many people are about little things? How—"

"Yep, Pop, Mom's told me, and I see it myself at school. A lotta people seem

(Continued on page 29)

Father's and Mother's Page



Home, Sweet Home

READ-ALoud TIME

By GYPSY JOHNSTON

If there were nothing else to be said in its defense reading aloud at bedtime would be worth while because of the marvels it accomplishes in getting the children to bed on time. They willingly hurry through monotonous preparations in anticipation of following a favorite character in further adventures. The excitable, hard-playing child settles down quietly to listen. It's habit-forming, yes, but from this habit great good will be derived.

At the National Book Fair held in New York City it was remarked that the reading of books is, among many excellent things, a social asset for adults. A book read and shared becomes a bond between people who discuss it. This is true of books shared between parents and children. In the comments a child makes about the selected books read to him, a parent can gain a good idea of what the child is thinking. It is a key to his developing mind. Here is an opportunity to correct any mistaken ideas or enlarge upon some subject the child particularly likes.

It isn't true that a child who is consistently read to will be slow to learn to read for himself. Hearing things read aloud makes any but a "problem child" eager to know words so that he may enjoy more books than can be crowded into the bedtime half hour. At three a child can understand very simple stories, such as those in the Beginners Sunday school leaflets. The little child doesn't mind repetition, if easy books are limited. Then be careful to choose stories to fit his advancing age level, as time goes on.

If the child is to learn from them it does no harm to keep the reading-aloud books keyed to the age level of the oldest child most of the time, if the youngest listener is not more than four years behind in age. The youngest may not comprehend quite all he hears, and should certainly have his own particular books read to him at intervals, but he will develop all the faster. This is much fairer than keeping the oldest child in picture books when he has outgrown them.

Reading aloud is the surest way to see that children get the benefits of all the books they *should* read. Often a home library contains the classics for older children—such as Dickens and Cooper, myths and poetry — in unattractive, poorly illustrated sets of copies which do not interest the child reader at all, used as he is to the better designed books of today. Rather than buy new editions a parent can read aloud from the old and make them living literature, when the children are ready for them.

Reading aloud does wonders for the voice. The more one notices his tone the more he discovers how he might improve it. An absurd feeling of self-consciousness sometimes assails the parent reader, particularly if there is another adult within earshot. Yet children love all the variations of voice expression one can put into his reading. They will not laugh at one's initial efforts; they take for granted the different voices assumed by a story teller on the radio. Read like that to children at home and they are far less likely to become sing-song readers at school.

Time was when the "required" list of books from which children might "report" for credit in English classes was stiffly limited and usually housed in the teacher's desk. Since then children's literature has been so greatly improved by new writers that book lists need bringing up to date every year. Libraries have most helpful graded lists that are accepted by all teachers. Equipped with these, a parent can select from library shelves or make planned purchases for gifts and see that these "right" books are used by reading them aloud himself.

A child's vocabulary is greatly assisted by hearing good English read aloud. He learns to use "big" expressive words much earlier if he hears them used as a matter of course in a story. When he comes to study reading at school these big words will be easily learned because they are already well known to him.

It isn't enough to supervise a child's reading. He's likely to rebel stubbornly against an adult's selection then. But if that adult takes the time to sit down and *share* the selection, the child appreciates the interest shown. This interest need not be the least forced, for there are few of the better juveniles of today that are

not of interest even to adults. They cover all fields, and a little investigation will reveal a juvenile about almost any adult occupation or hobby.

When the children reach the teens the bedtime reading may be dropped as being too infantile a custom, but it is to be hoped that the habit of sharing books with parents will be so strong by this time that the children will be loath to surrender it and will arrange another time for it, even if it has to be limited to Sunday afternoons or evenings. The transition to adult books may soon follow almost unnoticed.

Writing in *Parents' Magazine*, Katherine Dummer Fisher sums it expertly: "Never waste your time or the children's on trash; never read to them something you can not enjoy yourself. Reading together builds up mutual family background, strengthens the unifying ties of allusion understood, of acquaintances enjoyed together."

Nuggets

Nothing is more kingly than kindness. Happiness is a by-product of helpfulness.

He who remembers old friends makes new ones.

The best way to kill off a rival is to make him a friend.

The great always have a long memory for their friends.

Keep the milk of human kindness to yourself and it soon curdles.

The present is always full of opportunities to pay our debts to the past.

One of the worst thieves is the man who has no time to think of others.

He who despises his beginnings will have no occasion to be proud of his end.

The life finds its greatest elevation when it stoops to the lowliest one in need.

The great question may be not, How can we face the foes who are strong? but, How are we serving the friends who are weak?—*Henry F. Cope*.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual uplift of our young people everywhere

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Helps for Tempted and Tried

MIDNIGHT SONGS

CHESTER E. SHULER

"And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God: and the prisoners heard them" (Acts 16:25).

The phrase "at midnight" always sounds interesting, often mysterious, eerie, disturbing. Honest folks do not like the darkness of midnight; they prefer to be asleep in their homes at that time. Crooks, thieves and robbers prefer that hour to commit their dark deeds.

And yet, the Book has considerable to tell us about things which occurred at midnight. One of the most interesting is that passage quoted above. We are familiar with the setting—the jail where Paul and Silas, men of God, were incarcerated, not for any evil which they had done, but because they confessed their Lord and Master, and had healed an afflicted girl whose masters were wroth because their gainful occupation was now spoiled.

But merely being in jail at midnight was not all of the troubles of Paul and Silas. They had been cruelly flogged, and then "thrust into the inner prison" and there had their feet fastened in cruel stocks. The jailer had his strict orders—to keep them safe, or "else—." He was taking no chances of losing his life, even if his precautions were a bit cruel and uncomfortable to the prisoners.

No doubt the jailer spent an uncomfortable evening, fearing lest the important prisoners escape. But what about Paul and Silas themselves? What were they doing down there? Someone has imagined this conversation taking place between them—though of course we know it did not:

Silas: "Paul, I do wish you would not have these visions. Just look at the trouble we are in—my back is so sore, and don't your feet feel uncomfortable in those stocks? It would have been much better if we had stayed at Troas!"

But if we had been there, listening, we should have heard no words of complaint like these.

Instead, we should have heard them praying and praising—*singing a duet at midnight!*

How could they do it?

It's a very natural question. We'd hardly expect two prisoners in a modern jail to have a prayer service, or sing Christian songs under similar circumstances. The secret is that Paul and Silas were where God wanted them to be at

that moment—they knew it, and were happy to be there. They didn't think so much of their personal suffering and discomfort as about the great privilege they had of serving Him!

We, too, have our "midnights" occasionally. I've never met anyone who hasn't had disappointment, sorrow, trouble of many types. And often, things "look black"—as midnight. When this occurs, it's a pretty good plan to think about Paul and Silas** of their surroundings, innocent imprisonment, and what *they* did about it. Chances are, we'll feel somewhat ashamed of our own murmuring and complaining in a situation possibly much less severe than theirs.

Paul and Silas must have sung a wonderful duet that night. No doubt the joy of their hearts could be heard in their singing voices. They sang loudly—but I believe they sang well. We are told that "the prisoners heard them." Their song blessed not only *their* own hearts, but reached others too. Possibly there wasn't another Christian in the jail, and maybe the other prisoners thought "those two in the dungeon" were crazy. But they listened to the song—the midnight duet!

Which makes us note the fact that the world will nearly always listen to such songs—the songs which come from joy-filled, godly hearts—especially when they are "midnight songs." The world is mightily impressed by a Christian life which "sings at midnight," when things are dark, when visible help is lacking, when hope seems absent.

Of course, we do not refer to actually singing at midnight—that might get us into trouble right at home! But there are other ways by which a Christian can "sing"—even at midnight.

But unless there is a song in our hearts, we shall not be able to "sing" effectively or convincingly. And God must put that song into our hearts. Only He can do it. He can give "grace and glory"—and joy. To have it, we must practice obedience. (Continued on page 29)



Hold Me Steady in Strain

(A Young Person's Prayer)

By P. R. HAYWARD

God of all struggling hearts, hold thou me steady when the strain of life lays harsh hands upon me.

When work gets harder and longer than I had expected—

When illness weakens my body and throws a dark pall over my spirit—

When trusted friends fail me—

When the money I had depended upon disappears even in the face of my growing needs—

When I find the plans to which I have given my life broken to pieces at my feet—

When the pathway of the good life darkens and loses its lure for my soul—

Then, Eternal Spirit, steady Thou me for the hard and long fight.

Show my soul the spirits of the just and holy men who have trodden this rough road before me.

Thread through my hopes the strands of Thy will, and presence, and power.

Let me build the house of my life upon the rock of Thy purpose that the winds and the waves destroy it not. In His name. Amen.



THE INTERMEDIATE AGE PROBLEM

By FRANK M. MCKIBBEN

To many Sunday school workers no intermediate-age problem exists. This does not mean that there is no such problem. We are not conscious of a problem until we are made aware of the factors which constitute it. While "intermediate" is not an entirely suitable name for the age group under consideration, it does suggest the condition in which these boys and girls are intermediates, in between children and young people. This is one of the most important factors in the problem. Just because they are "intermediate," there is in general not sufficient appreciation of the fact that they constitute a distinct group.

Sunday school leaders have slowly waked up to the special needs of the various age groups within their constituency. They first become conscious of these in connection with pupils in the younger classes. This awareness has gradually come to include the groups of more advanced years. We find increasing departmentalization taking place among the smallest children, first with respect to the beginners, then with the primary age, and finally with the juniors. But in many schools this awareness of distinct age groups suddenly lessens or disappears entirely after junior years are past. In several studies which have been made with representative groups of Sunday schools to discern the extent to which departmentalization has taken place, figures reveal the fact that there is an apparent failure either to recognize the distinct age groups above junior years or to meet the needs of these particular groups with definite programs.

There has been, of course, a growing appreciation of a "young people's age," but at the same time quite a general failure to discover three "ages" within the span of adolescence. There will be found many young people's societies and young people's departments in Sunday schools, but it will frequently be disclosed that these organized groups fail to minister specifically to any one particular "age." Especially are intermediate groups "lost" or overlooked in the

total provision made. They are either placed with the juniors, where they do not feel at home, or "bunched" with seniors, where their particular needs and interests are lost sight of. Time and again the writer has gone into a school which complained of an intermediate-age problem, only to discover that the major difficulty was the fact that intermediates were not recognized as a distinct group. The problem is stated in their own words—"We don't want to meet with the older folks"—again in the words of the young people, "We don't like to have the kids around."

Agencies and organizations outside of, or partly related to, the church have for some years been attempting to minister to this particular age group. An outstanding example of this is the Boy Scout movement and program—distinctly an intermediate-age organization. It has enrolled hundreds of thousands of boys throughout the country, and has been pre-eminently successful in discovering the interests and needs of this age and in ministering to them. Other organizations which have been working along this line with considerable success are the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Camp Fire Girls, the Girl Scouts, and the Pioneers. So much has been accomplished by some of these agencies in enlisting the loyalty and response of intermediate-age boys and girls that many religious leaders unfortunately have come to look upon them as competitors with the Sunday school and church.

That the intermediate-age problem is real and acute in most Sunday schools cannot be doubted by anyone who studies the situation and discovers the facts. Some of the elements involved may be set forth in a description of the period of development through which these younger adolescents are passing, and in the statement of facts regarding the losses experienced by the Sunday school during and immediately following intermediate years.

From the standpoint of general development, intermediates are in an unusual life-period—not so set apart as some psychologists have made them out to be, but still with characteristics that distinguish them as needing special con-

sideration. Physically, intermediates are experiencing a rapid and uneven growth that somewhat unsettles them spiritually. This makes it difficult for their elders to understand them, and for them to understand themselves. They do not have the stability of juniors and seniors. This period of rapid bodily change vitally affects their whole outlook, and conditions their total response to the program of Christian education.

From the standpoint of social development, the intermediate is likewise found to be in a period of transition. With heightened sensibilities, with growing awareness of those of the opposite sex, and with keener appreciation of the standards of the society of which they are becoming members, these boys and girls are called upon to make many social adjustments. Perhaps the most accurate description of them is that they desire more varied and satisfying social relations, yet are unable to sustain such contacts gracefully and effectively. It is for this reason frequently they do not get along well with either those younger or those older than themselves. This fact argues strongly for a special grouping and a distinct intermediate program. In this way the social needs of this age can be taken definitely into account.

Again, these boys and girls are past the time when they will respond gracefully to the nature and extent of external control which is a necessity in earlier years. They want to solve their own moral problems, to steer their own spiritual craft, to develop a personal religion. Yet they are without that foundation of training and experience which is common to those of more mature years. They need special help in solving their problems, special guidance in working out their own religious destiny. To group them with seniors and young people, to permit them the same moral freedom, and to submit them to the same tests of judgment and thought in religious matters, may result in permanent injury. These intermediate years are "intermediate" in the development of the moral and religious aspects of personality, and for this reason require specific consideration.

(Continued on page 30)

THE INNER CIRCLE PAGE

GIVE GOD A CHANCE

JAMES H. McCONKEY

"Prove me now."—Mal. 3:10.

In a great city telegraph office scores of instruments were busily clicking away. Presently, in the midst of the din and clatter, the door opened, and in walked a young man—a stranger. He was tall and rather awkward, with a linen duster reaching nearly to his heels. In response to his request for employment the chief operator motioned him to a chair. By and by another instrument began to click. The most important work of the day was on hand. The press dispatches were ready, at a distant city. And by his table in that city sat one of the swiftest writers, and most skillful operators in the service, waiting to begin his rapid sending. The chief motioned to the tall young man to take his seat at the table at which the press news was to be received. He quietly did so. The other workers lifted their heads from their instruments, to look askance at the rustic stranger in his attempt to "take" the fastest man on the line. They were watching for him to fail. But he had no notion of doing so. Answering the call, he took up his pen and began to write. And there for hour after hour he sat. Without a break, without a halt; writing a hand like a copper-plate in its clearness and beauty, he tossed off sheet after sheet of copy to the waiting messenger boy, while all the office stared in astonished admiration. When the work was finished, the position was his without any further question. When asked his name, he replied—*Edison*. It was the beginning of his world-wide fame. All he wanted was—a chance. And when he got it he did *marvels*.

And is not this homely expression of the real thought in the verse from Malachi, cited above? "Bring ye all the tithes . . . *Prove me now* . . . if I will not open the windows of heaven." What is God saying here but this, "My child, I still have windows in heaven. They are yet in service. The bolts slide as easily as of old. The hinges have not grown rusty. I would rather fling them open, and pour forth, than keep them shut and hold back. I opened them for Moses, and the sea parted. I opened them for Joshua, and Jordan rolled back. I opened them for Gideon, and the hosts fled. I will open them for you,—if *you will only let me*. On *this* side of the windows heaven is the same rich storehouse as of old. The fountains and streams still overflow. The treasure rooms are still bursting with gifts. The lack is not on My side. It is on yours. *I am waiting. I am ready. Prove Me now*. Fulfill the conditions, on *your* part. Bring in the tithes. *Give Me a chance*."

And first, then, let us

Give God a chance by TRUSTING

Faith opens the soul to God. It is the channel down which God's heavenly blessings flow to usward. It is the bridge which leaps the chasm between heaven and earth. It is the ladder over which God's messengers of help journey to us needy earthlings. It is Faith which gives God a chance to work in your life and soul. Turning away from God in unfaith is putting a plate-glass between you and an electric current; it shuts off the flow of life. It is stopping your ears with cotton, so that no note of a song can float in upon your soul. It is wearing a bandage over your eyes, so that no glint of the beauty of dawn or sunset

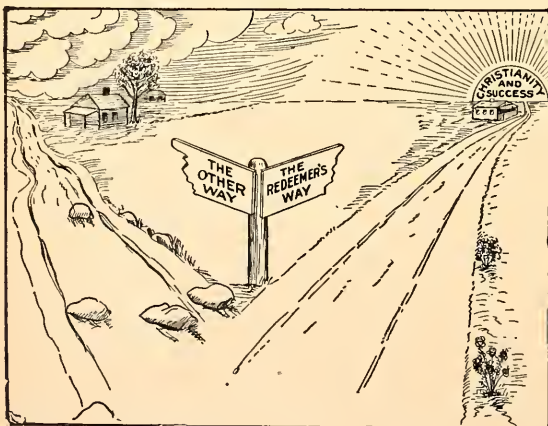
can come to your blinded vision. The life, the light, the song are there. But you shut them out. You give them no chance.

A simple picture illustration comes to mind here. It is that of a human hand. In the hand is an empty bottle. The bottle is under a fountain. The waters are flowing atop, at the sides, all over the bottle. But there is not a drop inside. Underneath is the legend: "Why is the bottle not filled?" The reason is simple. *There is a cork in the bottle. It has no chance*. Even so Faith is the soul's intake. Through it God's life comes in. Love is the soul's outlet. Through it God's life pours forth. To clog either is to stay the flow of life. You give God no chance.

Unsaved friend, why do you continue to live in the shadow of death? Why has not the miracle of the new birth been wrought in your soul? Why do you, every moment, stand in jeopardy of a catastrophe which all the years of eternity can never set right? Simply because you will not fulfill God's simple conditions. *You will not accept and trust Jesus Christ as the Savior of your soul. You will not give God a chance*. Suppose the delicate mechanism of your gold watch has a breakage. You take it to the watchmaker and ask if he can repair it. He says he can, if you will but leave it in his hands for a few days. At once you trust him with it. For you know he can do nothing unless you give him a chance. Or you want your portrait painted. You go to an artist friend. He tells you he will do it. But he says you must come daily to him for so many sittings. You straightway obey. For you know he cannot paint your portrait unless you give

(Continued on page 29)

THE SIGNPOST



*I want to be a signpost along some thoroughfare,
A-pointing to my Savior, and saying, "He doth care;
So look away to Him, and please do not look at me,
I'm nothing but His signpost that you His way may see.*

*"And if you find me preaching, all stirred up to the brim,
Don't watch me in my motions, but just consider Him;
He is the One all lovely, the fairest of the fair;
Just bide away to Jesus, you'll find Him waiting there.*

*"Don't talk about our churches, their Gothic styles sublime;
Don't gaze upon the choirs, their music's golden chime;
Just say, 'We would see Jesus, His grace we want to know,
We want to fall before Him our worship to bestow.'*

*"The church may have its mission, the pulpit have its place,
Yet these are only signboards a-pointing to His face;
So look at us just long enough to find to Him the way,
Then join us as a signpost along the King's highway."*

Importance of Home Religious Training

Dr. Potter tells the story of a young man who stood at the bar of a court of justice to be sentenced for forgery. The judge had known him from a child, for his father had been a famous legal light, and his work on the Law of Trusts was the most exhaustive work on the subject in existence. "Do you remember your father?" asked the judge sternly—"that father whom you have disgraced?" The prisoner answered, "I remember him perfectly. When I went to him for advice or companionship, he would look up from his work on the Law of Trusts and say, 'Run away, boy; I am busy.' My father finished his book, and here I am." The great lawyer had neglected his own trust with awful results.—*T. DeWitt Talmage.*

The Gospel For All

A teacher once learned a lesson in a strange way. She had a dream. A message had arrived that the Master was coming and she must get the children ready for Him. So she arranged them in tiers, putting the white children first, nearest to where the Master should stand, then the little yellow and red and brown ones, and far back the black ones. But it didn't look right somehow. So she started to rearrange them, but just then she heard the Master's step. When she looked up and her eyes rested on the children, she saw that all shades of color and all difference had vanished. The children in the Master's presence were all alike!—*Reprinted in Earnest Worker.*

Mother's "Translation" of the Bible

A teacher was telling of the various translations of the Bible and their different excellencies. The class was much interested, and later one of the young men was talking to a friend about it.

"I think I prefer the King James Version for my part," he said, "though the Revised may be more scholarly."

His friend smiled. "I prefer my mother's translation of the Bible to any other version," he said.

"Your mother's?" cried the first young man in surprise. "What do you mean, Fred?"

"I mean that my mother has translated the Bible into the language of daily life ever since I was old enough to understand it. She translates it straight, too, and gives full meaning. There never has been any obscurity about her version. Whatever printed version of the Bible I may study, my mother's is always the one that clears up my difficulties."—*Ruth McDowell, in New Century Leader.*

Treasured Gleanings For Ministers and Christian Workers

How To Face Christ

A man murdered another on the shores of Lake Michigan. He threw the body into the water and ran away. Three days later the body was washed up in front of the murderer's cabin. The guilty man, troubled by conscience, confessed his crime and surrendered himself to the authorities, exclaiming: "Ah, yes, I know the tides did it! The tides did it!" When the tides of memory, conscience, and reason begin to roll in on the judgment day every secret thing will be made manifest. The eyes of the Son of God will commend or condemn, according as you have acknowledged your sins here and trusted in Him as your personal Savior, or refused to confess Him while you have clung to your sins. *Surely reason urges you to trust Christ as your Redeemer and not to wait to face Him as your Judge.*—Howard W. Ferrin, in *Unto All.*

How Readest Thou?

A young woman, asked by her friend to explain what is meant by devotional reading of the Bible, replied:

"Yesterday morning I received a letter from one to whom I had given my heart and devoted my life. I freely admit to you that I have read that letter five times, not because I did not understand it at the first reading, nor because I expected to commend myself to the author by frequent reading of his epistle. It was not with me a question of duty, but simply one of pleasure. I read it because I am devoted to the one who wrote it."

To read the Bible with the same motive is to read it devotionally, and to one who reads it in that spirit it is indeed a love letter.—United Presbyterian.

Growth in Grace

Hudson Taylor, the great missionary, said, "I used to ask God if He would come and help me. Then I asked if I might come and help Him. Then I ended up by asking God to do His own work through me."—*Wendell P. Lovells, in Sunrise Meditations.*

The Rapture of An Ideal

Jenny Lind was described as a plain, undistinguished girl, but when she rose to sing, her appearance was transfigured. The whole fire and dignity of her genius kindled a glory about her face. She surrendered her whole soul to her task, and the absorbed and mastered spirit shone. Similarly, it is said that those who listened to Webster's great oration on the Pilgrim Fathers remarked that the statesman's face made them think of a transparent bronze statue, brilliantly lighted from within, with the fire of the inward soul shining through the eyes and making the figure like animated radiance. That is great mastery. *Of the things that dominate men, is there anything finer than the passion of a great cause, the glow of a lofty principle, the authority of a splendid truth, the rapture of a great ideal, the thrill of a great commission?* — Robert P. Wilder, in *Christ and the Student World.*

The Bondage of Fear

A man was awakened in the dead of night by his wife who thought she heard someone prowling about in the house. To satisfy her, he slipped down the stairs and turned on the lights, finding himself face to face with a burglar. Quickly the burglar drew his gun on the sleepy man, assuring him he had all he wanted of money, jewels and silverware. And he promised not to harm him if no alarm was sounded. Assuring him that he had no intention of sounding an alarm, the man said to the burglar, "I would like to make one request of you—that you wait here until I can bring my wife down. I want her to meet you, for *she has been looking for you every night for twenty years!*"—E. D. Head, in *Why All This Suffering?*

"Perfect Love Casteth Out Fear"

One day Bramwell Booth went to his aged father, then groping for sight, and told the old General that the doctors said they could do no more for his eyes.

"Do you mean that I am blind and must remain blind?"

"I fear it is so," said Bramwell.

"Shall I never see your face again?" asked the old man.

"No, probably not in this world."

The General moved out his hand until he felt and clasped the hand of his son. He said, "God must know best. Bramwell, I have done what I could for God and the people with my eyes. Now I shall do what I can for God and the people without my eyes."—R. H. W. Shepherd.

Faith is believing God and His Word to be all they claim for themselves and accepting them upon their own testimony, without a doubt.

The Better Way

Sylvia R. Lockwood

Later that evening after Mrs. Carroll's body had been removed to the funeral home Ralph and Dorothy went over to Mrs. Cole's for the children. Jerry had caught sight of them as they came up the walk and Dorothy heard him calling excitedly, "Mommie's coming! Mommie's coming!" Her heart smote her as she realized what a great disappointment lay in store for her wee boy. She had been so busy with her own grief that she had forgotten the ordeal that lay before her. Jerry must be told of what had taken place!

Falling to her knees beside him she clasped the small form in her arms and held him close for a moment. Then holding him off at arm's length she said breathlessly,

"Listen, dear, Mother has something nice to tell you. What do you suppose happened tonight? You could never guess—" her voice broke, choked with tears. Oh, it was hard to be so cheerful when her heart ached so—but she must go on. She must make Jerry understand how happy Grandma was, then he wouldn't feel so badly. With an effort she continued bravely, "Grandma won't be home when you get there tonight, Jerry-boy, 'cause Jesus came while you were gone and took her to heaven with Him. Now she's all well and happy, dear—and we're glad too, aren't we, Sonny?"

"But Mommie, why didn't Jesus take us too? You said He would, Mommie!" Jerry's baby voice was deeply troubled.

Taking him in her arms Dorothy sank into a rocker as she explained so very carefully, for her little son, this hardest of all questions.

"You see, Jerry, Jesus wasn't quite ready for us, but poor, dear Grandma was so sick, and hurt so much all the time, that I think maybe Jesus said to Himself, 'I don't believe Jerry will care if I take his Grandma with me now, because she's so sick, and she won't be sick any more if I bring her up here to heaven with me. I just think that Jerry will be glad his Grandma is all well and happy up here with me, and after a while I'll bring Jerry up here too, to stay with me and his Grandma always.' So you see, Jerry, Jesus came down and got Grandma. She won't come home any more, but we can go to see her instead, some day. Won't that be grand, Sonny-boy?"

Jerry wasn't so sure. If Mother said so it must be all right, but why did Mommie have tears in her eyes if she were glad? He couldn't understand it at all.

"Why wasn't Jesus ready for us too,

Mommie?" The little lips quivered as they framed the question. "I want to go too, I do! I want my Grandma, Mommie—" and Jerry burst into tears. His father in abject misery left the room.

"O Father, help me to take the sting away. Make him to understand," Dorothy breathed in prayer as she soothed the tiny figure in her lap. "Listen to me just a moment, honey. Hold your ear real close while mother asks you something. You wouldn't want to go to live with Jesus and Grandma and leave Daddy behind, would you? Of course not. But you see, Daddy doesn't love Jesus, so Jesus could not take him along now. Don't you think Jesus left you and Mother here so we could keep on telling Daddy about Him until he just couldn't help but love Jesus too? Then Jesus can take us all to heaven where Grandma is."

This was a new idea and it appealed to Jerry's heart. His tears ceased as if by magic, and as he lifted his face to hers Dorothy was reminded of sunshine through the rain. Very gravely Jerry spoke,

"Of course we couldn't go 'thout Daddy. We'll tell him quick, won't we, Mommie, so Grandma won't have to wait too long? I'm tired now—sing to me, Mommie. Sing to me 'bout Jesus comin' again. I'm glad He comed for Grandma so she won't hurt any more. Jerry can wait 'til Daddy goes." And very contentedly Jerry lay back down in his mother's arms as she sang softly, with a catch in her voice:

*"Jesus is coming to earth again,
And, oh, how happy we'll all be then!
For those who love Him to heaven will go,
And they no more sickness or sorrow will know.*

*Yes, Jesus is coming to earth again
And, oh, how happy we'll all be then!"*

With a heart full of gratitude for all God had meant to her that day Dorothy watched her little son sink away to Slumberland. Faithful Mrs. Cole was at her side to relieve her of her burden as the tired little body relaxed in sleep. She called to Ralph who in turn took the sleeping boy and telling Dorothy that he would return in a few moments for her and the baby he carried Jerry home.

Mrs. Cole's mother-heart went out to the bereaved girl and, urging Dorothy to be sure to get her rest, she counseled her with words of encouragement and comfort, knowing that trying hours lay ahead of her young friend as well as behind her. Dorothy had much to thank God for in

the ensuing days because of the many labors of love this dear one performed for her.

But even the darkest days pass and things settle back into their natural routine. So it was with Dorothy and her little brood. That great overpowering sense of loss was gradually leaving her—possessing her only as she came upon some article that brought back poignant memories of the dear one so lately gone. A great delight, and yet pain bringing also, was the prattling of Jerry about his "own" grandma—and how she couldn't come to see him, but that he was going to see her some day when Daddy loved Jesus.

How she longed to see her husband saved, and many were the hours spent in prayer for him. Since her experience at her mother's bedside the desire in Dorothy's heart to see her husband saved had doubled, yea, trebled. The more she came to know her Lord in all His fullness, the greater became her desire that others should know Him also. The wonder of His presence never failed to thrill her as the days went by—it seemed to grow upon her as she rested in it.

One day while rocking Jerry to sleep, and reliving in her mind that scene at her mother's bedside, the wonder of it so filled her soul that it seemed as if she must tell the world, and out of the darkness of her night of sorrow came a God-given song of praise:

*"There came to me an hour so dark
I felt I could not bear it,
But when I cried, 'Lord, give me strength!'*

*My Savior came to share it.
A wondrous peace o'erspread my soul—
I felt His presence there,
And then I knew there was no pain
He would not help me bear.*

*"Through Him I now have victory—
My heart has found its rest:
The fear of death Christ has subdued—
My God has stood the test!
And if death comes again to me
I know I need not fear,
For God has sent Himself to me;
The Comforter is near.*

*"Let Him come in, O pain-filled heart;
Look unto Him in prayer.
No matter what your burden is
You'll always find Him there.
If you but look to Him for help
You'll need no other friend:
You need not fear He'll let you go—
He'll hold fast to the end."*

Some minds are blank because no effort has been made to furnish them with worth while things to fill them—those who never read a book or meditate usually have empty heads.

The Men of Tomorrow

BY DEAN C. DUTTON, *in Quests or Conquests*

The most interesting little animal in the world is a boy. If there is any other little animal more interesting than a boy, it is a girl. The chief difference between a boy and a girl is that one has the wiggles and the other has the giggles. I suppose the reason why boys have so many wiggles is that there is so much for them to do during a lifetime, that they need to have a great supply of wiggles to wiggle past the last wiggle. And I suppose the reason why a girl has so many giggles in her giggle box is because there are so many heart-aches for a woman to endure, and so many beautiful ministries for her to perform, that she needs to have a thousand smiles for every day to be able to smile her way through all that life brings to her.

Have you ever stopped to ask yourself the question, Why does it take so long to rear a boy and a girl? Suppose there were born on the same farm, the same day, a baby boy, a chicken, a pig, a pup, a calf and a colt. Now it will not take very long for these little creatures to find their places in the world's life. For instance, they say a chicken, by some special processes of feeding, is ready for its place in the world's life in about eight weeks, and they can be fried, and enter the ministry. It takes nine months for the pig, a year for the dog, three years for the calf, and five years for the colt, to take their places in the world's life. How far along is your baby boy at eight weeks, or nine months, or a year, or three years, or five years?

It takes twenty years to rear a boy and a girl. Why does it take so long? Has nature blundered? No, nature never blunders. Every boy and every girl is born into this world for a great career; and beyond that career, a great destiny. Nature plans for a boy to walk by the side of a noble father for twenty years just to see how he meets life; how he bares his breast to life's storms; how he climbs life's steep. Nature plans for the boy to walk by the side of a precious mother for twenty years just to receive counsel from her dear lips and to know the wealth of her soul of love. When a boy has so traveled nature seems to feel that as the greatest possible introduction into life. And so nature has set apart the first twenty years of their lives to prepare them for this career and for this destiny.

It takes time to build a great life. A great life is never an accident. It must be builded, and it takes time. If you are going to build a rowboat, you can do it

in a few days; but if you are going to build an ocean liner, it takes time. It is the duty of every citizen and every parent to see that every child is developed, so that his life shall be like an ocean liner. Never was there a time in the history of the world when young people had a period through which they are to live so freighted with wonderful opportunities for life and achievement as the boy and girl of today. There is to come a reorganization of the whole world. Nation after nation is to come to its own; continent after continent is to be developed and unfolded; the natural resources of nation after nation have scarcely been touched. Here is to be a call for business men, for civil engineers, public school instructors, professional men and women, industrial workers, managers of commerce and of national affairs; so that the coming period is to be amazingly full of greatest opportunity.

It is a question whether there ever will be just such a period of developing and unfolding and inspiration as the next twenty-five and fifty years will disclose. All the world is looking to America for leadership. There are twenty thousand Americans in various parts of the world now that are doing the work of leadership and development. I have a friend in the heart of Africa at this time who is leading a great tribe, numbering thousands, into the modern life. He is educating them in agriculture, home building, sewing, cooking, and especially in life building. He is only one of the thousands of Americans who are doing such modern constructive work. If today there are twenty thousand men out in the world's lifework, what may we not expect of this coming period, when there is to be such a demand for American leadership?

We must have boys and girls who will

Introduction

Some time ago the author of this wonderful article visited in my home in Cleveland. We were more than delighted to have a visit from him as we have read his wonderful articles for many years. Dr. Dutton is a lecturer and if you ever have the privilege of hearing him, be sure to do so. He very kindly gave us the privilege of using his material for the glory of God and we thank him for his kindness.—Editor.

be friendship builders, business, community and educational leaders, commercial and industrial managers. They must be the heart and soul of this new wonderful development.

What a pity if the American home and church and the public school should be asleep at its post and fail to arouse and inspire the youth of today to get ready for this tremendous period just up ahead. How pitiful if the bright young lives of today should be permitted to go drifting into these years and should pass through them and fail to realize their opportunity. It is not only for my country's flag that I give this call for preparation, but for the flags of the world. They are calling to us for leadership.

Perhaps the greatest people in all the community who can best arouse youth to this big period, and who can most successfully stir them with a consciousness of their opportunity, are the business men of the community. Boys and young men recognize the business men as the vital force of every community. They recognize their brain and brawn, their ability and leadership. What they say goes with the boy. If business men will but awaken and appreciate that they are something more than the clerks of community clearing houses, to look after the financial end, and to provision the community with food and clothing and the like, they will become the vital community force in arousing and inspiring the youth and assisting in the preparation of them for this great world unfolding period.

Every business man should know the boys and the young men growing up around him. Boys are very susceptible to any attention given. If the banker takes the boy behind his desk and talks to him about his life, the boy never forgets it. If the merchant meets the boy and takes him to a soda fountain and gives him a social treat, and converses with him about his plans of life, or takes him automobile riding, it wins. Any little attention will be the means of arousing the boy to making preparations for his lifework. Business men, who are church officials, could do no more patriotic act than to know the boys who attend their church and Sunday school and take an interest in those boys.

One of the most important things that a community can do is to have a patriotic banquet, given by the business men, for the boys and young men between the ages of ten and twenty years. Let them familiarize themselves with great scenes of history, and stand before all these boys in the town and for miles around. Let them see that there is no period in world's history equal to this coming period. Let them thrill the boys and young men once a year with the

(Continued on page 26)

Redeemed at Last

MRS. LUTHER S. LAMBERT

"You'll get out, and more than that you'll stay out," stormed Nell, the wife of Tim's only child.

"But to whom will I go? I have no child but Thomas," Tim slowly uttered as he nervously glanced out the window and then at Nell.

"It matters not to me where you go, or to whom. You're just in the way here. Thomas and I are in the social circle. We do not need an old seventy-six-year-old man in our way when we want to have a party or dance. Now get your things and go. I said go!"

The conversation was interrupted by approaching footsteps. The door opened hurriedly and in walked Thomas, saying, "What's going on here?"

"Now, Thomas," the bossy wife yelled, "I'm running this house from now on. I'm tired of having Grandpa complain about the noisy life we live. When I want to have a party I'll have it, and I'll have it without Grandpa's complaining. I've given him orders to go, and I mean go!" She was almost screaming.

Tim looked spellbound as Thomas, his only child, yielded to the ungodly complaints of Nell and said, "Well, Dad, I'm sorry, but it seems that I have no say so here. However, you stay around until tomorrow, and in the meantime I'll try to find you some place to stay."

"Try to, try to, don't you dare say try to. You will find him a place and if you don't, he'll find one himself. He'll go," the cruel-hearted Nell shouted.

"We'll have dinner at six sharp, Nell, and afterwards we'll go to the movies," were the parting words from Thomas as he slammed the door and started on his way to the office.

Nell lit her cigarette, picked up her love fiction magazine, and cuddled up on the sofa to read and relax.

Poor Tim, what would he do? He gazed out the window with eyes dimmed with tears. For years he had lived comfortably in his own little room of Thomas' huge home, coming out to the front rarely, only to get his meals.

Then his thoughts went back about two years. He could see Thomas and Nell getting more lively. They wanted to live a life of gaiety, movies, bridge clubs, dances, parties, and night outings. They no longer wanted him. Tim, the one who had given them his furnished home at the death of Thomas' mother. Yes, it belongs to them. He was penniless, yet he was determined that he would not wait until tomorrow to get out. Carelessly he fastened a few clothes in a traveling case

and silently slipped out the back door into the street.

To whom will I go? To whom will I go? I have no other children. I have no friends, only those of my age who are dependent on someone else. I hate to go to the county's home for old folks, but I have no choice. It's the only hope. It is ten miles to the home, and I have to walk. Thoughts of every kind rushed through the old man's head. When his mind cleared he found himself under a street lamp nervously shaking, with only a small traveling case.

Automatically he started down the street. At a distance he could hear sweet singing. He stopped.

"How beautiful that sounds," he half whispered. "It's a hymn. How strange that I, an old man seventy-six years of age, have not attended religious services since childhood. Poor Martha, my dear wife, attended services until she became ill and passed away."

Her last words echoed to him now, "Tim, if you ever get lonesome, remember there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. This Friend is Jesus whom I shall soon be with. Go to church, Tim. It's the only life worth while."

It seemed he could feel the touch of her hand as he did many years ago, and see her smile, her last smile, as the death angel summoned her home.

Then his thoughts turned to the singing. Slowly he ventured to move in the direction from whence it came. Nearer and nearer he drew to the angelic voices. Soon he found himself in front of the little union chapel. There were plenty of vacant seats, and it seemed as if some unseen force drew him inside where he sat down in the center of the chapel. At the close of the song a young man came to the front and asked that all who were Christians to kneel for prayer.

A large group assembled at the altar of prayer, among them shining, bright faces of young boys and girls. How empty Tim's life seemed as he noticed how enthusiastic these young boys and girls were in their eagerness to do service for the Master.

After a long unit of prayer, the bright-faced young minister came forth again and called for another song. The singing this band of Christians did seemed to Tim the most wonderful thing he had ever witnessed.

"Now," the young minister continued, "inasmuch as this is mid-week service, we shall have a short testimonial meeting. Who will be first to speak?"

Without hesitation a fine young boy, standing erect, facing the audience with a beautiful smile, extolling praises to the Most High began, "I'm thankful that I was reared in a Christian home, thankful that I was taught to shun the amusements of the world and bad companions; thankful for life, health, and strength, but most thankful of all that the Lord, in His mercy, redeemed my soul and set me free from the bondage of sin."

By the time he sat down another was up, this time an elderly man.

"I'm glad," he said, "that for many years I have been trying to follow in the footsteps of Christ. I'm glad for a full and free salvation. My only regret is that I did not yield my life to Christ sooner than I did. Truly, I'm glad to see my own boys and girls on the straight and narrow road that leads to glory."

One by one they testified, as poor Tim eagerly listened, wondering how he had spent all his life without opening his heart's door for the entrance of the Master.

"Now we shall change the order of the service," announced the minister, "and I shall endeavor by God's help to bring a message to you. My text will be 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.'"

"We know beyond doubt that we are not our own. We are bought with a price. Whether or not we accept Christ, it is still a fact that Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, suffered and died on the cross of Calvary to redeem us, therefore we are bought with a price and a great price. The most priceless thing on earth is the soul, the part of man that never dies. If we live in sin we sow to the flesh. If we yield our lives to Christ we are made new, and sow to the Spirit. We know that God has said in His Word, 'The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ, our Lord.' Therefore we have to accept Christ in order to obtain life eternal, for the Lord has said, 'No man cometh unto the Father but by me.' Tonight our aim is to try to get the lost and erring ones to come to Christ. 'Try to get the lost sheep into the fold,' should be our motto and our aim in life. We want to have numberless sheaves to lay at the Master's feet and hear Him say, 'It's enough, weary one, come home.'"

"We want to turn people to the right that they may not sow to the flesh and reap corruption."

As the minister talked on and on Tim's mind went back to childhood. It seemed as if the curtains of time folded back that he might look and see concealed in

(Continued on page 25)

Mission Page

NEWS FROM THE GUATEMALAN HARVEST FIELD

BY BROTHER AND SISTER HOGGATT

Leaving the City of Guatemala we started the 3,000 feet climb to Totonicapan. We left with only a little over a half a tank of gasoline—that is all we could buy in the city—and were wondering where we were going to get the rest needed to carry us on our trip and back. Having felt the moving of the Lord for this trip, we went in faith and He rewarded us with enough gasoline about forty kilometers out from Guatemala City to take us on to Totonicapan.

Around, around, and around we went and up and up, passing every now and then a roadside cross (Catholic shrine) where the passing natives could cross themselves in the name of the Virgin and then go on with their toilsome journey. They are always loaded—carrying one load down and another one up of a different sort of wares or eatibles.

Arriving at Totonicapan we found that the Furmans were not well and Sister Furman thought that she had better not go on with us at this time.

While at Totonicapan we attended one service there and two at San Cristobal. As it was fiesta time at San Cristobal we saw part of the procession march and some of the men dancing. The natives that were in the dance wore shoes and long stockings, noticeable because most of them are barelegged and barefooted all other times. They had unusual false faces on and danced and leaped to music made by hihis (a native type rattle) held in the hands of each dancer. I was told that they were dancing out their history from the time of the Conquistadores, though I could tell nothing about it. In the procession the Queen (the most prominent Indian girl in the town) rode in the most elegant ox cart drawn by two of the most beautiful and largest oxen. The Queen and her attendants sat upon high seats made on the ox cart. There were stands with native weaving, clothes, cookies, candies, souvenirs, etc., for sale and the whole thing had very much the same spirit as a carnival day in the states.

Leaving Totonicapan, Brother Furman accompanying us, we picked up two native workers at San Cristobal and drove on to Quezaltenango, where we purchased twenty gallons of gasoline for the rest of the trip, though we had to pay fifty cents a gallon for it. While we were at the station another car drove up for gas and they were told that they were

sold out. The Lord was certainly with us.
The Volcano

Leaving Quezaltenango we ascended part of the way up Santa Maria and then began to travel half way around it. Santa Maria has been an active volcano since destroying Quezaltenango about forty years ago. Now and then we would drive by fissures in the mountainside where steam was coming out of the bowels of the volcano. These places make one think of the hot breathe of some monster breathed out into the cool air.

Down

Soon we started down. Down, down we went, from 7,000 feet to 500 feet altitude. Brother Furman began to feel the sluggishness of the lower altitude and we, of course, began to feel better. The altitude at the bottom is about the same as that we were used to in the States and not much different from that at Dallas, Texas.

Coffee

Dropping down from the pine-capped mountains to the banana-covered coffee plantations in three hours is quite thrilling. Miles and miles of banana trees were on each side of the trail that we used for a road. Under these banana trees grow the coffee trees, for they have to have shade. At this time of the year the coffee beans are almost ready to turn red. They are ripe when red. There being no market for the bananas and coffee and prices so low has caused many of these finca (farm) owners to go bankrupt and the fincas are run down. At one place we bought twenty-five bananas for one cent and one of the native brethren said we paid too much, although it seemed cheap to us as we had been having to pay one cent for two or three bananas in Guatemala City.

Chucacaca

This is the place where we preached the first Pentecostal message the town had heard a few weeks ago and now we were returning at their request. Here Brother Furman labored hard giving the message. One could not tell by his work or spirit that his body was sick. Our wish is that his efforts there will bring forth many of the hundredfold.

After two nights and a day at Chucacaca we started on our return trip. Stopping for dinner at Mazatenango we arranged for a place to sleep that night as we were to have Sunday services on a finca six kilometers away. As this was wife's and John Henry's first trip in the lower tropics they enjoyed the scenery and especially the many streams which flowed by very swift and clear.

God's Aged Worker

One of the native workers with us was an old man ninety-one years old who had been a broom maker by trade. He had saved a small sum of money and had used practically all of it up supporting himself while preaching the gospel on one of the big coffee plantations named "Venecia." Here in three months' time the Lord had given him a congregation of thirty-one new converts, who were desiring water baptism. Seven had already received the baptism of the Holy Ghost.
"Venecia"

Arriving at the finca (farm) "Venecia," we found the congregation awaiting us. The old man was happy and proud of his flock and he had a right to be. Some of the people could not be present at the baptismal service because of their work (having been moved to another farm), but after Brother Furman conducted a service on the bank of the small, clear stream which flowed swiftly through the plantation, Brother Hoggatt had the pleasure of baptizing fourteen persons in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Oh, how we felt the blessing of God as these people were buried with Christ and resurrected as a witness to the world that they were Christians.

Native Hospitality

These new babes in Christ had never been around many American missionaries and we were somewhat of a novelty to them. Some of the children and grown folks, also, wanted to ride the short distance in the car as that was probably the first time they ever had a chance to ride in one. We permitted a few to ride and, no doubt, it was a treat for them. The native homes, many just huts made of bamboo with grass roofs and dirt floors, are clustered around near the big farm house and the big barn, much like the negro huts are clustered around the big house on a Southern plantation in the States. We understood that the natives who worked earned fifteen cents a day, their humble homes, and all the bananas they wanted to eat.

After the baptismal service we were invited to one of the better native homes there to drink limeade and eat ripe bananas.

John Henry enjoyed playing with the children and all the folks enjoyed watching the American baby. They caught a young turkey and John Henry would pat it and try to catch it as it walked around the room.

We had a little lunch with us in the car, so as not to burden the natives and also to be sure we had something that John Henry could eat. While we were eating the women sent out some ears of fresh corn roasted over the coals and piping hot, which were very delicious. Later they sent hot chocolate (made with

(Continued on page 24)

Letters From Our Training Camps

Dear Sister Harrison:

I feel indebted to you for the Lighted Pathway. I have liked it ever since I first read it. It has been a great source of help and information to me. I enjoy your messages and also the other good material that it contains.

I was reared in a Christian home, for which I am thankful. I have been a member of the Church of God for ten years. I love its teachings.

I am now in the army. The surroundings here aren't so good with gambling, swearing, and drinking going on, but God is with me and takes care of me.

One Sunday morning, when I first got in the Army, I was reading the Bible as usual, and a man said to me, "Since you are in the army now, instead of reading the Bible on Sunday morning you will have a deck of cards. I will give you five weeks at the most to change." Praise God, I have been in the army seven months and have not played the first game of cards and I don't intend to start at all.

Some of the boys don't seem to understand why I don't go to shows and loaf around with them, but I tell them I get more pleasure going to church and serving the Lord. Pray for me, that I will ever be true to God and be a soul-winner for Him.—Pvt. L. D. Gentry, Station Hospital, Camp Stewart, Ga.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am enclosing \$2.00 and ask you to send two rolls of Lighted Pathways to some army camp or camps and I need the prayers of all sincere Christians for the salvation of my soul and healing of my body. I trust that God will, through the prayers of His people, magnify His grace to the salvation of my soul in Christ Jesus.—Hopefully, Michael A. Coffman, Tech. Sgt., Le Grade Hosp. Ward 33, New Orleans, La.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I received four copies of the Lighted Pathways, which I was proud to receive and to place in the reading room for other boys to read, and as I am in service for our country in such trying times, I feel we need more papers as the Lighted Pathway.

I enjoy reading the paper because it is very inspiring and to know it is a blessing to boys in other camps and gives great encouragement to everyone.

Please pray for me that I may be a blessing to some lost boy who needs God. I am a member of the Y. P. E. at North Cleveland (Tenn.) Church of God.—Pvt. Paul J. Griffith, 28Inf. Trg.

Bn., 2nd Platoon Co. D, Camp Croft, S. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I got one of your Lighted Pathway messengers from the chaplain here in camp. It really gave me encouragement to draw near to the Lord. And the next month, the Lord willing, I intend to apply for a year's subscription; I don't have the money now. I have the messenger for the month of July. I wrote a letter to Mrs. Rankin. I ask for the interest of all your prayers for me. It seems I have to go alone here, and I really need the help of Jesus. I have a sweet mother and wife at home and I know they are praying for me, and that means a lot to me.

I will be praying for you. I must close for now. May God bless you all.—Yours in Christ, Pfc. Grover Flickinger, A Btry. 261st C. A., Fort Miles, Lewes, Delaware.

A Fountain in the Desert

Corp. Alfred Hall

By the sands of sin I was surrounded,
Lost on the desert of strife,
But I found a fountain flowing
Filled with the water of life.
I plunged into the crystal water,
Washed all the dirt away.

In the darkness of night I was wandering,
Lost and could not find my way,
But I saw a bright light shining,
It was Jesus the sun of the day.
Although lost and blundering all alone,
With no one to guide my feet,
I have found my blessed Redeemer
And am drinking the water so sweet.

In the snares of sin and bondage
By worldly lust I was caught,
But I heard how Jesus was slain,
How by His blood our souls He bought;
I fell on my knees repenting
And called upon His name, and
He washed me in the fountain
And cleansed me from all shame.

So sinners, if you are wandering,
Lost on the desert of sin,
Come to Jesus repenting
And He will surely take you in.
He will wash you in the fountain of
blood
That flowed from His wounded side,
He will give you a home in heaven
Evermore with Him to abide.

This poem was written by a soldier boy who is stationed on the desert here at Blythe. He is a Christian man and attends our church. — Jimmie Myers, Blythe, Calif.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a reader of the Lighted Pathway and enjoy it quite a bit. I plan to subscribe later.

I have been drafted into the U. S. Army since July 22, 1942, and so far it has agreed with me.

I had a wonderful young people's group at Cedar Grove, W. Va. The Y. P. E. was organized quite a while back and I was made president. I certainly enjoyed my work in West Virginia, but duty called so I had to leave. Everyone pray for me and also pray for our family in West Virginia.

Letters from all (especially young people) would be very encouraging.—Pvt. James H. Kinsolving, U. S. A. Area M. 35437568, Camp Stoneman, Pittsburg, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

This is to advise you that I have received the copies of Lighted Pathway, and am very grateful for same. I shall be glad at any time to receive additional copies and will be personally responsible for their distribution to the men.

Thank you, and, through you, all who are making this splendid work possible, I am, sincerely yours, David D. Donohoo, Chaplain (Major), Ft. Benjamin, Harrison, Ind.

Dear Sir:

We acknowledge receipt of your communication of July 1 with twenty copies of your paper.

Please be assured of our appreciation. We are glad to have material of a devotional and inspirational nature. The material has been placed in our library so that the men have access to it.

Further issues of the paper will be helpful if they can be made available to us.

Thank you for your thoughtfulness and courtesy. Yours very truly, James H. Bishop, Captain 261 Coast Artillery (HD), Ft. Miles, Del.

Your letter of July 15 regarding the mailing of twenty copies of the Lighted Pathway to this army base has been turned over to me for reply.

I have received the twenty copies and have given this issue a thorough study. I found your magazine to be a very fine publication and its various articles most interesting and informative. I consider it as rating with the best religious periodicals that come to my office.

As you requested I have caused this magazine to be distributed in the various day rooms at this army base. There (Continued on page 24)

Exchange Page

Dear Sister Harrison:

I want you to know how much I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. It is a wonderful paper; I like every page in it.

I am saved, sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost. I praise God for it. I love to tell about it, too. Pray for me that I will grow closer to Him.

I would like for Christians everywhere to pray for the Lord to heal Miss Violet Sherrod of T. B. She loves the Lord and is saved. I am sure she will appreciate encouraging words from anyone who would care to write to her. Her address is, Violet Sherrod, Box 3513, State Sanatorium, Orlando, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

The Lighted Pathway is a wonderful little paper. I read it each month and obtain food for my soul. Sometimes when I feel discouraged I can pick up the paper and read it and my discouragement is gone. I praise the Lord for a good paper like the Lighted Pathway.—Connie Vanderburg, Gastonia, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

The Lighted Pathway is a splendid little paper. I always look forward to the time for it to come. It certainly has the right name because it really has lighted my pathway very much since I have been reading it.

I really want to thank the Lord for the desire I have in my heart to serve Him. I also thank and praise Him for His wonderful healing power. I was afflicted with epilepsy for seventeen years (since I was three) and had been anointed and prayed for many times but it seemed like the Lord never would answer my prayer. But praise the Lord. one day a year ago this last November the blessed Lord answered my prayer. He touched my body and healed me of that disease.

I love to tell this wonderful blessing to other people, for I feel so happy to be free from that terrible thing.—Agnes Hatter, Urbana, Ill.

Dear Sister Harrison:

The Lighted Pathway is a fine paper and I enjoy reading it very much. This is the first time I have written to it. I am nine years old and I thank God for the Holy Ghost. I was eight years old when I received Him. I belong to the Church of God. Please pray for our Y. P. E. and the revival that is in progress.—Bernice Taylor, Baxley, Ga.

Three of my sisters and I sing in a quartet. I am seventeen years of age and really enjoy working for the Lord.

I thank the Lord for a Christian home and a praying mother and father. I also thank the Lord for a good Y. P. E. By God's help we want to make it grow.

Pray for me that I will do God's will at all times.—Elizabeth Lazo, Sulphur Springs, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

The Lighted Pathway passes away many a lonely hour for me. I am a widow and have been for two years, since God called my loving companion home to dwell with Him. Pray for me and my three children.—Mrs. Vandora Ervin, Anderson, S. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

No doubt you are doing a great work by publishing the Lighted Pathway. I am Dear Sister Harrison:

We surely enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. It is food to our souls. We thank the Lord for the great work you are doing; more people like you are needed.

We are twins and members of the Church of God at Dyersburg. We would like to hear from other young people who would care to write to us.

May the Lord continue to bless you. Please pray for us.—Misses Inez and Idell Hendrix, 1212 East Court St., Dyersburg, Tenn.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Words cannot express how much I appreciate you and the Lighted Pathway. I am glad that I have the opportunity of serving the Lord. He means much to me. I am also glad that I have opportunity of reading the Lighted Pathway. It is food to my soul. The Editor's Message is always a great encouragement to me.

Dear Sister Harrison:

It is with the greatest of pleasure that I write to your dear paper again. I must say again that it is the best paper I have ever read. No matter how hard the tests or how great the trials I can just get the dear Lighted Pathway and start reading and I've soon forgotten all about tests and trials and everything else except God and His goodness.

It is certainly grand of you to give a space in your paper for our dear boys in camp. Sister Harrison, I am sending in my subscription for one year.—Mrs. S. D. Tyndall, Box 303, Erwin, N. C.

one among thousands who enjoy reading it.

I would enjoy corresponding with Christian young people who care to write to me.

Please pray for us and our Y. P. E. here at Richmond. May God bless you.—Lula Inman, Richmond, Ky.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Words can't express how much I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. I read it from cover to cover.

We have a good pastor and wife, Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Key, here at Nokomis, who stand by us in every test. Brother Key has just conducted us a wonderful revival. Four received the Holy Ghost.

I am the only young girl here who has the Baptism. There were three other girls but they let the devil slip in and conquer their souls. Please pray for them and others here who need Christ.

Please pray that I may be privileged to attend Bible Training School next term. I am only fourteen years of age and have had salvation for nearly three years.

I would enjoy receiving letters from any Christians who care to write.—Jeanette Haynes, Nokomis, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

You surely are doing a wonderful work for the Lord in editing the Lighted Pathway. I wish to express my heartfelt appreciation to you.

We have a newly organized Y. P. E. that is showing much progress, considering the number of young people we have. Please pray for our Y. P. E. that it will grow, and that each and every one of us will do our part for Jesus.

Please pray for me.—Ruby Grant, Rockingham, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

The Lighted Pathway is really a good paper. I have had quite a bit of sorrow and trials in the last two or three months but I find prayer and the Lighted Pathway help me greatly.

Please pray for me that I will be true and faithful.—Mrs. Hazel Norris, 1610 N. 13th St., Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear Sister Harrison:

The Lord has laid it on my heart to write you. I do not know why, but for a long, long time there has been a small voice that just seems to keep saying to me, "Why don't you write Sister Harrison a letter of appreciation?"

You seem to me just like a precious mother who has gathered her children to her side to give them advice. This is the reason the Lighted Pathway is the most wonderful, soul-stirring paper that is published. Its editor is a real soldier of the cross, one who loves and serves God in the beauty of holiness.

(Continued on page 24)

Reading Circle



Books Recommended For Your Library

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Boy's Stories of Great Men, by Elsie E. Egermeier. Price, \$1.00.

Girl's Stories of Great Women, by Elsie E. Egermeier. Price, \$1.00.

Fanny Crosby, by J. Reginald Casswell. Price, 75c.

Talks to Girls, by Helen Welshimer. Price, 50c.

A Christian Girl's Problems, by Mary S. Wood. Price, 50c.

The World's Best-Loved Poems, by James Gilchrist Lawson. Price, \$1.00.

FOR BIBLE READERS

Story of the Gospel, by Charles Foster. Price, \$1.25.

Fox's Book of Martyrs, by William Byron Forbush. Price, \$1.50.

Miss Bettie's Book of Bible Stories, by Bettie Burson. Price, \$1.50.

Illustrated Story of Jesus, by Rev. Jess Lyman Hurlbut, D. D. Price, \$2.00.

Life's Treasure Book, by Charles M. Sheldon. Price, 30c.

FICTION

Mary Sunshine, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.

At the Crossroads, by Minnie E. Ludwig. Price \$1.00.

The Pilot's Voice, by Isabel Byrum. Price 75c.

Sally Jo, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

The Return of the Tide, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

One More Year, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.

Though He Slay Me, by Ella M. Noller. Price \$1.00.

To These Also, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.

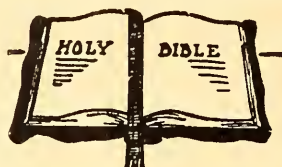
Under Whose Wings, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

Blaze Star, by Paul Hutchens. Price \$1.00.

The Vision, by Paul Hutchens. Price \$1.00.

Go With Him Twain, by Bertha Moore. Price \$1.00.

Love has been grossly mistreated by feigned lovers who operated in her name, yet they did so without her consent and she herself remains true to name, and her character remains unstained.



"This little Book I'd rather own,
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
Than all their diadems."

Bible Readings For October

	Morning	Evening
Oct. 1	Jer. 3-4	Gal. 6
Oct. 2	Jer. 5-6	Eph. 1
Oct. 3	Jer. 7-8	Eph. 2
Oct. 4	Jer. 9-10	Eph. 3
Oct. 5	Jer. 11-12	Eph. 4
Oct. 6	Jer. 13-14	Eph. 5
Oct. 7	Jer. 15-16	Eph. 6
Oct. 8	Jer. 17-18	Phil. 1
Oct. 9	Jer. 19-20	Phil. 2
Oct. 10	Jer. 21-22	Phil. 3
Oct. 11	Jer. 23-24	Phil. 4
Oct. 12	Jer. 25-26	Col. 1
Oct. 13	Jer. 27-28	Col. 2
Oct. 14	Jer. 29-30	Col. 3
Oct. 15	Jer. 31	Col. 4
Oct. 16	Jer. 32	1 Thess. 1-2
Oct. 17	Jer. 33-34	1 Thess. 3
Oct. 18	Jer. 35-36	1 Thess. 4
Oct. 19	Jer. 37-38	1 Thess. 5
Oct. 20	Jer. 39-40	2 Thess. 1
Oct. 21	Jer. 41-43	2 Thess. 2
Oct. 22	Jer. 44-45	2 Thess. 3
Oct. 23	Jer. 46-47	1 Tim. 1
Oct. 24	Jer. 48	1 Tim. 2
Oct. 25	Jer. 49	1 Tim. 3
Oct. 26	Jer. 50	1 Tim. 4
Oct. 27	Jer. 51	1 Tim. 5
Oct. 28	Jer. 52	1 Tim. 6
Oct. 29	Lam. 1-2	2 Tim. 1
Oct. 30	Lam. 3-4	2 Tim. 2
Oct. 31	Lam. 5	2 Tim. 3

Lighted Pathways

	Sold for 1940-41	Sold for 1941-42	Increase this year over last (decrease*)
Alabama	11,092	25,375	14,283
Arizona	150	741	591
Arkansas	2,503	3,990	1,487
California	1,820	3,648	1,828
Colorado	190	889	699
Delaware	590	1,062	472
Foreign	4,489	3,256	*1,233
Florida	26,343	30,436	4,093

Georgia	36,882	55,411	18,529
Idaho	1,103	1,007	*96
Illinois	6,759	11,940	5,181
Indiana	1,727	3,039	1,312
Iowa	591	957	366
Kansas	977	1,686	709
Kentucky	12,788	23,987	11,199
Louisiana	2,676	5,833	3,157
Maine	707	1,462	755
Massachusetts	211	429	218
Maryland	5,026	5,713	687
Minnesota	710	781	71
Michigan	3,091	6,239	3,148
Mississippi	4,119	6,515	2,396
Missouri	2,892	3,626	734
Montana	1,142	1,266	124
Nebraska	122	364	242
Nevada		36	36
New Jersey	816	1,196	380
New Mexico	905	1,399	494
New York	200	324	124
N. Carolina	35,565	56,973	21,408
N. Dakota	1,785	3,436	1,651
Ohio	6,985	10,799	3,814
Oklahoma	3,218	4,068	850
Oregon	556	1,220	664
Pennsylvania	6,091	12,041	5,950
Rhode Island	114	14	*100
S. Carolina	62,752	76,578	13,826
S. Dakota	1,387	9,699	8,312
Tennessee	26,201	37,655	11,454
Texas	8,051	22,407	14,356
Virginia	7,583	12,684	5,101
Washington	921	1,928	1,007
Washington, D.C.	168	1,000	832
W. Virginia	11,172	26,193	15,021
Wisconsin	36	60	24
Wyoming	110	220	110

Lighted Pathway Rating For the Assembly Year 1941-42

(Papers not paid for are deducted)

	Sold by Sub.	Sold by Rolls	Total
Alabama	884	24,491	25,375
Arizona	264	477	741
Arkansas	396	3,594	3,990
California	485	3,163	3,648
Colorado	6	883	889
Delaware	48	1,014	1,062
Foreign	216	3,040	3,256
Florida	2,369	28,067	30,436
Georgia	1,410	54,001	55,411
Idaho	24	983	1,007
Illinois	264	11,676	11,940
Indiana	230	2,809	3,039
Iowa	84	873	957
Kansas	24	1,662	1,686
Kentucky	264	23,723	23,987
Louisiana	158	5,675	5,833
Maine	132	1,330	1,462
Maryland	528	5,185	5,713
Massachusetts	24	405	429
Michigan	368	5,871	6,239
Minnesota	96	685	781
Mississippi	468	6,047	6,515
Missouri	240	3,386	3,626
Montana	204	1,062	1,266
Nebraska	42	322	364

(Continued on page 24)

Our Y. P. E. Poets

Watch over him with Thy care divine;
Protect him from each angry wind,
Protect and keep him. Amen."

—Iowa Park, Tex.

A Backslider's Experience

Albert Davis

On the tempest-tossed and windswept
shore,
I was tossed and lost without an oar.
In the depths of sin I had sunk so low,
No deeper down could a sinner go,
For in the paths of righteousness I had
trod;
But now I was a backslider far from
God.

Like the prodigal son, I have returned
And found the peace, for which I
yearned.
O backslider, why do you stay away?
You must face God on the judgment day.
I'm thankful for the voice that whis-
pered to me,
"Return backslider, I'm married to thee."

Our Savior

Thelma Snyder

When your heart is heavy
And your trials are hard to bear,
Look to Jesus, He will help you,
For He loves you, He still cares.

Many times when we are tempted,
If we would only go to Him,
Tell Him all about our troubles
He would say, "Peace, be still."

But we try to solve our problems
In a way that we think best;
Then sometimes we make a failure
In a time that is our test.

So let us try to be better soldiers
For our Master and our King,
So when we get to glory
We won't have to face a thing.

Then I know we will be happy,
In a land so bright and fair;
When He says, "Welcome home, my
children,
All my joys with you I'll share."

Let us do our best for Jesus
In this wicked world below—
So when we leave this world of sorrow
Into heaven we will go.

Give a Smile

Clotha Mae Daniel

Tell me not life is sorrow,
Contemplate a little while.
Can you not recall one blessing,
That from you would bring a smile?

If you fail in each ambition,
If the world upon you frown,

Stop and thank your blessed Savior,
If up there you have a crown.

Cheer up, strife will soon be over,
Wear a smile for it will pay;
There are many lost and weary,
You can cheer them on their way.

If you're saved from sin, my brother,
That is all that's worth your while.
Count on One who never fails you,
Thank and give the world a smile.

If you have no gift to offer,
You can wear a sunny smile;
It will cost you not one penny,
And it's really worth the while.

If you wear a smile for Jesus
'Til on earth your race is run,
Then up there a smile He'll give you,
When He says, "My child, well done."

My Inspiration—Christ

Miss H. F. Beauchamp

Let me walk the blood-stained way,
The way that Jesus trod;
Though sometimes dark the road may
seem,
When passing 'neath the rod.

Let me wear a tear-stained face,
The mark that He has borne—
While yearning o'er the souls of men,
With bleeding hands and torn.

Let me see the thorn-crowned brow,
The eyes so grave and true,
The pierced side, the broken heart,
That bled for me—for you.

When life's shadows gather 'round,
Earth's cares are pressing down—
Let that brow, those eyes, that heart,
Inspire me to press on.

When life's battles have been fought,
Life's vict'ries have been won,
Let me hear His voice divine,
In welcome say, "Well done."

A Prayer

Grace Churchman

'Tis night, and I lie down in bed
But not before this prayer, I've said:
"Here I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.
Oh, Thou, good Lord, you know my
needs—
Supply them according to my deeds.
And, Lord, bless my many friends,
And may they upon you forever depend.
And, Lord, that special friend of mine—

My High Resolve

Bessie Davis

I often think of my childhood days,
So carelessly were they spent;
I never realized the need of a Savior
Nor just what Jesus meant.
I never did anything so bad,
Just living from day to day
With never a thought of the future,
Or the final round-up day.

I'm so glad that one day
I found a wonderful Friend;
Jesus came into my life
And cast out all my sin.
I can't find words that will express
What Jesus means to me;
He suffered and died on Calvary's cross,
That you and I might be made free.

I want to be a willing worker for Jesus
And be humble, faithful and true,
And when the chosen are gathered home
I'll be in that number, too.
My desire is to live like Jesus,
To serve Him and do His will each day;
To live a life that's pure and holy
And walk by His side all the way.

Do Not Criticize

Art E. Mooney

Do not criticize the Bible,
It is God's Holy Word,
It's the guide of all earth's pathway;
It is the Christian's sword.
It has lived through all the ages;
It has stood each trial and test;
Of the ways that lead to glory,
It is the very best.

Do not criticize the preacher,
Though you may not like his style
Or the method of his working,
Just be patient for a while;
Prayer and faith will be much better,
And your soul will be more blest;
Tell it to your heavenly Father,
Trust in Him to do the rest.

Do not criticize each other,
If things do not look just right,
Prayer and love will go much farther
On the road to make them right,
You yourself may not be perfect;
Others may see fault in you;
Let us then do unto others
As to us we would have them do.

Christ wept for love's sake for the
wicked Jews of Jerusalem who were shut-
ting the door against mercy, when they
themselves should have been weeping for
gratitude to Him for His unmerited offer
of such a bounteous gift.

Contributions

By Young Writers

The Ten Commandments For a Successful Y. P. E.

By Pauline Weaver

(Continued from last issue)

TENTH COMMANDMENT

Make Jesus Your Most Welcome and Appreciated Member

"Jesus, the light of the world," the "author and finisher of our faith," the "bread of life," the world's most wonderful preacher, speaker, and human benefactor—a member of our Y. P. E. Isn't that wonderful? And aren't we glad, and don't we appreciate Him? What could we do without Him? How could we even attempt to give a play without knowing He would help us put it over? How could we get up and talk without feeling His presence and power with us?

*"Oh, how I love Jesus,
Oh, how I love Jesus,
Oh, how I love Jesus,
Because He first loved me."*

It is the most precious possession any person, no matter how rich or poor, learned or illiterate, can ever attain—to have Jesus' hand on ours, to feel His everlasting arm around us, to be able to say, "Our Father," and to know that Jesus is our elder brother. We have Him, and we cherish His love above all earthly treasures.

And we love Y. P. E., too, and we want Jesus to be our most welcome and appreciated member. First, because we love Him so much, and second because without Him we can do nothing, but by Him all things through Christ, who strengthens me. We can have a successful Y. P. E., we can have good programs, many members, honorary members, through Christ who strengthens us.

Always have prayer at the beginning of your service. Welcome Him there in the very beginning. Invite His presence and plead for His help in every program.

Honor Him in your services. Center all your programs around Him. Let your songs be praises for Him. Don't just sing a song, but praise Him through songs.

Teach the children to mean what they sing, and occasionally lift your eyes toward heaven, center your mind on Him and sing something that praises His name. And again, bow your heads and pray to Him beautifully in song. Sing (or rather pray) "Have Thine Own Way, Lord," at the beginning of the service. Worship and honor Him in every part of your service.

And then appreciate His blessings. I was very impressed by a little story I read one time about not always saying, "Give me, Lord," but pausing occasionally to say, "Thank you, Lord." So sometimes in your Y. P. E. have a "Thank You" prayer, asking every member not to ask for a single thing but to thank Him for past blessings. I believe Jesus will appreciate this. Our friends appreciate our thanking them for what they give us, and the kindness they show us—how much more should we thank Jesus for His great mercy and love, even His death on the cross.

So lift your voices, your eyes, your hearts in singing,
*"My Jesus, I love Thee,
I know Thou art mine,
For Thee all the follies of sin I decline;
I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."*

WHERE ARE YOUR TREASURES?

MILDRED HEATH

1 Tim. 6:17-19, "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life."

In the days in which we are now living many people are doing the very thing Paul warns us not to do. They are trusting in the things of the world rather than in God. Right now there seems to be good paying jobs for nearly everyone, and instead of helping God's work with their money, all most people are concerned about is having a good time. Some people will go to church when times are hard and they do not have money to go to places of amusement, but let them get a good job and instead of thanking God for making it possible for them to have that job, they forget all about Him and begin to squander their money on things of the world.

If people with money would go to church and worship God, and use their wealth for the glory of God, what a great blessing they could be. If they were willing to distribute, as we are admonished

to do, how much suffering and poverty they could help to relieve by sharing what they have with those less fortunate.

People today are trusting in their riches and their jobs, rather than in God. Like the rich man Luke tells us about, they are storing up their wealth, but one of these days God is going to call them into judgment. Then of what use will their money be to them? In this world people can be highminded and the person with money can use his means to get almost anything he wants, but when God says it is enough this money cannot help him then. If he has stored it up or used it selfishly in this life, his money can not buy him a home in heaven. God is able, overnight, to sweep away everything we have. If people would only remember that the same God who gives us everything that we have, also has the power to take our possessions from us, how much better off we would be.

I would rather always be poor in this world's goods and have this good blessing, with God's smile of approval upon my life, than to be a millionaire with all this world has to offer, and in the end have no hope of eternal life. I do not mean that a wealthy person cannot be a true Christian, but so few are. The majority of people, when they have money, seem to feel that they do not need God, that their money is all they need. But God's Word tells us that the love of money is the root of all evil. Money is a good thing to have if we use it in the right way. Some people will do anything for a few dollars.

I recall a story I once heard about a boy being on top of a barn. All at once he lost his footing and started to slide. He thought he was going to fall to the ground and be killed, and he began to call on the Lord to help him. Then just as he was getting close to the edge of the roof his trousers caught on a nail. When he realized he was saved from falling he said, "It's all right Lord, I don't need you now, I can make it by myself." How true that is of the average person today. When he is in trouble or danger he will call on the Lord to help him. But when it is over, he forgets all about God. If he has been in danger and is almost miraculously rescued, he will say, "My, what a close shave, I sure was lucky," when it wasn't luck at all, but God's hand that was protecting him.

Friends, let us arouse ourselves and begin to put our trust in God rather than in the things of this world. In these troublesome times in which we are now living, we hardly know what another day may bring forth. How quickly everything we have could be taken from us, or we could be hurled out into eter-

(Continued on page 24)

Temperance Page

"WE'RE PALS, AREN'T WE, DAD?"

BY WORTH STEWART

Billy Jones and his Dad were pals—good pals. So when Billy's Dad offered Billy a taste of his beer, as they were eating lunch together one noon, Billy knew that his Dad's intentions were the best in the world, but Billy shook his head and declined the drink.

"This is better," he said, pointing to a glass of milk.

"Dad," he inquired a little later, "have we any book at home where a fellow could look up statistics on things?"

"We have a copy of the *World Almanac*," replied his Dad, munching on his sandwich. "That has a lot of statistics about most everything. What did you want to look up, Billy?"

"Oh—something," said Billy. "I'll tell you later."

It was not until that evening that Billy again brought up the subject, and he did so in a way that made his Dad look up from his newspaper with a startled expression on his face. "What did you say about scarlet fever?"

"I've decided to have it for a friend," said Billy.

"Scarlet fever a friend!" Billy's Dad laughed and shook his head. "That's a good one. Here's one fellow you wouldn't want to have anything to do with. He's a killer, he is. And thousands of little boys and girls lose their sight of hearing because of him."

"Does he make people insane—or does he make fathers and mothers want to hurt or kill their own folks, or throw the family income away? Does scarlet fever do these things to its friends, Dad?"

"No," said Billy's Dad. "Say, what are you driving at, anyway?"

"And what does this good word mean?" inquired Billy, pointing to a word in the *World Almanac* he was holding.

Billy's Dad looked at the word. "Cirrhosis of the liver," he read aloud. "Why, that is a disease that comes from drinking booze—alcoholic liquors. I still don't see what that's got to do with scarlet fever being a friend."

"Well, here's the idea," explained Billy, and his Dad knew that he was trying to keep from laughing about something. "When you told me at lunch this noon that it was all right to have beer for a friend, I decided to check up on the way it treats its friends. Of course beer is an alcoholic liquor—not as much alcohol as most kinds of liquor, but the

fellow who drinks it gets just as much in the long run because he drinks bigger glasses of it. And when I checked up on the way alcohol treats its friends—well, Dad, I decided I'd rather have scarlet fever—"

"Nonsense!" said his Dad. "There's no comparison. Why a little beer—"

"But looky here, Dad," persisted Billy, holding the *World Almanac* for his Dad to see the column of statistics showing deaths from alcoholism, "in 1935—the last year covered by the records—alcohol killed over 3,300 of its friends. And that's 600 more than scarlet fever killed during the same year. Now do you see why I'd rather play around with scarlet fever than with beer?"

"There's a catch to it somewhere," muttered Billy's Dad, studying the figures.

"While we're about it," continued Billy, "we might as well throw in the ones who got this liver disease from drinking booze, and who died from that. There were 10,000 of them, the book shows, and that makes over 13,000 persons who made friends with alcohol—and were killed by it. Daddy, suppose 13,000 persons here in town were killed by some kind of canned food they ate—would it be mentioned in the papers, do you suppose?"

"I'll say it would," admitted his Dad. "It would be called one of the greatest catastrophes of all time."

"And would they stop the canner from canning and selling any more of that food, Dad?"

"Stop him. Of course. They'd put him in prison."

"And if another country killed that many Americans, would it start a war, Daddy?"

"What! Thirteen thousand Americans killed? Say boy, if any country ever killed that many Americans, every man in the country would enlist in the army or the navy. Why I'd be one of the—"

"Remember, that's the number of Americans the booze manufacturers killed, just in one year," Bill reminded him. "They do it every year—five times as many as scarlet fever kills. And of course, that's just a start."

"Just a start! What do you mean?"

"The 13,000 do not include any of those who are killed by drunken drivers, or in drunken fights, or in the crimes that people commit because of alcohol. And, of course, it doesn't show anything about the other diseases that people have, and die from, because they are drinkers and can't fight the diseases as well as

non-drinkers. And if we'd really want to find out how much of a friend alcohol is, we'd have to put down all the results of drinking—including the worst thing of all, slavery."

"Oh, well, I know, Billy, but only weaklings are slaves to it."

"I think," said Billy, "that will be one of the next things I'm going to check up on—some of the slaves. I know there'll be a few of the presidents in the list, and some kings who were famous in history, and quite a number of folks who were famous in other ways, such as Bobby Burns. Maybe some generals, too, and prize-fighting champs, with a number of baseball players who weren't called weaklings—until booze got 'em. I think, Dad, we'd find that booze makes weaklings."

Billy's Dad was studying the figures in the book Billy had handed him. "Thirteen thousand killed by it every year," he said, as though to himself. "More than are killed by diphtheria, scarlet fever and measles combined. And what you said about that being only a start is true, Billy. In fact, the number killed by alcohol is so little compared with the trouble it causes in other ways that I never thought of it as a murderer. I still think there must be some catch to it."

"But not a good enough catch to catch me, Dad," chuckled Billy. "I don't think I want to play around with it at all—not even when the alcohol hook is baited with beer. But Dad, I was just thinking about something you started to say. I think you were going to say that if any country would start killing 13,000 Americans every year, you'd be one of the first to go out and fight 'em. How about you and me getting into the fight against booze? We're pals, aren't we?" —*The Young Crusader*.

Assurance

Dinny Malone, sea captain, six feet tall and straight as a pine even at eighty, sat reading his Bible when the new minister came to call. He looked up and said, "Pastor, I'm trying to find God."

"Well," said the minister, "I guess you'll find Him in that Book."

"But I haven't," said Dinny Malone simply. "I've been trying for six years to get Him to forgive my sins** and He won't."

The minister looked at the huge old man keenly. "Have you repented?" Dinny nodded solemnly. "Have you trusted God?" "Yes," said Dinny. "Then you must have found Him!"

Dinny shook his head. "I never feel it in my heart***the forgiveness," he said. "How can I know that God forgives my sins?"

The minister took the Bible from Dinny's fingers. He turned to a passage. "Read it!"

(Continued on page 24)

Bible Lessons

Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on someone to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but interperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is expected to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

Topic: The Efficient Life

John 3:14

SARAH BLANCH MCGUIRE

Thoughts for the Leader

Life goes on, on, on, regardless of how we feel about it, we must take it as it comes. To be an efficient worker for Christ will mean self-denial in many things. Discouragement and heartaches are only a few of the things the devil will try to hinder us with. It will be wonderful to be able at death to say, "Lord, I have done my best; I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course; my time has come for my reward and a crown of life awaits me." When we bow at His feet and lay our sheaves down, then will we know as we are known and God will wipe all tears from our eyes.

Let us see what it takes to make an efficient life.

Obedience

Rom. 6:13

To look back over a life of obedience unto God, what a blessing in itself just to know we have obeyed the voice of Him who gave His life for us. Our sacrifice means nothing unless we obey. Our works will get us nowhere unless

God has set His smile of approval on them. By disobedience many souls may be turned out of the way, just by one look or act that is not in accordance with the true will of God. It is when we obey God in everything, knowing that we receive no honor from the world, but knowing God has smiled down upon us and given us a greater desire to go on; then we feel His cloak of love around about us as though He would shelter us from the world and we know all is well with our soul.

Courage

Ezek. 2:6; 2 Tim. 1:7

Courage to know the right and then to stand up for it is a God-given gift. To let another person's opinion sway us, unless God's approval is on it, makes us weak Christians, ready to fall at the first sign of persecutions. But to stand ready in every test of courage, ready to name the name of Jesus in the face of all opposition, makes us strong until our faith mounts higher and higher, until, even in the face of death, we shall not be afraid of what man can do unto us. With a smile we will believe that all things are as God has planned in our lives and we are ready to trust Him in every condition of life.

Perseverance

Psa. 37:24; 1 Cor. 15:1

We must have zeal to persevere if we would live the efficient life for God. If we start out to win lost souls for Christ, putting all other things aside, opposition should just give us the more determination to press onward to the goal. If we would keep one thought uppermost in our minds and always meditate that our lives mean nothing to us unless we serve God, then God would use us for His honor and glory to bring last souls unto Him. As the angels in heaven rejoice in one sinner finding God, so we could rejoice in the thought of work well done and reward awaiting us in the sweet by-and-by.

Consecration

Rom. 12:1; Gen. 22:10

A consecrated life will bring more souls unto God than all a man can say or do. To be in the center of God's will at every bidding, to be instant in season and out of season in His will, to be contented in whatsoever state we find ourselves, without murmuring and complaining, is just the first step of consecration unto the Lord. To set aside our own plans and desires to fulfill the plans of God, is to defeat the devil and to please the heart of God.

Topic: Suffering

HOPE GOODMAN

Scripture: 1 Pet. 1:3-7.

Thoughts For the Leader

"Tempted and tried we're oft made

to wonder." But should we really wonder? Why not search the scriptures? I'm sure we can find consolation and satisfaction there. At some time we all must suffer, and, no doubt, many of us are at that state now. Perhaps it is not a physical affliction from which we are suffering, but maybe a burdened soul or a heavy heart. Nevertheless, it seems at times we're tempted to grumble and complain, but let's look up and understand and trust God.

Why Must We Suffer?

Heb. 12:6

Sometimes we, being yet in the flesh, are prone to wander a bit from God. We fail to read His Word as we should, pray as we ought and in many cases we fail to obey God. Therefore, as disobedient children, we need chastening. Henceforth we must suffer. This is God's way of checking us, so should we really be rebellious?

Bring Forth More Fruit

John 15:2

Have we not been bringing forth good fruit? Of course, we have and God wants us to stay close to Him and continue to bear fruit. Therefore He purges us. By purging us He causes us to suffer.

True Nature Revealed to Us

In suffering the true nature of Jesus is revealed to us. It makes the vision of Jesus' death more vivid. It truly shows that Jesus is pitiful and of tender mercy. How much greater is the agony and death that Jesus suffered than the faint pain we must suffer! It makes us praise God more and realize how little we have to suffer compared with what Job and other Bible characters had to contend.

In 2 Cor. 4:7 Paul refers to our afflictions as light. Hence we should be more than grateful to God for the few light afflictions we must suffer.

Drives Us Nearer to God

Sometimes we are afflicted so we will trust God more and will get nearer to Him. The children of the wilderness had to choose between utter dependence and trust in God to cross the Red Sea or be captured by their enemies. With their enemies behind them, in front of them the sea, they trusted God and walked across the sea as God parted the waters for them.

A dear sister was telling me about her nearing death in her affliction once. She was unwilling to die because of her small children. Her state became worse and she finally became willing to trust God with her children and die. At this point God healed her.

So we see that there is an affliction that helps us with the Psalmist David to say, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear

no evil."

How Must We Suffer?

1 Pet. 4:12

1. *Understandingly* — The Hebrew children suffered, Job suffered, Paul suffered, greatest of all Jesus suffered. Should it be so strange that we should suffer? We know if we have or have not disobeyed or neglected God, hence let's understand why we are suffering and yield to the efforts Jesus would have it make upon us.

2. *Patiently*—What did Jesus ever do to deserve the cruel death on Calvary? He was without sin. Nevertheless He suffered, without a complaint. What a great example for us to follow! Let us be patient in our sufferings.

3. *Trustingly*—God made our bodies, so let us trust Him with them. If we are serving Him, and are suffering according to His will, then let us say with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."

4. *Sympathetically* — Jesus suffered, bled and died for us, therefore we should suffer with Him. He is the head of the body and we are the members of the body. Therefore when we get sick we should be sympathetic and suffer with one another. In Jas. 1:27 we find we should visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction. When one of the body of Christ is suffering we should pray for him, visit him, take him flowers or a gift and help him in any way possible to comfort him. If one of us is under a heavy burden we should bear the burden with each other, even if it takes fasting and praying.

Let us comfort one another with these words, "If we suffer, we will also reign with him," 2 Tim. 2:12a.

Topic: **Helps For the Christian**

BY ESTELLE SIMMS

Thoughts for the Leader

Do you want life? Do you want to know how your life may be happier? Have you failed and become discouraged? The Word of God will help you. God, by the sacrifice of His Son on the cross, has saved us, but He didn't stop there. He made every provision for our Christian life. Let us try in our lesson for tonight to bring out some of the things which will be a help to our Christian life.

Food

The Christian needs food; without it he will die. We find a picture of spiritual food in Exo. 16:31. Just as the children of Israel would have died had they not eaten of the manna, so we as Christians will die if we eat not of the food that God gives us. John 6:53. The right way for us, as Christians, to get spiritual food is to study the Word of God. When we read the Word of God, we are

feeding our souls. One Christian was getting along poorly in her Christian experience, and didn't understand why. When the pastor asked her if she studied her Bible every day, she replied, "No, only when I have time for it." Her baby was laying near, and the pastor said, "Suppose you should feed your baby twice today, and once tomorrow, then let it go without eating for three or four days, because you were too busy to feed it. Do you think the child would grow?" "No," replied the woman, "it would not only stop growing but it would die." So it is with our spiritual life, if we neglect to feed it on the Word of God.

Guidance

Do you have trouble in knowing which way to go? There is promised to every Christian a guidebook, the Bible. There are principles set forth in the Bible which will throw light on any problem that we might face. Psalms 119:105-130; Prov. 6:20-23; Matthew 22:29. If we really want to be guided aright, how necessary it is for us to know the Word.

A Weapon

We Christians are engaged in a battle. ("Put on the whole armour of God.") Eph. 6:11, 12—a weapon. God saw that need and provided one, the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God. Tell the story of the temptations of Jesus; prove the fact that it was through the Word of God that He gained victory over the devil, so it is with us. We have to study the Word to know how to use it as a weapon against the enemy.

Faith

Do you have faith? Without faith it is impossible to please God. Heb. 11:6. D. L. Moody once prayed for faith and thought that one day it would come and strike him like lightning, but faith does not come that way. He read Rom. 10:17, he believed it and began reading his Bible, so day by day his faith began to increase.

Blessing

Every Christian wants his life to be blessed, and wants to be a blessing. There are provisions of blessing to those who read and obey God's Word. Psalms 19:8-11; Matt. 7:24, 25. What are some of the other things the Bible does for those who read it? Psalms 119:50, 93, 130; John 17:17; Rom. 15:4.

If you don't get so much out of reading the Bible, will you try something? Read Psalm 119:18. As David prayed this prayer, God answered him and he was able to say, "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" Psalm 119:103. God cannot fail in keeping His promises.

Have different young people give their testimony as to the blessings and

help they have got from reading the Bible.

— — —

Topic: **Jesus, Our Source of Help**

BY WILMA UNDERWOOD

Thoughts for the Leader

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth," Psalm 121:1, 2. What a great privilege we have to worship the creator of heaven and earth—creator of everything, Lord of lords and King of kings, a source of help in time of need, One who will never end. You will find everything you need in Him. Let's think of four ways that He can be a source of help to us.

A Sufficiency For All Needs

Phil. 4:19

Paul tells us in this scripture that God will supply all our needs according to His riches in glory. Now what more could we ask for? In John 14:14, "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." "... ; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," Luke 12:32. Just think how He cares for us. We can pray the prayer of faith and we will be supplied. The psalmist says the cattle upon a thousand hills are His, all the silver and gold are His. My, what a rich Father we have! We are heirs to the riches in glory by accepting God as our Father and Jesus as our Savior and elder brother.

The Great Physician

Matt. 9:12

On one occasion Jesus and the disciples were eating and some publicans and sinners came and sat down with them. The Pharisees saw it and asked the disciples, "Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?" Jesus heard this and He turned around and said, "They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick, I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Christ knew these poor publicans and sinners had a soul that needed to be healed of sin.

Not only does Christ heal our souls and make us new creatures through Him, but He heals our bodies, too. The stripes He received on the night of His trial in Pilate's hall were for the healing of our bodies. "He was bruised for our iniquities... and with his stripes we are healed," Isaiah 53:5. "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases," Psalm 103:3. Now isn't this the best Physician you have ever heard about, a Physician who heals both soul and body?

A Good Shepherd

John 10:11

A good shepherd will always look for green fields with fresh flowing water for his sheep. If just one little lamb gets

in danger or lost, he will risk his life trying to rescue it. This reminds me of Jesus, the Shepherd of all shepherds. Christ will not let His people be tempted more than they can overcome. Not only did He risk His life, but gave it freely for every nation, tongue and race.

"And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away," 1 Peter 5:4. Let's say with the Psalmist David, "The Lord is my shepherd." I'm trusting Jesus as my Savior and guide, and when He appears, I'm expecting a crown of glory that will shine forever and ever.

A Comfort For Eternity

John 14:15-18

"I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you." Oh, glory, what a promise! What comforting words! This same Savior who guides us, heals and saves us, is a comforter, too. Sometimes the way may seem dark and we get discouraged, but let's "lift up our eyes unto the hills from whence cometh our help." Remember the words Jesus spoke to His disciples, "I will not leave you comfortless: I will send you another Comforter." I feel the presence of that Comforter in my soul right now. I'm glad Jesus is real, aren't you? My, He is a friend who sticketh closer than a father, mother, sister or brother. He never lets His children down. He will not forsake us, but will be with us in every trial and test. He says, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Editor's Message

(Continued from page 2)

doing much, the work will be hindered. But, on the other hand, those who see the Lord in the place they are put, and will tend and guard that place as if the Lord is right by their sides watching (for He is always by us in the Spirit), they will be happy and their work will prosper.

Let us take a look at David after God in such a powerful way delivered Him. In a song of thanksgiving he says, "He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them that hated me: for they were too strong for me. They prevented me in the day of my calamity: but the Lord was my stay. He brought me forth also into a large place: he delivered me, because he delighted in me," 2 Sam. 22: 18-20. If you do your work as unto Him, He will delight in you and set you in a large place. If you are faithful in your humble place, He will exalt you in due season.

Dear young reader, are you working for the Lord? Does your place seem small to you? Does it seem hard? Just think, the place you are filling is not yours alone. If you do it for Him, who placed you there, then, and then only, will you

find true happiness in His service.

"If I were doing something that I felt was worth while, I might feel like going ahead," said a boy who was doing routine work on a small job. An older fellow workman laughed at him.

"Listen boy," he said, "in the days when wagons were as common a sight as cars are now, there was an old saying that the little front wheel of a wagon traveled just as far as the big hind wheel, only it had to turn around oftener." He said, "That goes for your work, Bob. It may not look big and important but it's work that needs doing. The shop couldn't do without it any more than the wagon could do without the little front wheels. Don't you despise your work, boy, nor get discouraged because it isn't bigger. It helps the shop get there with its total output just the same as the big jobs do," and he nodded as he saw the discontent fade from Bob's face and a smile of satisfaction take its place.

The little wheels, the little jobs, the little things of life, are all useful and necessary. The little acorn comes before the big oak. Tiny grains of wheat help fill the huge elevators with the food for a hungry world. Little deeds of kindness come before the big opportunity to do good. The little wheels get there as fast and as well as the big ones. And the thing that looks small in our sight may be the very thing that will help greatly in the work of the kingdom. Let us not look down upon it nor slight it. If it is the thing Jesus wants us to do, then let us do it with all our heart and might, sure that it is needed in His great plans.

Last month we urged young people to train for service and now we want to say something to help those who are deprived of going to school. Some of you are very much discouraged because you had wanted to go to school this fall but something happened the last minute to

keep you away. How about beginning now to get ready for next year? I am wondering if you read in September issue in Brother Walker's article about the girl who started her college education fund with a nickel and a determination. You can do the same if you start in time. To those whose case is hopeless because of handicaps which make training impossible, read the article on the Inner Circle Page and give God a chance to use you mightily as fishers of men, even with these handicaps. He can take a completely yielded life and work miracles in winning souls for Christ.

God bless you and make you a blessing.

August Prize Winner

Mrs. Ollie Hill, Riverside, Ga., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

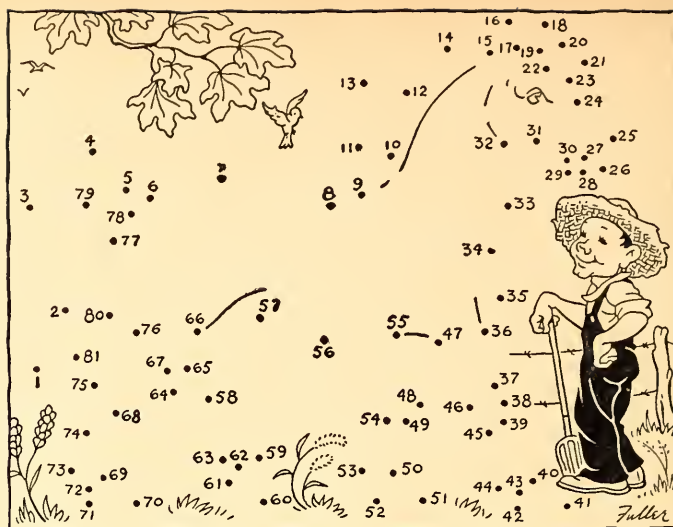
Honor Roll

Nellie Davis, Anderson, S. C.
T. R. Morse, Greenville, S. C.
Ruth Ross, Greenwood, S. C.
Mae Couch, Fort Mill, S. C.
T. J. Collins, Ninety Six, S. C.
Claude M. Beam, Lindale, Ga.

WANTED AT ONCE

One thousand consecrated workers who will write one letter every day for Jesus and will pray for those to whom they write. For further details regarding this practical plan of prayer and Christian letter writing, volunteer your services to Mizpah Prayer Mission, 407 W. 36th St., Tucson, Ariz.

No one who will spend enough time sitting at the feet of their Lord and Master in solemn and prayerful meditation will remain in ignorance about the deep things of the Spirit, but will know both His voice and language and will soon receive a spiritual education.



A FEW EXTRA THOUGHTS

FROM THE EDITOR

To the readers of the Lighted Pathway:

I want to send you a little extra message this time. I should like to come into your home and sit down and talk with you for just a few moments. I want you to understand me better. I get so many letters from friends that I know an answer is expected. With perhaps 150,000 readers it would be impossible for me to write to all. When I write my message to you through the paper, I want you to please accept it as a special message to you. Then if you are being tempted or tried, I have a message there for you. I try to have something for every one under all conditions. Nothing would please me better than to write you a personal letter, but this would be impossible.

I am thinking now of the material which comes to my office for publication. How I wish I could publish it all. I know it pleases folks to see their articles, poems and letters published, but, dear ones, don't get discouraged. If you could read the experience of some of our great writers, you would find that they had to persevere a long time before they were successful. It is not always because your contributions are not good but because of space. So don't get discouraged. I have a scrapbook of poems, essays and stories which I wrote when I was a girl that were never published. I prize them very highly. You can do that too. Always feel free to send me anything you like, but don't feel badly if it isn't published. Please don't send your only copy, as it is likely to get lost. We cannot promise to return them.

I am sure you will be glad to know just a little about the progress of the paper. The paper has gained 140,024 in circulation this year, and the first of September we had in our treasury, after all expenses for printing and for salaries were paid, \$8,500. This will be used for the Bible Training School and College at Sevierville, Tenn. You have done a good work. Besides working for the Bible Training School you have also done much good among our boys in service and the young people everywhere. May the Lord help us to do more this year. If we would all continue to work, or may I say work a little harder, we should have a circulation of 100,000 per month at the close of this Assembly year. Let us work now, for the night cometh when no man can work.

Why Do I Go To Church?

A few days ago I noticed this heading in a magazine. It was very interesting to read the different answers and I wondered if it would not be interesting to have your reasons for going to church. At first thought you will say, Why, that

is a simple question, but when you stop to consider, you will find more in this question than you had ever thought of before. How about thinking this over and writing your reasons in about a two hundred word letter? We will publish what we consider to be the best.

Something Else To Think About

Here is something else to think about. In the churches as a usual thing the pastor and a few men hold the church in their hands. The membership has nothing to say about what shall or shall not be done. Now this is fine for a certain committee to have charge and make final decisions, but don't you think it would be nice to have a special meeting in the beginning of the year with all the mem-

bership and ask for suggestions for improving the church activities for another year? This would at least make your members feel that they had a small part in the church affairs. Then take all of these suggestions and weigh them and use what you can for the betterment of the cause during the year. Those who give their suggestions should not feel offended if their suggestion was not accepted. Pastors, try this out and see if you do not get a great many valuable thoughts for your church this coming year, or perhaps you would like this better. Ask your members to write on a slip of paper for the pastor any suggestion they think would be good for the church. Then he will have them before him on his desk and can meditate and pray over them before he takes them before his deacons. Be sure to sign your name to your suggestion, otherwise it should be discarded.

BIBLICAL EYE-OPENERS

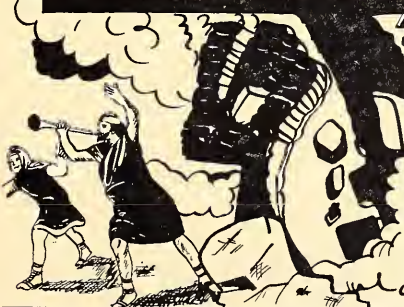
By C.M. TRUESDELL & DANA NORTH

HEDGES...

OF BIBLE LANDS WERE NOT THE BEAUTIFUL, USEFUL BUSH HEDGES WITH WHICH WE ARE ACQUAINTED—BUT THEY SERVED THE SAME PURPOSE, ENCLOSING PRIVATE PROPERTY.... THEY WERE A MUD AND STONE WALL LINED ON TOP WITH THORNS; HENCE THE EXPRESSION—
"An hedge of thorns" (Prov. 15:19), THEY WERE A FAVORITE SPOT OF SNAKES AND LOCUSTS AT NIGHT.



Nicoh 7:4; Matt. 21:33; Eccles. 10:8; Amos 5:19; Neh. 3:17.



WALLS OF DEATH

IN ONE DAY'S BATTLE, A SMALL ARMY OF ISRAELITES SLEW 100,000 INFANTRYMEN OF THE OVERWHELMINGLY LARGER SYRIAN ARMY. THE REMAINING SYRIANS FLED INTO THE NEARBY CITY OF ISRAEL, APHEK, WHERE THE FORTIFIED WALLS CRUMBLLED AND FELL KILLING 27,000 SYRIAN SURVIVORS, AND CAUSING THEIR KING TO SURRENDER. J. K. 2021

The TOWER of ANTONIA.....

WAS A SQUARE STONE FORTRESS OR CASTLE ADJOINING THE NORTHWEST CORNER OF THE TEMPLE AREA AT JERUSALEM. THOUGH IT IS NOT CALLED BY NAME, PAUL ADDRESSED HIS HEBREW ASSAILANTS FROM THE STEPS OF THIS PLACE (Acts 21:30, 34, 37, 40; 22:24) It was rebuilt by Herod the Great, and named by him for the famous MARC ANTONY.



Letters From Our Training Camps

(Continued from page 14)

are five day rooms for the soldiers at this base, and if you so desire I shall be glad to have you mail five copies of this magazine each month and I shall have them placed in these day rooms where they are available to the soldiers.

Thank you kindly for your consideration and for your interest in our soldiers. —Very truly yours, W. G. Howard, Port Chaplain (Col.), N. Y. P. E., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

We have received your copies of the Lighted Pathway and have distributed copies among the men.

Your work in providing this material to men in the service is commendable, in that it is the only way to keep men interested in their home church activities.

Churches, and organizations within them, should be instructed to write periodically to their men in service and enclose copies of weekly or periodic bulletins, in order that men in the service may know their home churches are interested in them.—Andrew H. Beahm, 1st. Lt., 174th Inf., Chaplain 3rd Bn., Boling Field, Wash.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of July 14 received, also several packages containing your publication.

I want to assure you that these have been placed in the reading rooms of the several organizations on the post. I wish it were possible for me to inform you how the papers are received, but at this time I am unable to do so. So many papers and magazines come over my desk and direct to the companies that I am unable to check them to determine with what favor they are received.

I can but inform you that I have enjoyed the ones received by me.

If you desire to send them I shall be more than glad to see to their distribution through my office. — Sincerely yours, Willis H. Hall, Post Chaplain, Camp Beauregard, La.

Gentlemen:

Your letter of July 14, stating you were sending us twenty copies of the Lighted Pathway, was received. Today we received the periodicals.

Your kindness in sending them for the attention of the men at Camp Croft is very much appreciated. The number sent is sufficient to put one in each reading room of the camp.—Sincerely yours, Harry H. Gregory, Camp Chaplain.

To be able to settle our difficulties and misunderstandings without becoming unsettled ourselves, we must enter into all of our deliberations with the spirit of submission.



This is a picture of seven of our intermediate Sunday school girls who finished grammar school this year. I am encouraging these girls to continue through high school. I know there is no one who would be more interested in them than you, Sister Harrison. Pray that God will bless our young people.—C. M. Jenkerson, pastor, Rock Hill, S. C.

Where Are Your Treasures?

(Continued from page 18)

nity to meet God, and think what it would mean if you were unprepared. Let us not lay up treasures for ourselves in this world, but rather treasures in heaven that, when our time comes to go, we may be able to lay hold on eternal life.

Let us make this little verse true for ourselves.

*"On the other side, treasures there have I,
Treasures that this world and all its
wealth could never buy;
When I reach that city and the gates
swing open wide,
I'll find my treasures waiting on the
other side."*

Exchange Page

(Continued from page 15)

I would certainly like to meet you face to face for I know I would feel the sweet presence of the Christ of Calvary. I just love to read every page of the Lighted Pathway. I can hardly wait from one month to the other for it.

Sister Harrison, I desire your prayers that I will be an overcomer in these last days and that I will work for the Lord more than ever. The Lord has a special

work for me to do, but it seems that I can't turn loose and put it in action.

I go to the West Knoxville Church of God. We have a wonderful church—we teach evangelism, preach evangelism and live evangelism. Souls are born into the kingdom of God almost every service. The presence of the power of God can really be felt there. Well, I just think it is the best church on our district.

Pray for us.—Mrs. C. L. Long, Knoxville, Tenn.

Assurance

(Continued from page 19)

Dinny read, slowly spelling out the words, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us."

"Dinny," said the minister, "when you give your word, do you keep it?"

"Sure I do," roared Dinny. "Don't a gentleman always?"

The minister leaned toward him. "Dinny, don't you think God is a gentleman?"

A light that never was on land or sea shone on Dinny's face. "What a fool I've been! I see it now. He does forgive me. And now I feel it!"—*Publisher Unknown.*

Lighted Pathway Rating

(Continued from page 16)

Nevada	36		36
New Jersey	48	1,148	1,196
New Mexico	72	1,327	1,399
New York	136	188	324
North Carolina	2,924	54,049	56,973
North Dakota	528	2,908	3,436
Ohio	720	10,079	10,799
Oklahoma	312	3,756	4,068
Oregon	132	1,088	1,220
Pennsylvania	2,670	9,371	12,041
Rhode Island		14	14
South Carolina	696	75,882	76,578
South Dakota	408	9,291	9,699
Tennessee	4,404	33,251	37,655
Texas	1,301	21,106	22,497
Virginia	661	12,023	12,684
Washington	240	1,688	1,928
Washington, D. C.	12	988	1,000
West Virginia	1,227	24,966	26,193
Wisconsin	60		60
Wyoming	84	136	220

News From the Guatemalan Harvest Field

(Continued from page 13)

water) and it, too, was refreshing. When their meal was prepared they invited us to eat soup and tortillas with them, but we thanked them and told them we had had sufficient to eat.

The Night Service

People began to gather in for the night service about dark. Two believers brought a man with them from another farm who desired to accept Christ as his Savior. The opportunity was given in the

first part of the service and he accepted the Lord. Brother Furman brought the message and the people fed on the Word of God as he imparted it to them. After the message a short business session was held. During the service we had noticed three enormous spiders crawling up the wall and one large rat running along near the roof, but apparently no one else noticed them as that probably is a daily occurrence. The men drank hot chocolate again with them after the benediction and before long we said good-bye and left for the place where we had arranged to sleep—tired, but happy in His service.

Tracts

As we drove along we would give out tracts to natives walking along the road. Looking back we would see the natives run to get the slips of paper and oftentimes we would see them in a scramble to see which one would get the tract. Reading material is scarce and the people are glad to get anything to read and in the six months that I have been here I have seen only one tract torn up. Our supply of tracts were soon gone and we felt a keen sense of regret that we had no more as we would pass the natives on the road with no word of hope to give them on their toilsome journey. We could use thousands of good tracts in Spanish if we had them. They will talk where a worker cannot get to.

Sister Furman

Sister Furman was awaiting us with a nice meal prepared when we returned to Totonicapan and she was feeling some better though she hadn't rested very well while we were away. Missionary work is very strenuous in these mountains and besides keeping the home Sister Furman is a very live and efficient worker, and a good preacher. Very few women could keep up under the load she is bearing.

Gasoline could not be purchased now and we thanked God for having supplied us with enough to make our return trip. Next day after our return to Guatemala City we received notice from the Government that we had been allotted only fifteen gallons a month. This naturally will hinder our work some though we still can travel some on the train and bus. However, many places are quite remote and in order to reach them we will have to walk or ride a mule.

Continue in Prayer

Continue to remember your missionaries to the throne of Grace. Ask God to make them a burning lamp in the midst of this sin-sick, dark world.

Postscript

Since this article was written there has been an earthquake in practically all Guatemala. Here in Guatemala City very little damage was done. Sister Furman has written that much destruction was wrought in Totonicapan—that the house they were living in was badly damaged

and many of the believers are homeless because of the quake. The beautiful new chapel building, which was almost ready for dedication, and for which they had prayed and worked so long, was considerably damaged, the roof being split in two. God has spared the lives of the believers in Totonicapan, for which we praise Him, but there are many other places that we have not heard from. Damage was heavy in many towns with a few lives lost, but communications have been disrupted until we have not heard a complete report. Please remember these suffering and homeless in prayer. Being without homes is doubly hard just now as it is the rainy season, and quite cold in the mountains.

Redeemed at Last

(Continued from page 12)

the sacred realms of childhood when he was just a fair young lad, yes a lad at mother's knee. Dad never ate a meal without offering thanks to the Giver of all good. Each night Dad had prayed with Mom and the children before retiring. The dear old family Bible had been opened and comforting words read to all. Yes, all was clear to him now. Dad and Mom one day were summoned home. After that the religious training ceased, and Tim had carelessly drifted along. His own home did not have that training.

Then his thoughts returned to the minister who was now saying, "Now in my closing remarks, we would like, if there be anyone here who desires to quit sowing to the flesh, to have him come up to an altar of prayer while we sing. Shall all stand as we sing, 'Lord, I'm Coming Home.'"

*I've wandered far away from God,
Now I'm coming home,
The paths of sin too long I've trod,
Lord, I'm coming home.*

Chorus

*Coming home, coming home,
Nevermore to roam;
Open wide those arms of love,
Lord, I'm coming home.*

*I've wasted many precious years,
Now I'm coming home;
I now repent with bitter tears,
Lord, I'm coming home.*

As the song continued, poor Tim could see his wasted life. He sensed a loving voice beckoning him to come. But then he wondered to himself, that if after traveling so long in sin, would he be accepted? Then he heard a phrase in the song, "I'll trust my love, believe thy Word." He knew that he was supposed to trust and believe. He knew the scriptures said, "Whosoever cometh unto me, I will

in no wise cast out."

"Whosoever will," he half whispered, "that included me." So he made his way to the altar.

At the altar of prayer, a picture he made as he knelt beneath his load of sin. He prayed and others came forth for prayer. The minister knelt by Tim's side and prayed with him. Soon Tim was smiling and raised to his feet, shedding tears of joy. Yes, he knew he was included in the words, "Whosoever will," and he knew that he had been forgiven and accepted. So great was his joy that he had completely forgotten that he was homeless. Everyone was shaking hands with Tim and showing how pleased he was that he had been redeemed.

As the congregation left, Tim slowly walked outside with them. Soon each one was traveling toward his respective home. Tim was left alone there in the night. The large city clock struck ten. Tim was standing near the chapel. In his mind he was wondering where he would go until daybreak. Before the meeting he had intended to go to the county's old folks' home. The old man, trembling from the chilly night breeze, was suddenly interrupted by a voice.

"Pardon me, but where are you going tonight?" asked the minister.

With tears in his eyes, Tim told the story of Thomas' wife driving him away from their home, and of his plans to go to the old folks' home on the morrow.

The minister found his own eyes filled with tears as he said to him, "Come home with me. I am the pastor of the chapel. I saw you up here when I was a long way down the street. While waiting to see where you went, I noted you looked weary, so I came back. Come with me."

Poor Tim, a heavy burden lifted from his heart, followed the kind minister. Upon arriving at the pastor's home, he was introduced to his wife and small son. After acquaintance was formed the wife prepared for retirement. Tim was shown to a comfortable room with a sofa bed, nice clean sheets and pillowcases, a chair and a tiny dresser. For long hours after he had gone to bed, he lay there meditating upon the past. He thought of the minister's kindness to him. Then his mind went back to his wife's last words, "There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Surely that Friend had sent the pastor of the chapel back for him. He had wasted his life in riotous living. Now in his feeble age he had accepted this Friend who had already begun to do things for him. Whispering thanks to the greatest of all, Tim fell asleep.

Morning came and with it came the beautiful sunshine peering through Tim's window. Suddenly he was aware of footsteps coming to his room.

"Dit up, Mr. Tim," the minister's tiny

son said, "for we're about ready to eat breakfast." Then the tot was back to the kitchen.

Soon Tim had washed and dressed and was sitting by the little boy at the table.

"Go ahead, sonny," the pastor said, and all heads were bowed.

"Dear Lord, we thank thee for this food, and all the good things that you do for us. Amen."

Tim ate heartily, for before him was a fine breakfast of soft, brown biscuits, sausage, gravy, butter, honey, and coffee.

After eating, Tim and the minister sat out on the porch in an old-fashioned porch swing. There in the sunlight they talked an hour or so about the wonderful service the night before at the chapel and of the blessings of God, the eternal one. Toward midday the minister received a call to visit a sick man a few blocks away. So enthused over the new life and the kind minister, Tim had completely forgotten about going to the old folks' home, so he went along with the minister to visit the sick man.

He found a drab, dark house, and in a very untidy bed a man, pale and frail. He only spoke in a whisper. The minister, who had a beautiful voice, sang hymns to the sick man, after which he prayed a long sincere prayer. The wife and three children looked pitifully on as he read encouraging words from the precious Holy Bible.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," and "Lo, I am with you alway," ran through the mind of the wife. What a friend Jesus must be, she thought. Possibly their rejection of Him brought sickness to her husband. Possibly that was why she didn't have the things she needed to keep her house presentable.

When the closing prayer was announced the minister was interrupted by the wife who told him that she wanted to accept this Friend he had told her about. Before they left, both husband and wife had given themselves to Christ.

When the kind minister left he went to a general merchandise store and bought the necessary articles to make the sick man's house more comfortable, and had them delivered to them. How pleased they were to receive them! Surely the best Friend they ever had had come to abide with them.

Tim thought of all his money that he had made over to Thomas, thinking he would be welcome there the rest of his life. How much he could have done to promote the cause of Christ, had he accepted Him years before.

When they arrived again at the minister's home, Tim thought of the heartache of parting from the kindest persons he had seen since Martha died. They were seated on the front lawn when poor Tim with tear-filled eyes and trembling voice

said, "Well, it's getting pretty late now. I guess I'd better start on my journey to the old folks' home. Perhaps someone in an auto will give me a lift when he sees I'm alone. I hate to leave you all. You are the only ones who have been really kind to me since my wife, Martha, died. She was a good woman. She lived a good Christian life for she accepted this Friend I now have, when she was a girl. Somehow I just carelessly drifted along with the tide of time, blinded by the enemy, not caring what became of me. But I'm so glad I've finally come to my right mind. I'm glad Nell drove me away, because my going to the chapel brought me great joy."

"No, you mustn't go today," the kind minister stated. "Stay with me and attend the revival which starts Saturday evening, and probably by then Nell will want you to come back."

"I'm afraid," continued Tim, "that she is too carried away with the frivolities of this vain world to take me back."

"I don't know about that, Tim. When God gets hold of people's hearts something is going to change. Now the way to get God to deal with your son and his wife is to pray and ask God to save them. He's able and abundantly able."

Tim felt better after a long evening with his friends and when he started to retire late that evening, he found himself down on his knees asking God to save his loved ones.

(To be continued)

The Men of Tomorrow

(Continued from page 11)

glory of their opportunity; let these boys see these bankers and lawyers and doctors and the leading farmers with them at the table, and hear their burning patriotic words. It cannot but accomplish worlds in the arousing of the boys to the opportunities that are before them. This boys' banquet should be held once a year. It will be a high and notable service in training and inspiring leadership for national and world life.

Dr. Whitman's Heroic Service to the Flag

I love to think of Dr. Whitman, who, while in the great Northwestern country, heard that Oregon, Washington and Idaho were to be bartered away practically for a song. He came in one day and said to his young wife: "Wifie, I must go to Washington; they are going to sell this great territory. They do not know what it is worth, and I must go and save it." He, with an Indian and a white man, a dog and a mule, started across the mountains. He was beaten back by storm after storm until finally the white man turned back. Then he was compelled to kill the dog and finally the

mule to use for food in order to save his life. The Indian even abandoned the journey and went back, and soon the solitary traveler, with a consciousness of a great mission, pushed his way through storm and tempest, exposing himself to the teeth of awful winds, walking all the way cross the western plains, arrived at St. Louis. He asked if they could tell him anything about the Ash-Burton Treaty. They said that it had not yet been signed, but probably soon would be. So Dr. Whitman pressed on across Illinois, Indiana, over the Allegheny mountains, and one day arrived at the City of Washington, like a wild man from the West. He was clad in furs. His face was marked by the frost. His hands and feet had been frozen by exposure on the journey. He asked to see the President, but he was turned down. His story was so thrilling that finally the secretary of the President pleaded with the President to hear and see this strange man. The President bade him enter, and then with his eyes full of tears and his frost-bitten hands upraised, and his voice trembling with emotion, he thrilled the President and the cabinet with the story of the value of the great Northwest. He plead with them not to barter away so valuable a territory. He told of its climate, its forests, its rich soil, of the flowers and fruit. The President arose and took the frost-bitten hands in his and looked into that weather-beaten face and said: "You are a patriot and a hero, the Ash-Burton Treaty shall not be signed." The cabinet arose and congratulated him upon the great service he had rendered his country. He had made such an impression in Washington concerning the value of that territory, and he aroused such an interest among the settlements of the east that one thousand men and women with their flocks and herds went west in their prairie schooners. So when Mrs. Whitman saw the doctor returning, he returned at the head of an army, which moved in and settled the country.

Was that worth while? Such consciousness of values should so arouse every business man with a sense of the importance of the coming period, that he will arouse the boys and young men, and lead them as a mighty host out into this period to take possession of it, and to be the mighty leaders of it, as Whitman led the caravan westward under the motto, "Westward Ho!"

(To be continued)

The heathen will never get the light of the pure gospel from the lofty church steeple, but from the lowly church people, which is "the city set upon an hill" that "cannot be hid." God give us more of the lowly people, even if it should reduce the number of high church steeples.

The Sinner's Page



THE UNPARDONABLE SIN or THE BLASPHEMY AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST

OTTO J. KLINK

"All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme: but he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation; because they said, He hath an unclean spirit" (Mark 3:28-30).

In speaking about the unpardonable sin we discuss a very unpopular subject. People do not like to hear about the unpardonable sin. For that reason many preachers never preach a sermon on it. It is an appalling thought that we shall never have forgiveness in the life we are now living, nor in the life that is to come.

To find out precisely what this terrible sin is, let us first ascertain what

it is not. Paul writes of himself, "Who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious: but I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief" (1 Tim. 1:13). The unpardonable is not something that one does ignorantly. Stephen said, "Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye" (Acts 7:51). Resisting the Holy Ghost is

Not the Unpardonable Sin,

we know, because at least one who was thus denounced by Stephen, and who was guilty of such resistance, Saul of Tarsus, was afterwards saved and filled with the Spirit. We have also, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God" (Eph. 4:30), and "Quench not the Spirit" (1 Thess. 5:19), neither of which things is the sin against the Holy Ghost, because both grieving and quenching the Spirit would be included in such resisting of the Spirit as Stephen spoke of.

Some people say that only those who heard Jesus Christ and saw Him in the flesh could have committed the unpardonable sin, while others say that only a few can or have committed that terrible sin. However, there are yet others who torment themselves half to death, crying and weeping, some even having to be sent to the asylum because they think they have committed the unpardonable sin. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ does not drive anybody insane. It is the sanest thing in all the world, and insanity is of the devil.

In a certain city a man came to me

The Lily of the Valley

Phebie A. Stillman

*I went into my garden,
And plucked a lily fair.
Its beauty and its fragrance
Were exquisitely rare!*

*It was a lowly flower,
And yet so very sweet—
Its purity and fragrance
In perfect blend did meet.*

*I see another Lily
The Fairest of all Fair!
Whose sweetness and whose beauty
None else with His compare!*



*You'll be blessed, and made a blessing.
He will make your joy complete—
This fair Lily of the Valley
Who alone can make us sweet!*

*He's the Lily of the Valley,
The purest of all pure—
The sweetest and most Lovely,
His beauty shall endure!*

*He is our Matchless Savior
Who died on Calvary's Tree;
And shed His blood so freely
From sin to set us free.*

*Do you know this Matchless Savior?
Have you crowned Him as your Lord?
Then He'll shed His very fragrance
In your heart and life abroad.*

crying and weeping, saying, "Brother Klink, I am afraid I have committed the unpardonable sin." I told him

It Was Impossible

for him to have committed the unpardonable sin—if he had he would not be crying now. He would not be coming to church or asking people to pray for him. If he had committed the unpardonable sin, for which there is no forgiveness in this world or in the world to come, he would have been careless and indifferent, and the Spirit of God would not be striving with him any more. There are many people who think they have committed the unpardonable sin, but they have not. Whenever you have a feeling in your heart that you want to get right with God, this is proof that the Holy Spirit is doing His work in your heart, from which, of course, you know that you have not committed the unpardonable sin.

Once in the open air at midnight, standing on a soap box, I was arguing against the existence of a personal God. A great crowd of people were around me. I said, "Now I am going to prove to you that there is no God. If there is a God, I give this God the chance to kill me in two minutes, and if I am not dead in two minutes, then there is no God. I will challenge this God you worship to kill me in two minutes. A minute now is gone.

I Am Still Alive

A minute and a half is gone. I am still alive." The women started to walk off. They got afraid and thought that sure enough something was going to happen to me. "A minute and three-quarters are gone, and I am still alive." Then the men began to hold their arms before their eyes. "Two minutes are gone. I am still alive; and there is no God." Even that awful thing that I did years ago when I was a black-mouthed infidel, an atheist, an evolutionist, and an anarchist, was not the unpardonable sin. If it had been, I should not be preaching to you now. If God could save a wretch like me, there is hope for any one of you. Why do you reject this marvelous Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ? God loves you and wants to save you and

(Con. on p. 30)

Twentieth Century Soul-Winning

LESTER SNYDER, Th. D., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Twentieth century soul-winning requires that we *use* our best to *do* our best in witnessing for Christ. Often the latest is the best. Being modern does not mean modernistic. As the Apostle Paul used the then-modern roads of Rome in his ministry, we must use the modern methods of our day and age in our witnessing for Christ.

Twentieth century soul-winning is constructive in its approach—irrespective of what that approach may be. Salesmen no longer ring doorbells and say, "You don't want any of this or that, do you?" Instead, the article or service which is offered today is made as attractive or desirable as possible. The endeavor is to overcome all resistance by an emphasis upon the worth of the commodity.

Accordingly, there is no place for anything but the *constructive* in soul-winning. The approach in personal, Christian work must so magnify everything which the offered faith in Christ includes that no thought of Egypt's fleshpots can remain.

Twentieth century soul-winning requires *preparation*. Gone is the lazy itinerant who never prepared a message. He covered his mental laziness by a special reference in Scripture (Mark 13:11) which proper exegesis relegates to a particular period of tribulation, a reference of reliance upon the Lord for inspiration.

The demand for preparation does not mean that all the claims of those who emphasize education as the only requisite for any ministry must be acceded. It means that one must labor as fully as possible to secure the best background training and apply himself to current requirement without shirking.

Twentieth century soul-winning utilizes the best methods available. Christians today have accepted the material developments of today. They wear the styles of attire, live in houses of advanced architecture, and enjoy the conveniences of modern life; driving cars, talking on telephones, and listening to the radio selectively. They fly when expedient and possible. Still, they are Christians. In soul-winning, the same material advantages must be accepted and utilized. Here are some of them:

Modern Printing

Only a few years ago, Christian literature was sad to behold. The illustrations were from the high-shoe, Civil War cap

era. Type face was as old, and the paper usually of poor stock. To the unbeliever, a tract of this type was a curiosity at the most.

Today, the latest developments of the typographer's art, the generous illustrating—equal to the best secular—of real life, and the better papers, have brought Christian literature of every sort into a more valuable position. There are modern Bible School lesson materials, picture magazines for young people, and books that merit the best reception, and receive it.

The priority of importance in twentieth century soul-winning, as before, is upon the printed page. D. M. Panton and C. E. Macartney are outstanding exponents and users of the printed page in soul-winning. Their leadership is closely followed everywhere in the paper evangelism.

The Radio

This, and the Gospel film, are innovations of the twentieth century which can be utilized only with much effort and often with much resultant difficulty, although they are almost infallible in results. The difficulty requiring the unusual amount of effort, and causative of too many ill results, is the fact that the amusement trust has such a complete control. Both of these facilities are too wholly related to non-Christian amusement and alleged recreation.

The radio is difficult to utilize. While, in the early days of broadcasting, religious programs were extensive, the commercial secularization by the entertainment interests has diminished the allotment of time, even when paid for, by religious groups. The Federal Council has harnessed its influence in the exclusion of Gospel programs from what little religious time is to be had. No religious broadcasting to a Gospel broadcast message is preferred, so great being its hatred of fundamentalism, the preaching of the redeeming Christ.

Of late, some development in gospel broadcasting has occurred. Two great programs have been successfully launched, and except for the refusal of two networks to "sell time," a far greater number of gospel broadcasts are now on the air than for the past few years. This has been the result of quiet but commendable and aggressive action of certain groups whose persistence and sincerity have availed.

In the technique of soul-winning *via*

the radio, one thing must be remembered. This comes from the instructions for all broadcast speech from one of the large chain corporations. This counsel is for all radio speakers to keep in mind the psychology of radio speaking which is that the speaker must feel he is addressing one listener at a time. You singular is the send-of attitude of the radio speaker who wishes effectiveness. Although you are talking to thousands and possibly tens of thousands, yet, you are aware of only one listener. How parallel to the prevalent idea of personal work this is. "Win them one by one," is the old gospel song. "Plead with them as individuals," is the psychology of a radio ministry.

The Gospel Film

This medium of evangelism is being aggressively promoted by valid interests. It, like radio, has certain specific obstacles to hurdle. Chief of these is the attitude of those unbending persons that connotations cannot change; once an invention is used by the devil, it can never be of service to the things of God. Great tact must be exercised in overcoming such opposition. However, the gospel film is a great aid in bringing the message of salvation. It is peculiarly able to present a comparison of the Gospel with modern modes that forms a compelling contrast in the heart of the viewer. There are some who can be, at least initially, reached in this way that otherwise might not be caught in the net.

Public Meetings

Modern methods of appliance adaptation are absolutely essential in public meetings. It is futile, in these noisy traffic days, to hold a street meeting without a loud-speaker. New, compact, and relatively inexpensive units are available with such attractive devices as the lapel microphone which is a transmitter attached to the apparel which allows complete freedom of hands and body.

There is a similar need for modern appliances in indoor meetings. There is no reason why every seat in an auditorium cannot be adequate for all. Many who have experimented with *volume* loud-speakers have been disappointed and no wonder. Most auditoriums need only *fidelity* speakers, the type which does not increase the volume but faithfully reproduces the exact words and volume of one speaking in the area of its installation. When a fidelity system is placed in the rear of an auditorium, half-way between the pulpit and the speaker mounting, no distinction between voice and the reproducer can be noticed. Thus, in the rear of the room, the same effect is achieved as in the front seats. This is a great improvement over small phone installations for the hard of hearing because all

(Continued on page 34)

Road Closed

Rev. Rurd E. Dietz

With the coming of spring there is usually an increase in road building and repairing, so it may be that very soon now you will begin to see all too often we have come to a place in life when, sometimes without warning, we were brought to a halt by that forbidding sign. The way is closed, we can go no further. Then we begin to fret that we cannot go on in the way we had selected, or to whine that nothing ever does go right for us, or to complain against a condition of affairs that prevents us from going where we want to go. And sometimes we even feel that because we can't take this particular highway we wanted to use, all roads are closed.

But a road is never closed without another sign being placed there by the road commissioner, and it reads, "Detour," with an arrow pointing to another way we can go. When you come to such a sign, do you stop and camp there, or turn back altogether? No, you do what most of us do, you follow the arrow, even though it may be a bit further and the road not quite so good. And it always comes out on a good paved road, doesn't it?

Yes, many a road in life is closed. But look around for the "Detour" sign and find another way to self-respect and happiness. Part of the great genius of humanity is resourcefulness. To be able to see God's "Detour" signs and discover the hitherto neglected gifts and capacities of one's life is something that Christ has a right to expect of all of us.—*The Messenger*.

Is It Mine?

(Continued from page 4)

to think it's all right to pick up pins—common pins, bobby pins, hairpins, safety pins—and keep 'em when they know to whom they belong. Glad I ain't like that though." Out of his chair he spurted, pecked a kiss at his mother's nose, caught up an apple from the sideboard tray, and clattered off. "Gotta give Tom back his ball of kite—" Bang slammed the door.

Vaguely Carrie heard the pastor breath something about "that boy's language," then something about thieves seldom starting on a large scale . . . little things first, then larger . . . larger . . . larger . . . Memories as sharp as needles raced through her head—borrowing handkerchiefs, postage stamps, with never a thought of returning them. All the knives she'd stolen—yes that was it. What would Dora think? Then she forced herself to gulp down a generous wedge of lemon pie, while she suffered

in silence.

When all arose from the table, Carrie caught the pastor's arm. Her hand fluttered to the pocket of her dress. "I see now that I have no right to keep this knife, it is not mine, and if you can find the owner I shall be very grateful to you, Pastor Graham." Carrie's awe of Pastor Graham vanished into thin air as he nodded his head understandingly.

"God bless you, Carrie, you've found something this evening that will be of great value to you—always."

Carrie clasped her hands tightly as the words "found something" went racing through her thoughts. Quickly she asked herself, "Is it mine?" Her smile was bright and sunny as she felt certain that the answer was "Yes."

Give God a Chance

(Continued from page 8)

him a chance. Or you go to a dock, and ask the captain of a steamship if he will land you on the other side of the ocean. He says he will, if you will buy a ticket, step aboard the boat, and trust him to carry you over. This, too, you do, for you know you can never cross the ocean unless you trust yourself to the ship. You must needs give it a chance. How strange then, that you will not give God the same chance in eternal matters which you give to men in temporal ones! There is a breach in your soul of vastly more moment than the breakage in your watch. God will mend it—if you give Him a chance. There is a picture—the image of Jesus Christ—to be painted upon your inner being, as upon every other life that would enter heaven. God will paint it—if you give Him a chance. There is a journey out into the unknown abyss of eternity, which no man can ever take save by God's way, and God's guidance. God will pilot you all the way—if you give Him a chance. Be as fair to God in matters of eternity, as you are to men in the concerns of time. Fulfill His simple conditions of salvation. Give yourself to Him. *Trust Him*, in Christ. He will surely save your soul—if you only give Him a chance.

Give God a chance by PRAYING

There are many things too difficult for you to do. But you do not hesitate to seek someone more skillful and give him a chance to do for you. You have a precious gem to be reset. You can't do it. But you are quick to give the expert jeweler a chance to do it for you. There is a dangerous mountain steep to climb. You do not know how to find the pathway. But you give the mountain guide a chance to lead you in it. There is a deep ford to cross. You cannot risk it. But you give the hardy ferryman a

chance to pilot you across it.

It is not otherwise with you and God. There are many things you cannot do. But God says: "If ye ask I will do." There are burdens you cannot bear. Give God a chance through prayer, and He will bear them for you. There are problems too knotty for your solution. Give God a chance by prayer, and God will solve them for you. There are barriers too high for you to overleap. Ask God. They are not too high for Him. Somehow when there seems no other chance for us, prayer gives God a chance. And, behold, He does for us what we had forever despaired of doing ourselves.

A Christian business friend was in sore straits. A sudden demand has been made upon him for a large sum of money. Every consideration of business honor demanded its payment. Yet he was helpless to meet it. The only possible way out of the crisis seemed to be the sale of a piece of real estate. But the market was discouragingly dull. There was scarcely a buyer in it. In short, there was no human chance of selling it. So we determined to give God a chance. Spreading the whole matter before Him, we began to pray. After two weeks of earnest supplication a man came to ask our friend if his real estate was in the market. In another week he came again and asked the price. A little later he made our friend an offer. The latter, however, deemed it too low. So we prayed on, that God might work His perfect will in it all. At the end of six weeks of prayer the sale was made, and our friend came to us with a check for many thousands of dollars in his hand. With tears in his eyes, he said: "It seems to have come as directly from God as though He Himself had handed it to me over the counter of the bank." That was true. It was all of God. We had simply given Him a chance.

(To be continued)

Midnight Songs

(Continued from page 6)

ence, always. Our fellowship must be zealously guarded—and anything which would break or mar that fellowship with the Lord ruthlessly put aside, destroy it. Then, no matter what our circumstances or our apparent danger, we shall know that we are where God wants us. And, knowing this, we shall be joyful; we shall be able to "sing" praises in some way unto our God, our Deliverer, the Captain of our Salvation!

The secular poet, whose name I do not know, has expressed the idea in a manner:

"It's easy to be happy, and joyful and gay,

*When life goes along like a song;
But the man worth while, is the man
who can smile*

When everything goes dead wrong."

And we know, too, that God heard that duet by Paul and Silas. He was so impressed that He shook the earth and burst open the prison doors, and set the singers free! The poor jailer called for a light—and in that midnight hour he received Light which was much more wonderful*—he believed on the Light of the World, the Lord Jesus, and was saved from sin. And we may get the thought, too, that the jailer now had a "singing heart"*—because "when he had brought them (Paul and Silas) into his house, he set meat before them, and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house" (Acts 16:34). They were *all* singing now*—the midnight duet had become an anthem by a great choir of singing-hearted Christians!

Songs in our own hearts are wonderful. They are a God-given blessing for His own precious ones only. But they will never reach their highest crescendos of joy and beauty and service until they burst forth from our hearts and touch the lives and hearts of others.

The sad world about us so sadly needs a midnight song. We might take notice that this one was a *duet*. God has promised to bless "duets" and "trios" met together for prayer (Matt. 18:20). He will bless also a "solo" number as well. But numbers, united together in His work, lend strength.

Shall we not resolve, as we think on these things, to be party to more "midnight songs"? The world is waiting to hear them.

The Intermediate Age Problem

(Continued from page 7)

Losses During Years of Youth

When one considers the facts with respect to the attendance and participation of intermediates and those of senior years, one becomes conscious of the acuteness of the problem. It is generally recognized that the enrollment and attendance in Sunday school suffers a serious decline in numbers beyond the junior age. Statistics which are gathered prove this to be true. A study of a representative group of Sunday schools in Chicago revealed the fact that the enrollment in the intermediate department averaged twenty-one per cent less than that of the junior department, that the senior department had forty-three per cent fewer members than the junior department, and finally, that the enrollment of the young people's department was forty-nine per cent below that of the junior department. Thus, the Sunday schools of Chicago were at that time suffering a loss of virtually fifty per cent of their elementary enrollment.

It is felt that these figures are fairly typical of Sunday school conditions

throughout the country. The loss in intermediate years is serious, and would seem to signify that the critical nature of this period results in a strong tendency to drop out of the Sunday school. The still greater loss in later adolescence doubtless indicates that the program provided for intermediates who remain in the school is not adequate to hold and train them. The losses in later years will not be checked until a stronger program, a more suitable organization, and better trained leadership are secured for this group.

The first step in the solution of any problem is the recognition that the problem exists. The first step in the solution of the intermediate-age problem is the discovery in the local church of the elements that constitute the problem. This means that in every Sunday school a study should be made of this particular group. Such questions as the following ought to be answered by definite facts:

How many intermediates are there in the church families or parish? What percentage of them is enrolled in the Sunday school? What percentage participates in the preaching services and the young people's devotional meetings? To what groups of organizations that meet during the week do they belong? How does the enrollment of intermediates compare in total numbers with the number of members in the junior and senior departments? Do the intermediates have a distinct organization in the Sunday school? Do they have a program which they help to plan? Are their leaders especially trained to deal with their problems?—*The New Century Leader*.

The Unpardonable Sin

(Continued from page 27)

fill you with the Holy Spirit.

What then is the unpardonable sin? The only way to find that out is by going into the Scripture. You read your Bible from Genesis to Revelation and you will never read anything about the wrath of the Holy Spirit. It is never mentioned. The Holy Spirit is always pictured as a spirit of love, of kindness, and of tender mercy. We read about

The Wrath of God

in Romans 1:18. We read about the wrath of the Son in Psalm 2:12. But you never read anything about the wrath of the Spirit. How awful then must be that blasphemy against the Holy Spirit.

There is a sin unto death, a sin that brings eternal separation from God. Back yonder in Genesis God said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." The Spirit of God left the antediluvian world. They were all drowned and died, except, of course, Noah and his family. Out of the hundreds and thousands of grown-up men and women that left Egypt for

Canaan, only two got into Canaan, Joshua and Caleb. You read in your Bible that God had left them and given them up****

My friends, the day, the hour, the minute, the second must come when God's Spirit will not strive with sinners any longer. We read about Saul. He said the Lord had departed from him and did not answer him any more. It will be an awful moment in your life, if it comes, when God shall depart from you and not answer you any more. It has happened with others. It may happen with you.

You remember once the Lord excused people. You remember how Jesus spoke the parable about the supper and how they all made an excuse. They all said, "We beg to be excused."

Jesus Did Excuse Them

He said that none of those men which were bidden should taste of His supper. They were excused, and one of them tasted of the supper of the king's son. And some day, some hour, some minute, maybe right now, this very second, God is excusing you too. Be careful, for the Spirit of the living God shall not always strive with you.

Jesus said, "All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme: but he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness." You read the third chapter of Mark and you will find what this sin is. The Sanhedrin sent Pharisees and scribes after Jesus to watch Him. The news of His marvelous ministry had spread, and the Sanhedrin in Jerusalem did not like it. They said, "This will never do. This man is spreading a new religion, and all the people are saying

'He is the Messiah.

He is our King.' We must stop that." The scribes and Pharisees got into that city and saw how Jesus healed a man with a withered hand, and the common people cried, "He is the Son of God." He healed the sick and the lepers. He performed other miracles. Folks were saved, and again the common people cried out, "He is the Messiah. He is our Savior. He is our King. He is the Son of God." Now the Pharisees had to step in. They were convinced that what Jesus was doing was done by the power of God, and yet they said the whole thing was of the devil, and that Jesus also was of the devil. Thus by maliciously, wickedly, knowingly, and purposely saying that the work which they knew to be the work of God was the work of the devil, they sinned against the Holy Ghost—committed the unpardonable sin. It hath never forgiveness, neither in this world nor in the world to come. It cannot be repented of.

There are other sins that are almost equal to the unpardonable sin in practical consequences, though not quite. The permanent and final rejection of the Lord Jesus Christ as one's personal Savior is such a sin (1 John 5:12). However, this sin may be repented of and so forgiven. The Jews rejected the Messiahship of the Lord Jesus Christ, although many of them were assured that He was the Son of God. Thus they brought upon themselves the awful judgment of all Christ-rejecters. Still they could have repented and been saved had they wanted to do so.

You remember Aaron Burr, do you not? He was

A Brilliant Man.

When he was about eighteen or nineteen years of age and attending Princeton University, a revival broke out there. Nearly everyone got saved or was under deep conviction. Aaron Burr was under conviction, and a good friend of his came to him and asked him to settle the question about his soul's salvation. Aaron Burr said, "I am going home now for two weeks, and when I come back, I shall give you my decision." When he got home there was an atheist there visiting. He said, "Aaron, that is all excitement. That is all nonsense." After Aaron Burr returned to the university that friend came to him again and said, "Have you settled the question?" "Yes, I have," he said. "I have told Jesus Christ that if He will

Leave Me Alone

I will leave Him alone." You all know the history of Aaron Burr, how he almost became president of the United States, missing it by but one vote, but finally betrayed his country. He lived a dissipated life and went from bad to worse. Years later he made the acquaintance of an English preacher who said to him, "Aaron, I would like to introduce you to my Friend." Aaron Burr courteously said, "If your friend is as excellent as you are, I should like to meet him." The preacher said, "My Friend is the Lord Jesus Christ." Aaron Burr's face turned ashen, and he said to that preacher, "I settled that question sixty years ago. I told Jesus if He would leave me alone, I would leave Him alone, and He has not bothered me since." That man had committed a sin which, unrepented of, was as terrible in its consequences as the unpardonable sin itself; and you are in danger of doing the very same thing.

You know that God has given us the members of our bodies for a certain purpose. He has given us our arms to lift weight. If you want to get paralyzed in your arm and lose the power to use it, just take a rope and tie your arm to your body. Don't take that rope off for six weeks and you will find that you will not be able to lift your arm. Why?

Because you have refused to use your arm for the purpose for which God gave you your arm. If you want to go blind in your right eye, you do not have to tear out your eye. Just take a rag and tie it around your eye. Keep it there and refuse to use your eye for the purpose for which God has given you that eye, and after a while you will find that your eye has gone blind. God has given you your heart to give to Him. He says, "My son, give me thine heart."

That Is the Purpose

for which God has given you your heart. Just refuse to use that heart of yours for the purpose for which God has given it to you, and the day will come when you will have lost the power and the ability to give your heart to God. You have committed a sin which in its practical consequences is as awful as the unpardonable sin itself.

People come to me and say, "Isn't it a curious fact that so few old people get saved?" No, not at all. We know that conversion must be effected by the influence of the truth upon the mind. You reject that truth tonight, and tomorrow night you will have a harder time to accept it. Refuse to accept the truth and your mind will grow weaker and weaker along that line, and the day, the hour, the minute, the second will come when the truth will not affect your mind at all, and you will have committed a sin unto death.

Nevertheless, God will save you now if you will but let Him do it. I once spoke on this subject and a notorious drunkard and gambler came to the meeting. He had "married" three women but was living with none of them. He had killed a man; his daughter had killed her husband; his son had killed two. That night he saw a ray of light and came to be prayed for. He prayed and agonized for two and a half hours, and God saved him. If God would do that for that man

He Is Willing

to do it for you.

Some years ago I heard Dr. Torrey preach. He told the following incident. "Before Moody got converted, he was hoeing one day in a cornfield. An old man whom he called Uncle Reuben was helping him. Uncle Reuben would stop hoeing every now and then. Moody went to him and asked him what was the matter. The old man said, 'Well, son, you see that house over there? That is where my mother used to live and now my sister lives there. I was fourteen years of age when I left my mother's home to make my way in the world. My mother gave me a New Testament and told me to read it continually, and not to forget Matthew 6:33. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.'

I told mother I would not forget it. The next Sunday I went to church in a distant city, and the preacher got out his Bible and read Matthew 6:33: "'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.'" He preached his sermon, made a call for prayer, pointed his finger at me and said, "Young man, give your heart to God." But I did not. The next Sunday I went to church in another town, and the preacher there read the same text. When he made the call, he, too, pointed his finger at me and said, "Boy, come give your heart to God.

"Seek His Kingdom

and his righteousness.'" I went out of the church, found my way to a graveyard and between the tombstones I had it out with God. I told God to leave me alone, that I wanted to make my way in the world first. Young boy, from that day on I never had any desire to become a Christian."

Moody was not saved then, but after he was saved he remembered what Uncle Reuben had said. He tried to get in touch with Uncle Reuben and learned that he was dangerously insane. They had him in a padded cell. A month later Moody visited the asylum and asked to see Uncle Reuben. As soon as Uncle Reuben saw him, he grinned insanely and said, "Young man, 'seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.'" Moody broke down and cried. He could not help it. Some years later Uncle Reuben was discharged from the asylum. He was still insane but was no longer dangerous. Moody again went to see him. When Uncle Reuben saw Moody, he pulled at his hair and laughed insanely, "Ha!ha!ha! ha! Young boy, 'seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness,' ha! ha! ha! and all these things shall be added unto you."

Let me close with two words from God's wonderful Book:

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," and, "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Fall on your knees where you are, my friend. If you wait any longer to surrender your life to God it may be too late. —*The Elim Evangel*.

The Vision

(Continued from page 3)

hurrying at the earliest possible moment to see Le Vera, came swinging down the corridor toward her.

Seeing him she tried to regain her poise, and could not. She felt herself swaying dizzily, her hand on the door-knob trembled. "Rodney!" she gasped.

Her strength gave way and she knew she was going to faint. She saw the long marble hall whirling, saw the electric globe on the ceiling dancing crazily, fading away, becoming light again like the stars above the pulpit in Riverview church, heard Rodney's running footsteps as he sprang forward to catch her, and then all was dark.

LeVera had awakened that morning with a melody in her heart, one that was neither frolicsome like the gay little love song, "Whispering Rainbow," nor elegiac like the dismal chants that sometimes came in over the air. Both the words and the melody were her own, in process of composition during the Christmas vacation, to be sung for Rodney when he came back from Rexville.

He would like the new melody. They would harmonize it together, sing it together, live it together.

All the way downtown on the street-car she had sung it over and over to herself:

*"There's a throne in my heart for Thee, dear Lord,
There's a throne in my heart for Thee;
Enter in and take control,
Be the ruler of my soul;
In my heart there is a throne for Thee."*

Short gospel choruses were becoming very popular these days among the young people of those churches where the leadership understood young people. They were God's answer to the popular songs of the world which, through the medium of the radio, the dance, the theater, the night clubs and the rural hot spots, rhythmized their way into the lives of America's young people—a new trail by which Satan himself jazzed his way into their hearts. Oh, how subtly he entered in! And how cruelly he reigned when he was given the throne!

The retiring-room mirror told Le Vera that when Rodney came—and his train was scheduled to arrive a half hour ago, and she had come early in order to be waiting for him when he came—he would see a very happy, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed girl. They were blue this morning. The butterfly-wing pin at the base of her military collar helped to make them so . . .

"*There's a throne*—" She stopped abruptly. Was she truly surrendered to Him, as the Ruler of her soul? Suppose He should ask her to give up Rodney to Shera? Suppose Shera were a true believer? Would that make any difference to Rodney . . .

Another melody began to sing in her mind—"Lord, lay some soul upon my heart—" Do I really want Shera to be saved?

She moved into the Roentgen-ray room—operating room number two.

Here, yesterday, Shera had had a tooth X-rayed. Here, today, that tooth must be extracted. And Shera was deathly afraid of a dental operation. Yesterday Dr. Thorwald had said, "We may have a little trouble with Shera tomorrow. There's something about a tooth-pulling that frightens her. Maybe it's because she fainted in the chair once, and can't get over thinking about the experience . . ."

Everything would be all right however, Le Vera assured herself. Shera was older now. In any event fainting didn't hurt anybody, and generally didn't last but a few minutes.

The equipment in this room duplicated largely that in number one: Chair, unit, cabinet, instruments, special emergency cabinet . . . She knew in minutest detail the secrets of radiotherapy. It illustrated almost perfectly the work of the Holy Spirit, using the Word, the Bible, to show men their need of Christ. Without the Light of the Word, men would not see how sinful their hearts really were.

If Shera should come early this morning perhaps she would use this very thing to make her see her own need of Christ. For Shera, nor anyone else in the world, could understand Calvary until they saw their own hearts . . .

Years ago, the electric current (the light of God's Word) used by the Spirit through the medium of a faithful preacher of the gospel, had shone upon her heart; and the shadow of her sins were cast upon her own heart; and the shadow of her sins were cast upon the cross of Christ. How hideous they had looked there, her sins and all the sins of the world, crucifying the dear Son of God, "Who bore our sins in his own body on the tree," "was bruised for our iniquities." No, Shera could never see the need for Calvary until she saw her own heart—and only the Word could show her that. Had she seen her sins, perhaps, but was unwilling to acknowledge and forsake them?

"There's a throne . . ."

The annunciator aroused Le Vera from her reveries. Would it be Rodney? Or Shera? In a moment she was hurrying past the developing room, into the business office, counting, One . . . two . . . three . . . four. . . Oh, Rodney! I—I'm beginning to love you so . . . eight . . . nine . . . ten.

It seemed he had been away for months. In the doorway she stopped.

It was Rodney, carrying a woman in his arms! Rodney with Shera in his arms! With an expression of alarm on his face—and an unmistakable *other* expression.

"Quick!" he cried. "She's fainted! Help me! What can we do to revive her!"

That *other* expression! Like a reamer suddenly breaking through into the

nerve of a tooth, the thing stabbed at Le Vera's heart, and in that moment she *knew* that Rodney loved Shera Thorwald.

She felt suddenly weak and faint, unable to act or to think. She saw Shera, pale and limp, in Rodney's arms, saw again the strange expression on his face.

A frantic prayer flew for help. She braced herself, realized that she must do something, while telling herself at the same time that fainting didn't hurt anybody and generally didn't last long.

She gave rather faltering commands, which Rodney obeyed instantly, and in less than thirty seconds Shera was in the chair in operating room number two.

There, Le Vera's experience came to the rescue and she was able to think more clearly. First aid for fainting (cerebral anemia) in a dental office was a simple routine. The instructions were: "Loosen clothing about neck and waist; push the patient's head forward and downward between the knees, with the arms hanging outside. This compresses the viscera and forces the blood to flow to the brain. Apply cold wet towels to the face and smelling salts to the nose. Maintain patient in this position until ears and back of head show definite redness." This was a more effective method than the usual procedure of making the patient lie down with the feet higher than the head.

But Shera did not resuscitate. Instead, she showed rather violent symptoms of nausea and difficulty in breathing as if there were something far more seriously wrong than cerebral anemia—some dangerous circulatory complication.

"What can I do—let me *do* something!" Rodney said, moving about nervously.

"There's nothing.—She'll be all right in a minute—" Of course she would. Fainting was not uncommon in a city dental office, especially among certain types of patients, but absolute collapse was rare. This, of course, couldn't be the latter. And yet—

Absolute collapse happened sometimes to strong men who for no good reason at all, even before anything had been done to them, turned pale, broke out with perspiration and collapsed in the chair. There had been a similar case only last week, but the man had revived quickly.

Le Vera tilted the chair backward, and soon had Shera lying flat. One look at the face, a pale green, and the difficult breathing warned Le Vera that she must act quickly and wisely. Some heart stimulant would be necessary.

Rodney moved nervously about the chair. Yes, he loved this girl, Le Vera was sure . . . Quickly she searched in her mind for the right emergency rem-

edy.

Strychnine sulphate? No, that tends to shock.

Nitroglycerin? No, that dilates peripheral vessels, and reduces blood pressure; and the blood pressure might already be dangerously low . . .

The breathing seemed to be more and more difficult. All this Rodney saw, felt foolishly inadequate, while his heart sobbed because of his own helplessness. "Don't let anything happen to her! What is happening to her?"

Amyl nitrate! Le Vera thought, knew where to find it in the first aid cabinet. She crushed two pearls of it in a napkin, held it to SHERA's nose . . .

Continued irregular and thready pulse! Continued heavy breathing and perspiration.

Why hadn't she sent Rodney down to the third floor for Dr. Hamilton? Why didn't Dr. Thorwald come? Why must he be late today?

There was one thing to do, and it could not wait for a doctor to come before being done! She had used it once in the nurse's school in Toronto—just in time!

For one bewildered interval, which seemed to Le Vera to be too terribly long, she searched in the emergency cabinet for the especially prepared heart stimulant, which was to be used only in extreme emergencies. This was an extreme emergency! Which cabinet? In operating room number one? Or in number two?

While she searched, and while SHERA lay gasping in the chair while Rodney stood looking grim and with clenched hands, Le Vera thought "Sifted Wheat! I, too, am being sifted!" Why should she be afraid?

Behind her was SHERA's labored breathing, her face already as pale as that of a cadaver! A thready erratic pulse . . . Sifted wheat . . . Am I willing to surrender Rodney to her? It doesn't matter, willing or unwilling. The girl's life must be spared. "O Christ, spare her, for his sake—for her own soul's sake!"

Which cabinet? It was not in operating room number two. Too late to call a doctor! Have to find it quick! She turned Rodney, "Get Hamilton—Dr. Hamilton on the phone. Tell him to rush up quick! Quick!"

Rodney sprang into action, and was gone in a flash. It seemed a thousand thoughts entangled themselves in her mind. She saw SHERA in squirrel coat, kneeling and sobbing in the inquiry room in Riverview church, her wisp of a handkerchief knotted into a ball in the palm of her hand . . .

Here, SHERA, let me help you. Here is not only a heart stimulant—here is life itself. " . . . that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners . . ." (1

Tim. 1:15).

Why can't I find it! "Help me to find it, and spare her now, and I—I'll give up Rodney to her!" Desperately she said it and as desperately meant it.

And then she found the object of her search . . . Was it coincidence? It did not matter now.

The stimulant was already prepared in tin ampoule form, a sterile needle already attached, ready to inject . . .

Screw off the glass covering of the needle . . . Withdraw wire from needle . . . Wash arm with alcohol, inject intramuscularly . . .

Save her life and her soul and I'll give up Rodney to her—without complaining . . .

Time agonized past. SHERA's lips moved, her eyelids fluttered. "Rodney!" It was a breathy whisper. " . . . Rodney . . . Sinners! Save . . . me . . ." Le Vera heard, and hearing knew also that SHERA Thorwald loved Rodney, and in the awful moment while they waited for the stimulant to take effect, she repeated her own prayer, with its promise.

— — —

The prayer was answered and Le Vera kept her word: She gave up Rodney to SHERA. It was not easy to do, for as she soon discovered, love was a labyrinth from which there was no exit and upon whose tangled trails she so many times met her lover face to face. In her search for an exit, she sometimes found herself walking by his side. The intertwining paths of love were crossed and recrossed by the paths of duty: the morning and Sunday night broadcasts, the choir rehearsals, the duets which she and Rodney sang.

She did not tell him of the secret promise for that would have been to confess to him her love. The promise was a vow that could not be broken, as sacred as a marriage vow.

Nor did he ask her why the sudden change in her attitude toward him. Instead, he gave himself up to study and to find and polish away every flaw in his voice, and to acquaint himself with the Christian worker's chief textbook, the Bible. Systematically he studied under Dr. Webber's tutelage, learning to dissolve every excuse of man with a passage of Scripture. The whole world of men was without excuse, already lost—for, in the words of a famous Bible authority, "He who is not already saved, is already lost."

The life of victory for himself had come about in one climactic surrender of himself to the risen Christ. Yet he discovered that there must be a daily dying, a daily going to the cross, reckoning himself to be dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto Jesus Christ.

O Father, I do not understand it all,

but I know I love Thee and that thou art 'not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance' (2 Pet. 2:9a). If I must lose Le Vera—if she is not Thy chosen one for me,—Thy will alone be done.

His solo books grew in number, new and old and beautiful hymns, gleaned from a score of new and old books, were pasted into loose-leaf, leatherbound volumes. When he sang, it was with the conviction that his voice was a wing carrying the seed of the Word to some waiting heart, who would either believe and be saved, or reject and have no excuse in the day of judgment.

Throughout each carefully indexed solo book was interspersed an equal number of duets for tenor and alto voices. For, he told himself, some day surely, Le Vera would be his own . . . if it be the will of God.

By and by, as winter waned and the travail of nature cried that spring would soon be born, he began to think of home and of lazy walks and dreams along old Crawfish river, and of the spring vacation which should come so very soon.

Mother Deland had written Le Vera and Maybelle, inviting them to spend a week-end at Rexville, and Maybelle was all a-quiver to go, but Le Vera would not commit herself.

Rodney waited and suffered and could not understand. Suffering, however, was a tutor under which many lessons were learned—the greatest of all lessons, that of the comfort that only the Comforter can give.

"Our ministry is eternal, Rodney," Dr. Webber had said recently in a private conference. "Eternal. We who have eternal life, preach the eternal Word which liveth and abideth forever, and which shall never pass away; it is heard and believed by men, who, the moment they believe, are given eternal life, and they shall never perish. Our fruit shall remain, forever."

The two men learned to love each other, and before spring came they were like father and son—like Paul and Silas; Moody and Sankey; Torrey and Alexander. The day of evangelism was not past. Evangelism was not dead, except where it lay buried in the passionless heart of a sleeping so-called Christian worker.

Sometimes Rodney listened to singing radio stars: to their acrobatic renditions of classical music; to the tearful wailings of their love songs; to the lewd and raucous spewings of jazz; and within his heart he seemed to hear the Master say, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you that you should go and bring forth fruit and that your fruit should remain."

Eternal fruit!

(To be continued)

Twentieth Century Soul-Winning

(Continued from page 28)

can hear with ease over a fidelity speaker.

As for the traveling evangelist, no form of advertising can compete with the sound car. To be sure, in some communities certain restrictions have been placed upon sound cars. This is because of their commercial abuse. But when the responsible citizens of a community vouch for the evangelist, the privilege is usually granted.

Special and Novel Ways of Soul-winning

In conclusion, two unusual ways of twentieth century soul-winning are here suggested. One is for the resident of a small town or city; the other is for the large civic center.

If you live in a small town, make up an editor's sheet. Prepare a typed sheet of Gospel poems, statements from great saints, here-and-there a verse of suitable Scripture. From time to time present this to the editor of your local or county paper. He should appreciate it for use as "fillers." The liquor and tobacco interests furnish editors these fillers without charge. Why not preach Christ in such a fashion?

If you live in a large city and have a dial phone, here is an excellent way to be used of the Lord: look through your phone book. Pray for guidance in dialing numbers and when the called party answers, make a statement of testimony and appeal. Be courteous. Be sensible. Do not call at an inadvisable time. Ask the Lord to help you and to use you.

After a few times, it will be easy and only God will know how many souls you have started toward salvation. The reason for adapting this to the dial phones is that it avoids the personal equation of an operator!

(To be continued)

Listening For the Finer Notes

Isabell Gray

We shall always remember when we first heard the United States Marine Band. The leader explained how we should listen. He said we should not merely notice the volume or blare of the band as a whole, but watch for and listen to the finer notes, and in catching the harmony from the finer tones, we would get a greater understanding and appreciation of the whole. We have followed his advice, and found how it works. We have since heard the application in regard to sudden or fresh sorrow. How in its first feelings, the effect was likened to the harsh clanging of a bell—one must not be too close to a bell to catch its clear ringing sounds—and, the sorrow was

compared to this. The closer, or nearer it was to the stricken heart, the harsher and discordant the blow, but, as he got farther away from it, the finer notes of its meaning would reach the one so touched, and, finally, or if one's heart were so placed as to be in perfect tune with the fuller meaning, then the ear would hear the sweet chimes of the will of Him who would have us ever listening for these tones.

A shut-in writer once commented on what she called the little noises of the summer nights; nights when she could not sleep, after everyone else had gone to sleep, and the noisy daytime street and other sounds had become quiet, she would lie awake just listening to the finer notes of the night, with the katydid and the owl and other nightbirds and insects, philosophizing on the frog and the different interpretations of frog language, and the night chorus "generally speaking."

All the world seemed sweet and peaceful as if the many trivial vexations of the day had faded away with the sunset, she said. Then she added: "Not only in the little noises of the night can we hear pleasant and interesting things if we listen for them, but I believe it is the same in all of life. If, in our daily experiences, we 'tune' our ears—yes, and our hearts—to catch the discordant notes of life, we are pretty likely to hear them, but if we listen we can hear quite as clearly its beautiful and inspiring tones."

It was in the finer notes that the harassed and overwrought prophet heard the voice of God—First, the "great and strong wind . . . but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice," 1 Kings 19:11, 12. The voice of God reassuring and directing as only He can in our listening to, and heeding, the finer notes of His will and way for us and those He would reach through us, because of our obedience both in the listening and the following of His voice.

Listen for the finer notes, dear readers. It pays to listen for them, always—and whether we are big and strong or small and helpless, we need them in our symphony of life, in our perfect harmony for heaven. Listen and rejoice in real appreciation of the music of life, in the heart's true melody, the song of the soul which comes from Him "who giveth us songs in the night," as well as the day—if we listen for them.—*Gospel Herald*.

Practicing His Presence

After His resurrection, our Lord told His people, "Lo, I am with you alway," Matt. 28:20.

A Christian woman, crossing in a ferry to New York late one night, noticed a man watching her. Presently he said, "Are you alone?" "No sir," said the lady. Later she heard his steps following her as she walked through the deserted street. She lifted her heart to God in prayer for protection. Presently he hastened his steps, and walked by her side. "I thought you said you were not alone," he said. "I am not, sir," was her reply, "the Lord Jesus Christ and His holy angels are with me." The man said, "Madam, you keep too good company for me," and he raised his hat and left her.

"Successful" Method

Due to report of successful revivals by Gypsy Smith, a certain preacher approached the noted evangelist to ascertain the secret of his success. He was asked to explain the best method to start a revival. The answer was: "Brother, go back home, lock yourself up in a private room. Take a piece of chalk and mark a circle on the floor, get down on your knees inside the circle, pray God to start a revival inside this circle. *When this prayer is answered, the revival will be on.*"—C. A. Curry, in *Western Recorder*.

New Gideons

Erna Holman, Winchester, Ida.
Versie Smartt, Soddy, Tenn.
Louise Ruggles, Yalyn, W. Va.
Wilma Garren, Hendersonville, N. C.
George Blankenship, Fort Deposit, Ala.
Lydia Aldinger, Tolstoy, S. Dak.
Collie Sams, Elizabethton, Tenn.
Lillie Fay Trowell, Alma, Ga.
George L. Cravens, Barboursville, Ky.
Mrs. Mildred Burchett, Lynchburg, Va.
W. H. Anderson, La France, S. C.
Mrs. A. D. Dampier, Lakeland, Ga.
Mrs. Irene Barfield, Soddy, Tenn.
Sgt. Edward S. Roland, San Pedro, Calif.
Mrs. Z. E. Shaw, Thicket, Texas.
Mrs. Van McCullough, Memphis, Tenn.
Mrs. Geo. McKinney, Beattyville, Texas
Russell Roark, Union, S. C.
Irene Rapp, Louisville, Ohio.
Marlyn Moore, Gettysburg, S. Dak.
Leatha McLearn, Marlow, Okla.
Mrs. R. S. Bennett, Naples, Fla.
D. A. Tadlock, Monroe, N. C.
Marie Johnson, South Lebanon, Ohio
Mary Loretta Klein, Dundee, Ohio
Mrs. Annabelle Kreemer, Columbus, Ohio
Mrs. Frank Douglas, Hartsville, S. C.
H. E. Nabors, Seneca, S. C.
Mrs. Minnie Travis, Morristown, Tenn.
Floy Hudson, Cromwell, Ky.
Mrs. Dottie Bryant, Bladenboro, N. C.
Mrs. L. M. Woodie, Palatka, Fla.
Mrs. Pauline Short, Stanton, Tex.
Mrs. Sam Turner, Blossom, Texas
Kenneth Lowe, N. Tazewell, Va.
Geraldine Landen, Live Oak, Fla.
Annie Lynn Gunter, Sanford, N. C.
Harvey Fuller, Alexander City, Ala.
Mary Mae Donald, Port Huron, Mich.
Mrs. Francis Hobbs, Thomaston, Ga.
Harold Lucas, Jr., Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Susie Baker, Wapato, Wash.

To be a Gideon you may order a roll of THE LIGHTED PATHWAY and send in \$1.00 in thirty days. When all the papers are sold at 10c each you make a profit of 40c on each roll. You may order more than one roll if you like. Why not be one of the number who is going to put THE LIGHTED PATHWAY over the top this year? Read the 7th chapter of Judges.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY



Glints of Knowledge



Kirby Page Recently Spoke in Denver

He declared that we are witnessing the distintegration of the world. It was recently said of Greece that a whole population is perishing; this may be said in many respects of our whole world in this generation, he insisted. Here in America, the most favored land of the earth, we have 27,000,000 engaged in war industries and in uniform. What will happen to these millions when war ends? Can anyone vision the dislocation and suffering, particularly when one reflects that 75,000,000 men are now under arms around the world—something that never happened before in history? But, argued Mr. Page, the grace of God is sufficient for all our needs, even in these awful days.

—O—O

Reader's Digest has a circulation in the United States of 6,157,000, and enough in other lands to raise the total circulation to 6,845,000. This is the largest circulation ever acquired by any periodical.—*Imperial Magazine*.

—O—O

Comic Magazines, a new idea, started in 1934, now take 12,000,000 dimes out of the pockets of children of school age every month, according to an article in the *Alabama Christian Advocate*. These magazines are said to be more detrimental to the morals of the young than the movies.

—O—O

One-Third of Nation Near New York

A third of the nation's population and half of its wealth are to be found within 350 miles radius from New York, according to a survey made public recently by the Commerce and Industry Association of New York, Inc. Within the 350 mile radius are 423 cities having a population of 10,000 or over. — W. Glenn Roberts.

—O—O

Gandhi

Much sentimentalism has been wasted in this country in the cause of democracy. Perhaps it would be better to say that many sentimentalists have grossly misunderstood democracy, and therefore have wasted their sympathy. Our socialists, for example, have energetically upheld the cause of Gandhi in India, and have asked our government to intervene. Our government will, we hope, do no such thing, for Gandhi does not in any sense represent democracy. He does not even believe in democracy. He is a Hindu of Hindus. He is, therefore, willy-nilly, bound up with the caste system, democracy's enemy. He is likewise, willy-

nilly, bound up with the Hindu's bitter hatred of Islam and its many millions of followers in India. In his controversy with Britain, he declined, definitely, to try to unite the violently opposed factions among the people of India. He failed to offer any constructive plan for a workable social order. He threatened those native rulers who refused to align themselves with his party. He demanded, not a democratic India, but an India under the sole control of a single political party. The man who, a few years ago, announced that he had finally rejected Christ and had accepted the sacred cow as his religious symbol can scarcely be regarded as the champion of a democratic spirit—a spirit which Christianity alone among religions has fostered. Therein lies the tragedy of Gandhi.— D. D. B.

—O—O

In a Georgia county high school girls formed themselves into a "Woman's Harvest Auxiliary Corps," which they abbreviated to WHAC, to help bring in peanuts and cotton.—*Sel*.

—O—O

Murder of Dutch Hostages Shows Nazi Apprehension

Execution of five prominent Netherlands, who were among sixteen hundred held as hostages for the good behavior of their fellow countrymen, marked the extension of this savage policy to one of the occupied countries in which it had not previously been practiced.

A recent publication entitled *The Unconquered Peoples*, cites many incidents showing the unbroken spirit of the nations, the bodies of many of whose citizens have been crushed.

In Norway the physicians, the nurses, the supreme court judges, the teachers, the bishops and the parish ministers have almost unanimously resigned their posts or withdrawn from their professional organizations in protest against collaboration with the Nazi regime. Belgium is said to have forty clandestine newspapers, and Poland a hundred, all devoted to nourishing underground revolt. The Czechs are using the scrawled figure of a turtle as a symbol of mutual exhortation to slow down their forced labor in the production of war goods for Germany. Acts of sabotage in occupied France are recurrent in spite of the savage reprisals indiscriminately administered. The Dutch seem to have been more restrained as to acts of violence, exercising a sense of humor for which few strangers would have given them credit. They have delighted in clever strokes which make fools of their oppressors and

exhibit their own unyielding attitude. It was the wrecking of a troop train near Amsterdam a few days ago which provoked the slaughter of the hostages. No milder word than murder can be applied to the policy of putting innocent men before the firing squad when the perpetrators of a crime cannot be found.—*Christian Advocate*.

—O—O

Some Active Old People

In Cordele, Ga., a holdup man pulled a pistol on a seventy-two-year-old housewife, but she took it from him, whacked him over the head with it and knocked him out.

In Denver a man of eighty-two fell twenty-five feet out of a tree, got up, brushed himself off and walked away grinning.

In Teaneck, N. J., an eighty-five-year-old man walked fifty-five miles without a stop.

In Rockford, Ill., a man celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday by doing his usual eight-hour hitch on a metal fabricating plant.—*Chicago Sun*.

—O—O

The High Cost of Killing

It cost about 75 cents to kill a man in Caesar's time. The price rose to about \$3,000 per man during the Napoleonic wars; to \$5,000 in the American Civil War; and then to \$21,000 per man in the World War. Estimates for the present war indicate that it may cost the warring countries not less than \$50,000 for each man killed.—*Senator Homer T. Bone*.

—O—O

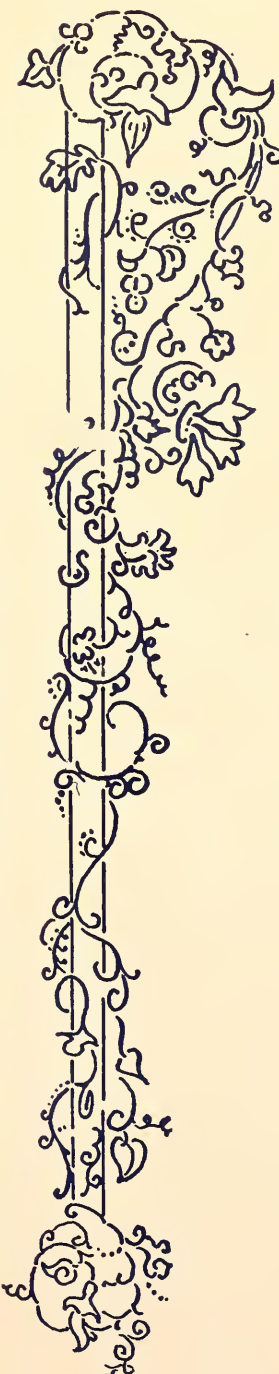
True to Form

Less than six months ago Japan appointed a minister to the Papal Court. That minister, Harada, publicly declared that he would do everything possible to "diffuse Japan's just and fair spirit among the Catholic nations." Just what these words mean we are now discovering, when we learn that the Japanese have issued a decree abolishing all religious instruction in the public schools of the Philippines. Such instruction has been carried on by both Catholics and Protestants during hours of released time. All that is now at an end until Japan's hold on the Islands is broken. The militarist government of Japan runs true to form.—D. D. B.

—O—O

Lend Lease. U. S. public will have to share food supplies with United Nations generally whether or not we have surpluses. Note that our armed forces and our Allies will take more than a third of our federally inspected meat production for the year beginning last July 1.

The Fount of Living Waters



*Through the mist and o'er the river,
Brilliant as a dazzling light,
Where there is no tribulation
And where never comes the night,
Is a land of joyful singing
Where the songs are softly played
At the fount of living waters
Where the roses never fade.*

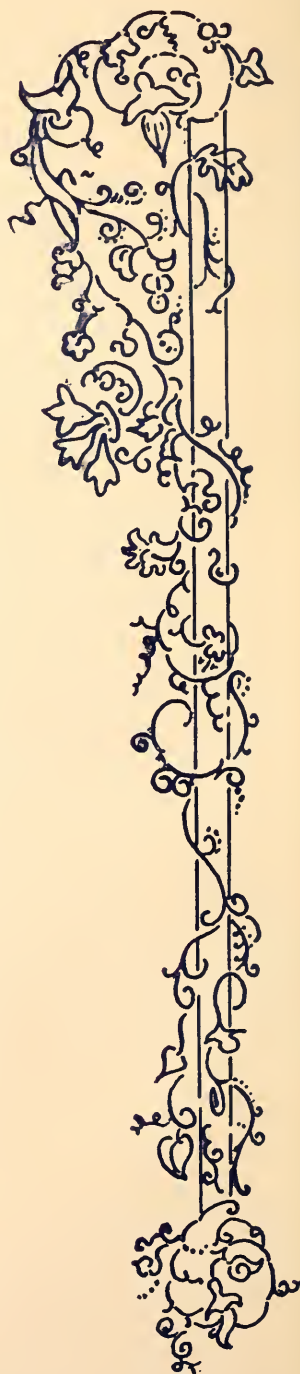
*Angels play their harps so sweetly,
Melodies on golden strings,
All their voices harmonizing
And a halo round their wings;
Near by, upon the throne of gold,
In the mansion He has made,
Sits the King by the fount of waters
Where the roses never fade.*

*There's a shining light around Him
That reflects His kindly face,
Showing all His tender mercy
In a smile of holy grace;
And beside Him sits the Father
Whom He never disobeyed,
By the fount of living waters
Where the roses never fade.*

*It's a land of peace and joy,
Far away from worldly strife,
Where the holy will be gathered
And have everlasting life.
There the people will not worry,
Neither will they be afraid,
At the fount of living waters
Where the roses never fade.*

*Garden of such perfect beauty
That an artist cannot paint,
Where no sin can ever enter
In the angel or the saint;
It's the place we know as Heaven
And the streets of gold are made,
By the fount of living waters
Where the roses never fade.*

—Charles N. Hodge



DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

The Sighted Pathway

Vol. 13 NOVEMBER, 1942 No. 11



"THANK GOD FOR AMERICA"

HAROLD M. LAMBERT, PHOTO

"Thy Word is a Light Unto My Path"

P. 110-105



The Editor's Message



Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

It is thanksgiving time again, the day set apart for our nation to give thanks. There are many people who are sitting with heads bowed. They are saying, "What have we to be thankful for?" David says, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," *Psa. 121:1*. Yes, it does look dark today. Here is a little verse which may perhaps cause you to lift your eyes unto the hills.



*When the grey clouds are the darkest
As they cluster overhead;
When our pathway is overshadowed
And we stumble as we tread;
When the heart is almost broken
Beneath the chastening rod;
There's a little voice that whispers,
"Have faith! You still have God."*

Let us see what Habakkuk has to say about rejoicing in tribulation.

"Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be on the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Whose fault is it that the day seems so dark?

God is good, but sometimes He must stop everything in order to administer the rod, for His Word tells us that if we spare the rod we spoil the child. The great Father in His love to us must follow His own advice with His children. He must punish a nation when that nation disobeys.

"Not yet," said the youth, while busy with his pleasures, "when I have seen the world and grow older I will seek salvation." Yes, the youth of our land have refused to give God their youth; they have been enjoying the pleasures of the world and God is now causing them to stop and think. He is reminding them that there is more to life than the cheap glittering things of the world and that these things cannot help them in this time of need. They need the help now of higher power.

"Not yet," said he, when a young man. "I am now beginning my business career, but when prosperity comes I will be religious."

"Not yet," said he, when prosperity came, "my business and family require so much time and care; but when I retire from business, I will have nothing else to do and will then make up for the past." And so he offers Him the rem-

nant of his life, and that is just what has happened in this nation of ours. Everything else comes before God when He has said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." We have gone directly opposite from the Lord's command. What could we expect a just God to do? He has said, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse;" but the large majority of people never stop to consider this command.

In August Lighted Pathway we had a short article on page twenty-seven entitled, "Food for Thought." Will you pardon me if I use it in connection with this message? This clipping came from an English newspaper but might well stimulate serious thought on the part of Americans.

"We have been a pleasure loving people, dishonoring God's day, picnicking and bathing—now the seashores are barred, no picnic, no bathing.

"We have preferred motor travel to church-going—now there is a shortage of motor fuel.

"We have ignored the ringing of church bells, calling us to worship—now the bells cannot ring, except to warn of invasion.

"We have left the churches half empty when they should have been filled with worshippers—now they are in ruins.

"We would not listen to the way of peace—now we are forced to listen to the way of war.

"The money we would not give to the Lord's work—now is taken from us in taxes and higher prices.

"The food for which we forgot to give thanks—now is unobtainable.

"The service we refused to give to God—now is conscripted for the country.

"Lives we refused to live under God's control—now are under the nation's control.

"Nights we would not spend in watching unto prayer—now are spent in anxious air raid precautions."

Boys in service and loved ones at home, we have shed many tears in the past year. If all of these tears had been tears of repentance we believe victory would be near, but they are not tears of repentance. They are selfish tears. I'm sorry to have my sons go away to war. Sorry to leave home and loved ones, or I'm sorry to leave my sweetheart, my business or many other things dear to the heart, but not sorry I have rejected my Lord, not sorry I have disobeyed and brought calamity on my country by my sins. Many prayers are going up today. People are calling on God, prayer groups are gathering, here and there, some praying all night. May I ask this question, "Why are you praying? Is it for

(Continued on page 26)

Thank God For America

C. M. TRUESDELL

*Thank God for America, the greatest, grandest nation
That ever formed a link in the vast chain of His creation;
Where high and low may brothers be, regardless of their station;
Where liberty with flaming torch, still bivouacs the sea,
And lights the way for alien souls her citizens to be;
A haven where faint refugees may join the valiant free.*

*And in the present world-wide strife,
She will preserve the way of life
Which holds a brighter future for a better you and me.*

*Thank God for America, Old Glory still is waving
Victoriously above our boys who everywhere are braving
The perils of the land and sea, to stop this gross enslaving
Of helpless folk and innocent, by brutal conquest bound,
And bring back mirth and righteousness on every Isle and sound,
Establishing a godly peace wherever men are found.*

*And some bright day, beyond each scar
Resulting from the scourge of war,
The fame of our great country will echo the world around.*

*Thank God for America, our fathers strove to win her;
Paid tribute to her God, our God, that first thanksgiving dinner;
Passed on to us those holy laws to keep alive within her.
And we shall never fail them in this hour of deepest need;
We can, we will, we must sustain our heritage and creed.*

*Each voluntary sacrifice, to give, to fight and bleed,
Will have our faith and simple prayer
That right and justice everywhere
Shall, through God's grace, bring us the peace of victory indeed!*

The Vision

By Paul Hutchens

(Used by permission of the Eerdmans Publishing Co.)

(Continued from last issue)

Timid spring pushed out warm sunshine feelers to touch the pulse of the dying winter, recoiled again and again until the time for spring should fully come.

Came a day when winter finally died and was buried; and from its grave there arose a world of sunshine, ornamented with flowers of a hundred varying shades.

The day was right for tennis, a warm May day, green with newly leaved trees and shrubs, and carpeted with clean new grass. Le Vera was off at three o'clock on Saturday afternoons. Next week Rodney's spring vacation would begin. There were some things he must have settled before then. He must know where he stood with Le Vera, if he stood at all. He could not bear the uncertainty any longer.

In the telephone booth near the Swan information desk he gave the number he desired. In a moment he would hear her contralto saying pleasantly, yet in a very businesslike tone, "Dr. Thorwald's dental office; the nurse speaking."

Crazy old heart, he thought. Pounding so noisily. He remembered her words of last winter, "That's me with my little mallet and chisel..."

"Le Vera? This is Rodney."

"Crazy old heart," Le Vera thought. His voice set the annunciator of her heart to buzzing furiously.

"You're off at three today?"

"Yes."

"The tennis courts were opened at the city park this morning, and I'd like to—"

"I'm sorry, Rodney, but I've promised someone else."

"You—!"

Rodney walked back to Drexel Hall.

In his post office box was a newsy letter from Norda on the last page of which he read: "We're supposed to be surprised, Rod, so don't breathe a word, but Mother is getting letters every day from John Nystrom. He was here last week to talk

over old times with Mother. I'd been out looking for pussy willows like you and I used to do when we were kidlets, and coming back I heard our dear Mumzie talking with somebody on the rock. They hadn't heard me, I knew, but I didn't dare move, so I *had* to listen. I can't tell you what they said, but it looks like there's going to be a double wedding when school is out. Didn't you know about Jim and I? Well, it's so... Like it? You will, 'cause it was your radio singing that broke his skepticism all to 'smithereens.'

"I even found out that Nystrom himself carved out the old stone bench with hammer and chisel many, many years ago..."

"It *could* be a *triple* wedding, Rod, if only my big brother would hurry up and decide..."

Rodney finished the letter and climbed the stairs to his room. For a long time he thought, and then he dropped upon his knees to pray, and could not, except that he said over and over again, "Thy will, alone, be done, not mine."

Suddenly he arose, a resolution in full control of his thoughts. Le Vera had promised to play tennis with someone else. With whom? He wondered.

He decided to find out.

It had not been easy to say "No" to Rodney, when there was nothing in all the world she would rather do today than to vie with him in a game of tennis.

Yes, she had promised another. That other was not a man, however, but dawn-haired Shera Thorwald. Shera was proving herself a new girl these days, showing more and more interest in spiritual things. Some day she would come out boldly and unashamedly for Christ, and then she and Rodney would not be unequally yoked. And I will be able to forget. Others have lost their lovers and have lived and their heartaches have healed. Why not mine?

Three o'clock came, and two girls in white flashed forth and back across the tennis courts at city park. The canvas ball sizzled across the net, was met with a swift backhand stroke, a smash, a cut, a thud...

The glowing girl on the other side of the net did not seem at all like the one who four months ago lay gasping for life in operating room number two. Nor was she like the haughty, squirrel-coated girl who had fled from the inquiry room that night at Riverview church.

The set finished, a 6-4 set, won by Le Vera, they stopped at a drinking fountain. Before playing again, they sought a secluded bench behind an ivy-covered backstop to rest. The overflow of the fountain purred softly beside them, tumbling over a little bed of stones.

Shera's face, aglow now with health,

was very sober as she retouched it with a bit of powder to erase the perspiration shine. Le Vera watched the strange new girl who, since the event in the dental office that morning, had shown such a friendly attitude. Her lovely hair, held in place with a blue ribbon the color of her eyes, was a golden yellow, like the yellow jonquils Rodney had pointed out to her last week in the box outside his window...

"See that little two by four window up there on the fourth floor?" They were standing on the opposite side of the street from Drexel Hall at the time. "There's where I live my old bachelor life," and he added softly, "and there's where I first began to live."

He told her about the column of ice that had so beautifully illustrated God's reaching down to save us. "There's a little cave along Crawfish river I want you to see. I know you'll love my mother. She'll be deeply disappointed if you don't come. Norda's been counting on it. Norda needs you, Le Vera, and your little sister Maybelle is going to weep her heart out if you don't come. You ought to think about her, even if you don't care about how much I may need a dental nurse."

And Le Vera had said suddenly, looking at her wristwatch, "Oh, it's office hours again! I'll have to hurry now. Good-bye."

No, she could not accept the Deland's invitation to spend a week at Rexville.

Shera stooped, picked a purple violet, angled herself into a comfortable position, tucked the stem of the violet through the mesh of her tennis racket, picked another violet, did the same with it.

"Le Vera," Shera began and stopped abruptly. There was a catch in her throat. In an opposite court, a close battle was in progress and voices were shouting, "'Ad' here"; "Deuce"; "'Ad' there"; "Deuce again"...

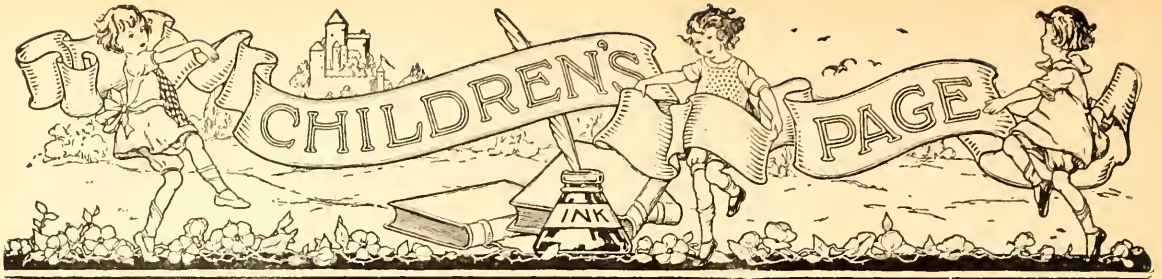
Le Vera sensed the tenseness of the girl's thoughts—this lovely girl whose very loveliness made her exceptionally attractive to men, but which had seemed to blind her to her need of Christ.

"'Ad' here"; "Deuce again"... Shera seemed oblivious to everything except her own thoughts. The stem of a third violet and of a fourth were pushed through the mesh. The two upper petals of each purple flower face were a darker shade near the throat; the three lower petals shaded into white. How beautifully they were made.

Shera's question was the signature for the solemn song that was singing within. The question was, "Remember that night at Riverview church?"

Le Vera remembered so well; the sob-

(Continued on page 33)



BARNEY, THE BORROWER

J. BASHFORD BISHOP

"Say, Andy, lend me a dime, will ye, Dad's gonna give me fifty cents for cutting the grass on Saturday and I'll pay you back the first thing on Monday." Andy always had money, and Barney Clayton was sure he would lend it to him.

"O. K., Barney, if you pay me back on Monday."

Saturday came and Barney cut the grass. When he was through he pocketed the two shiny quarters that his Dad gave him and sat down under a tree to cool off.

"Hi, Barney, I want to show you something." Barney looked up and saw Paul Elson jump off his bicycle.

"Lo, Paul, what'cha got?"

"Look at this keen first baseman's mitt my uncle gave me."

Quickly Barney jumped up and tried on the mitt. It fit perfectly. "Boy! that sure is a keen glove. I need one, too. Mine has a hole in it and the padding is all out."

"Tell you what I'll do," Paul eyed the mitt thoughtfully. "I need money right now to get a set of valuable stamps with. So I'll sell it to you real cheap, just fifty cents."

"Say, I've got fifty cents right here. Just got through cuttin' the grass for it." Barney's heart beat very fast. He wanted the glove in the worst way, but he owed Andy that dime. Oh, well, Andy could wait for his money.

"O. K., Paul," he said, "I'll take it."

* * * * *

"Hey, there, Barney, got my dime?" "No, I haven't, Andy. I—uh," Barney hesitated. He just couldn't tell Andy the truth, "I forgot about it. But I'll pay you for sure next week."

"Well, all right. But don't forget next time." And Andy turned to go to his classroom.

Barney breathed a sigh of relief. He would have to pay Andy next week.

But Barney didn't pay next week. In fact, a good many weeks passed and he still didn't pay Andy back.

One day Barney was putting his books in his locker when he overheard Andy talking to Carl Davis. They were on the other side of the lockers and couldn't

see Barney. And they were talking about him!

"Say, Carl, Barney may not go to shows or cuss, and he lets on that he is so religious, but I don't think much of his religion."

"No? Why not, Andy?"

"Well, he borrowed a dime from me several weeks ago and promised to pay it right back. But I don't think he ever will. He borrowed my brand new baseball and never returned it, either. If that isn't worse than going to a show, I'll eat my hat!"

"Huh! So he owes you, too! Why, he borrowed a quarter from me one Saturday about a month ago. He was gonna pay that back right away, but I probably won't ever see it again."

Barney quietly slipped away from the lockers. He had heard enough. He had forgotten all about the baseball and the money he had borrowed from Carl. He didn't even know where the baseball was! Down in his heart Barney felt very uncomfortable and unhappy.

* * * * *

Mr. Clayton sat in the porch rocker reading the evening paper. His son, Barney, sat on the porch steps near by. Somehow he couldn't get interested in what

Not Too Small

JEAN C. KEEGSTRA

*Though I'm a child, I'm not too small
To hear my heavenly Father's call,
And feel His help when I might fall.*

*And I can feel His loving care
Around about me everywhere,
Protecting from the Tempter's snare.*

*My feet are not too small to go
Along the path that He doth show;
He guides me all the way, I know.*

*My ears are not too small to hear
His precious words, so calm and clear,
Protecting me from doubt and fear.*

*I'm not too small to bend the knee
And thank Him for His care of me,
For He will listen patiently.*

*The battle He will help me win
O'er doubts and fears and blackest sin,
For He loves me and I love Him!*

he was reading. He couldn't forget what Andy and Carl had said that afternoon.

"My, oh, my!" Mr. Clayton looked up from his paper with a look of great surprise.

"What's the matter, Dad?" Barney looked at his Dad wonderingly.

"See this man?" Mr. Clayton pointed to a picture in the paper. "That man was a classmate of mine in my school days. Now he's going to the penitentiary!"

"Yea? What for?" Barney was very interested.

"Well, according to the paper, he had borrowed a lot of money and owed many debts. He worked in a bank. In order to get money to pay back his debts, he took a large sum of the bank's money, thinking he would replace it before the time came for the bank to check its books. But he was caught."

Barney said nothing. He felt more uncomfortable than ever.

"You know," Mr. Clayton continued, "I remember when that man was a boy he had a bad habit of borrowing things without paying them back. Why, I remember that he borrowed things from me twenty-five years ago and never paid them back. Now, because of that habit formed when he was a boy, he is landing in jail. I hope you'll never get such a habit, Barney. Lots of people have no use for Christianity because they have known Christians who were not honest in the matter of borrowing and returning. You know, the Bible says, 'The wicked borroweth and payeth not again.' That makes it look pretty bad for those who borrow without paying back."

* * * * *

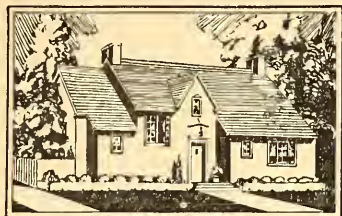
That night Barney knelt by the side of his bed and thought of the money he owed, of the lie he told Andy, of what Andy and Carl had said, of what his Dad had said. He didn't want to be dishonest; he wanted to be a good Christian, the kind no one could point a finger at. "Lord, forgive me and help me to get out of this mess and I'll never do it again," Barney prayed.

"Tell Dad," said a small voice inside of him. And the next morning Barney told his Dad all about it.

"Well, Barney, you clean the cellar today and I'll pay you fifty cents, out of

(Continued on page 32)

Father's and Mother's Page



Home, Sweet Home

UNACCOUNTABLE PREJUDICES

BY EMMA GARY WALLACE

Most of us who are grown up have certain prejudices which quite possibly we do not understand. If we could trace the reasons for such prejudices back to our childhood we might find out many illuminating things.

Children are keenly sensitive to the opinions and fear thoughts held by their parents and older people around them. This can be plainly seen even with the infant in arms, and young children as they grow a little older, listen avidly to the conversation of their elders. They soon acquire an idea as to the meaning of a word or a remark which apparently is derogatory in any way.

On that particular point, a word or remark or even a fleeting expression of countenance, the beginning of a prejudice may be started in the child's mind.

As one writer has remarked, such an incident or several such incidents may be apparently of a trivial character, but such trivialities repeated a good many times, literally make a mountain of prejudice. This often continues to grow until a positive bias, perhaps of a very unfair character, develops.

How this works out is obvious.

Little Anna often listened to her mother's laundress and maid talking about how unreliable some foreigners who lived near by were, and how unclean in their habits.

Anna didn't just know where these people came from, and when she asked her father what a foreigner was, he explained that it was some person born in another country who wanted to come to America to live. Anna got the idea that all people who lived in other countries were to be mistrusted.

One day some plums were taken from a tree at the lower end of the garden, and Nora, the maid, expressed it as her opinion that those foreign children had stolen the fruit. So the idea of dishonesty among foreigners was added to the first prejudice, and the germs of distrust and dislike started in the little girl's mind.

It would have been much better if

she had been given pleasant thoughts of these neighbors, such as, "These people on the street back of us used to live in a beautiful country away across the seas, but they wanted to come and live in our country and they are learning to be good Americans."

"They have shown us how to make many good things to eat such as they had at home; how to make lovely lace; and to plant and raise fragrant flowers. We must be kind to them, for I am sure they mean to be kind to us."

If we are going to promote world peace in the rising generation, we must encourage world friendliness among our children and these foreign neighbors of ours, rather than to encourage distrust and dislike.

One day Tommy complained at the breakfast table that his ball was missing, and he was quite sure the little Mexican boy who had been playing in the yard had taken it.

"What makes you think so?" his mother asked.

Tommy wriggled uneasily.

"The ball's gone," he said, "and it was here when Carlos was here."

"That might be, too," his mother said, "but that doesn't say Carlos took it home with him."

"Just look around this table, dear, and see all the nice things we've got from people in other countries. There is the lovely little brown basket with the ripe fruit in it. The Indians made the basket, and people away down in warm countries in the South sent us the nice oranges and bananas and grapefruit."

Tommy scowled.

"And this pineapple which you like so well, came from an island away out in the sea called Hawaii. And the linen in the tablecloth came from Ireland. And this cereal is the kind the Scotch people like so well."

"The country Carlos comes from has sent us big hats for very hot days, and bright-colored little spreads for tables, and the chili we had for supper last night."

As soon as breakfast was over, Tommy's dad took him up to the bathroom and pointed out of the window. There on the porch roof lay the lost ball.

Tommy got very red, but in a minute he was honest enough to say, "I'm glad Carlos didn't take it."

The lesson was a good one.

If we wish our children to be fair and to form generous opinions of others, we must be careful not to encourage unfair and foolish prejudices.

MEMORY TIME

BY EVA RAW BAIRD

A child's memory is wonderful. Start any three-year-old on Mother Goose and see how many rimes he will learn in a year. The question naturally arises of utilizing this precious time for the memorization of scripture and other real treasure.

"They can't understand it," someone objects. How well do they understand Mother Goose? Just what is the picture of these lines:

"Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a young lady get on a white horse;
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes."

What is a cock horse? Do you know yourself? What and where is Banbury Cross? How many white horses has your child ever seen? Are "rings on her fingers" ordinary finger rings? They wouldn't make much music, would they? Do you visualize the "bells on her toes"? What is it all about, anyway?

In a very general way most mothers will give some slight interpretation to a Mother Goose rime, enough to satisfy the child. But the joy is chiefly the jingle, the repetition of words that have been memorized. Why should we be more critical of memory gems of more lasting worth? Why not take advantage of the child's love of memorization to implant sacred truth?

To illustrate our point we quote the poem, "God Is Love."

"'God is love,' the little birdies
In the nest up in the tree
Seem to say with their sweet voices,
'God is love,' to you and me."

"'God is love' the big trees whisper
As they give us pleasant shade;
'God is love,' and this they tell us,
'All good things by Him were made.'"

(Continued on page 24)

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

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Helps for Tempted and Tried

CHASTENING

JAMES H. MCCONKEY

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." (Heb. 12:6.)

How deep is the mystery of God's chastening of His children! And how the soul shrinks at the very mention of the word! Yet, in this Hebrews passage is set forth some of the most precious teaching of God's Word as to His loving dealing with the lives of His own. Let us give heed to it. For it touches the deeps of Christian experience in that it brings us face to face with God's wondrous grace in overruling the mystery of suffering to the enrichment and unspeakable blessing of the lives of His children. And let us note, first, that

Chastening is God's "Child-Training."

That is what the word means. It is built upon the Greek word "child." It is the root-word for "child" with the verb termination added to it. It means "to deal with as a child," to "child-train." Nine times in the passage occurs the word "son," "child," and "father." God is speaking to His own. We are His own dear children. He has brought us into His great family. And now having saved us, He is going to train us. Up there is the homeland and the glory; down here is the suffering. He is even overruling the suffering to child-train us for the glory. And thus what sweetness and preciousness flow forth from this much misunderstood fragment of His Word as we invest it with its literal significance. Let us read it into the whole passage and mark the blessing in it.

"My son, despise not thou the child-training of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him: for whom the Lord loveth He child-traineth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. If ye endure child-training, God deal-eth with you as with sons: for what son is he whom the father child-traineth not? But if ye be without child-training, whereof all are partakers, then ye are bastards, and not

sons. Furthermore, we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days child-trained us after their own pleasure; but He for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness. Now no child-training for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."



*Can you hear our dear Lord whisper,
"Take my hand, I'll lead you on,"
Can you hear Him speak so gently,
"Follow me, I'll lead you home."*

*"Days that seem so dark and dreary,
Days that are, oh, so hard to bear,
I'm a friend that stands so near you,
And will lead you safely there."*

*I'm so glad for a friend like Jesus,
He has meant so much to me,
I'm so glad I answered, "Yes, Lord,"
When He called, "Come, follow me."*

*There's a promise of tomorrow,
When this life on earth is done,
If we only follow Jesus
Toward the setting of the sun.*

*Then when yonder, up in heaven,
After this vale of tears is o'er,
Sickness, sorrow, pain, and heartaches,
Will be gone forever more.*

—Ilene Jackson

Chastening is for Purification

Does God have a grudge against us? Is God trying, as it were, to "get even" with us? Is God's "child-training" a kind of parental revenge for childish wrong-doing? Ofttimes we think so. But it is far from the truth. *"For they (our earthly parents) verily for a few days child-trained us after their own pleasure, but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness."* (v. 10.) God's one supreme purpose in child-training us, is purification. He is seeking to purge from us all that mars the likeness of Jesus Christ within us. It is His own holiness that He is seeking to perfect within us.

A visitor was watching a silversmith heat the silver in his crucible. Hotter and hotter grew the fires. All the while the smith was closely scanning the crucible. Presently the visitor said: "Why do you watch the silver so closely? What are you looking for?" "I am looking for my face," was the answer. "When I see my own image in the silver, then I stop. The work is done." Why did the silversmith light the fires under the silver? To purify and perfect it. Is God's child-training an executioner visiting upon us the wrath of God? Nay, it is rather a cleansing angel pouring forth upon us the love of God. The furnace, the suffering, the agony of child-training, what do they mean? *God is looking for a face!* It is the face of His Son. "For he hath foreordained us to be conformed to the image of his Son." And He is purging from us in child-training all that dims that image. Therefore, child of God, do not be associating chastening only with the word "chastise." Couple it also with that beautiful word "chastity," the jewel of perfect, spotless purity of heart and life. Thus "chasten" is to "chaste-en." It is to make chaste, to make pure, spiritually. To purge, to cleanse, to purify—that is God's great purpose in all His "child-training."

Like all true parents, therefore, God has a model, a pattern to which He is fashioning

(Continued on page 30)

Temperance Page

WHOSE GIRLS ARE THESE?

The devil attends to his business. He knows when and where and in what way to strike in order to enhance his nefarious business. When he wants to destroy a nation, he knows that the most fatal stroke to that nation is to prostitute its womanhood. That the devil has succeeded well in his plan of attack of nations of the past is amply attested to by both sacred and profane history. Evidently this is his plan for the downfall of our nation.

That the curse of liquor has grown worse and worse since the repeal of the 18th Amendment in the United States is so potent that no sane person can deny it.

There are more women drunkards in the United States than ever before, and their number is constantly increasing.

There are 437,000 licensed liquor sellers in the United States. There is one saloon for every 300 people; 11 saloons for every church in our country and one saloon for every 71 homes.

Now, add to this the thousands upon thousands of bootleg joints bearing all sorts of names and many bearing no name at all, and you will get some idea of the appalling conditions that confront us.

Our President assured us that the old saloon should never return. True, but it has appeared in a far worse form. In the old saloon, blotched-faced men wearing dirty aprons stood behind the bar and served liquor to men who stood in front with the foot resting on a brass rail. But today thousands of young women serve liquor from behind the bar and tables where sit men and women who are supposed to be respectable people. In the old saloon days decent women never entered a saloon, save it be to try to help a drunken husband or son get out and get home until he sobered up enough to have at least some semblance of being somebody again. But today countless women drink cocktails and liquor in all manner of places, whether these places be decent or otherwise. It is the profound conviction of this writer that there is not a decent saloon or liquor joint upon earth.

There are 1,350,000 girls

employed in the liquor traffic in the United States today. If these girls were stood in a straight line, this line would extend about 1,000 miles. These are some mothers' girls. Is your girl among them? Maybe not, but she is at least a prospect for this job, and the devil and the saloonkeeper are not choice about where they get them—the object is to get them.

Of this staggering number of girls selling liquors today, we have not taken into consideration the thousands who are selling liquor illegally, for we have no way of ascertaining that number, but their name is legion.

Girls of the teen age loaf and drink in the beer saloons. They wait for men

DID YOU EVER HEAR

Of a man losing his job because he was a total abstainer?

Of an insurance company that offered reduced premiums to booze addicts?

Of a woman saying, "My husband would be the best man in the world if he would only drink"?

Of a chauffeur who could drive his car with greater safety if he took a snort of alcohol before starting out?

Of a railroad engineer who stood better with his employers if he patronized the saloon or cocktail hour?

Of an Arctic explorer who stocked up his supplies with liquor in order to keep warm?

Of a child who complained because his daddy did not come home drunk?

Of a man who objected to his daughter marrying a young man because he was not a booze addict?

Of a woman complaining because her husband spent too little time in the saloon instead of spending his evenings at home?

Of a murderer on the gallows declaring that his practice of abstinence led him to his predicament?

Of a man who beat his wife and thrashed his baby because he was sober when he came home?

Of a house owner who charged higher rentals because a saloon had been set up next door?

Of a banker who threw up his hat with joy because a saloon was opened near by?

Of a mother who consented to her daughter becoming a barmaid in order to help civilize the "dump"?

Of a preacher delivering a better sermon because he was half shot with liquor?

Did you ever hear of a "moderation society" that advocated total abstinence?

—American Statesman

to treat them, then stagger off in cars so drunk they do not know what they are doing.

This year is election year for all our congressmen, and for more than half of our senators. Now is the time for all fathers and mothers, and, indeed, for all men and women in the United States who are in favor of decency and sobriety in our country to pray, and when the voting time comes to vote right. If our country will do as did the Ninevites as recorded in Jonah 3rd chapter, we need not fear the result. But if we do not cease indulging in the quartet of sins—drinking, dancing, gambling, and adultery—sins that almost always go together—then there is nothing that will prevent the downfall of our nation.—T. A. J. Beasley, in *United Evangelical*.

Closed Doors and Open Doors

We are often told in these days of doors that are being closed against those who use intoxicating drinks. There are many business firms that will not employ one who is in the habit of visiting saloons, either during working hours or when he is off duty. They have learned that persons who use such drinks can not be relied upon.

Railroad men know that many of the greatest wrecks which have taken place on their roads were caused by the use of intoxicating drinks. Therefore, most of the great railway systems will no longer employ one who uses strong drink, whether much or little. Nearly all business firms have a set of printed questions which they send out when one applies for a position, that they may learn all they can about him. One of the questions that is found on nearly all of these printed blanks is, "Do you use intoxicating drinks?" If the answer returned is, "Yes," that is enough in most cases to keep the firm from employing the applicant.

There are doors, however, that are not closed upon those who use intoxicating drinks. I mean the doors of jails, lockups, workhouses and penitentiaries. Many who make use of strong drink are finding their way through such doors every day.

There is another door that is not closed against drunkards. It makes me sad to write this down, or even to think of it, but it is right for us to know the dangers about us and try to avoid them. When the prophet Isaiah was writing about the drunkards of his day, he was told to say, after speaking of the great number of

(Continued on page 32)

THE INNER CIRCLE PAGE

GIVE GOD A CHANCE

JAMES H. McCONKEY

*It takes God TIME to answer prayer;
give Him a chance.*

We often fail to give God a chance in this respect. It takes time for God to paint a rose. It takes time for God to grow an oak. It takes time for God to make bread from a wheat field. He takes the earth. He pulverizes. He softens. He enriches. He wets with showers and dews. He warms with life. He gives the blade, the stock, the amber grain, and then at last the bread for the hungry. All this takes time. Therefore we sow, and till, and wait, and trust, until all God's purpose has been wrought out. We give God a chance in this matter of time. We need to learn this same lesson in our prayer life. It takes God *time* to answer prayer.

A Christian worker had reached the end of the week, well wearied with service. The sunshine and rippling river were luring him to an hour's rowing. Boarding a passing car he was soon on his way to the river bank. As he neared it he remembered that it was late in the season, and there was a likelihood of the boat-house being closed. But the outing for tired nerves and weary body seemed a clear need. So he lifted his heart quietly

in prayer that if were the Lord's will He might send along the caretaker of the boathouse to furnish the boat. Reaching the spot he found to his disappointment that the house was closed. Turning to leave under the impulse of the moment, the thought flashed in, "It has only been a moment or two since you prayed the Lord to send along the boatman, and now you are going away without even waiting long enough for him to get here. Why don't you give God a chance?" So he sat down by the river bank to wait. In ten minutes the boatkeeper came strolling along. The house was opened, the boat secured, and the refreshing of an hour's outing enjoyed to the full. With it came another simple lesson in the prayer life, that it takes God time to answer prayer, and that we therefore need to give God a chance.

Take this matter of conversion. You have an unsaved loved one. You have prayed for him—for months—for years. He is still outside the kingdom. God has not answered your prayer, you say. But perhaps you are at sea in your view of conversion. Does God bring a soul into His kingdom as you might lift a child over a hedge, or hurl a stone across a stream? Does man's choice have no place in this? It surely does. It matters not by what theological sidepath

you approach this matter of conversion. One thing is certain, however God may *move* upon man's will He does not *supplant* that will. Whatever may be the mystery of God's choice, no soul ever comes into the kingdom without his own choice.

Hence concerning the conversion of a resisting soul remember this, *God is striving* with a human will. But do *you* know what it is to move upon a human will? This very loved one *you* have warned. With him *you* have pleaded. With him *you* have reasoned. Yet all these years that strong will has stood out against you. Now, at the last, you have given up in sheer despair the attempt to move upon a human will. Do you not realize then what it means for *God* to do it? God may have heart-idols to overthrow. God may have to foil chosen plans. God may suffer afflictions to come. God must press in upon the man engrossed in the temporal, a growing vision of the eternal. God must needs cherish, woo, disappoint, uplift, bereave, enrich, impoverish,—yea, bring to bear a multitude of influences upon a resisting will, ere it yields to Him. But to unstop ears deaf to the voice of God—to open eyes blind to the vision of God—to turn aside wandering feet into the path of God—all

(Continued on page 32)



Thank God! The Bible Is Still Open

I think of the Bible as a most magnificent edifice of which God Himself is the undisputed architect. Angels, patriarchs, prophets, priests, kings and martyrs are its builders. Jesus Christ its sure foundation, and the keystone in its center arch.

The Bible is an indestructible fortress, whose walls can never be scaled, whose towers can never be battered down, and whose hell-resisting ramparts can never be broken through.

Charged, besieged and violently attacked for the last 4000 years, but still it remains secure—not a dint in its golden portals, not a scar on its glittering walls, and not a single pane in its radiant windows broken; not even the dust and smoke of battle have even stained its pearly gates, or tarnished its bright, celestial towers.

The name of JESUS is clear and evident throughout the entire structure, and the glory of His grand redemptive scheme runs like a thread of shining silver light throughout its length and breadth.

The songs of angels, the music and melody of holy worship, the shouts of nations redeemed, and the Hallelujah Chorus sung by ransomed millions echoes and reechoes through all its over-arching arches, and rebounds in bewildering blessedness from its many sparkling domes. Angels, archangels, cherubims and seraphims, and "the spirits of just men made perfect," sound forth in undying melody the charm of its undiminished greatness. While through all its shining avenues, and out across its everlasting hills there rolls the music of the spheres. Its pearly gates and jasper walls and glorious sapphire throne repeat in thrilling echoes the song that angels sing, and its river of life over sands of gold flows out from the throne of God.

This is GOD'S Bible! But it is my Bible, too! On thee, dear Bible, will I lean as a pilgrim on his staff. To thee will I ever look as the watchmen look for the morning. Of thee will I drink as a thirsty traveler of a springing fountain. To thee will I fly, like a dove from the windy storm and tempest. And thee will I ever follow, as sunset follows noon. In thee will I trust as the sailor trusts his compass. To thee will I be true as the needle to the Pole. And through all the days of my mortal life, the anchor of my hope shall rest in thy everlasting guarantee. In death I will pillow my weary head on the soft, rich promises of thy love, and out beyond the borderland of time and sense, I will feast my soul forever on thy eternal CHRIST.

Dear BIBLE! on thy placid sea, my soul will sail to ports celestial, and in thy calm and tranquil harbor, my spirit will ride in the raging storm of life. On thy vine-clad hills, and in thy rich perennial valley I will bask in the light of a sun that never sets. Under thy diamond-studded arches, and among thy glittering towers I will walk with JESUS CHRIST by my side. By thy shining rivers and crystal streams I will bathe my weary spirit, and in thy pure and holy atmosphere my soul shall stretch her wings and rise to mansions in the sky. Thy sun will never set, thy moon will never go down. Night will never creep across thy broad extending sky, nor will the shadows dim thy bright, unclouded day.

ABOUT THE BIBLE

The Bible speaks in over five hundred languages and dialects and is the most effective missionary the church has.

The American Bible Society, Astor Place, New York City, is the largest scripture-producing house in the United States. Bibles, Testaments and portions of the scriptures, without note



or comment, are produced by the millions. These are often sold without profit or given away.

The Bible and the catalogs of a large American mail order house are the only books to be found in the huts of the natives of Liberia.

The American Bible Society put the scriptures into eight chief languages of the Philippine Islands in the first two decades since the islands became the wards of the United States.

A vessel returning to China carried 25 tons of Bibles as a part of its freight.

The first scripture selection published in a daily newspaper appeared in the Cincinnati Post, on New Year's Day, in 1920.

Since that time 2,000 daily newspapers have used these selections.

There are volumes of the scriptures in 448 different languages and dialects in the library of the American Bible Society at its headquarters, Astor Place, New York City.

THE COST OF THE BIBLE

It is an unfortunate tendency of our times to evaluate things by the prices they bring on the market. Under this test the Bible stands out as the priceless object in modern society. We have just read of a mutilated copy, very old, bringing a half million dollars, and have been told that an effort was being made to pay a million dollars for it in order to have the treasure in America. Just as the Codex Sinaiticus will be the most costly exhibit in the British Museum so is the Gutenberg Bible the most precious exhibit in the Library of Congress. King George V said: "The English Bible in a secular aspect is the first of national treasures, and is, in its spiritual significance, the most valuable thing that this world affords."

From these remarkable facts we descend, or ascend, to the fact that the entire Bible can be bought in cloth binding with readable type for twenty-five cents and any book in the Book of books can be purchased for a penny. The essential values are in the cheapest edition as well as in the most beautiful and expensive forms.

There is a higher cost suggested by a poster of Tyndale as he struggled to translate it, and was then burned at the stake. The Bible has been purchased for the world at the price of pain and blood. Men gave their lives to give us the Book. This is a familiar fact of church history. The Bible can be gained for any one of us only by our paying the price. It may cost us our pet ideas, our dearest prejudices, and our fond ambitions. It will certainly cost us our falsehood and sin. We must give up many things if we would get the holiness of the Holy Bible into our souls.

It is possible, it looks very probable, that in some sections of the world the age of martyrdom has again come and men will be called upon to pay the price of position and safety, possibly life, to secure the right of reading and teaching the Holy Scriptures. Life may again have to be given up that the Word of God be not bound.

Don't be afraid of marking your Bible. Indicate by underlining, or by a brief marginal note of that which you have found helpful. Our memories fail us, but often a word will recall the lesson learned.

Don't read the Bible in a perfunctory way. Read a verse or a chapter or a book until you get something for your heart.

The Detour on the Highway to Thanksgiving

By *BLANCHE GERTRUDE ROBBINS*

Polly Primrose felt a curious lump tighten her throat as she read the letter in Grandma Holly's cramped handwriting. Grandma's heart was as big as the rambling old farmhouse where Polly had lived all her life till she had come to Willowbrook school.

"Don't forget to come home, Polly dear, if it is only for Thanksgiving Day," grandma had written. "Bring a half dozen of your young friends from the school, if you want company. There are a couple of turkeys strutting around the yard, trying every chance they get to give your grandfather the go-by. And you know these old hands of mine can whip together a hundred pumpkin pies in a hurry, if need be. Your grandfather says if Polly doesn't get home from the school for Thanksgiving, the turkeys will still strut around, and I'm sure I won't have the heart to bake up ahead. Two lone old folk like we be wouldn't be doing much celebrating, you see—"

Polly Primrose had not quite decided yet about the trip home to grandfather's for Thanksgiving. It might not be difficult to get up a party of young folk from the girls' and boys' schools of Willowbrook, the exclusive suburb of the city, but the farmhouse was so hopelessly old-fashioned in comparison with the boarding schools and the homes of the boys and girls in the neighborhood. Polly had never before realized how very old-timey was the Holly Homestead, until an acquaintance, befriended by her father on the high seas, had found a niche for Polly in the school of culture. It had been like fairyland to the girl of the country, and her being ever respondent to beauty, had delighted in the homes of her school friends whom she had been privileged to visit over the week ends.

"I would never, never dare ask Mildred Cox or Peggy Scott to spend a Thanksgiving Day at Holly Homestead," murmured Polly, recalling the fashionable apartments where these two girls had entertained parties of the school folks. "Besides, there would not be excitement enough at Holly Homestead, three miles from the village and so far back from the road—just the loneliest place you could imagine."

"Polly, Polly Primrose, it has really and truly come to pass,"

a joyful voice broke in upon Polly's musing, and a girl, with cheeks like poppies, came on the run across the schoolroom.

"The invitation has come from Colonel Deacon for Miss Craig, the head mistress, to make up a party of a dozen young folk, who do not live in this immediate neighborhood, to spend Thanksgiving Day at Castlefield," Barbara Sills broke out excitedly, adding: "Colonel Deacon's place is a regular park, and the home a mansion. Thanksgiving and Christmas Days there are whole villages of people entertained at Castlefield—the very grandest way. And to think Willowbrook is remembered again this year! We must have minded our manners well last year, or we would not have been invited again this year! Miss Craig is making up the list, and the name of Polly Primrose goes with Peggy Scott, Mildred Cox and your humble roommate, Babs."

Polly's heart was fluttering with excitement. There had been whispers that such a party might come to pass, but Polly had not dared dream that she might participate in one of the widely advertised Thanksgiving parties of Castlefield. There would be the twenty-mile motor ride in the crisp, frosty November air, the stay over two nights in the mansion of Colonel Deacon, with many interesting

folks to meet around the blazing hearth fires and groaning tables of the far-famed dining room. Grandmother Holly would not want her to miss the jollification of Castlefield, so wonderful was it in comparison with the loneliness of the farmhouse. After all, this party, proposed by Colonel Deacon, provided an answer to the letter that she had been pondering.

"I must write to Grandma Holly this very night and tell her the glorious news," declared Polly, as Barbara and she undressed in their room, talking excitedly of plans for Thanksgiving.

Late into the night their pillows echoed with whispers, and there was a scramble the following morning to make classes; therefore, the letter that Polly had written to Holly Homestead lay on her bookcase, forgotten and unmailed. It was the lecture of the household science teacher to which Polly hurried that first hour of the morning, and Miss Standish greeted her girls with a surprise.

"We are going to play homemakers this morning, and just pretend that we are busy housewives making ready the Thanksgiving dinner," declared Miss Standish. "So we will journey into the city and visit the market and make believe that we are buying turkey, squash, pumpkins and all the 'fixin's.'"

There was a ripple of excitement that ran through the class, scenting an adventure as well as a practical lesson in marketing, this visit to the market stalls of the city. An hour later Miss Standish marshaled her class of girls through a row of gloriously golden pumpkins, her teaching apt as she instructed the girls in the science of selection and purchase. The novelty of coming in contact with poultry and vegetables made its appeal to the girls of the fashionable suburb, and with ecstatic cries of delight they swooped down upon the farmers' stalls.

To Polly Primrose there was nothing novel in the display of the market, but the sight of the turkeys and pumpkins stirred a curious sensation in her girlish heart. How grandfather always reveled in chasing the big turkey around the farmyard, capturing him for grandmother to dress with the solicitude she would have dressed a baby. How the heart of grandfather had exulted as

(Continued on page 30)



"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits,"
—Psa. 103:2.

The Men of Tomorrow

By DEAN C. DUTTON, in *Quests or Conquests*

(Continued from October issue)

The Patriotic Business Man and the Bootblack

It is wonderful how susceptible a boy is to the inspiration and guidance of the business man. A business man, walking down the street of a great city, was looking for an opportunity to inspire some boy to great citizenship. This man was a capitalist, a money maker. He felt it was his duty not only to build a fortune but to build American lives. He took it as his duty to his Flag to try to arouse boys to the opportunities which were before them. That day, this man saw a bootblack. Having his shoes shined, he tossed the boy a half dollar. The boy went to get the change, but while he was gone the man's train was leaving and so when the boy returned the man had gone. The boy carefully put the forty cents change in a separate pocket, and waited day by day for the stranger's return. Months passed and at the end of two years, one day, while he was blacking a man's boots, he spied his stranger friend coming down the street. Dropping his brush and excusing himself from the man in the chair, he ran across the street, put his hand in his pocket, pulled out the forty cents and handed it to the gentleman, and said, "Here is the change that I have been carrying for you for two years."

The man quickly remembered the incident, but was dumbfounded at the boy's honesty. The boy quickly went back to his unfinished task, followed by the business man. He blacked his boots again. After the task was done, the business man said, "Lad, if you could have anything in the world you wanted, what would you like to have? Now, I have money, and I like to do things for boys that I think are honest." The boy looked into the gentleman's face and said, "Oh, go on, you are kiddin' me," but the man said, "No, I am not; I mean business; I will stand back of my proposition. If you could have anything in the world you wanted, what would you ask for?" Then the boy replied, "Well, Mister, if you mean what you say and I can have anything I like, I would like to have a better job, that I might be able to take better care of my little widowed mother, and then if I could have anything else, then I would like to have a chance to get a good education, and grow up to be a great man like you." The business man was so impressed with these honest words that he reached down and took the boy's hands, soiled with the dirt of the street, into his own clean hands, and said, "Boy,

any boy that will be honest enough to carry forty cents in his pocket for two years for the rightful owner, and any boy who has such an interest in the care of his mother, and any boy who has such a dream for an education is the kind of a boy we make Americans of."

In a little while this boy had a better job; his mother was in more comfortable quarters; the boy was soon in school. This man did not dole out money to this boy. I am not here making an appeal for you to pour forth money. It is not so much money that makes a boy into a great man. It is a chance.

What a boy needs is a row to hoe. When he has finished hoeing his row see that he has another row to hoe. Boys are not yellow. Boys are willing to bare their breasts to the storms of life. They rather enjoy the adventures of working their way.

So this boy advanced, grew and grew, unfolded and unfolded until he went through high school, then into college, then on into the technical training and became a well trained, mighty leader. This great business man lived long enough to see this bootblack become a captain of industry with an intellect trained to think out the world's problems; his hands were trained to serve humanity and his soul on fire with a passion for service.

This man felt that he had done a greater thing for humanity by encouraging and helping this boy than as though he had builded a transcontinental railroad or a skyscraper. Railroads and skyscrapers are but stone and steel but here was a mind trained, hands eager and feet ready to run in paths of service—a soul ready to throb its way down across the years. In this service the business man felt he had done the greatest thing he possibly could do for his country's flag.

I know of a county-seat town where, every year, the leading business men of the town visit every boy who is about to graduate from the eighth grade. They inquire whether or not the boy is going on to high school. If not, they want to know why. Then they enter into the problem of further schooling and assist parents to work out the plans necessary for the boy to go on.

Every spring these men have a great picnic for these boys and parents and families. They furnish red lemonade, a brass band and inspiring addresses encouraging these boys to go on and on.

This county does not neglect their cows, pigs or chickens. Their banks will not loan a dollar to any family who raises nothing but cotton. They must have

chickens and cows. They are not forgetting the material side of their products but they consider that the most important crop is their boys. Such a program will produce leadership for the nation and the world. Their name will be written high upon the pages of history.

The Hitching Post

Sometimes boys become discouraged in their school work, and drop out of school. If the professor could let the banker and the lawyer and the merchant know of such incidents and they could call such a boy into their places of business and say, "Lad, we understand that you have quit school. You know you are an American boy; we can't afford to have any cheap American boys go out from this community. What is the trouble? You must stay in school, lad, for there are some big things up ahead of you." Now, when business men take such an interest in a boy who is anxious to quit school to get to earning money, he will go home and say, "Mother, I guess I had better go back to school. Several business men stopped me on the street and told me I didn't dare to be a cheap American, and I must go back to school, so I am going."

Sometimes boys get into bad company, and become "rough-necks." The community should never frown upon them and let them go. The whole community should be aroused over the fact that we haven't one boy to lose; that American youths are so important to the leadership of the world, that we haven't one to spare.

One day a young clergyman, full of good red blood and real interest in humanity, came to an Ohio town as pastor. He was walking down the street one day and saw a young fellow about eighteen or nineteen years of age, two-thirds drunk, standing in front of the saloon. His clothes were ragged and dirty, his face swollen and his eyes bloodshot and bleared. He said to a friend, "Look at that youth, what is he doing there?" The friend answered, "Oh, come on, that is only a bum they have as a hitching post." "What do you mean by a hitching post?" "Well, the saloon keepers keep that young fellow there to hold the horses of fellows that come to bowl up, and they give him a bite to eat now and then and keep him full of booze."

Instantly the young clergyman had a vision of what that young man might become if properly aroused, encouraged and helped. He went straight to the fellow, laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "Lad, I want you to take dinner with me today." Now, he didn't stop to talk religion to the boy. The greatest approach to the young men in the community is not talk, but ministries of kindness. If the church would arouse

(Continued on page 25)

PRISON PAGE

AN OLD MAN'S STORY

BESSIE POTBURY

"See what I have for you, mother," said little Jimmy as he rushed into the room where his mother sat sewing. He was such a sunny-faced fellow that every one loved him. He went straight to his mother and held out his cap. In it were eight beautiful red apples. She took the cap and looked into it sadly. "Where did you get them?" she asked.

Jimmy had hoped she would not ask that question for, much as he loved her, still he had to confess that she had queer notions. He answered her bravely, "Up at Mrs. Rumble's, under the apple tree."

"Did she say that you might have them?" questioned his mother.

"Well, no, but all the boys are getting them there. If I didn't they would, so you see it might as well be us. They are real nice," declared Jimmy.

"Did you eat one?" Mrs. Austin sounded so grave that her boy's face took on a grave look as he answered, "Yes, mamma, I did."

Mrs. Austin went for her purse before she spoke again. When she returned she held out a coin to Jimmy. "Here, sonny, you must take this money and the apples and go back to Mrs. Rumble and fix it with her."

"Oh, mamma," said Jimmy in horror, "please don't make me do that!"

"But this is the only way to make it right. You must go, but I will go with you if you wish," said his mother.

Just then there was a knock at the door and Jimmy sank into a chair to wait for his mother. As she did not come right back he followed her to the kitchen. There he saw an old man with the saddest face he had ever seen. His clothes were old and his face unshaven. Just as he entered he heard his mother say, "Would you like some food? Are you hungry?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am hungry and would like some food if it is not too much trouble to you, but I did not come for that. I came to tell your little boy a story, if you please."

Mrs. Austin did not know what to do but she thought she would let him start anyway and see what he had to say. So she quietly put a substantial meal on the table while the man went on with his story.

"I am an old man," he said, "but not as old as I look. I long to die now for I feel there is no place on earth for the likes of me, for I am a jailbird."

Little Jimmy instinctively drew back as the man went on. "You need not draw

away for I would not hurt you for the world. I came to help you. I am sure I heard the boys call you Jimmy. Is that your name?"

"Yes," said Jimmy, wondering very much where this man had seen him. He hoped it was not when he was taking those apples.

"Well," said the man, "my name was Jimmy too, and I couldn't let your life be like mine." He took a seat at the table, for the meal was now ready, and ate ravenously for a few minutes, then went on with his story. "As I was saying, my name was Jimmy and I had as nice a mother as ever a boy had. One day I was in a store and saw some beautiful candy where I could easily get it. I wanted some very much and I wanted my mother to have some too. I waited until the clerk was not looking and slipped two pieces in my pocket. Then I hurried home to my mother. She supposed some one had given it to me and told me I was a good boy to think of her that way. I was very much pleased. The next day I got us each an apple the same way. It bothered me when I tried to sleep at first but I soon got over that."

"After that I often helped myself to things I wanted. If I were afraid she would question me I didn't take any home but I kept myself well supplied with fruits and toys and, as I got older, other things, too."

"Poor mother, how she would have felt if she had known about it. I'm glad she never found out. That is the only satisfaction I have now."

He paused in his story and looked thoughtfully at the cookie he was eating. "It tastes like mother's," he said simply. A thought came to Mrs. Austin as she remembered where she had obtained that recipe but she said nothing about it just then. Could it be that she had known that poor fellow at one time? She felt sure of it. If so, her own Jimmy was named after him.

The man ate the cookie and then went on. "Then came a big blow to me, for my mother sickened and nearly died. She was all I had, for my father had died when I was a baby. I wish I had died then too. Well, mother was so sick that she had to be taken to the hospital. I stayed first with one neighbor, then another, and did as I pleased all day for no one was responsible for me. Mother was gone most of the summer and when she did return I was a different boy. I was a care and worry to her from then on until I got so disgusted with myself one day I ran away."

"My mother never saw me to know me

after that. I went from bad to worse. But I never disgraced her name for I went by another. I was often guilty of crimes and sometimes would get caught and have to stay in jail for a while. I didn't learn any good there for the men spent their time boasting of the narrow escapes they had had. Crime didn't seem so bad as it had when I was a boy."

"Then a man was killed in a drunken brawl and I was accused of it. I was not guilty but there was no way to prove it so I was sent to prison for life. That was twenty-five years ago. Up to that time I used to go home and look through the window at my mother when I got lonesome for her but she moved while I was in jail that last time and now I can't find her. I don't want her to see me but I would like to know if she is still living and if she is in want."

"When I saw you take those apples I felt I must warn you of the danger ahead if you kept on in that way. Now I wish I was dead, but I am afraid to die for I am not ready. There is nothing to live for, for who would love a jailbird?"

"Were you pardoned?" asked Mrs. Austin.

"No," said the man, "but the man who was guilty confessed the other day on his deathbed. So I am free now, with no one to love me and not a friend in the world."

Mrs. Austin did not speak for a moment, then she said, "Were you Jimmy Rumble?"

"Yes, Mrs. Austin. I didn't think you would know me. I couldn't let your Jimmy go as I did," said the man.

"Why don't you go back to your old mother, Jimmy? There are two who can love a jailbird—the mother and God. Why not come to them both today?"

Mrs. Austin's eyes were swimming with tears. Here was her friend's lost son. She knew how gladly she would welcome him back for she had often talked with her.

"Mother would not be glad to see me; she couldn't be," said the man miserably.

"She lives down the street where Jimmy got the apples. We were just going to take them back when you came. I'll go there with Jimmy now while you go across the street and get a shave. Here is some money to do it with. When you are shaved walk down the street and into the yard where you can hear what we are saying and I will find out for you if she wants you back."

The man thanked her and did as she told him. Mrs. Austin and her son went down the street and returned the apples; then stopped to visit a few minutes until Mrs. Austin, watching for the man, saw him coming across the street. Then she tried to turn the subject, as she wanted it to go.

"Mrs. Rumble, I love my little boy very much even if he did go wrong to-

(Continued on page 24)

Mission Page

PRACTICAL WORK OF TWO WOMEN WORKERS

Travancore, S. India
July 28, 1942

Two women workers, Aleyamma and Kunyamma, who have had training in our Bible School, are now working in Poonkunam district. They visit homes, hold women's meetings, and help in tarrying meetings, etc. Some weeks ago the Lord gave them a chance to practice what they were teaching.

One day Philip, the brother in whose home these sisters were staying, came home and told them about a pitiful sight on the roadside. He had seen a man there with such bad sores on both legs that worms were in them. Passersby did nothing, not caring to go near the man because of the bad odor from the sores. He was a Hindu who had been working as a coolie in an estate in Peermade, a place in the Hills. He left there and was on his way home when he was bitten by a dog on both legs. Because of the swelling he could not walk well, but with difficulty he came to a nearby hospital and was there for a time as a patient. The sores would not heal but became worse and at last he was discharged from the hospital.

With the aid of a stick he walked away and sat under a tree on the roadside begging; he was at the mercy of the sun, rain and dew. When our sisters heard of this case, they agreed to look after him if he were brought to our church yard. A small shed was put up for him on the church grounds and some of the brothers of the church brought him to it. Our brother Philip, and Aleyamma and Kunyamma prayed to the Lord for grace to look after the man so that he might see the love of Christ. The first week the women washed both sores three times daily. The first day, with the aid of a stick, they took a large quantity of worms from the sores. After patiently caring for the man for about a week, the bad odor disappeared.

During this time they talked to him about Jesus and His love, and he could not but realize this love as he saw it demonstrated in the lives of our people who ministered to him. He gave his heart to the Lord and would pray and praise the Lord. One sore was completely healed in answer to prayer and we were trusting for the other one also to be healed, but two days ago we received the word that he had passed on

to be with Jesus, whom he had come to know through the love shown him by the children of God. We are glad to know that he died trusting in Jesus as his Savior. These sisters need prayer as they continue to minister for the Lord.
—Bertha N. Cook.

Hymn of Thanksgiving

Will Carleton

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is bright—

The gleam of the day and the stars of the night,

The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,

And blessings e'er marching the pathway of time.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is dear;

The sob of the tempest—the flow of the tear;

For never in blindness and never in vain Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank thee, O Father, for song and for feast—

The harvest that glowed and the wealth that increased;

For never a blessing encompassed thy child

But thou, in thy mercy, looked downward and smiled.

We thank thee, O Father of all, for the power

Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour,

The generous heart and the bountiful hand

And all the soul-help that sad souls understand.

We thank thee, O Father, for days yet to be—

For hopes that our future will call us to thee;

That all our eternity may form through thy love

One thanksgiving day in mansions above.

—From "Union Signal," Nov. 26, 1908

STORY OF ELSIE

On this page is the picture of Mrs. B. C. Collins, formerly Miss Elsie Kile, and here is a story that is very interesting in connection with her life and calling.

A few years ago when I had the misfortune of getting my hip broken, Elsie came to work in my home and care for me. One day I said, "Elsie, you are a

good nurse," and she said, "I've always wanted to be a trained nurse but my friends have discouraged it." I then advised her to put in her application at the different hospitals. She did so and was accepted in St. Thomas Hospital, Nashville, Tenn. Her entrance fee was paid by a young man and wife who were in my home at the time and had become interested in her.

This spring she graduated and is now married to a young physician who is an intern in a Memphis hospital. She is a supervisor in the Baptist Memorial Hospital in Memphis.

Just a few words of encouragement opens up fields of service sometimes. Talents lie buried in many a life that encouragement will uncover. God bless you and your companion, Elsie, and give you a long and useful life in His service.

Elsie has been a Christian and a member of the Church of God for a number of years.—Editor.



ELSIE (KILE) COLLINS

Memphis, Tenn.

My Prayer

Dear Lord, help me this day
To be the girl I should,
The burden of my faults to lose
Beneath thy cleansing blood.

Dear Lord, help me this day
To find my task and duty,
That work well done for Thee
May lend my soul the beauty.

Dear Lord, help me this day
To walk and talk with thee,
In all my tasks and pleasures
Thy blessed face to see.

Dear Lord, help me this day
To cast all my cares on Thee,
In every trial a blessing gain,
Dear Lord, be near, is my plea.

Letters From Our Training Camps

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a soldier in service of our country in this great strife. I have been in the army for almost a year, never a furlough; one of the greatest things to look forward to is a nice letter from home and the Lighted Pathway I receive from mother and friends who belong to the Church of God at Tampa.

Having heard mother speak of you so often and reading almost all Lighted Pathways since you have been doing this great work, I always look forward to each issue and long for the soul food any one receives. It has with its faith lessons, courage and obedience. It always helps solve the questions which we hunger for and no other paper can fill our desires except it and the Bible. They are always food to our bodies and a light to guide us toward our goal.

We pray that God will bless you in this great work you are doing for His people and humanity as a whole and that we will be a blessing to Him and help spread the cause, even though on battlefields we will be lights for Christ and help win some soul for Him.—Pfc. M. E. Collins, Btry. "F," 1st Coast Artillery, A. P. O. 836, c/o Postmaster, New Orleans, La.

Dear Sister Harrison:

At present I am in the army and have been for over a year. I am a Christian and have been for sixteen years. I have learned to appreciate my Savior and have desired to do His will at all times. I have felt the call of the Lord to tell and help others to Christ for several years. I am more determined to go and spend the years of my life, that remain, for His cause. I have such a longing for the work and feel the call so great that I can't be satisfied, only when I am helping others to my Savior.

I live and work with men who don't know the Lord. I live the life before them, by not doing the things that a Christian should not do. We read in the Bible that we should let our lights so shine that men will see our good works and glorify the Father which is in heaven. My desire is to lead others to Christ. Pray for me and the unsaved men here in camp.—Corp. Andrew J. Dearman, Det. Med. Dept., Hospital No. 3, Fort Bragg, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a boy in the army and have been for four months. My brother sent me some Lighted Pathways. I surely enjoyed reading them. I am a sinner and know

I need God. Please pray for me.

My mother belongs to the Church of God and I know she prays for me all the time.—Pvt. Percy D. Williams, 5th Comm. S. Q. A. S., Mitchell Field, Long Island, N. Y.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I want to thank each of the young people who have written me. I have received so many that I cannot answer all, but each letter was so interesting and may God bless you. While I was at home some came to me and were returned; will you please redate and mail back to me?—Pvt. Edgar Alden Digsay, 81 1st Division Service Btry, 318th Field Artillery, Camp Rucker, Ala.



PVT. JOHN H. MURRAY
Camp Shelby, Miss.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a reader of the Lighted Pathway and enjoy it very much. I am a soldier in the army and feel the need of prayer. Do pray that I will be a greater blessing to the boys in camp.

The letters I have received really helped and encouraged me. We need to pray more one for another. It seems that I am so useless for my Lord. Jesus is coming soon and I do want to do more for my Savior. There are so many that I would like to see saved. Please pray for our Bible study. The devil is working against us, and doing his best to defeat us.—Pvt. John H. Murray, Co. K, 339th Inf., U. S. Army, Camp Shelby, Miss.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have just finished reading your good book, "Mountain Peaks of Experience," and have turned it over to a fellow soldier to read. He was ready for it before

I got the last page read. Hope it does him as much good as it has me, because it was really a blessing to me.

I also get the Lighted Pathway. A good sister at the Church of God of Ennis, Texas, where my membership is, sends it to me each month, and is it a welcome guest! My copy is the only one coming here that I know of, but I intend this copy to spread light for more pathways than my own, because when I read it I pass it on with the request for whoever I give it to, to pass it on. I really enjoy every word of it. It's the best Christian paper I have ever read. The story of "The Vision" is getting better every issue.

I've been a soldier for seven weeks and like it O. K. If this is where the Lord can use me, I say, "Lord, have thy way," because you know the most miserable place in the world is outside of God's will and I want to stay in the center of His will until He comes or calls for me. Heaven is great at any price we pay for it. Jesus gave His all, so we should be willing to sacrifice just a small bit for Him.

Everyone please pray for me, for I feel that God has a work for me to do here and I want to understand the full will of God.

I would appreciate hearing from anyone who knows a Church of God, or just any Christian boy in this camp. It will help me a lot to have a good Christian to pray with every now and then.—Pvt. William Alford, Co. "C," 314 Med. Ba., A. P. O. 89, Camp Carson, Colo.

Advice to Girls

Recently we published a letter in the Lighted Pathway from an army chaplain. A few days ago we received a letter from him informing us that he had been receiving letters from young women. Now this chaplain happened to be a married man and this is very embarrassing to him. We do not believe our Christian girls would do this, but there are many readers of the Lighted Pathway who are not Christians. Please do not do this, girls.

We notice that some of our boys in service have asked for an exchange of letters. When this is the case it is all right, for we are sure that they get lonely and that letters are a source of comfort. Be sure, girls, to write inspiring, helpful letters. We do not believe that any of our real Christian girls would do otherwise. These young men who are fighting for us need all the help they can get to live right. Some of them may have to give their lives for us. Let us remember to pray for them.—Editor.

Exchange Page

Dear Sister Harrison:

Recently I had the opportunity to look over your magazine, The Lighted Pathway, and can truly say I was delighted with it and received a blessing from it. It's really one of the best I've seen—and, mind you, I've seen plenty. Therefore, you will find a dollar for a one-year subscription to your wonderful magazine. —John S. Marckese, Melrose Park, Ill.

Dear Sister Harrison:

My sister subscribed to the Lighted Pathway for my Dad's birthday, but our whole family reads and enjoys it. It really is a wonderful magazine and I know it will continue to be so.

Please pray for me that I will live a better Christian life and pray for our little country church and its members. I would enjoy hearing from anyone who cares to write me.—Miss Juanita Crawford, Oriskany, Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been reading the Lighted Pathway for a good while and enjoy reading it very much. I read it from cover to cover most of the time. I am a member of the Y. P. E. at Spring Hill.

I am fifteen years of age and want you all to pray for me that I may become a Christian before it is too late, not just you but everyone who is a child of God.—Your friend, Velma Lee Hickey.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I think the Lighted Pathway is a great work. As president of our Y. P. E. I think there is no greater book to use in our Y. P. E. We are having great success here at East Soddy Church of God. I will close by saying, May God bless you in your work. My prayers are for you. Please pray for our Y. P. E.—Your sister in Christ, Pauline Pickett.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I really appreciate the Lighted Pathway. It is a wonderful paper and I enjoy reading it. The Lighted Pathway helps us in our Y. P. E.

I am fifteen years old and have received the Holy Ghost. I am trying my best to hold out faithfully and go on with the Lord. Pray much for me and the Y. P. E. at Celina.—Miss Janette Webb, Gen. Del., Celina, Texas.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Words cannot express how much I appreciate you and the Lighted Pathway.

Each issue has many encouraging words and helps me a lot and makes me want to get closer to the Lord, because I know it will not be long until the Lord is coming and I want to be ready to go with the saints of God. Pray for me.—Alice Lett.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been longing to write to you a long time, and tell you just how much I enjoy reading your paper. I have been reading the Lighted Pathway a long time. I can hardly wait from time to time. It is food to my soul. I believe it is the best paper I have ever read. We have a nice Y. P. E. band, too. Pray for us to keep going on.—Evelyn Williamson, Celina, Texas.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I thank the Lord for the Lighted Pathway. I enjoy reading it very much. I am eleven years old, and received the Holy Ghost not long ago. This is my first time to write. Pray for me to hold out faithful.—Lois Williamson, Gen. Del., Celina, Texas.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Please pray for me, for I have been having to stay in bed for almost two months because of my heart. I do want to go to church so bad.

The Lighted Pathway continues to grow dearer to me.

May the Lord abundantly bless you in your work. Remember me in prayer.—Miss Grace Churchman.

Dear Sister Harrison:

We receive the Lighted Pathway from my aunt, Mrs. L. C. Ash. We enjoy reading it. I get many blessings from it. I am a saved girl. I go to the Assemblies of God church. May God bless you in your work, also the soldier boys. I would like to correspond with girls and boys.—Bernice Hopping, Route 2, Box 3, Seligman, Mo.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I think the Lighted Pathway is the best paper in the world for the young people to read. I can hardly wait for it to come each month for I surely enjoy reading it. I wish it could be published oftener. May the Lord bless you, Sister Harrison, in this good work you are doing for the young people. I would like to hear from Christians who desire to write.—Miss Ernestine Lloyd, Route 2, Crewe, Virginia.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I certainly enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway and I think it is one of the best papers I have ever read.

I have been saved, sanctified, and filled with the Holy Ghost almost a year and I still love the Lord more than anything else in the world.

Pray for me that I will always be a true Christian and a blessing to the lost. —Frances Elkins, Route 2, Candler, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

How I thank God that I have the privilege of reading such a wonderful little paper as the Lighted Pathway. It certainly has been a blessing to my soul. I am a young Christian girl, sixteen years of age. I am a member of the Church of God at Hayesville, N. C., and I am also a teacher of a Junior Sunday school class there. I want to live so that my life will be an example to my Sunday school class. I have been in this way only a short while and I find the way grows sweeter every day. I want to give of my best to the Master. I desire the prayers of every child of God that I will keep pressing on and do His precious will. I have no desire to go back, but every day a greater determination to see the end of a Christian life.

I would enjoy hearing from any Christian young person who would care to write.—Margie Johnson, c/o Mission Dam, Rt. 1, Murphy, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been impressed to write you in regard to the Lighted Pathway. I read it from cover to cover, and enjoy it very much. I can hardly wait until the time for another one to come. I think the Lighted Pathway is the best paper I have ever read. I think the stories, The Vision and The Jamaican Highways, are very interesting to read. I desire an interest in your prayers that I will always stay humble down at the cross, where the Savior can use me at all times. May the Lord continue to bless your untiring efforts is my prayer.—Mrs. Evelyn Baker.

Dear Sister Harrison:

God certainly has blessed me and not only me but others through your wonderful paper.

I am a young minister trying to do my bit for Jesus and this struggle sometimes seems very hard and rough, but thanks be unto God for His all-sufficient grace. I feel very weak but He gives me strength to stand. Pray for me.—Mrs. Johnson Dozier, Parkdale, Ark.

Spirituality is Christ exalted to His rightful place in the soul and life of man unhindered by rebellion and doubt.

Reading Circle



CHRISTMAS PLAYS

The book, "Four Plays For Our Y. P. E.," contains two beautiful Christmas plays. One, "The Mysterious Envelope;" the other, "The Birth of Christ." It also has a New Year's play and "A Search in Vain." You can get these four plays for 25c.

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* * * *

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"This little Book I'd rather own,
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
Than all their diadems."

November Bible Readings

	Morning	Evening
Nov. 1	Ezek. 1- 2	2 Tim. 4
Nov. 2	Ezek. 3- 4	Titus 1
Nov. 3	Ezek. 5- 7	Titus 2
Nov. 4	Ezek. 8-10	Titus 3
Nov. 5	Ezek. 11-12	Phile.
Nov. 6	Ezek. 13-14	Heb. 1
Nov. 7	Ezek. 15-16	Heb. 2
Nov. 8	Ezek. 17-18	Heb. 3
Nov. 9	Ezek. 19-20	Heb. 4
Nov. 10	Ezek. 21-22	Heb. 5
Nov. 11	Ezek. 23-24	Heb. 6
Nov. 12	Ezek. 25-26	Heb. 7
Nov. 13	Ezek. 27-28	Heb. 8
Nov. 14	Ezek. 29-30	Heb. 9
Nov. 15	Ezek. 31-32	Heb. 10
Nov. 16	Ezek. 33-34	Heb. 11
Nov. 17	Ezek. 35-36	Heb. 12
Nov. 18	Ezek. 37-38	Heb. 13
Nov. 19	Ezek. 39-40	Jas. 1
Nov. 20	Ezek. 41-42	Jas. 2
Nov. 21	Ezek. 43-44	Jas. 3
Nov. 22	Ezek. 45-46	Jas. 4
Nov. 23	Ezek. 47-48	Jas. 5
Nov. 24	Dan. 1- 2	1 Pet. 1
Nov. 25	Dan. 3- 4	1 Pet. 2
Nov. 26	Dan. 5- 6	1 Pet. 3
Nov. 27	Dan. 7- 8	1 Pet. 4
Nov. 28	Dan. 9-10	1 Pet. 5
Nov. 29	Dan. 11-12	2 Pet. 1
Nov. 30	Hosea 1- 2	2 Pet. 2

Though He Slay Me, by Ella M. Noller. Price \$1.00.

To These Also, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.

Under Whose Wings, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

Blaze Star, by Paul Hutchens. Price \$1.00.

The Vision, by Paul Hutchens. Price \$1.00.

Go With Him Twain, by Bertha Moore. Price \$1.00.

LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING

	Sold for September	Sold for October	Total
Alabama	1,602	1,506	3,108
Arizona	56	70	126
Arkansas	404	352	756
California	342	377	719
Colorado	37		37
Delaware	140	140	280
Foreign	275	267	542
Florida	1,967	1,810	3,777
Georgia	4,366	3,847	8,213
Idaho	84	105	189
Illinois	1,015	1,049	2,064
Indiana	203	175	378
Iowa	98	70	168
Kansas	142	126	268
Kentucky	1,476	1,073	2,549
Louisiana	595	423	1,018
Maine	98	98	196
Massachusetts	28	28	56
Maryland	465	408	873
Michigan	469	371	840
Minnesota	104	56	160
Mississippi	508	446	954
Missouri	352	272	624
Montana	140	126	266
Nebraska	14	14	28
New Jersey	84	84	168
New Mexico	146	85	231
New York	62		62
N. Carolina	4,534	3,704	8,238
N. Dakota	596	596	1,192
Ohio	1,112	692	1,804
Oklahoma	321	294	615
Oregon	212	98	310
Pennsylvania	659	607	1,266
S. Carolina	7,711	7,142	14,853
S. Dakota	110	70	180
Tennessee	2,253	1,637	3,890
Texas	1,218	751	1,969
Virginia	1,180	993	2,173
Washington	196	196	392
Washington, D. C.	98	98	196
W. Virginia	1,482	1,649	3,131
Wyoming	14		14
	36,968	31,905	68,873

September Prize Winner

T. R. Morse, Greenville, S. C., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

Honor Roll

Mrs. Ollie Hill, Riverside, Ga.
Nellie Davis, Anderson, S. C.
Ruth Ross, Greenwood, S. C.
Mae Couch, Fort Mill, S. C.
Claude M. Beam, Lindale, Ga.
T. J. Collins, Ninety Six, S. C.

Good News For You

Our new story will begin in the December issue. We think you will like it. Don't miss the first installment.—Editor.

Treasured Gleanings For Ministers and Christian Workers

The Open Door

A lady had been away from home in the afternoon and upon her return, discovered that she had lost the key to her door.

She thought to herself, How unfortunate! and time is pressing. She went to three neighbors and borrowed as many keys, in the hope that one would fit. But not one of them would do.

Finally someone asked if she had tried the latch. She replied in a spiritless voice, "No, but I will." She did, and found that the door had been unlocked all the time, and walked in.

What a good illustration this is of the anxious soul, in his desire to approach God. He stands outside, with his mind full of doubts and fears as to his welcome. He believes there are many things in the way before he may see the Savior, when really the door is not only unlocked but stands wide open, with a cordial invitation to enter.—*Messages of Love.*

Their Last Sermon

One Saturday a preacher was invited to speak to the prisoners in a penitentiary the next day. On that Saturday evening, when talking with the warden, he noticed that two chairs in the audience room were draped in black, and upon inquiring regarding it, the warden said, "Those two chairs are draped for death. Your sermon will be the last they will ever hear." The person writing about the incident added, "You can realize that Browning and Emerson figured very little in the sermon that was delivered on that occasion." There are chairs in most audiences invisibly draped for death.

Oh, the responsibility of giving out the Word of Life both by our preaching and our living!—*Selected.*

Redeeming the Time

Col. 4:5

Time is a pearl of great price, and the wise merchantman treasures it with great care, turns it to best advantage. Dr. Parker said to a student, "Do not gallop through the scriptures, go slowly and look around." The speed of our

travel today looks like an effort to redeem the time; but what does the swift traveler see of wayside flowers, what does he hear of the songs of birds, what does he do with the time he is supposed to have saved?

It means seeking the best things that may be available; take time to be holy, for holiness is more precious than rubies; take time to pray, the minutes are not lost that are taken from human engagements, and given to waiting upon God. Work exhausts our strength, but waiting upon God renews it; this is an invaluable investment of time.

It means seizing opportunities to do good.—*The Christian (London).*

Lady of the Night

Growing in front of the missionary home at St. Johns, Antigua, is a rare flower. In the daytime the blossoms look a little wilted and faded. As night comes on the blooms take on new life, the color becomes richer, and the fragrance is enriched a hundredfold. All through the dark hours of the night the unseen flower is sending out its perfume, but at sunrise it again surrenders its commission and waits for another sunset. It is called the "Lady of the Night." What a lesson to Christian workers! Then we think of some choice saints we have known, who have been laid aside because of affliction, and life to them has been one long night of suffering, yet there is a richness about their experience that makes us think of this tropical flower that unfolds its fragrance during the dark hours of the night.—*The P. H. Advocate.*

Is the Gospel Cheap?

I Peter 3:18

A preacher had gone down into a coal mine during the noon hour to tell the miners of the glad tidings of salvation. Meeting the foreman on his way back to the shaft, the preacher asked him what he thought of God's manner of saving men. "Oh, it is too cheap! I cannot believe in such a religion as that."

Without an immediate reply to his remark the preacher asked, "How do you get out of this place?"

"Simply by getting into the cage," was the reply.

"And does it take long to get to the top?"

"Oh, no, only a few seconds."

"Well, that certainly is very easy and simple. But what about the people who sunk the shaft and perfected all this arrangement? Was there much labor or expense about it?"

"Yes, indeed; that was a laborious and expensive work. The shaft is a thousand feet deep; and it was sunk at great cost

to the proprietors."

"Just so; and when God's Word tells you that whosoever believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life, you say, 'Too cheap,' forgetting that God's work to bring you and others out of the pit of destruction was accomplished at a vast cost, the price being the death of His only begotten Son."—*Biblical Illustrator.*

Sing His Praise

S. C. Bredbenner

"Behold, my servants shall sing for joy at heart," Isa. 65:14.

"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being. My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord," Ps. 104:33, 34.

A little boy was watching the birds in a field. At length a little songster perched itself on the limb of a tree. As the boy prepared to throw a stone, the little bird began to sing.

Slowly the boy dropped the stone. He listened till the song had ceased, and watched the bird fly away.

"Why did you not stone him?" asked a gentleman. "Couldn't," was the brief reply. "Couldn't, cos he sung so."

Thus the enemy of our soul is on the lookout to fire some poisonous dart of doubt or fear. Sing, sing, soldier, in the warfare! The trial may be fiery, the march may seem long; let the glory in your soul sing His praise. The devil will flee. He does not like songs of praise.

Jehoshaphat's armies marched to battle and victory with shouts of faith, and songs of praise. So today the joy of the Lord is an excellent equipment for the conflict.

Sing His praise in the early morning, in the heart of noonday, and surely He giveth songs in the night. You may meet some one on the other shore who was helped by your song of praise.

*"Sing on, O joyful pilgrims,
While here on earth we stay;
Let songs of home and Jesus
Beguild each fleeting day.
Sing on the grand old story
Of His redeeming love,
The everlasting chorus
That fills the realms above."*

—*Gospel Herald*

The best thing we can do—infinity the best, indeed, the only thing, that men may receive the truth—is to ourselves be true. Beyond all doing of good is the being of good; for he that is good not only does good things, but all that he does is good.—*George Macdonald.*

Student Body and Faculty of 1942-43 Term



HIGH LIGHTS FROM B. T. S.

Another year permits us to send greetings to the Lighted Pathway readers from the Bible Training School in Sevierville, Tenn. All indications thus far point to the best school term we have ever enjoyed together. The total enrollment in all departments is 224 at the present time; of this number 25 have been saved since coming to school this term, 16 have been sanctified, and 13 have received the Holy Ghost. Following is a list of the states represented with students and the number from each:

Tennessee—27
 Georgia—24
 Florida—21
 Alabama—19
 South Carolina—18
 Texas—15
 North Carolina—14
 Ohio—12
 West Virginia—11
 Virginia—10
 Kentucky—10
 Michigan—9
 Mississippi—8
 Pennsylvania—5
 South Dakota—3
 Washington—3
 Maryland—3
 Arkansas—3
 California—3

Arizona—2
 Indiana—1
 New Mexico—1
 Kansas—1
 Bahamas, B. W. I.—1

The teaching staff has nearly doubled this year, the following teachers having been added:

Mary Elizabeth Harrison—Speech Department.

Mary Blackwood—Piano and Accordion.

Sadie Cline — Home Economics Department.

Kathleen McDonald — English and Science Department.

D. C. Barnes—Bible Department.

Esther Sikes — Commercial Department.

Elizabeth Burnette — Librarian and Christian Ethics.

Singing Convention

The first singing convention of the school term was held in the Bible Training School auditorium Sunday, Sept. 27. Numbers of local people and out-of-town visitors were present with us to enjoy this musical feast. In spite of the fact that our musicians were limited for time to organize and practice, Brother Carver, music instructor, had arranged and presented an enjoyable entertain-

ment. Choir numbers were directed by several of the music students in addition to special solos, duets, and trios.

Every fourth Sunday of each month will be an occasion of interest to music lovers to gather at the auditorium for these conventions.

Our College Opportunity

The Christian Workers and Commercial departments of the Church of God Bible Training School meant a great step forward for the Church. However, the College department is the greatest stride forward that the Church has made at any one time.

The question has been asked of our ministry, "What school did you attend?" The answer in most instances has been, "I have no higher learning." Many of these ministers have finished high school, but due to financial difficulties, the principles taught in some colleges, and other hindrances, they have not been able to attend college.

It is remarkable, indeed, that we have this school with competent teachers, classrooms, library, and other facilities to direct us in the higher degrees of learning. Not only does the school send forth students of the Bible, but ministers and workers who have been trained in commercial arts, speech, languages,

Church of God Bible Training School and College



history, mathematics, and other arts.

We are living in an age of a college education. Less than this does not satisfy the business world, nor most people with whom we come in contact. College can qualify you or me as a more competent worker for God and His Church, which we all wish to serve in the most efficient way. While our mental facilities are being developed and trained, we are privileged to be in the most spiritual group of young men and women in the world. Few, if any, colleges can boast of their hallways and classrooms as being altars in which penitent sinners seek God. That is what happens in the Church of God Bible Training School and College.

Personally, I am indebted to God and our Church officials who saw the need and provided this school for my educational improvement.—V. D. Hargrave.

My First Impression of Bible School

Bible School was a beautiful dream to me and since beautiful dreams seldom come true, I found myself questioning the reality of my attending the Church of God Bible School. Of course, I know that God is wonderful and nothing is impossible to them that believe, but it seemed too good to be true. God had loved me enough that He had given His

only begotten Son Jesus to die for me while I was yet in sin. He had meant everything to me already and now He was making it possible for me to come to this wonderful school.

I loved the school before I ever saw any of it, but as I looked upon it for the first time I was amazed at its beauty. Something seemed to hurt inside of me but I loved the way it hurt. My heart was overflowing with a joy I had never before known. Truly, I felt that I would meet God here, and how could I ever repay Him for this opportunity?

As I knelt in my room trying to thank the Lord, between tears and floods of joy for His great mercies, I promised Him that I would try to be worthy of this school and of His matchless love.—Lucille Settle.

A Visit to Sevierville

We were indeed glad for the privilege of visiting this splendid school a few weeks ago. It was very gratifying to see the happy students with smiles on their faces as they went from classroom to classroom, and as they filed into the large new dining room for their meals. But especially did we appreciate the chapel service. The Spirit of the Lord surely was there in all His sweetness, melting hearts and drawing the students closer to

Him and to each other. It was a wonderful sight to see a group of young people like that, melted to tears. There was scarcely a dry eye in the house and you may be sure that mine were not dry. It seemed so wonderful to see a group of young people, in these days of pleasure seeking, so in love with the spiritual side of life.

Brother Tharp and all the teachers seemed happy and are looking forward to the greatest year of the school.

Students, we are praying for you.—Sincerely, *Alda B. Harrison, Editor.*

WE GIVE THANKS

FANNIE B. WILLIAMS

For daily food and common good,
For plenteous rain and ripened grain,
For laden board and winter's hoard—
For these we give Thee thanks.

For our own soil and strength to toil,
For mortal heights and civic rights,
For holy zeal and nation's weal—
For these we give Thee thanks.

For thoughts of Thee, and spirits free,
For hearts to raise to Thee in praise,
For faith to see through mystery—
For these we give Thee thanks.

—*Christian Monitor.*

Bible Lessons

THE BLESSED UNOFFENDED

ESTHER HOLLAND

"And blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me," Matt 11:6.

John the Baptist was in prison and it appears as if some doubts were creeping into his mind as to the personality of Jesus. He sent some of his disciples to Jesus to ask if He were the One, or if they should look for another. Jesus told them again the things He was doing, raising the dead, healing the sick, etc., and sent them back to tell John these things, and then added, "And blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me." Jesus knew He could depend on John the Baptist to stand true even in the face of imprisonment, and that He could trust him to be imprisoned and yet he would not be offended or would not any more doubt.

Offended By Tribulation

"But he that received the seed into stony places, the same is he that heareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it; yet hath not root in himself, but dureth for a while: for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by and by he is offended," Matt. 13:20-21. Many have started out to serve the Lord and to work in His vineyard and have become offended, or have doubted the experience God gave them, or have doubted the power of God to keep them through these tests, and have gone back. They are those who did not sink their roots deep in the truths of God, and the first wind of tribulation or persecution that came along they became so afraid of themselves and the thought that perhaps God would not take care of them, that they denied the faith and went back into the world as the "sow that was washed returned to her wallowing in the mire." But again, let us remember that God will take care of His own anywhere under any circumstances, if we only trust Him.

His Own Offended

Mark 6:1-6

One of the saddest thoughts in the Word of God is where Jesus came to His own people, His own nation, His own home, and they received Him not. Those for whom He came into the world; those who were supposed to know the prophecies and to recognize His coming; those who had seen Him grow up in His home town of Nazareth, they could not find fault with His life, but

they were looking for a higher rating King or Messiah. They failed to realize the prophecies concerning His lowly advent. Then when Jesus came to His country and wanted to tell them the truth concerning the kingdom of God, they would not believe, but cast Him out of their midst. It must have grieved His heart because they were offended in Him. He could heal only a few sick folk there because of their unbelief. Today we still have those who belong to Him because one time He washed them and made them white in His precious blood, and they were made to know that they were saved, but now they have drifted so far away from Him that when He comes to speak to them about trusting Him for healing or for working out their problems, they turn Him away and are numbered with the offended ones in Nazareth.

Offended By the Truth

John 6

Jesus taught His disciples to trust Him in various ways, but in this chapter He tells them of how they must partake of His broken body, for He is the bread of life, and if they do not eat His flesh and drink His blood they have no life in them, and they cannot understand it and turn away from Him with the thought that He could not possibly give them His flesh to eat, and that if He did, they would not eat of it. In this chapter Jesus taught that if our faith is too weak to partake of Him through that channel, then we, too, will become offended. We are saved by faith in His truth; we are healed by faith in His truth; then we must have eternal life the same way; we must continue to be filled with the Spirit the same; and when faith fails us, it is not the truth that has been altered, but the individual who has left that first love that God gave him. How many times do we see "good Christians" become offended when they hear the truth! And instead of being examples to the weaker members of the body of Christ, they become stumbling blocks and others are discouraged and cast down in spirit. Let us NOT be offended in His truth.

Many Will Be Offended in Latter Days

Matt. 24:5-10

Surely we are living in the latter days, for there are so many false prophets and sects arising in various parts of the world who are trying to deceive even God's elect, that it seems this prophecy is now fulfilled. Jesus said people would go after the false prophets and be deceived by them, and then He warned us of these deceivers, therefore, we should be very careful lest we be carried away with some strange wind of doctrine also. Many become offended, too, because those professing a Christian life fail to

measure up to the standard Jesus set. And if men now are their brother's keeper as was Cain, shall not our brother's blood be required at our hand at the judgment? Cain killed Abel's body, but when we cause one to be offended because of our lax Christian life, his soul will be lost as well as his body. God help us to stand firm and to shoulder the responsibility He has placed upon us, like MEN.

The Unoffended

Matt. 11:6

We cannot always understand the workings of God, but if we can stand firm in our faith and practice through all the trials of life, we shall not be offended. The Hebrew children said, "Our God is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver . . . BUT IF NOT . . ." If not, they would not be offended; if not, they would not serve false gods, if not, they would not lose their faith and confidence in God; if not, He would be with them in the fire; if not, they would soon receive the crown awaiting them on the other side. Daniel was not afraid of the king's commandment when he continued to pray unto his God. He knew the lions' den awaited him, and he knew the commandment or the decree, but he knew his God was greater than all the other kings and that His power was greater. He was not offended when cast into the den, but God sent deliverance because of his faith. Let us not be offended in these perilous days, but let us hold fast that which we have that we may receive the crown at the end of the way. Others will be strengthened or weakened by our confidence, therefore, it is our responsibility to stand firm and true, and not be offended by the workings of God. He knows best.

CHARACTER BUILDING

MRS. J. L. LOWE

Thoughts for the Leader

When we speak of one's character, we speak of what he really is. Reputation is what people say about you or think you are. "Christ made himself of no reputation," Phil. 2:6. But He had a strong character. He was and is the faultless one. He could say "no" to temptation and He is our example. He has overcome the world and made it possible for us to overcome. He has promised us not to be tempted above that we are able to bear. We must shun temptation, never parley with temptation. If Eve had not entered into a conversation with the serpent, no doubt she would have overcome the temptation. Choice makes character, the continued choice between right and wrong.

The word "character" originally represented an instrument for cutting

or engraving. In olden times a writing was cut into the substance written upon by means of a piece of bone or ivory, or an iron pen, but in this case we use the word "character" representing certain lasting results scarred into the soul by experience and habits of life, by the temptation overcome and temptation resisted. Character is the continued choice between right and wrong, or good and evil.

Surrendered Life to Christ

Rom. 12:12

The best way to start building a character is to have the right kind of foundation on which to build. "Remember thy creator in the days of thy youth." It is very important to surrender our young lives to Christ. He wants our youth, while the heart is young and tender and Satan hasn't scarred our lives with sin. Statistics show that more than half of those in our churches are brought in between twelve and sixteen years of age. This is a hopeful period in our lives and it is also a period of danger. Unless we surrender our heart and life to Christ, the enemy will creep in and cause doubt that finally deepens to unbelief. Instead of turning to God, we may turn away from God, and never come to the simple faith of earlier years. So we see how very important it is to get our youth to Christ. If we have Christ ruling and reigning in our heart and life, we need not have no fear of our character. We will then have a leader and a teacher that will guide our feet in the way of righteousness.

Pure Minds

Phil. 4:8

We are told in Proverbs, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." To have a pure mind is a very important step toward a strong character. Paul wrote to the Philippians and said these words, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Since the mind mostly controls the body, it is good to think on these things. The enemy of our souls would have us think on worldly and sinful things and corrupt our minds with the low base things of life. He wants us to indulge in sinful pleasure, then he can easily slip the awful demon of lust into our heart, and wreck and ruin our lives and drag our soul down to hell. What an awful thing to think about. Yet we know it to be a fact that our young people are slipping through our fingers. They are missing all the real true happiness and pleasure of life, because there is no peace, saith God, to the wicked. There is no

real pleasure, no real happiness in this life, only in Christ. A pure mind will build a strong character.

Saying "No" to Temptation

Gen. 39:6, 23

Sometimes it is hard to say "No" to temptation. The devil knows our weakest spots and there is where he will attack us. After Jesus had fasted forty days and forty nights, naturally He was hungry. So Satan comes to Him and says, "If thou be the Son of God, command these stones be made bread." But Jesus answered, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." The devil even offered Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them if He would fall down and worship him. But Jesus answered, "Get thee hence, Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Jesus overcame this great temptation and finally conquered sin and Satan. So can we, through Christ. Joseph said "no" to temptation even though he had to suffer for it. Oh, for young men today with a character like Joseph had. He ran from temptation, if he did have to leave his coat behind. We must shun temptation. To parley with temptation is to play with fire.

Conquerors Through Christ

We could never overcome temptation and the snares the devil lays for us within ourselves. But He that is in us is stronger than he that is in the world. Jesus has already met the devil, and conquered him. He came through the first encounter in the wilderness in the power of the Holy Spirit. He walked through this old world where sin and the devil had wrought such havoc and on every hand He met with the fruits of sin. However, instead of being dismayed by the power of sin, He broke its power. He finally went to Calvary and there met sin and Satan in one great final struggle. All the powers of evil were loosed against Him. There on that barren hill, the greatest battle that was ever fought went on for hours. The earth reeled under the mighty impact of the struggle, and even the sun was made to hide her face. In that terrific struggle all the forces of evil were loosed on the Son of God. But before the sun sank beyond the western hills, there rang out from that hill the shout of triumph, "It is finished." It was there that He made a show of Satan and triumphed over him openly. It was there that the power of sin and Satan was broken, and our Christ proved Himself to be the Lord of might. He is the "Lord Almighty," He is the "I Am," of eternity. He is the creator and maker of all things.

CHARITY

GEORGE BRAZELL

Scripture: 1 Cor. 13:1-13

Thoughts for the Leader

The 13th chapter of 1 Corinthians is often spoken of as the love chapter and in Dr. James Moffatt's translation of this scripture he mentions the word "charity" only once in the entire chapter. Charity is a true expression of love or is love in action and most everyone loves action. An automobile is of little use unless it can perform, show action, regardless of how beautiful the body is, how clearly the radio plays and what good treads the tires have on them. So love is of little help to anyone when it is not put in action.

Charity has encouraged the discouraged, increased the faith of the faithless, given strength to the weak and won thousands to Christ. God is love and if we love Him, we will love His word, His ways, His cause and put our love into action. Charity is love in action and God is love, so God is an acting God.

Charity Suffereth

Those are the first two words of the fourth verse and what a great meaning they have, "love suffereth." It was a great deed of charity when God sent His own Son to this world to redeem men from their sins. God so loved the world. Love was in action to the greatest extent when God looked down from heaven and saw the wickedness there was on the face of the world and without cutting man off, sent the most precious jewel in heaven to redeem him.

There was love in action when Jesus came and walked the shores by the seaside, making the blind to see, the lame to walk and the dead to live again. Love suffereth. Many times Jesus was tired and wished to rest for awhile, but when He thought He was getting away from the crowd to find a quiet place, He found a multitude waiting for Him when He arrived at His destination. Love was put in action when He went about blessing them.

Let us look then to Calvary when the Son of God was hanging between heaven and earth. What was it Jesus said, after He had been treated so cruel and the people shouted, "Crucify Him, crucify Him"? "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they are doing." We are poor, blind, lost people without a hope but the deed of charity that Jesus did brought salvation for all of us.

A story was told of a rural school where no teacher was able to stay an entire term, due to the fact that the large boys were so rough and rowdy they would run a teacher away before the term expired. That made it hard to get a teacher for that school, but a young lady

who wasn't very strong said she would take the school for a year and was hired. Some of the people of the community laughed and said she wouldn't be there very long; they had run teachers off who were much stronger than she. When she opened her school, she drew up some rules for the students to go by and authorized the larger boys to help her keep the rules enforced. This elated the pride of the boys quite a bit and made them feel worthwhile. Things went nicely for a while, but one day at noon when the bell rang, the children rushed into the hall to get their lunches which were on a shelf. One boy could not find his. They searched and searched but couldn't find the lunch anywhere. They were all called in at lunch and a thorough investigation was made. Finally the guilty person was determined and it was a small, poor, undernourished, ragged little boy who came to school hungry and had slipped and eaten someone's lunch.

The boy was called to the front to receive so many stripes with a switch and the teacher had him to pull down his shirt. There stood the poor, little, droop-shouldered boy with tears running down his pale face and she asked one of the big boys to come and put the switch to his back so many times. As he came forward and started to whip the boy, a big boy, stout and healthy, from the back of the room arose and said, "Wait, this boy isn't able to take that whipping, let me take his punishment instead."

Charity Never Fails

"A soft answer turneth away wrath, words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Many of the pilots failed to fly across the ocean in a plane, but one day the flight was made. Some of the ships that are on the waters now may fail to make their landing, while there are some that will. Knowledge will fail and tongues shall cease but charity never will fail.

Rain may fail to come to water Mother Earth so that she can yield vegetation and make beautiful crops. In the West it happened men had to sell their cattle and many of them almost went broke when the market failed to rise. Our faith may waver and our hopes vanish but love never faileth. Love touches the hardest of sinners and makes them to become as humble as little lambs. Love reaches to the ends of the earth. Love will cause backsliders to come back to God. Love will cause young people to become interested in church work.

Dr. T. O. Reese has said, "Save a man or woman and you save a soul; save a boy or girl and you save a soul plus a life." Love will cause thousands to seek the Lord and be saved. Let each of us feel a keener love for our fellow man, God and His cause.

Love to the Savior rises in the heart

of a saved man in proportion to the sense which he entertains of his own sinfulness on the one hand, and of the mercy of God on the other. Thus the height of a saint's love to the Lord is as the depths of his own humility. As this root strikes down unseen into the ground, the blossoming branch rises higher in the sky.—William Arnot.

GIVING THANKS

MINNIE BELLE CLAYTON

Scripture: Psa. 103.

Thoughts for the Leader

What have we to be grateful for this year? What blessings have come to us without effort on our part? We could not number the blessings that we have enjoyed this year. Everything in nature has a definite purpose and we should thank God for them. These blessings of nature have come, most of them, without any effort on our part whatsoever. There are many heartaches, perhaps, and many joys which we have enjoyed this year and should be grateful for, also. If we are not very thankful in our hearts, it is because we do not seek reasons for this thankfulness. There is no one who cannot find many things for which to be thankful, though sometimes we may have to look beneath the surface to find the real blessing. We may really be grateful for failures, for the lack of things which we feel we need, and for any number of negative conditions that arise if we will only strive to see beneath the surface, and find the blessings which our Father intended for us. Let us have some discussions of particular things that we should praise God for this Thanksgiving Day.

Our Religion

In the first place, we ought to thank God for God. We may at times forget the blessings of our Faith. If we didn't believe in God, didn't trust Him, didn't have Christ, what would be our fate? Oh, the greatness and wideness of our blessings of faith in God. We should praise God for the privilege of serving Him—and we do. There are so many avenues whereby we can devote our talents to the service of our heavenly Father, that no one need be idle. All good, useful work is God's work, and Christian people cannot engage in any other sort. If we love our work—and we should or get out of it—we cannot help but be happy because we are conscious of serving God. St. John 20:31; 1 Pet. 1:3.

Our Church

For the great Church of God we give thanks, and rightly, for it is one of the greatest gifts that God has given us. It is the body of Christ—the divine institution to which has been entrusted the

world's salvation. The Church of God is the one thing above all others which needs our help and support. We should be so thankful for this wonderful gift that we should count no sacrifice too great in its service. If we would only put the church in the forefront of our personal life, we would avoid many difficulties.

Our Home

Luke 9:57, 58

The home is the first institution that God ever graciously established for the good of mankind. Therefore, we should give thanks unto Him for this great gift. We can not be too grateful for the gift of good parents. To have had parents with the fear of God in their hearts to rear and train us in His way, is a priceless gift. The many blessings of good parents and a happy home cannot be estimated, but we rarely pause long enough to thank God for them.

If we are blessed with Christian homes we should be very grateful, for our scripture tells us that the Son of man had not where to lay His head. God in His great mercy gave His only begotten Son that we might have a home over in Eternity, for which we should thank God very much.

Life, Health and Sanity

Life itself is God's gift. He has given us the privilege of living a clean life and we should thank Him for that. In these days of medical science we are prone to think that we are responsible for our health. As a matter of fact, the scientific medical men frankly tell us they do not heal; they only assist nature a little. And nature is God. They are frank to confess that man does a little in the way of feeding the engine but that God keeps the engine going. Disease is a mystery and it has been partly conquered. But the law of heredity and the bodies with which we are endowed, as well as the workings of that body under disease, are all mysteries in the hands of God. The healthy man, therefore, ought to daily thank God for his health.

It is said that a man confined to an asylum for the mentally unbalanced, in a moment of sanity, once said to a visitor, "Did you ever stop to thank God for your reason?" The ability to think, to run a business, to practice a profession, and to enjoy the world in which we live, comes from God alone. When we think of the great number of people who are in the insane asylums of our country and others, we should praise God more than ever for our sound minds. 2 Tim. 1:7.

Our Fellow Men

We should thank God for the gift of good friends. Life would be bare, indeed, without those who are close to us merely

by ties of friendship. To be a friend and to have friends is a gift which we all have to a certain degree, and we should cultivate it. This ability to be a friend and make friends is indeed a precious one, for it can win many people to Christ. We seldom stop to realize how many of our joys come from the fact that we are fellow creatures. Our fellow men who surround us, who love and labor for us, with whom we grasp hands for the upbuilding of the world are surely a great blessing. From our cooperation and association with them in all the common ways of life come some of our very richest blessings. Prov. 17:17; 27:9, 17.

For Opportunities To Do Good

We should be willing to thank God every day for His goodness to us, and gladly share with those who are worthy but less fortunate than ourselves. We frequently suppose that we human beings are responsible for our food and clothing. When, as a matter of fact, all the necessities of life can be traced directly back to God. Then why not thank God so much that we would be willing to share anything that God has given us so graciously with those who have been more unfortunate than we have in securing these needs? 1 Tim. 6:17-19.

Conclusion for Leader

No text in Scripture defines better than Eph. 5:20 the Christian's thanksgiving, "Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." But we must employ the adjective *Christian*, for all thanksgivings are not as the Christian's. If happiness comes to him, the Christian is thankful. If sorrow comes to him, he bows his head, still thankful. Blessed with good fortune, he acknowledges the kindness of God. Cursed with misfortune, he yet, though baffled, acknowledges the wisdom of God. He "gives thanks always for all things."

Ralph E. Williams, First Prize Winner in Individual Contest

Dear Editor:

Many thanks to you for the prize which I have received but if there had been no prize I would consider it an honor to help boost such a good paper as the Lighted Pathway.

We, in North Carolina, feel that the Lighted Pathway is one of the best papers in all the world. It is a great privilege to work for a young people's paper which is dedicated to their upbuilding and soul salvation. According to the report, North Carolina had an increase of 21,000 in the sale of Lighted Pathways last year, larger than any other state. The ministers have worked hard, the Y. P. E.'s have been faithful in distributing the paper and above all, God has

blessed the work with His approval. Let us every one, with divine help, boost the circulation of the Lighted Pathway this year to an unprecedented high number.—Ralph E. Williams, state superintendent of Y. P. E. and Sunday schools in North Carolina.



RALPH E. WILLIAMS

Herman Clark, Jr., Third Prize Winner in Individual Contest



Dear Sister Harrison:

I am sending this \$15.00 check, which I won working in Lighted Pathway contest, to send Lighted Pathways to the army camps. This is something that is a burden on my heart.

May God bless the Lighted Pathway and its good work. Thanks for the check and I am glad to get to send Lighted Pathways to the army camps.—Herman Clark, Jr., 38 Peachtree St., Woodruff, S. C.

Lydia Anderson, Second Prize Winner in Individual Contest



Dear Sister Harrison:

I would like to express my thanks and appreciation for the nice check of \$35.00 as second prize in individual contest.

We did not sell the papers for gain, but prayed that God would use the silent preacher for the salvation of souls.

Please pray that God would direct us, definitely, to the place He would have us open up a mission in this copper country. We feel that we cannot use this money for ourselves but would like to use it as a first payment in opening up a public place for service.

We have seven little children and only the Lord has been our support. Praise God, He is sufficient.—Lydia Anderson, Dollar Bay, Mich.

Prize Winner for Selling Most Lighted Pathways in the Y. P. E. Above 25 Per Cent of Church Membership

Dear Lighted Pathway:

I have just received the check for \$100.00, prize for selling the most Lighted Pathways, for which we thank you so much. We also thank the young people of the Riverside church for their cooperation in getting this wonderful paper out to the people. "Where there is unity, there is strength." Above all, we thank God for His blessings upon our work and for the souls that have been helped by reading the Lighted Pathway.

We have ordered forty-two rolls of Lighted Pathways every month this year and have received the \$5.00 prize almost every month. We are praising God for the determination to press on. "Each victory won is just a new starting point for higher ground." We will not retreat

in this great battle for truth. While we are praising the Lord for blessing and helping us this past year, we realize we can not progress on past blessings and accomplishments, so we are entering this new Assembly year, like Paul said, "Forgetting the things that are behind and reaching forth to the things that are ahead, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—A Gideon, Mrs. Ollie Hill, Rt. 7, Atlanta, Ga.



MRS. OLLIE HILL

Rules in the National Y. P. E. and Sunday School Contests

Given below are the points that will be considered in awarding the national Y. P. E. and Sunday school banners for this year. The states will be grouped in seven groups according to the membership.

The Lighted Pathway is offering prizes to the winners of the Y. P. E. banners in the respective groups. The prizes will be \$100 scholarships to the Bible Training School and College, to be awarded to worthy ministerial students.

For further information concerning the work of the Y. P. E.'s and Sunday schools, please correspond with Rev. Earl P. Paulk, the national supervisor.

Rules for Awarding the National Sunday School Banner, 1942-43

1. Largest attendance according to church membership.
2. Largest gain in attendance over last year.
3. Greatest number of Sunday schools according to the number of churches.
4. Greatest number of Sunday schools organized this year.
5. Largest amount of offerings for orphans according to the Sunday school

attendance.

6. Highest percentage of teachers taking, or having taken, a teacher-training course.

7. Highest percentage of Sunday schools having superintendent and teachers' meetings at least twice a month.

8. Largest number of daily vacation Bible schools in proportion to the number of Sunday schools in the state.

9. Highest percentage of faithfulness in prompt monthly reporting to state superintendent.

10. Greatest value received from coupons for Orphanage according to church membership.

Rules for Awarding the National Y. P. E. Banner, 1942-43

(Contest includes only Senior Y. P. E.'s)

1. Largest average Y. P. E. attendance in proportion to church membership.
2. Largest total gain in attendance over the previous year.
3. Greatest number of Y. P. E.'s organized this Assembly year.
4. Largest number of Y. P. E.'s according to the number of churches.
5. Largest amount of money raised for missions, orphanage, or other purposes, according to church membership.
6. Largest circulation of the *Lighted Pathway* in the state in proportion to church membership.
7. Largest *Lighted Pathway* circulation.
8. Highest percentage of prompt monthly reporting to state superintendent.
9. Largest accepted enrollment of students, according to membership in the state, to the 1943-44 term of Bible Training School and College, enrollment to end the first day of the Assembly.
10. Largest number of young people (age limit 35) who have received salvation and have been received into the Church this year, according to church membership.—Earl P. Paulk.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY

(Continued from page 12)

day. Don't you think that is the way all mothers feel?" she said.

"I am sure that is the way God wants them to feel," said Mrs. Rumble. "If I could but see my boy today I could forgive anything."

"But would you love him?" asked her friend.

"Love him?" said Mrs. Rumble, "I would love him if I knew he had just come from jail to me."

"What! would you love a jailbird?" Mrs. Austin used those words for she wanted the man outside to feel sure of his welcome.

"I'd love him if he were guilty of every sin there is," said Mrs. Rumble with

tears running from her eyes. "I pray God to send him back to me before I die. I feel sure He will, but sometimes it is hard to wait."

Tears were running unchecked down the cheeks of both women. "Dear God," prayed Mrs. Rumble, "may this be the day of gladness, if it be Thy will."

Just then the door opened softly and a voice sobbed, "Mother." The old lady was deaf but not too deaf to hear the voice of the prodigal. She listened a moment without moving, as if she were afraid of driving it away. "Mother," this time a little nearer. The old lady got up from her chair, forgetting her cane, and started across toward the door. The son was too broken up to speak but he put his arms around the trembling old lady and helped her back to her chair. Then he fell on his knees by her side and cried out his plea for forgiveness. Could she forgive him? Sure she could and the fact that she had forgiven him seemed to give him courage that God would listen to him too, for he ceased talking to his mother and began to ask God if He could be as merciful as his mother had been.

It was a wonderful place to be, for God seemed so near, just as if He, too, would put His arms around the wanderer and give him a forgiving kiss. The poor man arose from his knees a different man. The old load was all gone and he felt, as he said in the prayer meeting the next night, as if he were a child again.

And so, in trying to keep Little Jimmy from the path of sin, Big Jimmy had found peace in his soul. The joy of the old lady knew no bounds. "Dear God," she prayed, "Thou hast given Thy servant back her son. Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace. Amen."—*Light and Life Evangel.*

MEMORY TIME

(Continued from page 5)

"'God is love' the bending fruit trees
Whisper low to you and me;
'God is love,' oh, little children,
Let us very thankful be.

"'God is love,' the squirrel chatters
As he gathers winter food,
'And my heart is full of gladness;
God is great and He is good.'

"'God is love'; I'm sure He watches
O'er the squirrels and birdies, too;
'God is love'; I'm sure He's looking
Lovingly at me and you."

It is not urged that this poem in its entirety be committed to memory by every child, but it illustrates the method of teaching memory gems. The theme, "God Is Love," has been made real to the child. Fortunately there are religious truths that have been put to rime for children.

Simple verses of Scripture are easily

learned by young children. They must, however, have some content of meaning for the child. On a winter morning take this verse, "Hast thou entered the treasures of the snow?" The word "treasures" must be explained, then let the hunt begin. As winter weather continues and new joys in the snow are found the idea grows unconsciously in the child's mind that a Bible hunt is intriguing.

A single phrase like "Thy kingdom come" can be correlated to the child's life. Children love king stories—then why not King Jesus? A brotherly act so small as tying another's shoe is service to Him. The child who is learning the first phrases of the Lord's Prayer should be guided to find incidents in everyday life which illustrate their meaning.

Should we ever allow children to commit to memory verses they can not be expected to understand? Generally speaking, some measure of understanding should go with memorization, but the verbal agility of young minds sometimes justifies the learning by heart of verses of which very little is understood. Fuller comprehension may come later. Memory time is now. Use it.—*The Baby's Mother.*

THE MEN OF TOMORROW

(Continued from page 11)

itself to doing ministries of kindness to the unconverted people of the community, it would make the most practical approach possible for soul-winning.

The boy was so drunk that he scarcely realized the invitation to dine with the minister. So the minister took him by the arm and nearly dragged him down the street; took him to his own home and sat him in the study, and told his wife, "We have a friend that is going to dine with us today." The young clergyman then proceeded with the young fellow upstairs to the bathroom, filled the tub half full of good hot water, took off the young man's clothing and threw it all out the window, for not a stitch of it was worth saving. He took a scrub-brush, towel and wash cloth and proceeded to scrub the young bum, planning to take off as much of the drunk as possible with the dirt. After he had properly cleaned him up, he fitted him up in some of his own clothes, including a good suit of clothes, and fixed him up like a gentleman.

When he got through he said to the young chap, "Would you like to have a little rest?" And heaven knew that after being scrubbed like he had been there was nothing that he wanted quite as much as a little rest. So he laid his body down on a soft couch for the first time in his life, for his bed had been but the soft side of a bar-room floor. Being called down to dinner he sat, for the first time, down to a table covered with pure white linen. When the beautiful

face of the minister's wife beamed down at him with a great tenderness and interest, all of the ice and frost and chill seemed to melt away and springtime seemed to come, birds began to sing in the tree tops in the landscape of his soul—summer time had come, and there seemed to open out vistas of years in which it really looked as though he, even he, were going to have a good future.

After dinner, the young minister told him that he was going to have some great and beautiful years. To this end, he wanted to introduce him to a friend that would be with him and would help him to make good. And so quietly and in a sensible way the young minister told him the story of the new Master that he needed. He said, "Lad, you have had the wrong master. He has made your heart-garden a dumping ground full of thistles, thorns, weeds and nettles. He would remove all of this, mellow the soil of the garden of your heart and plant it with things worth while. He would plant out orchards, lay out meadows, open up fountains and fill your life full of beauty and make it the garden of the Lord. This Master would be a never-failing friend, and with Him you are sure to make good." So beautifully he told him the story of the Savior, his new Master-Friend. When he heard the story of such a Friend, the boy's eyes were filled with tears, and in penitence and humility he accepted the new Master and was aroused to go forth to conquer.

When the boy left the house, by a previous arrangement over the telephone, the superintendent of public schools met him on the street and said, "Lad, we want you in school on Monday." "Want me in school; not I, sir. No school for me; I am ten years behind in my grade now." "But, lad, you are an American boy. We can't afford to have cheap American boys. I know you are behind in your work, but we will arrange separate classes, and we are going to help you, so you must come." And the boy arranged to begin school again. He had proceeded not very far down the street, when a business man called to him, and said, "Lad, come over here, I have a job for you." "What, a job for me?" "Yes, a job for you that will pay you enough to keep you so you can go on with your school work." And so the church aroused the interest for the boy; the public school aroused; the business man stirred. Could the young man fail with such encouragement? Of course he went out to win.

What became of the boy? Of course he became a great man. In a few months the young minister had attracted so much attention, not only from his culture, but from his heart, and from his interest and enthusiasm in humanity, that he was called to a large church. He served that church with great distinction

and power for a short time, and was called to a larger church. Then a great university had heard about his great power, and elected him president of the university. He again had so distinguished himself that the church to which he belonged called him to the Episcopacy, and he was elected a bishop. Twenty-five years had passed from the time that he went into the Ohio town as a young clergyman, when he was called back to the same Ohio town, now to preside as a bishop before the annual conference. As he alighted from the train, he was met by the banker of the city, who was the chairman of the reception committee. He stepped into the banker's automobile; was whisked to the banker's home; was received by the banker's wife and three lovely daughters. After grace was said at the table, the banker looked into the face of the bishop and said, "Bishop, do you remember twenty-five years ago, you came to this town as pastor, and you found a young bum, they called him the 'hitching post,' down in front of the saloon, and do you remember that you took him home with you, treated him as a friend, introduced him to another Master, got him into school and got him a job?" The bishop answered, "I should say I do remember that boy, and I have wondered a thousand times whatever became of him." And the banker said, with tears in his eyes, "Bishop, I am that 'hitching post.'"

(To be continued)

Thankful Every Day

Wilbur D. Nesbit

Show us the way to see the good

That comes into our lives each day,
The blessings dimly understood

That give us cheer along the way.
Give us content, with gold and gear—

Though much or little we possess—
Let us be glad for what is here

On this, our day of thankfulness.

But broaden, too, the soul and mind

So that our thanks will not be found
By custom's rule and rote confined

Within this one day's narrow bound.
Let us be glad for early rain

That bids the flowers wake and creep,
Let us be glad for snowy plain

That holds them in their winter sleep.

Let us remember each kind word

By weight of goodly feeling blest—
Each gentle thing we've said or heard—
And blot from memory the rest.

Give us the grace to see and know

The benefits along the way—
The many things that help us, so
Let us be thankful each day.

We should never let a good thought
leave our minds until they have taken
an X-ray picture of the thought.

EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

a selfish reason or is it for the glory of God?" This should be a heart-searching time. It is a serious time and only repentance and turning to God will bring victory to our beloved country.

There are many prayers going up that are sincere. God is not deaf concerning your cry, but He delays for a reason. Sometimes God's delays are merciful. He is waiting until His purpose be accomplished. When true repentance comes to our nation then God can answer these unselfish prayers. Then what shall we do? Shall we pray on? Here is a little poem that we trust may inspire you to hold on in prayer.

*For years I've prayed, and yet I see no change,
The mountain stands exactly where it stood;*

*The shadows that it cast are just as deep;
The path to its summit e'en more steep;
Shall I pray on?*

Shall I pray on with ne'er a hopeful sigh?

*Not only does the mountain still remain,
But, while I watch to see it disappear,
Becomes the more appalling year by year.*

Shall I pray on?

*I shall pray on tho' distant as it seems,
The answer may be almost at my door,
Or just around the corner on its way,
But, whether near or far, yes, I shall pray—*

Yes, we should pray on, but not only pray on but we should praise also. Praise should go up in the darkest hour and in the most difficult circumstances—"Give thanks always for all things," Eph. 5:20. Jonah offered up praise in the whale's belly. His prayer began, "Out of the belly of hell," Jonah 2:20, and ends, "But I will sacrifice to thee with loud thanksgiving," vs. 9. So did Paul and Silas in the Philippian prison, with feet still fast in the stocks, and with bare and bleeding backs. Praise will bring deliverance, and if God has to send an earthquake, deliverance must come at the sound of real heartfelt praise. This is typified in the marches around Jericho, for six days there was prayer, but on the seventh a shout of praise which brought immediate victory through an earthquake which caused the walls of Jericho to sink into the ground where they have been found within recent years. Jehoshaphat, when going forth to battle against three nations, appointed singers unto Jehovah that should praise the beauty of holiness as they went forth before the enemy, and to say: "Give thanks unto the Lord: for his mercy endureth forever," 2 Chron. 20:21. So they had no need to fight in that battle but had simply to stand still

and see the salvation of Jehovah, vs. 17. Heartfelt praise must ever be victorious. "Whoso offereth the sacrifice of praise glorifieth me, and prepareth a way that I may show him the salvation of God," Ps. 50:23.

Then we need to praise the Lord in this dark hour if we ever expect to be victorious and win the victory. We should also have peace in these troublesome times. The Word says, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee," Isa. 26:3.

When an artist desires to represent peace he paints a turbulent waterfall and places a mother bird upon her nest near the cataract, resting in evident security. When Jesus tells us of the peace of God He waits until the very night of His arrest when the shadows of the cross stream across His face, then gently

says, "My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." This is peace that "passeth all understanding." It is a peace that has action but not agitation; motion but not turmoil; constancy but never monotony. Its condition is faith; its prerequisite is pardon; its sphere is purity; its source is God; its habitat is the human heart. Health, wealth, sickness, poverty, life, death, things present and things to come—these are powerless to rob the trusting heart of the greatest blessing of all life—the peace of God that passeth understanding. Then let us lift up our hearts with praise and thanksgiving at this thanksgiving time.

If we would keep secrets we should make a safety deposit box out of our hearts in which to lock them up.

BIBLICAL EYE-OPENERS

By C.M. TRUESDELL & DANA NORTH

CHRIST WROTE ONLY ONCE

ACCORDING TO
SACRED RECORD, . . .
. . . AND WHAT HE WROTE
IS UNKNOWN.

(John 8:6-11)



The Common Expression:
"I ESCAPED WITH THE SKIN OF MY TEETH"

WAS BORROWED, LIKE MOST OTHERS, FROM THE BIBLE.

(Job 19:20)

Redeemed at Last

MRS. LUTHER S. LAMBERT

(Continued from October issue)

The night for the opening of the revival soon came. Tim enjoyed himself immensely and requested prayer for his son and daughter-in-law. Somehow he watched for them to come in night after night, but they never appeared. One Sunday morn Tim told the minister he was going to stroll around some, assuring him that he would be back in time for the evening service at the chapel. So he journeyed out to the seashore.

Just as he was seated comfortably on the grass, the tide slowly started to recede, and with its going Tim's mind went back again to the days of his childhood.

Once again he was a child going to school and going to the village store for Mom. Then in memory he went to the old woodpile and filled up the woodbox for Mom. Again he went back to his childhood Sundays. Mom was up early, finishing her dinner which was started on Saturday evening so they could go to Sunday school and church, too.

Realistically he heard Mom call, "Tim, jump up, it's Sunday. Feed the pigs and chickens. Then get washed and get on your best trousers and white shirt."

Yes, his life was an humble one then, having enough, but not extravagantly so. Soon the pigs and chickens were fed while the older brother, Ned, attended to the cows. Then they washed and dressed and the two of them sat down to breakfast with Mom and Dad.

After breakfast they would help Mom tidy up the old country home, while Dad got the horse hitched to the buggy. They went every Sunday. When it was so cold and slick that they feared the horse would fall, they bundled up good, putting on their heavy snow artics (yes, even Mom wore them. He wondered how Nell would look with old-fashioned snow artics on)—and they tramped the four miles to Sunday school and church.

They were so happy those days. Then one day they sent Ned to the stockyards to sell two calves to obtain money for their winter shoes and artics. Toward midday a fierce wind had raised and snow began to fall. Ned hastened with his sale and hurried away, smiling, with the money he had received. He had to walk twelve miles each way. Soon he left the village road and started up the narrow road to the country home. The wind roared, the snow fell fast, the branches of the trees cracked, and some fell along the way. Fiercer and fiercer grew the storm. Ned bravely fought his way

through the maddening howl of the storm, but soon he was trapped and blinded by the fastly falling snow, and a limb fell from a tree and caught his leg. Cold and tired, his weak efforts to free himself were not enough. Soon he felt a comfortable warmth come over him. He was sleepy.

"But I musn't go to sleep," he had whispered. "Dad always told me to stay awake if I ever got real cold." He fought the drowsiness bravely, but it overcame him. He went to sleep.

Back home Mom and Dad paced the floor nervously. It was toward midnight before the storm even broke slightly. It was bitter enough after slacking down for Dad to start his hunt for Ned. Despite the cold sleek night, he took the horse and buggy, for he felt sure that Ned's life was at stake.

At about half the distance he found him under the limb, almost covered in snow, asleep. "O Lord," he prayed, "save him for me. Don't take him away."

He laid him in the buggy seat and walked along beside it with a heavy heart. He sensed that Ned would never go to market again. He forgot all about the money until Mom had taken off his clothes and put on his night shirt. They found even more than they had hoped to get for the calves.

They phoned for the doctor, who came as quickly as possible. They did all they could, but Ned never came out of that warm sleep he had felt coming over him. The home seemed so silent after Ned was laid to rest in the family cemetery.

Truly Ned had gone to rest, for he had accepted God's love and lived a faithful life since childhood. He had just gone home.

With the passing of years the wounded hearts were kindly mended, but today Tim felt a longing, which made his heart ache to see Ned again.

"Yes, Ned," he half whispered, "I'll be with you some day. I've found the Friend who always made you so upright, and true."

Then one day Dad felt weary. He lay down to rest. Without arising after three or four hours Mom felt something was wrong with Dad. When she went to his bed she found him cold and white. Dad had slipped away home to Ned.

There was left only Mom and Tim to carry on. Mom never neglected her Christian privileges and duties. She continued to read her Bible, pray, and attend church and Sunday school services. Often at church she would testify, with tears running down her cheeks, that she

was on her journey home to Dad and Ned.

And then it seemed he could again hear her say, "Pray for my Tim, that if I should have to leave him, he, too, will some day be an upright Christian character like Ned and some day come home to us."

All too soon one day it happened. One summer day Mom and Tim had worked hard in the heat. Her head felt heavy and dull and she asked Tim to go home with her to rest in the shade a while. But before reaching the yard she crumpled up in the path. Tim tried to raise her to her feet.

"Let me alone, Timmie. I'm all right. I feel a little bit weary. Seems I can see Dad and Ned out there in those flowers. Do you see them, Timmie? I'm going over there. You may stray away, but Mom's prayers are going to follow you and some day bring you home to Ned, and Dad, and Mom—"

She didn't complete her sentence, for she, too, had laid down the cross.

Tim was eighteen years old. After the burial of Mom the deed was taken care of, and Tim sold the dear old home place and went to the village. Here he bought houses and lots and started a general merchandise store. He got along well with his rent from the houses and profit from the store. But sorrowfully he neglected the Master's service. After Mom died he grew interested in a barn dance, a drinking party, and this and that, here and there, until all religious thoughts had vanished. He ventured on in like manner day by day.

One day he was reading the small village newspaper. He was suddenly interrupted by, "May I have a cake of soap, please." He arose and reached up on a high shelf and laid a cake of soap on the counter. A nickel clinked by the cake of soap as he looked into the soft brown eyes of a strange girl. 'Never had he seen such a pleasant, sweet face. He watched her out of sight.

Turning to Mr. Benton, who was sitting on an old box in the store, he asked, "Who is she?"

"Martha Simpkins," he answered. "They are new folks here. They just moved in last week. Her father works at the stockyards. Mighty fine man, he is, but a little like the old timers. He goes to church and Sunday school and all that," he added.

A cold chill stole o'er Tim's being. He had completely forgotten about church. But he didn't have time. He drove away the thoughts of church with a drink from a bottle he kept under the register, but that pleasant face he had seen remained clear in his mind. He was now twenty-six years old, a fine looking young man.

(Continued on page 31)

Our Church



THE TENTH IS THE LORD'S

The Late GEO. D. WATSON

My subject may not be very thrilling, but I trust it will bear fruit while we live, and after we are gone. Malachi, 3rd chapter, commencing with the tenth verse: *"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, said the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."*

"Bring ye all the tithes." The word tithes means one-tenth. A great many Christians do not know that the word *tithe* means one-tenth. Of your material treasures—money, corn, cotton, potatoes, income, whatever it may be—take one-tenth of all you receive and give it to God.

"Prove me." God invites us to put Him to a test, financially, spiritually and experimentally, and everybody can put God to a test as deliberately and truly as you put electricity or any kind of chemistry to the test.

When God sees that we deal with Him honestly, with a true heart, He responds to us so that we can know He hears and answers prayer, and gives us according to His Word. People who do not know God very well have spiritual life on one side, and financial and business life on the other; but a spiritual man has only one life. Abraham and Job put their cattle, and their service, and their money, their family and their material lives into their spiritual lives as much as anything else. A real believer puts everything into his religion, so his money matters and his

business are as sacred to God as his heart. There is an intimate connection between the financial life and spiritual matters. Millions fail to find pardon, or purity, or the favor of God, because they are financially robbing God.

The giving of the tenth is not a mere Jewish law. Many suppose it was a Jewish law, and passed away with the Jewish economy. That is a great mistake. Abraham gave a tenth of his income, and so did the great priest Melchisedec, five hundred years before the law was given. Jacob told God he would give the tenth of all he obtained. So the giving of the tenth was practiced in the days of Noah, and Abraham, and Jacob, and was incorporated in the Jewish economy.

Many say the law passed away with the New Testament. But Jesus does not say so. People come to me and say, "Brother Watson, where in the New Testament does it say for you to give your tenth?" It says you have given your tenth of mint, and anise, and cummin, but you did not give love and righteousness. These ought you to have done, and not to have left the other undone. Jesus says you ought to give your tenth, but do not neglect love and righteousness. (Matt. 23:23).

The giving of the tithe, or tenth, is the lowest margin of yielding our finances to God. All we give above the tenth is a free-will offering, but God says, "The tenth is *mine*." If we do not give the tenth, we rob God. I read a sermon, published by a bishop in India, pouring sarcasm on giving away the tenth. He says, "All is the Lord's." Well, that is so, but that same bishop had a

fine home, and servants, and money in the bank, and I learned that he did not give his tenth. There are millions of Christians who do not give God the tenth, and they would be surprised how much it would come to if they would keep account.

An old Jewish shepherd had a flock of sheep, and the Lord said, "You make them pass under the rod"—that means make them go through a narrow place where they could be counted. Every tenth sheep was the Lord's. So the Lord counts our dollars, corn, sheep, potatoes, bales of cotton—or whatever it may be—and says, "Let me have the tenth; the rest is yours, and out of that nine-tenths you can give God freewill offerings according to your ability."

The next thing I want to notice is. God says, "If you will give me the tenth, I will rebuke the devourer for your sake." The Jews pled that the insects ate up their crops, and complained of the drought, and God said, "The reason you are so poor is, you have robbed me. If you will begin to give me the tenth, I will send showers of rain on your crops, and I will rebuke the grasshoppers, the potato bugs and the diseases. I will stand sentinel over your cattle and your sheep, over your cotton fields, and your crops. I will rebuke the devourer for your sake." Oh, thank God, some have proved it.

Some years ago I held a meeting in Bradford, Pa., with F. W. Cox. One day I took dinner with him, and he also had a farmer taking dinner with him, and he said, "See here, Brother—, I wish you would tell Brother Watson about these potatoes"—great, big, luscious white potatoes, which we were partaking of. The man said: "Well, I got saved about eight years ago, and began to tithe all my crops. Last year, at the beginning of the year, the potato bugs were terrible in our community. I prayed about it and said, 'Now, Father, Thou knowest I am Thine entirely. All I have is Thine—wife, children, horses, cattle and potatoes. Now rebuke these bugs, and take care of my crops.' The farm adjoining mine on one side was literally devoured. The man expected one hundred bushels of potatoes and had only three bushels. The man on the other side had only five bushels. My place was right between these two farms which were devoured by potato bugs, and I did not see a bug on my patch. Hallelujah! We had potatoes in abundance, and peddled around loads of God's potatoes to poor folks and widows and preachers, and these potatoes are God's potatoes. I put God to a test, and He has proved to me He will rebuke the potato bugs for my sake."

There is a devourer for everything in the world. Peaches, apples, oranges, have their diseases—every fruit in the world

has a certain disease to which it is liable. Corn, wheat and oats have their diseases. There is not a thing in the vegetable world but what has its diseases, excepting weeds and briars, and they are the devil's truck. So there are diseases of children—whooping cough, diphtheria, measles, chickenpox, scarlet fever. There are diseases for cattle, sheep, horses. Everything that lives in the world has some malady to which it is liable. That is "the devourer." Furthermore, every branch of business has a devourer. There is not a single trade, nor traffic, nor enterprise in the world that does not have some contingency, some liability to danger. But God says, "If you will obey me, and give me my tenth, lovingly, consistently, constantly, I will stand guard over all you have. I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes; but, on the other hand, if you do not give the tenth, I will not stand guard over your property." Oh, the losses of money, and farms, and property on this account. Many a barn is burned down, many a horse dies, many a cow dies, because the owner robs God.

Always put God first. If all Christians would give God the best, the choice things, they would have heaven on earth for their souls. Always give God the best. Put God first. When you give of your income, your salary, or your crop, let God have His tenth first. Many people put the Lord off to the last. It is a beautiful thing to put God first in everything, first in our thoughts in the morning, first in buying the best of property for God, first in selling, first in giving, first in toiling. Honor Him, love Him, make love to Him. Do not give His tenth stingily, but lovingly, kindly, cheerfully, constantly, faithfully, deliberately, and on purpose. Thousands of Christians give only at the command of the ecclesiastical bosses. People give to their churches \$30, \$40, \$100, where they do not get ten cents' worth of spiritual provender. Pay your money where you get your provender. Pay your board bill. God holds us accountable for our finances. Some years ago I did not see this light. Before I lost all I had I was twenty years begging God to give us a home. God gave us a nice home in Florida; the land was as cheap as dirt—\$5.00 an acre. I put a few acres out in orange trees, had two or three nice orange groves, and thought I would have two or three thousand dollars a year. Just as the trees were grown, God allowed an awful freeze to go sweeping over Florida. \$100,000,000 worth of fruit was destroyed. Every orange tree froze down into the ground. I was in poor health. Trouble came on top of trouble. Fruit was gone, money all gone, except a few dollars which were given me for some oranges before the freeze. I spent months going off into the pine woods to spend whole days in prayer. I

fasted and prayed; I wept and cried to God. There were my wife and two children to be provided for, and no resources. My land was not worth the taxes, the young orange trees were all destroyed—everything gone. In forty-eight hours \$5,000 worth of good property was made worthless, and I was \$2,000 in debt. I said to God, "I will put Thee to a test." I made a covenant with Him and said, "If Thou wilt take care of us, and give me health, and let me again go out and preach the Gospel, I will not go in debt, I will not borrow money, I will never go to a man begging for help, I will starve before I will beg, and I will never charge for my services and I will give one-tenth to Thee. Now, speak to me; now, Lord, guide me." I shut my eyes and fingered my Bible, and by and by I looked and my finger rested on this verse, "*Let us make a little chamber I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick, and it shall be when he cometh to us that he shall turn in bither.*" I said, "Thank God, there is a bed for me, and a candlestick, somewhere, while I live, and while I preach somebody will entertain me. Now, Lord, give me another token." I prayed a while and fingered my Bible, and looked at the verse, which was, "*And they filled the water-pots to the brim.*" I said, "Thank God, there is my table supply." I wept and praised God, and said, "Lord, please do not get angry with me, but speak one more time and let me know this is God I am dealing with." I prayed and prayed and fumbled my Bible, and when I opened my eyes I saw these words, "*And the Lord turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends, and the Lord gave him twice as much as he had before.*" I marked that verse in the old Bible and the mark is there today. So from that time on we have been giving, and giving methodically. What money I had ran down until I had only fifteen cents in the world, and I was not going in debt. When I got to the post office, there was a letter from England containing a check for \$25.00 for books sold years before, and which I had forgotten all about. I went off and cried, and held up the check and praised God. I took \$2.50 out of it for Jesus, and sent it off for Him. By and by that money was gone and there was coming due on a certain day a note bearing eight per cent interest. It would be due on the tenth of November. I prayed for two months, five hours a day, "O Lord, give me \$100!" I talked to nobody about it but God, with the exception of my wife. The time was getting close, and it looked as if I were going to fail. I kept praying, and by and by there was a little vision a million miles away. There was a little bright light in my spirit; God spoke and

said to me, "I am your Father, and all I want is your love. You love me and I will take care of the rest. You are my child. Money is my wrapping paper; you are my goods."

With that there came such a perfect carelessness in my soul, such an infinite calm, that I just said, "I do not care. If they turn us out on the ground I do not care!" I went with my little boy to the post office, and came back with a bundle of mail, and in it I found a letter from a widow in New York. She had never seen my face in her life. She said, Brother Watson, I have been praying for you today, fasting and praying all day long, and God spoke to me at sundown and said, "I will supply all his needs." Nine days rolled away. At the end of the nine days there came a letter from England, written by a very rich man, and it read something like this, "Dear Brother Watson: I have had a burden for you, and feel impressed to send you this check, and if I hurry I can catch the outgoing mail."

The letter reached me in just nine days. The check was for \$250.00. I went to the woods and sat down for an hour and adored the matchless love of God, and communed with Him. I said, "Lord God, I know Thou art the living God. I know Thou art over all. I know Thine eye is on the sparrow's fall." The very hour that widow was writing me that God would supply my needs, that man was signing the check three thousand miles away. God is everywhere, and His ears are open to the cry of His children. O dear ones, if we put ourselves and our all into God's hands and trust Him, we will prove that He is the living God, and that He will make all things work together for good.—*God's Revivalist*.

New Work For Girls

Hatsfield, Mass.—War certainly does strange things to a nation's mode of living. Recently in the interests of national defense, 109 dainty young ladies, all students at fashionable Smith College, were engaged to pull onions on a farm near here.—*Protestant Voice*.

The San Francisco Chronicle concluded its report of the graduation of the 4,800 members of the class of 1942 at the University of California with this paragraph: "The University Medalist, the student who had maintained the highest scholastic record during his four college years, was not present to receive his distinguished award. He was Harvey Akio Itano, a 21-year-old American-born Japanese, who had been evacuated a month and a half before.

No one who has a stubborn will can be in the center of God's will or directed by the Holy Spirit.

CHASTENING

(Continued from page 6)

the lives of His children. That pattern is Jesus Christ. And God's great purpose is that Christ should be "formed in us." Thus the will of the Father is perfect. But the will of the child must be plastic. For how can the will of the Father be carried out unless the will of the child be yielded? Otherwise may not the child baffle at every step in the highest purpose of the Father for the life of the child? You can do anything with an obedient child. You can do nothing with a disobedient one. Wherefore the first great lesson God is seeking to teach in chastening is—

Obedience

"Though he were a son yet learned he obedience through the things which he suffered" is the wondrous word spoken of the Lord Himself. And have you not noted how true this is in the lives of all God's children? The chamber of suffering—is it not the birthplace of obedience? Is not the crowning grace of utter submission to His will wrought out in the place of affliction as nowhere else? Go sometimes into such a chamber of suffering. There lies one of God's "shut-ins." For years she has been in the fiery furnace of affliction. By and by you express the hope that this affliction may pass away. A smile flits over the wan face. Quickly from the trembling lips drops this sentence: "If it be God's will." —Not her own will, but God's! That is the first thought. The words, the spirit, the life of the sufferer all image forth one great truth—absolute submission to the will of God. Somehow—we know not how—but, *somehow*, this spirit of obedience, of perfect submission to the will of God is wrought out in the furnace and the crucible as in no other experience of life. How many of us strong-willed men and women have found that to be true!

We recall a striking story from the lips of a friend. A lady was summering in Switzerland. One day she started out for a stroll. Presently, as she climbed the mountainside, she came to a shepherd's fold. She walked to the door and looked in. There sat the shepherd. Around him lay his flock. Near at hand, on a pile of straw, lay a single sheep. It seemed to be in suffering. Scanning it closely, the lady saw that its leg was broken. At once her sympathy went out to the suffering sheep. She looked up inquiringly to the shepherd. "How did it happen?" she said. To her amazement, the shepherd answered, "Madam, I broke that sheep's leg." A look of pain swept over the visitor's face. Seeing it, the shepherd went on: "Madam, of all the sheep in my flock, this one was the most wayward. It never would obey my voice. It never would follow in the pathway in which I was

leading the flock. It wandered to the verge of many a perilous cliff and dizzy abyss. And not only was it disobedient itself, but it was ever leading the other sheep of my flock astray. I had before had experience with sheep of this kind. So I broke its leg. The first day I went to it with food, it tried to bite me. I left it to lie alone for a couple of days. Then, I went back to it. And now, it not only took the food, but licked my hand, and showed every sign of submission and even affection. And now let me tell you something. When this sheep is well, as it soon will be, it will be the model sheep of my flock. No sheep will hear my voice so quickly. None will follow so closely at my side. Instead of leading its mates astray, it will now be an example and a guide for the wayward ones, leading them, with itself, in the path of obedience to my call. In short, a complete transformation will have come into the life of this wayward sheep. It has learned obedience through its suffering."

Friend, from the suffering of baffled plans which have brought you the keenest disappointment of life; from the suffering of personal bereavements which have torn from your presence loved ones unspeakably precious to your soul; from the suffering of temporal losses and broken fortunes; from the suffering which has stalked into your life through the willfulness and sin of others; from the suffering which seemed at times to bring you to the brink of a broken faith and a broken heart; yea, suffering one, out of your very agony of heart and soul, somehow, oh, somehow, the eternal God of love and mercy is seeking to bring into your life the supremest blessing that can enrich and glorify that life—the blessing of a human will yielded to the will of God.

And to be yielded to the will of God—what a place is that for you! It means more than silver and gold; more than gratified desires and ambition; more than all the sweet blandishments of friendship; more than all the praises of men; more than all the prizes of fame; yea, more than the attainment of all your highest earthly aims and strivings is this richest and deepest of all blessings, to be hidden, sunken, swallowed up in the will of God for all time and amid all circumstances. And it is this that God is seeking to teach you through chastening. It is into this hiding place of peace and power from which the world can never dislodge you, that God is striving to bring you by the way of tribulation, disappointment and pain. All that brings you there is worth its costliest price of blood and suffering. Rather than the life out of His will nothing can be too dear-bought that brings us into that will. Rather than miss it, we can spare nothing from our lives that will compass it.

And, now, as God brings us into this place of obedience, He is able to work out in us the next rich outcome of His child-training, and that is:

Fruitage

"Afterwards it yieldeth . . . fruit." (v. 11).

The summer showers are falling. The poet stands by the window watching them. They are beating and buffeting the earth with their fierce downpour. But the poet sees in his imaginings more than the showers which are falling before his eyes. He sees myriads of lovely flowers which shall soon be breaking forth from the watered earth, filling it with matchless beauty and fragrance. And so he sings:

It isn't raining rain for me, it's raining daffodils;

In every dimpling drop I see wild flowers upon the hills.

A cloud of gray engulfs the day, and overwhelms the town;

It isn't raining rain for me, it's raining roses down."

(To be continued)

The Detour On the Highway To Thanksgiving

(Continued from page 10)

he brought the biggest pumpkins to the kitchen, and grandmother's face had been all sunshine as she popped the pumpkin pies into the oven. In days gone by, there had been many merry Thanksgivings in the old Homestead.

"If I do not go home for this Thanksgiving, they will not be chasing the turkey," quite forgetting the lesson that Miss Standish was trying to impress upon her pupils.

"They will be just the very lonesomest people; just Grandfather and Grandmother Holly at the table Thanksgiving Day, and, like as not, grandma will be frying just a slice of ham, but I don't believe they will be so very hungry," and Polly fell to comparing the lonesome Thanksgiving of Holly Homestead with the merry-making of Castlefield.

She was not quite sure whether it was the prize turkey that had walked into the market, feathers and all, or the yellow pumpkin that tumbled off the counter and begged her to pick it up from the floor, but, before the class had left the market, Polly was saying to Barbara Sills: "Babs, I guess I would have a happier Thanksgiving if I went home to help keep grandfather and grandmother from being too lonesome—"

"Polly, you must love your folks a heap to sacrifice a Thanksgiving at Castlefield," declared Barbara, but Polly answered never a word. She was feeling thankful enough inside that the letter, telling about the anticipated joys of Cas-

(Continued on page 34)

REDEEMED AT LAST

(Continued from page 27)

Daily he found himself watching for Martha but days passed without her appearance.

One afternoon as he was rearranging some stock in the back of the store she came in. She was there a few minutes before he saw her. They exchanged very few words and she left. Again he watched her go out of sight. Never had anyone's appearance appealed to him before. Upon each of her visits to the store they became more friendly. Almost without realizing it, he was at the home of Martha in the parlor with her. She allowed him to come to see her only on Wednesday night for she took an active part in the church work on week ends. She let nothing interfere with her loyalty to God's service. He learned to love her more each day and in a year's time she was his bride.

After the marriage Martha continued her church work as before. They lived in the back of the store. Martha was a wonderful girl. She kept her house tidy and worked some in the store in addition to carrying on her Christian obligations. Tim was very proud of her and did not try to hinder her from going to church, although he never went to church with her. Instead, he continued to sip from the bottle he kept under the register in the store. The more he drank of the damnable fluid the stronger hold it gained on him. He drank until seemingly he couldn't do without it. Poor Martha, the most patient person he had ever seen, never grumbled, but kept right on doing her loved work.

How often on numberless occasions she had slipped off to pray, "O God, in your mercy, I pray, that somehow you will save him before it is too late. I love him. He's my companion, and I feel sure that some day you will answer my prayer."

In three years Thomas was born to Tim and Martha. How proud they were with their precious little son. Tim was kind to his family, but somehow he couldn't get away from the drink that held him so tight in its grasp.

After Thomas grew to be a large boy, Martha began to plead with Tim to give up his drinking for the welfare of their son, who was likely to follow in his footsteps. But Tim drank on and on and as Thomas developed into manhood he, too, began drinking.

Martha began to age rapidly. Her health failed, due to overwork and worry. She had kept her housework going, engaged in the church's activities, and managed most of the business at the store since Tim drank so much. She was breaking under the strain.

In a few short years Thomas and Nell Grayson were married and they lived

with Nell's parents. Martha rarely saw the boy she so loved, but she kept right on asking God's infinite mercy upon Thomas and Tim.

One dark, rainy day Martha felt ill. She lay down to rest on her soft bed near the fireplace. Time for the evening meal came. She arose to cook, but her strength failed her. She was compelled to remain in bed.

When Tim came in from the store he summoned a physician who came very quickly. As he left, Tim waited out in the hallway.

"Tim, it's a serious case of influenza. She's very weak. Keep in close touch with me. I'm afraid there's not much I can do." With these words the doctor left.

One day passed,—two. The doctor came twice each day, but his efforts proved fruitless. The third day Martha was pale and cold. Her eyes had a far-away look in them.

Then, almost real, she came back to Tim there on the seashore.

"Tim, if you ever get lonesome, remember there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. This friend is Jesus, whom I shall soon be with. Go to church, Tim. It's the only life worth while."

Realistically Tim's mind went back to that moment. Quietly he lay down on the shore as the tide came in.

At the minister's home were worried minds, for the hour had come to start service at the chapel, and Tim had not returned. The pastor thought perhaps he would come in after service started. But services began and ended. Still no sign of Tim.

By the time the minister got home, Thomas and Nell were there.

"Oh, where is he?" Nell asked in anguish when she saw him.

The minister, although he had never seen them before, knew this was Thomas and Nell by the description Tim had previously given him of them.

"I don't know," he answered gravely. "He left early this morning, saying he was going to stroll around, but would be back for services tonight. He hasn't returned. I suppose you heard about his accepting Christ and being saved, starting life anew. I kept him here with me to attend the revival. He had planned to go to the county's old folks' home next week. I don't know where he could be."

"Yes," replied Thomas, "we heard about his conversion. Some of our neighbors attended the revival and told Nell about it. When she told me, my thoughts went back to Mother, of how upright she lived and how she prayed for Dad and me as we carelessly trampled God's laws under our feet. Somehow I couldn't get away from her prayers. I tried drinking, going to dances, and movies, but all to no avail. Last night

I was so miserable I just slipped upstairs and began to pray. Soon Nell joined me. We prayed until late in the night, when God heard our prayers and gave us peace for our weary hearts. We have been reading our Bible today and fixing up to bring Dad back home. We've thrown away our cards and bridge tables now, and all of our trashy magazines and all that's displeasing to God and got out Mother's Bible for our living room table. Now we've come for Dad to surprise him."

"Let's go out and look for him," Nell demanded.

It was nine thirty now. They looked for him on every street. There was no trace of him to be seen. They were almost frantic, after calling the old folks' home and finding that he wasn't there.

Then Thomas suddenly thought. "Dad used to love to go out to the seashore and watch the tide recede and return. Let us go to the seashore. Dad used to go there many times. After Mom died he quit drinking so much, and went to the seashore to appease his mind."

So they ventured toward the shore. Under a shade tree they saw, by the moonlight, a figure lying in the soft grass. They hastened to the form lying there. It was Tim.

"He's asleep," Nell whispered.

"Dad, we've come for you!" Thomas said.

The still form did not move.

"Tim," the minister called, "are you all right?"

They stooped down and picked up his hand. It was lifeless and cold.

"O Lord," Thomas cried, "it can't be that Dad's gone."

By this time they knew that Tim had passed on to a better world. How thankful the minister was that he had seen him saved and he himself had baptized him.

The coroner was called, the inquest held, stating cause of death as a heart attack, and the body removed to the funeral home. He was laid to rest by dear Martha.

After the burial was over Thomas and Nell dragged heavy feet back to the home Tim had given them. How miserable they felt for having let him go from the home. But all that was blotted out and they saw by the eye of faith that what had happened had only brought new life to the three involved. They looked forward to the day when they would go home with Dad and Mom and Ned.

Tim was gone. His thoughts of yester-years had wanned out as the tide receded. He had gone back to the sacred realms of childhood and retraced his life again in memory and with the return of the tide he had slipped home to Martha and Ned, where sorrow is no more, part-

ing never comes, a home eternal in the heavens where we will never grow old and have to leave the doors of home. No more sorrow or grief, for his hopes were with Christ in the house not made with hands, eternally in the heavens.

Closed Doors and Open Doors

(Continued from page 7)

drunkards, "Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure: and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it," Isa. 5:14.

Over against this terrible picture of hell being enlarged to receive the great army of drunkards who repent not, let us place the words from the pen of the Apostle Paul which say that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. —Selected.

GIVE GOD A CHANCE

(Continued from page 8)

this takes time. Therefore—*Give God a chance.*

Give God a chance by YIELDING
God can do nothing with us if we do not yield—He has no chance.

We recall a day of sight-seeing in the palaces of Genoa. From room to room we had followed the caretaker in his tour. Paintings, sculpture, curios of all sorts had followed each other in rapid train. Finally we entered a room seemingly empty. Bare walls, floors, and tables alone greeted us. Presently the guide led us across the room to the wall at the farther side. There we espied a niche in the wall. It was covered with a glass case. Behind the case was a magnificent violin, in perfect preservation. This, said the guide, was Paganini's favorite violin; the rich old Cremona upon which he loved most of all to display his marvelous skill. We gazed intently upon the superb instrument, with its warm, rich tints, sinuous curves, and perfect model, listening meanwhile to the estimate of its almost priceless value. And then we tried to imagine the wondrous strains the touch of the great master would bring forth if he were there in the quiet palace chamber. Then came the thought: Nay. But this could not be. For it would not matter what rich melodies were in the inner soul of the master. It would not avail how eager he might be to pour them forth in sweetest, tenderest strain through that magnificent instrument. He could not possibly do so. For it was locked up against him. It was an unyielded instrument. It was like thousands of lives which are padlocked against God, not back of a fragile, easily shattered glass case, but behind the impenetrable armor plate of an unyielded human will. *It gave the Master no chance.*

Friend, is this why your life seems

barren and fruitless? Is this why God does not seem to be using that life? Is it that, however willing, He cannot use it because it is unyielded to Him? For this picture of an instrument is no fancy, but the very one God employs in His Word. "Present your members as instruments to God," He says. And how can He use an unrepresented instrument? The very word "present" pictures the secret of your trouble. It means "to place near the hand" of one; to set at the hand of another as one might set a tool or instrument. To be a surrendered man, a yielded man, is simply to be God's *handy man*. The carpenter is at work. Some of his tools are hanging on the wall of his workshop. Some are right at hand on his workbench. When he wants one quickly and urgently which will he use? The one he can reach quickest—the one "set at his hand." This is precisely where God wants your life. Not hanging on the wall of selfishness, but yielded—reachable—usable. This is what gives God a chance.

Moses, with his hesitation and stammering tongue, seemed but a weak instrument. But he gave God a chance. And God made him the lawgiver and leader of His people. Gideon looked with fear and trembling upon the great work before him. Yet he gave God a chance. And God routed a great and mighty host with his puny lamps and pitchers. David was but a stripling shepherd, shut up in obscurity. But he gave God a chance. And God brought him to a throne. The little lad with the loaves and fishes had but a mite. But he gave God a chance. And the Master brake and brake the morsels until a famishing multitude was fed before the wondering eyes of the grateful boy. The man on the Damascus road gave God a chance on that fateful day. And God shook the world with him. Seven weary fishermen peered through the morning gloaming upon the form of one standing upon the shore. The night was far spent. The day was at hand. The hour for successful fishing was past. But when the voice rang out over the waters: "Cast the net on the right side of the ship," they yielded to the Master. And He gave them such a catch as they had never known in all their fisher days—when they gave Him the chance.

It is not how much do you have, but how much of yours does God have? It is not a question of bemoaning what you have not, but of yielding what you have. One talent yielded, is worth more than ten simply possessed. Is your handful of grain in the hands of the sower? That bit yielded is worth more than a bin hoarded. The nugget of gold, which has been minted and coined, and is purchasing hourly blessing as it passes from hand to hand, is worth all the undug tons of treasure which the earth conceals.

Reader, you have given pleasure a chance. Has it paid? You are giving ambition a chance. Does it satisfy? You are giving money-getting a chance. Is it for self or God? Have a care. When life comes to an end is it going to be ashes—emptiness—fruitlessness? What a pity! Try God. Give *Him* a chance. What is your life, anyhow? Where is it centered? On self or God? Is it counting for eternity? Or only for time? Sit down a while and think, not only about your *soul*, but your *life*. Ask yourself not necessarily what God's judgment will be, but what *your own* honest verdict upon your life will be if it goes on to the finish exactly as it is now. Any Christian man who will do that honestly will begin to live for God. He will see that an immortal life which does not take into account God's eternal plan for it, must be a failure.

Friend, when you come to the end where the world will have shriveled to its true littleness, and eternity loomed up to its real bigness; when the things which are seen are really found to be temporal and the things which are unseen, eternal; when you are on the brink of stepping over into the glory where God is all and in all; then you will be glad, oh, so glad, that today, when you finished this message, you laid it down and decided that as for *you* and your life, from this time forth you would

Give—God—a—chance.

BARNEY, THE BORROWER

(Continued from page 4)

which you can pay back the boys. Then we'll see about the baseball afterwards."

When Mr. Clayton came home that evening, Barney met him on the porch. "Say, Dad, I cleaned the cellar, and what do you think? I found Andy's ball in the coal bin! I wish this was Monday instead of Saturday so I could settle it all up."

Before the bell rang for school on Monday morning, Barney met Andy and Carl on the playground.

"Say, Andy, here's the dime I owe you. I lied to you when I told you I forgot it. I spent the money for a first baseman glove instead of paying you back. Here's the ball I borrowed from you, too. And Carl, here's the quarter I've owed you for so long. I should have paid you fellows back long ago and I'm sorry I didn't. I know you think I'm a bum Christian. But I've learned a lesson. I'm gonna be mighty careful about borrowing anymore!"

After Barney had gone in the school, Andy and Carl looked at each other in surprise.

"Say, Carl, what do you think of that!"

"I don't know. But one thing's sure, something's changed Barney! There must be something to his religion after all."—*O. P. Boys and Girls.*

THE VISION

(Continued from page 3)

bing girl in the squirrel coat, led to the cross by the Spirit Himself, and then running away from the life that comes only through death, and finding the death that comes only through self life . . . "She that liveth in pleasures is dead while she liveth," I Tim. 5:6.

"I've been trying to run away from God, Le Vera, but I can't, and I don't want to try any more, I want to give up, this afternoon. I want to live like you and mother and Johnny and Rodney and—Oh, I know I *am* a sinner in God's sight . . ."

The ivy-walled bower made a beautiful inquiry room; the robin's "Verily, verily, look up, look up!"; the house wren's cheery roulade; the tiny rivulet's purling ripple—these were the overtones in the happy song which sang itself in the heart of Shera Thorwald just now . . .

"I've been rebellious. Oh, I know I'm a terrible sinner in His sight, but I know He gave Himself for me, all of Himself, and I want to give all of myself to Him, unworthy as I am."

Le Vera's New Testament was opened at the same place where it had been opened that other night, the verse that said "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners . . ."

After they had prayed and Shera had believed and received peace, and had dried her tears, she said, "There's one thing, Le Vera, I know now that I should have told you long ago. It's about Rodney."

Even the new joy at having led this dear girl to Christ was not a sufficient shield against the pain that now struck at Le Vera's heart. She caught her hand to her breast. There was nothing now to keep Shera and Rodney apart; they would not be unequally yoked. Shera would grow in grace and soon be the companion he deserved.

Le Vera waited and suffered. Hurry, Shera! Say you love him. Say anything!

"That time last winter in Daddy's office," Shera pursued, "when you saved my life. You did, you know. Daddy says so. Oh, that was a terrible time for me—but it must have been worse for you."

There was a whole nestful of violet heads in the racket mesh now, their lovely fringed white throats opened toward the sun, like baby birds waiting to be fed.

"I thought I was going to die," Shera said, "and while I struggled on the border line between consciousness and unconsciousness, I saw how sinful I really was. I knew how Rodney loved you and I—promised God if He'd let me live I would give Rodney up to you."

A little cry of pain escaped Le Vera's lips.

"I should have told you long before, but I thought everything would work out all right if I just waited. But it hasn't. I decided yesterday I would have to tell you."

What Le Vera may have said in reply she would never know, for at that moment Shera looked up suddenly and exclaimed, "There comes Gael! He's looking for me!"

Booming Gael Schillman came bounding across the green in white shirt and slacks, tennis racket waving, black hair gleaming in the sunlight.

Shera sprang to her feet and waved and started toward him. Then she stopped and whispered to Le Vera, "Help me pray for him, will you? He's promised to come forward in the church tomorrow night."

In a moment Gael was there, laughing, his eyes devouring Shera, and being devoured by hers in return. Theirs was going to be a happy ending story.

"Listen, you two," Le Vera suggested, "you run along and play a game, or watch the monkeys or something. Hear them chattering over there? I have some very important thinking to do which requires absolute privacy."

— — —

The robin continued his "Verily, verily," the house wren his gleeful coloratura, the spirtling fountain its merry gurgling. A mockingbird joined the ensemble, jingling the songs of a dozen birds with the skill of an acrobat juggling baseballs.

In it all was the song of a woman's heart made glad.

It was only a prelude but it was in the right key and there was no discord. There would be no more discords. Yet the song could not be sung alone, for love was never a solo, but a duet . . .

She did not hear him coming—the man who, lonely and disheartened, stopped at the fountain to slack his thirst. She did not know he was there until she heard the soft plashing of his voice singing the soft, sweet words of Fanny Stafford's lovely hymn,

*"Somebody cares when your heart aches,
And everything seems to go wrong;
Somebody knows when the shadows
Need chasing away with a song . . ."*

He did not know *she* was there until he heard her contralto purling along with him—

*"Somebody knows when you're lonely,
Tired, discouraged and blue; . . ."*

He did not look toward her until the first stanza was finished.

Crazy old heart! Why wouldn't it behave? Why was she here alone? Where was the man with whom she had come to play? She was lovely today, in spring

white, v-necked dress, tennis shoes, her burnished copper hair on fire . . . She was setting his heart on fire the way she was smiling, and blushing, with the veil lifted.

"Are you—alone?" he asked.

He thought there was a mischievous twinkle in her eyes when she answered, "I am. She left ten minutes ago."

"She?"

"With Gael. They've gone for refreshments, I think. By the way, I have good news for you. I've decided to spend a few days at Rexville—for Maybelle's sake. I want her to see Crawfish river and your cave, and maybe we'll bring back some pussy willows for the office."

For a long time they looked into each other's eyes. All the feeling of restraint was gone. It was as if it had never been, and never would be again.

His heart was still on fire, still pounding away. "Listen," he compelled himself to say lightly, his hand over his heart, "is that you again?"

She laughed soberly. Only her tennis racket was between them, and they were both clinging to it. "That's me, with my little mallet and chisel."

"Trying to get in, or out?"

They found each other's hands. "Neither," she said, "I'm barricading the door so no one else can get in, 'cause there's room for only one—I hope."

"Listen, Le Vera."

In another moment he would have taken her in his arms, but she pushed him away. "Wait," she said, "till next week. I've already made up my mind where I want it to happen. I have to have the right setting."

"And where is that?"

"Maybelle thinks it ought to be under a pussy willow shrub along Crawfish river."

The End

South Carolina's Part in Our Wars

Some thirty-seven engagements of the Revolutionary War took place in South Carolina, and of these, according to Historian McGrady, 103 were fought by South Carolinians alone. At the Battle of King's Mountain, for example, which turned the tide of the Revolution in favor of the colonists in the Carolinas, not a single soldier, officer or private, was of the Continental Army—all were technically guerrillas, or partisans. Again, South Carolina's Palmetto Regiment distinguished itself in the War with Mexico in 1846, and its flag was the first to enter the Mexican capital. Of the State's 1,100 volunteers who saw active service in that war, only some 300 returned. And to the War Between the States, as it is called in South Carolina, this "champion of the Lost Cause" sent 63,000 soldiers—lost one-fourth of them.—*Pathfinder*.

THE DETOUR

(Continued from page 30)

tlefield, had not been mailed that morning.

Early the morning preceding Thanksgiving Day Polly Primrose journeyed by train to the station, three miles from Holly Homestead, where Grandfather met her with the old white mare. It was a mile of the roughest, frozen road of bubbles and holes that ran beyond the highway, and Grandfather declared that for once Polly could be thankful that old Dolly wasn't a "flivver."

"The road for five miles beyond our house is in a terrible state, and traffic heavier than usual over it because of the detour," exclaimed Grandfather, and he pointed to the barricaded highway, with its sign, "Detour." "People traveling this way have to go five miles out of their way, these days, while the highway is being repaired. It was supposed to have been in readiness for Thanksgiving traffic, but there was some delay which held them up the last week."

Then Polly caught sight of Grandmother's sunny, wrinkled face, wreathed in welcoming smiles, and just for the moment she forgot the disappointment of missing the treat at Castlefield. It was a day of glorious preparation, and Polly insisted that every blessed bit of the turkey and a whole, big pumpkin be sacrificed for the Thanksgiving dinner.

"What if there is a pantry full of leftovers, they will fix up a box of 'eats' that will find plenty of appreciation at Willowbrook," laughed Polly, gaily.

It was in the dusk of the early evening that Polly ran down to the crossroads, where the highway crossed the Holly road, to invite the little school teacher to come and make merry at Thanksgiving dinner. There was a spitting of snow in the air, and Polly shook her head; a snow squall would spoil the fun of heaps of folks. A splendid big motor was running along the highway; then, at sight of the blockade and the warning "Detour," the motor came to a halt, and the driver sprang to the ground.

"Pardon me, Miss, but can you tell me whether this detour will carry us back to the highway?" he questioned Polly, adding, "we are bound for Castlefield, some ten miles farther along the highway—"

"Castlefield!" broke in Polly; then, as the light of the motor lamps fell on her face, a series of excited cries came from the interior of the motor.

"Polly! Polly Primrose!"

"The Willowbrook party," gasped Polly in utter amazement, as a half dozen boys and girls tumbled out to the frozen ground. "Whatever are you doing in this neighborhood at this hour of the night?"

"We thought we were on the highway to Thanksgiving," answered Barbara Sills. "We have had a series of blowouts that belated us on the trip from Willowbrook, and we were anxious to make Castlefield before dark. The other motor, with the rest of the crowd, is just behind us. Our driver does not seem acquainted with this road. How about the detour?"

"It means an extra five-mile trip to take the detour, but, unfortunately, there is no highway to Thanksgiving tonight," returned Polly, explaining the condition of the roads. "There is too much danger for a big motor to try making the trip over this detour road, for it is full of bad holes. By morning there is likely to be a big snowstorm, and then the detour road will be impassable—"

"Oh, must we turn back?" groaned a chorus of voices from inside the motor.

Polly Primrose was thinking hard. There was little possibility that the Willowbrook school guests could now reach Castlefield in time for the Thanksgiving celebration. But a mile up the road was the Holly Homestead, big and hospitable, and a bouncing, big turkey ready to pop into the oven. Grandfather and Grandmother Holly would welcome the unbidden guests with open arms, and perhaps the hospitality of the hosts would cover up some of the old-fashioned details of the house.

"Listen, this detour will take you to a real Thanksgiving celebration," announced Polly, her eyes dancing. "Just a mile up the road you will find Holly Homestead, a plump turkey and a dozen pumpkin pies—"

"Polly Primrose, you mean that your grandfather's folks will take us in?" broke in Miss Craig. "Jump into the car and show the driver the detour," she urged, and Polly sprang in through the door, held open by the driver.

A few minutes later Grandmother and Grandfather Holly were being introduced to a whole kitchenful of young folks, stranded on the highway to Thanksgiving. Grandmother flew to the pantry to stir up pumpkin custard to make another dozen pies, and Grandfather hurried to the farmyard in pursuit of a couple of chickens to keep the plump turkey company.

"Please, won't you let us help make the Thanksgiving dinner?" entreated Peggy Scott, of the fashionable apartment. "That morning that we visited the market with the household science teacher, I was seized with the greatest longing just to cut up and boil down one of those gorgeous pumpkins—"

"And I wanted the worst way to pick the turkey with his feathers still on," laughed Barbara Sills.

Polly's eyes sparkled, for she realized that her unbidden guests had found their own entertainment in helping to make Thanksgiving dinner in the old farmhouse. Before midnight the rough roads had been buried in deep snow, and Willowbrook school guests were captives of the Homestead.

It was Thanksgiving afternoon, the merry makers gathered around the old brick fireplace, popping corn, when Mildred Cox broke out excitedly: "This has been a real Thanksgiving—a heap jollier than we ever could have enjoyed at Castlefield, where you have to keep dressed up and mind your company manners every blessed minute."

"Yes, I am the thankfulest ever that the highway to Thanksgiving at Castlefield was closed, and we had to make this blessed detour. Holly Homestead is adorable—so genuine and full of old-timey atmosphere; that counts in Thanksgiving and Christmas celebrations," agreed Barbara Sills.

"I am the thankfulest ever that Polly Primrose was at the detour on the highway to Thanksgiving," declared Peggy.

"And I'm thankful that Polly Primrose has the dearest ever grandmother and grandfather," exclaimed another.

"I can never, never tell you how thankful I am that I happened to be at the detour on the highway to Thanksgiving, and had a grandma and grandpa to share with you," Polly laughed softly, her eyes shining as she glanced up at the happy faces of Grandmother and Grandfather Holly, whose cup of joy was running over, sharing the hospitality of Holly Homestead.—*Girlhood Days*.

Could Not Pack It Up

A young minister was leaving an English town and was bidding an old lady good-bye.

"Well, sir," she said, "You'll be busy packing up your belongings, I expect?"

"Yes," he replied. "I have only a few things to get into the boxes now."

"There's one thing you won't be able to pack up, sir," said the old lady. "You'll have to leave that behind."

"I did not know—whatever is that?" questioned the minister.

"You can't pack your influence, sir," she answered quietly. That is true whether influence is good or bad. "The seeds of good we sow both in shade and shine will grow"—it is well to remember it; and it is just as true that "the evil that men do lives after them." What kind of influence will you leave behind when God's call comes? — *Christian Herald*.

If all who pray with their lips would learn how to pray with their hearts they would have a better heart experience.



Glints of Knowledge



A Christian layman, the father of a soldier boy, tells an almost incredible church story: "From the opening of the service to its close," says this father, "there was not one word of reference to the boys who had gone out of that congregation into the armed forces of the nation." We are also convinced that there is no heavier obligation resting upon the Church in these days than the duty to fortify the people against the hardships they are certain to face. To spend an entire hour in the house of God and make no reference to the terrible fact that is blasting nations to bits, wrecking hundreds of thousands of homes, uprooting millions of lives, and thrusting millions of our finest youth into the most awful holocaust in human history is nothing less than spiritual abdication of the basest sort.

In several million American homes the biggest single fact in today's life is "the boy." A large percentage of the mothers who sit in every congregation came to the house of God with hearts numb with suffering and tense with dread. No matter how bravely the men may smile, it is probably true that a third of those who worship would give their own lives willingly if they could save their sons from what they most surely face. There is not one marriageable girl in ten, in the average congregation, of military age, who can look forward to the prospect of having a normal home with husband and babies.

To worship God for one hour and ignore these stark and terrible facts is to forfeit all claim of spiritual leadership!—*The Christian Advocate*.

Since the day of its founding 65 years ago the doors of the Pacific Garden mission in Chicago have never been closed. This is the place where Mel Trotter, Harry Monral and Billy Sunday were converted.

Herr Hitler and his Nazis seized the German Youth movement, which actually had been started as a protest against the Prussian machine state, and adroitly corrupted it "into a bureaucratized mass-movement." The whole generation of Hitler youth has lost its spiritual entity and is merely part of a mass-state, "a blood corpuscle within the functioning of all parts."—*V. Pinkley*.

Lovers of pleasure spent in 1941, according to the Federal records at Washington, \$6,500,000,000 for gambling, \$6,000,000,000 for liquor, \$1,500,000,000 for tobacco, \$1,000,000,000 for cosmetics, \$100,000,000 for

chewing gum, \$14,000,000 on card playing, \$1,885,000,000 on moving pictures. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right" in the great day ahead?—*California Bulletin*.

A survey conducted by the Converted Catholic discloses the fact that the 333 Protestant churches which replied to inquiries reported over 7,700 former Roman Catholics among their communicants. More than one half were Baptists, nearly one-third Presbyterians and most of the rest were Methodists or Lutherans. In quantity, if not in social standing, these converts serve to balance the widely advertised folk who go from Protestantism to Catholicism.—*Church Paper*.

One chaplain for every 1,200 men now in service is the figure from the war department. Six hundred chapels, costing \$13,000,000, have been constructed at army posts and cantonments.—*News in the World of Religion*.

One-third of all conscientious objectors are members of the Church of the Brethren.—*Herald of Holiness*.

Is the world getting better when jewelry sales increase 24 per cent, tobacco sales increased 43 per cent, whiskey sales increased 101 per cent, beer sales increased 602 per cent, and at the same time giving to churches decreased 19 per cent, giving to benevolent and missions decreased 28 per cent, and giving to hospitals and schools decreased 22 per cent?

The Bible led to the discovery of oil in Egypt. Exodus 2:3 gave the Standard Oil Company the idea that oil was to be found in the land of the Pharaohs. The pitch that Jochebed used in making the boat for little Moses caused the men to believe there was oil where there was pitch. Three wells are now in operation.—*Grace and Truth*.

It is disclosed that although the South comprises one-third of the nation, it is getting only one-tenth of the war factories. Some southern states have done fairly well in this regard. Texas has received \$2,535,700,000 in war contracts and factories; Virginia has received \$1,377,000,000; Alabama \$1,055,100,000. But Louisiana has been given only \$956,800,000; Tennessee \$762,300,000, Florida \$700,000,000, Arkansas \$363,800,000, South Carolina \$308,000,000. All figures are from the September Manufacturers' Record.

Against those estimates, Michigan has received \$7,500,000,000; New York and

California \$7,000,000,000 each, Ohio \$5,300,000,000 and Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut and Illinois somewhat smaller amounts.

Stalingrad and Verdun

Stalingrad has taken a fearful toll of Germans. That battle has become one of the decisive struggles of the war and possibly one of the decisive battles of all time.

In the first World War Germany did not collapse until two years after the Battle of Verdun was fought in 1916, but concerning the cost of the Battle of Verdun to Germany Von Ludendorff wrote:

"Verdun had exacted a very great price in blood.

"Our attacks dragged on, sapping our strength. The very men who had first fought so heroically became terrified. The offensive should have been broken off the minute it assumed the character of a battle of attrition. The gain no longer justified the losses."

Napoleon's Waterloo came three years after he had invaded Russia, but Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo was made certain when he left 300,000 of his best warriors on the endless snows of the Russian steppes.—*Selected*.

One of the most thrilling stories of the heroic defense of Bataan concerns a soldier who, seeing the American flag shot down from its standard, went out in the face of machine gun and artillery fire, and ran it up again. His cool courage sent a thrill around the world when the story of his brave action was related in the newspapers.

With Christian values shot down all over the earth, let the Church go out, even in the midst of death, and lift up that cross again, whereon the Son of God died for a sinning humanity.

Teachers Scarce.—In many states there are as many as a thousand teaching jobs open, most of them in the rural schools, education experts report. — *Protestant Voice*.

Saving nothing, giving nothing.—Ministers and social workers in a defense area report that families making \$75 to \$100 a week are saving nothing and developing no sense of responsibility that money entails toward the support of community institutions. — *The Gospel Minister*.

Oldest College.—Harvard University, the oldest college in America, recently celebrated its 300th anniversary.

Lady of Liberty

*Lady of Liberty—Stand on thy granite rock,
And look upon this war-torn world
Suffering from shell and shock!
Hold high thy flaming torch
With strong and resolute hand,
And bid defiance to the foe
Who dare invade thy land.
Great guardian of the Western world,
Queen of thy people's heart—
Look out upon this wretched world,
By war-gods torn apart;
Pledge us anew, thou queen in bronze,
With strong, uplifted hand,
Though all this world be drenched in blood,
Our liberty shall stand!*

*The light that shines around thy brow,
The stars that crown thy head,
Shall blaze anew, our hearts to cheer—
Though others' hope is fled.
The war-drums roll, the trumpet sounds,
The nations clash in fight,
But may the threatening clouds of war
Be banished by thy light!
Through storm and sunshine, peace and war,
When Old World thrones are falling,
Remember in this crucial hour— America is calling—
The brave, the strong, the rich, the poor,
The noble and the true,
Remember in this trying hour
Columbia calls to You!*

*May all beneath the Stars and Stripes
For freedom take their stand;
United in a common cause,
Sworn to defend our land.
Our wives, our children, and our homes,
With all that we hold dear,
Shall never suffer want and woe,
As millions "over there."
Great Lady of the golden West,
High on thy river throne,
Hold high aloft thy flaming torch,
Strong to protect thy own!
Look out across the rolling tide,
Where men their blood doth give,
And swear by liberty and death—
America shall live!*

*Stand firm, thou Queen of Liberty,
Though worlds are in commotion!
Shine out thy light for nations all—
On this side of the ocean!
Long may thy song of freedom ring,
Out on the western breeze,
And may thy strength and manhood stand
For all between the seas.
No foreign foe shall strike the light
From thy uplifted hand;
Dictators, war-gods, bloody men,
Shall not invade thy land.
Shine bright the stars around thy head,
When thrones go down to dust,
Sound out thy war-cry long and loud,
In God Alone We Trust!*



DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

B

The Sighted Pathway

Vol. 13 DECEMBER, 1942 No. 12

"Silent Night, Holy Night"

CAROLING

HAROLD M. LAMBERT, PHOTO

"Thy Word is a Light Unto My Path"

Psa. 119:105



The Editor's Christmas Message



Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

We are reminded once more that December is here and with it comes Christmas. How fast the years travel! How soon they are gone! There is always something just ahead for us to be wishing time to hurry along. Perhaps for weeks we have been thinking, Oh, I wish Christmas would hurry and come so I can go to see mother and dad and all the loved ones. My, how we look forward to Christmas around the fire-side with the loved ones; it makes no difference how humble our home may be or how plain the furniture. Perhaps there will be no turkey with all of its trimmings to satisfy the appetite, but there is love, the greatest thing in all the world, and we must have that if Christmas means anything to us.



There will be many lonely firesides this year, and I wonder just what I can say to make it easy for you. Do you feel like running away from Christmas because Johnnie isn't there? Perhaps your best chum is away serving his country, or it may be a husband or sweetheart or a son, whose absence makes home seem desolate. I wonder how that loved one, away out in some camp, perhaps across the ocean, would feel if he should visualize you sitting at home blue and sad at Christmas time. Write him a letter and tell him you are going to be happy, because it is the birthday of the One on whom you are depending for his protection. That He, whose birthday we celebrate, is the only One who can give us victory in this great conflict. He is the only One who can bring peace to our troubled hearts. We should have a merry heart instead of a sad heart. Last year a dear child of God wrote in and objected to our using Merry Christmas in our paper. She said it was a time to be serious. Well, this sister meant well, but her thought was that we should not take part in worldly merriment or worldly amusements, but,

thank God, there is another, a greater merriment than that of the world.

"Joy To The World, The Lord Has Come," is one of our best Christmas songs, and to have this joy means to have a merry heart. Prov. 17:22, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the bones." If there was ever a time when we should, in letters of gold, write "Merry Christmas" everywhere, it is now. But it should be the right kind of merriment. Recently I heard of someone who wrote to another friend and said, "Don't send me a present this year, and I will not send you one. I think we should use all of our money toward winning this war." I have thought much about that and have wondered if she was right. I, at once, thought, Oh, with all the sad hearts in the world today, how much a little gift might mean. Of course, it would not have to be an expensive gift, but a little remembrance of some kind might mean so much. But you say, Oh, well, I think if we just remember the poor that would be all right. Yes, I think, too, that we should all remember the poor; but rich people can be sad too, and just a little remembrance to that friend, who has plenty of money, who could buy everything that heart could wish, might mean more than you can imagine. Now these are thoughts that came to me, when I heard of the suggestion regarding the giving of gifts at Christmas. I presume each of us will have to settle this question in our own hearts. There is one thing I am sure of, the way to be happy and joyous is to think of "others." When we sit down and nurse our own sorrows, there can be no joy.

I have been wondering just how it would be if my son had been called into service, and I would have to spend Christmas without him. I might feel like sitting down and weeping about it, but how would the rest of my family feel? No, it would not be right, and my son would not want me to be sad. I think I would put up my Christmas tree and make it just as beautiful as I did when my boy was at home. I would put up my Christmas lights and make everything as cheery as I could and rejoice because my girls were coming home. Then I would

(Continued on page 23)

Christmas

Benjamin Keach

HOLLY in the window, snow upon the ground,
"Wish you Merry Christmas!" What a pleasant sound!
Jolly fireside comfort, cheer upon the street,
'Tis a happy season—life is more complete.

Music in the morning,
Sleighbells from afar;
At the day's bright dawning
Shines a friendly Star.
Back to home and mother,
Love and peace are there;
'Tis a blessed season—
Christmas in the air.

IN the vanished ages come a little Child,
Came to bring salvation to a world defiled;
Slow the heaven's working that has entered in—
'Tis a sacred season—gives the Gift, to win.
Hasten the ideal,
Joybells; far and near,
Make true living real,
Star steadfast and clear.
Since, on that far Morning,
Dawn-light was unfurled,
'Tis a blessed season—
Christmas in the world.

"GOOD will to you, neighbor!" Grudges all forgot;
Now the heart is singing, wistful it is not,
Now we plan surprises for the old and sad;
'Tis a gladness season—Love has made it glad.
Gone the old time sorrow,
Gone the old regret,
On some bright tomorrow
Good shall crown us yet.
Kindness is the watchword
In the home and mart;
'Tis a blessed season—
Christmas in the heart.

—Gladiolus Review.

Rachel

By Agnes Scott Kent

(Used by permission of the
Evangelical Publishers)

I

A Jewish Wedding

"What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

—Matt 19:6.

IT was five o'clock of a Sunday evening—the last day in December. Twilight was deepening. Through a swirling snow-flurry the lighted streetcars and the headlights of a rushing stream of motors gleamed dazzlingly. The holiday spirit of the Christians' Christmas week was in the very breeze, and had penetrated everywhere. Even in several of the little Jewish shops the windows were gay with holly wreaths and festoons of Christmas greens.

In the heart of the great Ghetto of New York City, on Upper Clinton Street, an excited crowd was gathering before the closed doors of a synagogue. Impatiently the men on the upper doorstep pounded on the panels, demanding entrance. One by one the motor cars, from shabby jitney taxis to luxurious limousines, drew up beside the curb and discharged their passengers, grave Jewish fathers with long, solemn-looking coats and short black beards; dapper Jewish youths with heavy ulsters, and derby hats cocked nonchalantly over one ear; Jewish women, some in humble, unfashionable apparel and others elegantly attired in satins and laces and furs, but all alike brilliant with cosmetics and with jewels, whether real or imitation; dear old Jewish grandmothers, their gay shawls wrapped tightly about their heads and shoulders; and lovely, dark-eyed Jewish children.

At length a handsome motor car be-

decked with white satin ribbons appeared in view amid a clanging of bells and a shrieking of auto horns. An eager shout went up from the crowd.

"The bride! The bride! It's Rachel! It's Rachel!"

But a quick murmur of disappointment followed. It was not the bride. It was, however, her bridesmaids; and as they emerged from the car another shout went up to greet them:

"Look! Look! It's Rachel's bridesmaids!"

"There's Rose and Goldie!"

The question has frequently been asked: "Is Rachel real?" The answer is: "Yes and no." That is to say, the Rachel of the story is a fictitious composite of three actual Jewish girls, personally known and beloved by the author. Two of them are Jewesses of Toronto; the third resides in Los Angeles, California. Max has his prototype in a young Jewish husband who lives not far from us. He represents the Hebrew secret-believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, of whom doubtless there are thousands—their inward light cravenly hidden under the bushel of fear of consequences should they make confession.

A friend in the far West—one of God's aged saints—recently wrote us: "Won't you please send me Rachel's address. I want to pray for her." We deeply rejoice in this. We could wish that Christian friends everywhere might pray for the thousands of Rachels who so greatly need our prayers and sympathy and love.

If through the reading of this story, as the Holy Spirit shall empower it, hearts may be stirred to a deepened interest in the Jew; if the Church of Christ may be aroused to a quickened responsibility for Israel's evangelization—the ministry of "Rachel" will be fulfilled.—A. S. K., Toronto.

"And Becky and Yetta and Sarah!"

"Hello there, Miriam! Where's Rachel?"

"O my, but don't they look grand!"

The six young Jewesses did indeed present a striking picture as they stood there upon the snowy sidewalk with the feathery flakes falling thickly all about them. Rich-skinned and dark-eyed, their natural loveliness was enhanced by their bright, vari-colored chiffon frocks which fluttered gaily in the wind, as the girls, with much merriment, tried ineffectually to wrap their evening coats about them. The snowflakes clustered rapidly on their dark hair, covered only with lacy scarfs. Their voices rang through the frosty twilight in silvery laughter.

When the arrival of the bridesmaids was shouted through the keyhole, the doors of the synagogue swung open suddenly and the crowd, bridesmaids and all, poured in. The six girls were extricated with difficulty and led into an anteroom, while the guests rushed excitedly down the aisles of the auditorium to find the choicest seats. In an incredibly short time the synagogue was filled to capacity. Late comers, invited and uninvited, crowded into the gallery or stood around the walls.

For the next three-quarters of an hour the guests relieved their impatience by exchanges of friendly greeting, by an appraising scrutiny of "who were who" and by a minute inspection of the simple but charming floral decorations. A restless motion and a ceaseless low hum of voices buzzed through the synagogue, accentuated from time to time by audible exclamations:

"Come back here, Rosie, you'll lose your seat!"

"Sit down in front there!"

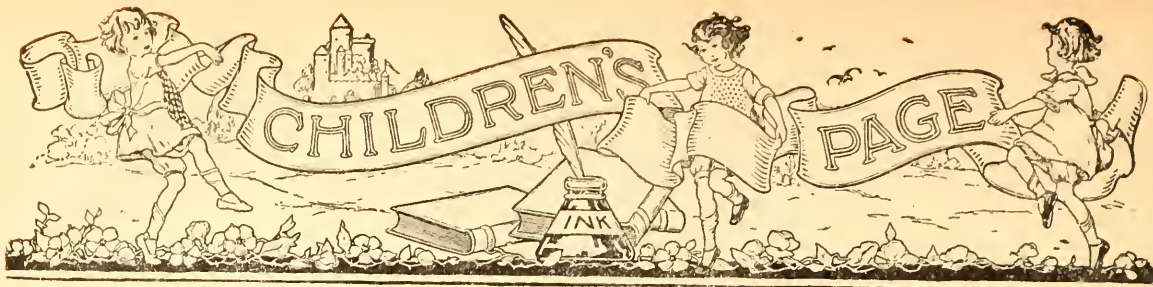
"No, it's taken! I'm saving this place for my uncle!"

"Haven't they come yet? Where's Rachel?"

The wedding was scheduled for half-past five. At last, a few moments before seven o'clock the organist, who had been softly improvising on the keys, burst suddenly into the Lohengrin. A murmur of tensest excitement seethed

(Continued on page 30)





WAS IT KIND?

N. E. SCHROCK

NAN had a heavy heart. There was only one thing she wanted for Christmas, and that was a violin. How



she *did* yearn for a violin! An instructor was coming to the school every Friday, and for a small sum of money was teaching the children to play any instrument they desired to learn. Only one condition was made, and that was that the pupils must provide their own instruments.

From the very first Nan had thought it would be wonderful to learn to play a violin. In fact, as she thought of it and dreamed of it, it seemed that she must have a violin. Nan, however, knew that her father was poor. Father always saw to it that the children had food, clothing, and a home, besides many smaller luxuries; but as for a violin—well, she knew without asking that such things

were beyond all possibility. Yet, what could she do about that heavy heart of hers? Standing before the music store and gazing at the brown beauty displayed there did not help matters one bit.

One day Nan and her sisters were coming home from town. On a street corner they noticed a jolly looking man dressed in a red suit trimmed with white fur. He was ringing a little bell and making pleasant conversation with the children. Nan saw one after another whisper something into the ear that was readily bent down within reach, and she could hear the man saying, "Yes, of course," and "You'll be sure to get that," and "I will not forget."

"That is Santa Claus, and the children are telling him what they want," said Nan's sister.

"And will he really and truly bring what they ask him to?"

"Of course he will."

"But, Paula, lots of the children at school say there is no Santa Claus, and I almost believe it myself," said Nan.

"Oh," said Paula, who was still taken up with childish fancies, "there is a Santa Claus. This one we're looking at is the real one, too. I'm going to tell him what I want!"

As Paula talked to Santa, Nan did some deep thinking: How foolish she had been, not to believe in Santa Claus!

Why, right here he was before her eyes, and—and—oh, joy—the very answer to her great problem! How fast her heart beat! It was much lighter already!

Stepping up to the man after Paula was finished, Nan searched his face.

"You're—you're really Santa Claus?"

"Of course I am. I am out here taking the children's orders for Christmas."

"And will you truly bring what I want—for sure?"

"Just try me, and see, young lady!"

Then there was a whispered conversation. Not even the other girls should know her secret. Would they not be surprised?

"Now, Santa, will it truly be there Christmas morning?" she asked once more before leaving. Assured that it would be, Nan went on her way.

How happy she was! The very thought of a violin waiting for her Christmas morning made Nan almost cry for joy. She could almost feel it in her hands already.

Right after supper Christmas Eve,

(Continued on page 33)

Taking Christ Out of Christmas

SYLVIA RATCLIFFE LOCKWOOD

Grandmother says they've taken Christ out of Christmas

And given us Santy instead;
They've taught us to hang up our stockings
Before we climb into bed.

We are told that if we're good children
He will surely leave us some toys,
But that Santy never has presents
For bad little girls and boys.

But Grandmother tells us a story

Of the first Christmas, long ago,
When Christ left His Home in Glory

To come, as a babe, here below;
How an angel spoke to shepherds by night
Of the birth of a Savior King,
While a heavenly host saying, "Glory to God"

Made the very heavens ring.

Grandmother says Santy's a fable

But that Christ is as real as can be,
And still in His Home in Glory
Is a Savior for you and me;

That He'll give a new heart to all who believe

(For He loves the good and the bad),
And Grandma says this is the best gift
That was ever given a lad.

Grandmother says if we keep Christmas

We must keep the Christ child too;
We must spread the tidings of "great joy,"
And tell of the Savior anew.

She says there's no "peace" without Jesus,
There's just a bustle and fuss,
For when you take Christ out of Christmas
All you have left is the "mas" (mess).

Dear Children:

I'm going to whisper something in your ear. Listen! Did you know that down here in Cleveland, at the Church of God Publishing House, we are putting out a little paper for you? We call it "Junior Jewels." It has the most interesting little stories in it and a Junior Y.P.E. lesson and a Sunday school lesson, too. Also there is a place reserved for little boys and girls to exchange letters. You can read letters from children all over the country. Do not write long letters.

I'll tell you what I'd do if I were you, I'd slip around to my Sunday school superintendent and say, "Mr. Jones, I wish you'd order some of those papers for our Sunday school." How about sending a letter to "The Junior Jewels," Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tennessee, asking for a sample copy of the paper to show your superintendent, so he will send in an order for them?

It is a lot of expense for those people to put this paper out and I think we should appreciate it enough to put them in our Sunday school. Then it is sure to make us better boys and girls and that is what the Sunday school is for.—Ed.

Follow the Gleam

"Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him,"
Matt. 2:2.

THERE are some stories that we never grow tired of, are there not? I expect most of you have books that you have read over and over again, and yet you are just as fond of them as the first time you opened them. Among the stories we never weary of are those two beautiful tales of Christ's infancy—the story of how the shepherds, watching their flocks under the cold stars, heard the angels' song; the story of how these strange Wise Men came from the mysterious East to worship the baby King. And so today, once more, we are going to hear the old, old story of the brave Wise Men who followed the guiding star.

We are told very little about these Wise Men, but we can guess a good deal. In the margin of the Revised Version of the Bible there is a little note which tells us that the Greek word translated "Wise Men" is "Magi." Now the Magi were originally Persian priests who devoted themselves to the study of the stars and also to many forms of magic. Later the name was given to wise men of other nations who pursued these studies. The Magi built high towers from which they watched the movements and appearances of the stars, and they connected these movements with events that happened on the earth and especially with births.

Now about this time there seems to have been a widespread expectation of a coming Deliverer who was to rule over all the earth. Some said He was to be born in Judea. Also there were many Jews in the land where these Magi lived, and they had told them of the great Messiah who was to come and conquer all the world. You may be sure these devout old astrologers were on the lookout for any unusual appearance in the heavens that might betoken His coming. Night after night they climbed their watchtowers and scanned the skies, and when one night they saw a bright new star shining in the direction of the land of Judea they felt sure that the King was born.

They had a strange religion, these men—full of queer superstitions—and yet they were groping after God, and God led them by the light they had to the feet of Jesus.

You may be sure there was great rejoicing that night in that Eastern land as the Magi gathered together and consulted when they could be ready to set

out to pay homage to the King. The gifts must be chosen—the best they had—for was He not a King? and only the best might be offered to a King. The water bottles must be filled, the food prepared, the tents made ready, the camels loaded, for the journey was a long and weary one, and would occupy months.

At length the arrangements were made and the preparations begun. Some men shook their heads and said the Magi were foolish to venture on such a journey. They would have to cross many a weary desert, they would have to climb many a rugged mountain pass, they would have to traverse many a rapid river. They would be in danger from the scorching sun by day and the cold winds by night, from wild beasts and robbers, from floods and droughts, from sickness and exhaustion. Who knew if they would ever return? But the Wise Men replied that the star was beckoning them and that they must follow where it led. And so they set out.

They travelled by night, for it was cooler then, and at night they had the light of the stars to guide them. At first the strange new star seemed to go before them leading them on, but by-and-by it disappeared. The days grew into weeks, the weeks into months, and at length one morning they found themselves on the outskirts of Jerusalem. They had come to the capital, for surely the great King would be found in the capital of His country.

As they entered one of the gates they inquired of a sentry where was He who was born King of the Jews, for they had seen His star in the east and were come to worship Him. The man stopped a yawn to gaze at them. He had been up all night and was just going off duty. "King of the Jews, King of the Jews!" Was it King Herod they wanted? Well, of course, he was to be found up at the palace. But he certainly was not born a king. He had been made a king by force of Roman arms, but he was not born into the royal estate. Besides, he was an old man now—almost seventy years of age. No, that would not be the king they were seeking.

They went on into the city, and soon they met a Jewish merchant hurrying to the market place. They repeated their question—"Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" The man looked amazed. The King of the Jews born! The great Messiah come to earth! Who had been telling them fables? Certainly the Messiah would come some day. Was He not the hope of all the Jews and

would He not go forth conquering and to conquer? But when He came there would be some strange manifestation of God. Everyone would know about His advent. No, no, they might take his (the merchant's) word for it that the great Deliverer had not come. He was in the market place every day except the Sabbath, and he heard all the news of the countryside. If anything unusual happened he would be the first to know it. To be sure there had been that strange story of the shepherds many weeks ago. It had raised no little stir in the town for a day or two. But, of course, when people thought the matter over they saw the absurdity of it. Whoever heard of a great king being born in a stable? The thing was ridiculous! He was sorry they had come so far on a fool's errand, but if they had any wares to exchange he would be pleased to examine them. After that, the sooner they returned to their own country the better.

And so it was with everyone they inquired of. Nobody seemed to know anything about the new King. Many looked alarmed. Had an unknown pretender sprung up, and were they to have disturbances and bloodshed in their midst? The Wise Men might well have been discouraged, but they felt so sure that the star had betokened the birth of the great Messiah, and they were so determined that they would discover the King, that they continued to ask their question—"Where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

At last the news came to the ears of Herod; and Herod was sorely troubled. Had the Messiah really come or had someone invented this story to cause a disturbance among the Jews and so wrest his throne from him? He must look into the matter at once. He must discover where this child was to be found and slay Him before the Jews took up His cause.

(Continued on page 32)

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual
uplift of our young people
everywhere

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Helps for Tempted and Tried

CHASTENING

By JAMES H. MCCONKEY
(Continued from last issue)

Perchance some one of God's chastened children is even now saying: "O God, it is raining hard for me tonight. Testings are raining upon me which seem beyond my power to endure. Disappointments are raining fast, to the utter defeat of all my chosen plans. Bereavements are raining into my life which are making my shrinking heart quiver in its intensity of suffering. The rain of suffering. The rain of affliction is surely beating down upon my soul these days." Withal, friend, you are mistaken. It isn't raining rain for you. It's raining blessing. For, if you will but believe your Father's word, under that beating rain are springing up spiritual flowers of such fragrance and beauty, as never before grew in that stormless, unchastened life of yours. You, indeed, see the rain. But, do you see, also, the flowers? You are pained by the testings, but God sees the sweet flower of faith which is upspringing in your life under those very trials. You shrink from the suffering, but God sees the tender compassion for other sufferers which is finding birth in your soul. You see the disappointments, but God sees the sweet submission to His divine and perfect will which is growing out of the very same. Your heart winces under the sore bereavement, but God sees the deepening and enriching which that sorrow has brought to you. It isn't raining afflictions for you. It is raining tenderness, love, compassion, patience and a thousand other flowers and fruits of the blessed Spirit which are bringing into your life such a spiritual enrichment as all the fullness of worldly prosperity and ease was never able to beget in your innermost soul.

And are you saying: "But, what a fruitless branch I must be that God must needs so to purge me"? Nay, not so. Have you not noticed what kind of branches it is that God purges? Hear His word: "Every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it." (John 15:2). It is not the fruitless but the fruitful branch which is purged. And why? "That

it may bring forth more fruit." Purging is, therefore, not the proof of worthlessness, but the proof of fruit. For it is only the fruit bearers that are purged. The others are "taken away." Wherefore His purging is both the proof that there is fruit, and the pledge that there shall be

more. *God does not expect us to enjoy chastening, but to endure it for the sake of it afterward* (v. 11).

Sometimes we reproach ourselves because we are not enjoying affliction. We ought to be like Paul, who, we say, "rejoiced in tribulation." But do we think

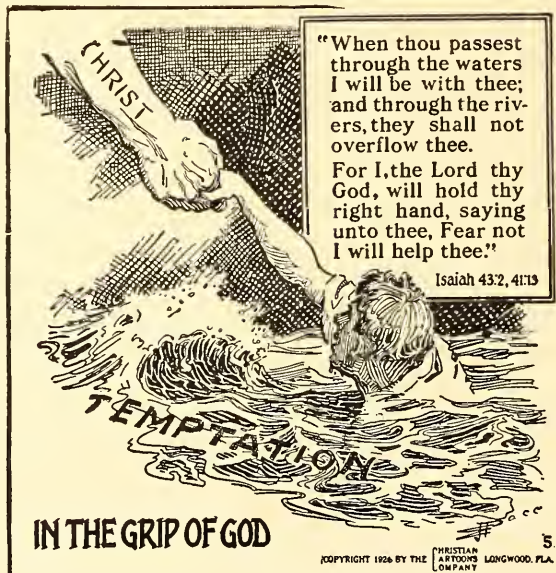
by this that Paul really *enjoyed* tribulation? Surely not. When they knouted his naked back with the iron points of the leather-thonged scourge, think you he enjoyed it? The stones they hurled at him were no sweet-meat missiles tossed by sportive hands in friendly carnival. They were business-like, merciless, jagged, and went home to their target with blows that crushed him into bloody insensibility. Think you he enjoyed that? The "perils by false brethren, too," do you know what that is?—To have a friend play you false—one whom you had taken to your heart of hearts, one whom you leaned upon, and to whom you poured out your soul, what is that but the stilet-to-stab that makes the blood spurt from every vein in your innermost being? Did you enjoy that? Surely not. Well, neither did Paul. Neither does any man with flesh, and blood, and nerves, and heart. But what did this old hero of Jesus Christ's kingdom say about the affliction? Listen. "I rejoice in tribulation, *for tribulation worketh*, etc. He rejoiced not in tribulation itself, but *amid tribulation for the things that came forth from it*. Likewise, God, our Father, does not expect us to enjoy child-training. He is not displeased if we find it hard to bear, and shrink under it. Nay, He distinctly says, "it is grievous," and He only asks us to endure it, not for itself, but for the glorious "afterward" which is to come forth from it.

There are three warnings we need amid child-training. In verse five, God admonishes us to—

"Despise Not"

Do not "esteem lightly" God's child-training. Do not look down upon it. Above all, do not let your heart grow hard and bitter against God because of it. Very needful is this warning to all of us. How many have lost fellowship with God, and have drifted into the dark

(Continued on page 33)



MY ONLY REFUGE

Zabrab Beverly

When the weight of my burden gets heavy,
And my pathway grows rugged and steep;
When the powers of darkness above me
And around me in angry rage sweep;
Then I fly to the Rock that is rifted—
To the Rock that is higher than I,
For I know if I haste to this mountain,
That no darkness can dim its fair sky.

When the battle without rages fiercely,
And the enemy seeks to destroy;
When my weapons of warfare seem useless,
And my strivings but prove to annoy;
Then I look to the Captain of battles—
To the One who is fighting for me,
And behold! while I look to the Captain,
Not a trace of the foe do I see.

When my heart is assailed with deep sorrow,
And affliction is pressing my soul;
When alone in my grief I am weeping,
Until shadows seem hiding the goal;
Then I cry unto God for a refuge—
Unto God, ever near with relief,
And I find, in this refuge eternal,
There is One who is touched with my grief.

When the pleasures of earth have all vanished
And my fond hopes have all taken wings;
When I see every promise, once cherished,
Going down with the perishing things;
Then I turn to the Lord in my weakness—
To the Lord, who alone giveth rest,
And I learn, as I cease from my strugg'ling,
'Tis in Him I am happy and blest.

Father's and Mother's Page



Dear Mothers:

I feel that I must write you a message this month. I believe I have something to say to you that will interest you. I get so many letters from mothers who have burdens, and I'm sure there are thousands who are loaded down with burdens but who do not make them known. Now, some of you know that we have always been sympathetic with young mothers

who are rearing their little family under great difficulty. It is this class of mothers we want to help. Then, there are no mothers who do not need help and encouragement in this the greatest calling in the world. Since I have been editing the Lighted Pathway I have studied much along the line of child-training, and I find there is so much good literature to help in this great work. I am wondering if I could not be of help to the mothers who are readers of the Lighted Pathway.

Down here in Cleveland we are having a "Mothers' Club" at my home. It is very interesting and helpful, and I'm wondering how many of the Lighted Pathway mothers would like to join us in studying the many wonderful books and magazines that are being published for their benefit. I am giving below a few that I think would be helpful to you.

Here they are: "The Baby's Mother," published by The Standard Publishing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. Send 10c for sample copy.

"Mother's Golden Now," published by David C. Cook Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois. Send 5c for copy.

"The Parents Magazine," 9 East 40th St., New York, N. Y. Trial subscription eight months for \$1.00.

These are not paid advertisements, but we are just informing you of these publications in order to help you.

The United States Department of Labor, Children's Bureau, Washington, D.C., has free literature just for the asking. Ask for the one on "How to Make Your Children Happy." This is good to use in starting a Mothers' Club.

We hope many of our mothers will join us in this work and that God will raise up good consecrated women to organize these clubs all over the country. It's high time we wake up to this great need. The children of today will be our men and women of tomorrow. Our young mothers must be trained in order to do their best in the great task before them. We lament the fact that so many of our boys who have had to go into the service of our country are unsaved. Our next generation will be worse, unless we wake up now to see the need.

So many of our mothers have married too young and are not competent to rear children, unless we train them. Bless their hearts, theirs is a big job and they are not aware of it.

We hope you will organize these clubs and join in this great work. Write us about it if you do. We will join hands and hearts in the greatest work in the

world today.

These groups could be church groups, but we would suggest neighborhood groups. Soon, with the tire situation and gas rationing, many mothers will be deprived of attending church and you will need to take the gospel to them.

In this war time many mothers will be left to carry on alone. They'll be lonely and sad, and this neighborhood fellowship and sympathy will mean much to them.

This should be the aim of these groups:
To promote neighborhood fellowship.

To deepen the spiritual life.

To study child problems and help solve them.

To create interest in nation-wide mother's work.

"The Mother's Golden Now" has programs arranged in the back of the paper. You may have one or two meetings each month.

If you are a successful mother, or if you are not, and yet you see the need of such a group, open up your home and let God use you in helping yourself and others. May the Lord open our eyes to see the whitened harvest field. Let us help the homes now by our training program, and save trouble after while.

We are making this little appeal to you in this issue, so you will be ready to start with the New Year. God bless you.—Editor.

For A Price

Two philosophers, who lived many years apart, have stated the same truth in different words. This truth is for any mother who looks at her new baby and wishes for a strong son or daughter, with physical health, fine character, and the spiritual qualities which will enable him worthily to serve his generation. To achieve that result one must use measureless, ungrudged time, thought, and energy. In what better way could these possibly be spent? For such a mother Emerson's word is:

"What do you want?" said God.
"Take it and pay for it."

And Grayson's:

Great things are never to be had without paying for them—*Mother's Golden Now*.

If all who want things from God would get where God could trust them He would deposit in their souls and minds the richest things from heaven's store and make them a distributing center to all those around them.

Temperance Page

MY MASTER—A CIGARETTE

By Neal Dirkse

When I first met you, you seemed a harmless companion. You looked so clean and white and tiny. You were introduced to me by the radio and the billboard, by the press and the magazine. My friends, many of them, were well acquainted with you. When I took you on as a companion and pal, I took you at your word.

You told me that it was the fashion, that everybody smoked you. The tiny cost involved was so small that I would never miss it. You told me that I would be a wall-flower if I didn't and that my friends would be ashamed of me if I abstained. You told me, and you were right, that 40,000,000 people used you to the extent of 142,000,000,000 last year, besides 10,000,000 more who rolled their own.

You told me that you would give me a lift. If I was tired and exhausted, you would give me a new supply of energy. If I had exhausted my energies in some exacting work, you would relieve my strained nerves, and relax my tense system. You told me that you could lengthen my workday because you would soothe my tired and strained system.

You told me you would be a pal to me when I was lonesome. When by myself with nothing particular to occupy my time and hands, you would supply that soothing companionship that a lonesome soul craved. You promised never to let me down, but always to be a pal and a friend.

You told me you would aid my digestion, that I could eat and enjoy my food more if I gave you a chance. You told me my food would taste better, that it would be digested more easily, consequently, my health would be better.

You told me you would cool my throat. If it did burn or hurt, you would take care of that—in a short time that burn or hurt would no longer be there.

All these things you told me, and all these things I believed. I took you at your word, and I got acquainted—well acquainted. But since I've learned to know you better, my master, I've discovered some things you didn't tell me. And it's those things you didn't tell that worry me now. I say worry, for little brown god, when I would be shed of you, I can't get rid of you. You have me bound hand and foot. I can't get along without you. If you were to leave me, I'd go crazy. If I were deprived of your company now, I wouldn't be fit to live

with. You win. I'm your slave—all because of some things you *didn't* tell me.

You didn't tell me that you would take my will-power away from me. You didn't tell me that you had the power to tie me to yourself with chains that I can't break. You didn't tell me that the day would come when a little two and one-half inch bit of paper and tobacco could make me do as it directed.

You didn't tell me that it would cost me a young fortune to keep your company. You cost me between twenty-five and thirty-five dollars every year. In ten years' time you have cost me around \$300. When I haven't money to buy bread to eat, I've always managed to have a few coins for you. In one week, you cost me enough to buy at least one good meal at a first-class restaurant. You didn't tell me that you cost all of us in America over 1,000,000,000 dollars last year. But you did!

You didn't tell me that after the initial lift, you would let me down, and that in order to keep lifted I'd have to keep using you, constantly. You didn't tell me of the sickening feeling I would have when I hadn't used you for an hour or more. You didn't tell me I would have to have my sleep disturbed, and get up several times during the night to burn your incense, thereby depriving me of whatever benefit your so-called "lifts" may have given.

You didn't tell me that instead of being a pal while lonesome, you would become a Judas, and play traitor to me when I needed you most. In my lonely hours I could see and feel the demons wrapped up in you, and you mocked me and laughed at me. You didn't tell me that soon your powers to push aside my lonesomeness would be gone, and I would be driven to something that was a bit more powerful.

You didn't tell me that you would ruin my taste. You promised to aid my digestion, while actually you have ruined it. For the moment I put you in my mouth, my stomach stops in its automatic movement and my digestion is curtailed. You didn't tell me that the time would come when I couldn't taste my food, and, consequently, enjoy it. You didn't tell me my liver would be hampered in helping digest my food by producing the necessary juice, because all of its energies were directed to extracting the nicotine from yourself.

You didn't tell me that you would make me jumpy, and put my nerves on edge so that I would be hard to live with.

You haven't relaxed and soothed my nerves, you simply gave them a shot in the arm so to speak, and when the effects wear off, it means either another smoke or jumpy nerves.

You didn't tell me you would give me a weak heart, a tobacco heart. You pushed up my pulse from 70 a minute to 90 to 100 a minute, from 4,200 an hour to 6,000 an hour, from 100,800 to 144,000 every 24 hours. When I needed a reserve to push off a disease, I didn't have it. When I needed some extra resistance or endurance, you had sapped it all up with your lifts and let-downs. You made me more subject to colds and influenza, to sinus and tuberculosis, to intestinal catarrh, to high blood pressure.

You didn't tell me that instead of soothing my throat, you would first of all give me a burned throat. You have given me a cough that is almost as bad as a constant cold. You have given me a sore throat, and whereas you soothe it for a few minutes by deadening the nerves, you aggravate its condition every time I put you in my mouth. You didn't tell me you would give me a breath that smelled like a pig pen. You have made people shy away from me because my breath has become such a horrible stench. Not only my breath, but my whole body and all my clothing reek with a smell that advertises you to the four winds. You have come to possess me soul and body.

You didn't tell me that my lungs would be affected by your company. You didn't tell me what I subjected the inner lining of my lungs to every time I inhaled your putrid smoke. You didn't tell me that your smoke contained nicotine, two drops of which is sufficient to kill an ordinary man if given in shots. You didn't tell me your smoke contained prussic acid, an intensely poisonous vapor used in the manufacture of military poison gas; ammonia, a gas that destroys the mucous membranes; carbolic acid, a strong corrosive poison; acrolein, a poisonous vapor that has a violent action on the eyes, and is used to manufacture poison military gas; carbon monoxide, a highly poisonous gas, producing giddiness and ultimately asphyziation when inhaled; formic aldehyde, a poisonous vapor with a pungent, suffocating odor; methylamine, a colorless gas, with strong ammoniacal odor; marsh gas, a colorless gas often occurring in coal mines; furfural, a poison estimated to be fifty times as poisonous as ordinary alcohol; parvulin, obtained as a ptomaine in the decaying flesh of mackerel or a horse; besides eight lesser known poisons.

These are only a few of the things you failed to tell me. But, thank God, there
(Continued on page 33)

The God of the Bedroom

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety," Ps. 4:8.

This should be the believer's retiring thought. Sleepless hours may often be traced to failure to trust all to Him and leave all at His feet. Notice, however, that it is God "only" who can give us this calmness for the hours of retirement. Ps. 3:5.

Not only do we need the guard of prayer at the close of day, but we need it at the gateway of the dawning day. "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord," Ps. 5:3. If we run from Him in the morning, we will run into all kinds of anxiety during the day. Let prayer be the key of the morning and the bolt of the evening and we shall find rest day and night.—*Publisher Unknown.*

Are We Good Salesmen?

"Tell me, how do you manage to make more sales than any of the rest of us?" inquired one salesman of another.

The successful one smiled, then answered, "When I am trying to sell auto polish, I demonstrate it before I try to make a sale. By the time I have a car shining like new it is little or no trouble to sell the polish. It is the same with all our new polishes, when I am trying to get an order for silver polish I ask for a badly tarnished piece of silver, and if I can make it shine beautifully, I know it will be easy to sell polish not only to one customer, but also to her friends. 'Seeing is believing,' you know, and when they see that the things we are offering will bring splendid, worthwhile results, they are sure to want them. All I do is to prove to my customers that our goods are desirable."

This man's method of salesmanship is one that is well worth copying. If Christians would use it there would be far more conversions. When we can show to the world that Christianity is the most desirable thing that can be procured, we will have little trouble in getting them to accept it, for the world is always after the best thing.

A comical story is told about a gloomy-looking man who was stationed in front of a mission to invite strangers to enter. The man gave the invitation, but the one to whom he gave it looked at his downcast countenance and answered, "No, thank you, I have trouble enough of my own."

Whether the story is true or not we can not say, but we do know that a gloomy face is a poor advertisement for our Master. When our lives radiate happiness others will long to know the secret and try it for themselves.—*E. D. Hooley, in Onward.*

Treasured Gleanings For Ministers and Christian Workers

Seven Ways of Giving

First—The careless way: To give something to every cause that is presented, without inquiring into its merits.

Second—The impulsive way: To give from impulse—as much and as often as love and piety and sensibility prompt.

Third—The lazy way: To make a special offer to earn money for benevolent objects of fairs, festivals, etc.

Fourth—The self-denying way: To save the cost of luxuries and apply them to purposes of religion and charity. This may lead to asceticism and self-complacency.

Fifth—The systematic way: To lay aside as an offering to God a definite portion of our gains—one-tenth, one-fifth, one-third, or one-half. This is adapted to all, whether rich or poor, and gifts would be largely increased if it were generally practiced (1 Cor. 16:2).

Sixth—The equal way: To give to God and the needy just as much as we spend on ourselves, balancing all our personal expenditures by our gifts.

Seventh—The heroic way: To limit our own expenditures to a certain sum and give away all the rest of your income. This was John Wesley's way.—*A. T. Pierson, D. D., in The Watchman-Examiner.*

Serve Where You Are

A policeman in Birmingham, becoming a Christian, was so greatly troubled by the sights and sounds of sin among which he worked, that for a long time he and his wife prayed, "Lord, take me out of the police service. Give me some other work."

Still no answer came and no other work was opened for him. At last he said to his wife:

"I think we have been making a great mistake. We have been praying that I may be taken out of the force, and I begin to think that He has put me there to work. Now I am just going to pray that He will help me to serve where I

am."

That was the beginning of a life of marvelous usefulness. His influence over the men was so great that he was promoted to be the head of detectives. He was instrumental in the salvation of many criminals. The place where God has put you is the place where you can do the best service for Him.—*Selected.*

The Weak Battery

Hight C. Moore

It takes more strength to shine than it does to sound. That is what an amateur electrician found out some time ago. An exchange says that he rigged up an electric light for his room and found after a little that it flickered and faded. A friend examined his plan and told him that it would never again run a light but it might run a call bell. He declared that the battery was not strong enough to make a light but was still able to make a noise.

And that is what is the matter with some of our church members. They are not strong enough spiritually to make a light, but they are strong enough otherwise to make a noise! And the noise they make is so disturbing that they actually disturb the peace of Zion.

Shine, but be silent!—*The Word and Way.*

The Test of Value

One day when I was fishing with a complete outfit which I had just bought, my little seven-year-old twin sisters insisted that they also have an opportunity to fish. They were not content until I had cut a stick off a tree, and tied on it a piece of string, with a bent pin at the end, to which I attached a worm. I sent them down the stream while I went on angling with my expensive tackle. I caught nothing, but, hearing a shout from my sisters, I looked and saw a large trout, finer than any fish I had caught all summer. "What has happened?" I asked. "Oh," said one of the girls, "I caught this fish!" *There is a great deal of organization in the church today, but are we catching fish?*—*A. Lindsey Clegg, in Life with a Capital "L."*

Opinion vs. Perfect Confidence

I once illustrated the act of faith by the experience of a friend who was in an upper room of a hotel at night when the building took fire. He seized the escape rope that was in his room, swung out of the window, and lowered himself in safety to the sidewalk. He had a good opinion of that rope during the day when he saw it coiled up by his bedside, but it was only an opinion; when he believed on the rope, and trusted himself to the rope, it saved his life.—*Theo. L. Cuyler.*

The Voice

A Christmas Story

FAITH FREEBORN TURNER

The sturdy pines that thickly populated the frozen swamp groaned beneath the heavy blanket of snow that hung to their branches. A cold wind blowing in from the Lakes whistled cheerily through the little by-ways and alleys formed by the trees. The surface of the fallen snow was marred by countless trails that ran hither and thither in every direction. The smallest of the trails might be the main thoroughfare for Brer Rabbit while the wider hard-packed trail dented by sharp hoofs, was the path the wild deer followed to the water hole in the deep of the swamp. The heavily forested low-place was a veritable haven for all wild-life as it protected them from the piercing winds of winter.

On the far side of the swamp on a little knoll stood a cabin. Smoke curled lazily from the wide-mouthed chimney of the big fireplace. It was at best not a large cabin, yet it was the only home the six children of Emma and Martin Valton had ever known. They never questioned their solitary existence here in the far north woods or their primitive mode of life, for they had known no other.

Occasionally the mother would stand in the doorway and stare into the purple distance beyond the blue-green pines of the swamp with a far-away look in her dark eyes. She was always silent at those times and once Jimmie, the eldest son, noticed a tear on her cheek as she turned back to her work.

The father, Martin Valton, was a grave, silent man. He loved his children and provided as well as he could for them. In the summer he and his wife, together with the children's help, canned hundreds of quarts of wild berries from the swamp's bountiful stores, and in the winter the table was well supplied with venison and bear meat. For milk, the two tame goats taht lived in the shed behind the cabin served them well.

If the tall, silent man, that smiled only for his wife and children, ever harbored thoughts of his past life—no one ever knew of it—not even his faithful wife—much less his children.

* * *

It was the night before Christmas. The six eager children knew about Christmas, for their mother had told them long ago when they were tiny tots. They loved to hear their father read the Christmas story from the big black book that moth-

er called the Bible. It lay unmolested on the little shelf all year save at Christmas time; then and then only did Martin Valton read the Bible. He felt that he owed it to his children to read them the true Christmas story even though in that forgotten past he had sworn never to take up the Book again.

He had promised the children that he'd go to the post across the swamp and get them a sack of multi-colored candy the trader carried at Christmas time. This along with the sweetbread Emma baked was to be the children's presents.

He read the story of Christ's birth to the listening children, mechanically—he would not allow himself to read it any other way—then he rose and donned the heavy coat that hung from a peg near the door.

"Put the children to bed, Emma," he said gravely. "It's a clear night so I'll go to the post now. It won't take so long and that way the children can have their candy for Christmas morning." Without another word he stepped out the door, laced on his snowshoes, and headed across the swamp.

With a heavy heart Emma Valton tucked her children beneath the warm blankets. She was thinking of a Christmas long ago, of a brilliantly lighted tree and carols sung in the night. Her children had never heard a carol. While the children slept the mother sat on a low chair before the smouldering hearth and allowed forbidden memories to race and run like stabbing pains through her mind.

Hours later she heard the crunch of snowshoes on the crusted snow. The door opened and her husband stood there. He had a large sack in his arms that she knew was the candy; then there was another package, a square one. Martin Valton answered the unasked question in his wife's eyes.

"It's a radio. Grimes said it was mailed to the post by mistake and since he already had one he wanted us to have this. The children won't know what to make of it."

A queer expression passed over Emma Valton's face. It would be almost like a journey into the past to hear again from the great outer world. They would be singing carols out there tonight.

The man placed the package on the table and took the radio from its wrappings. It was just a common radio, but

to the woman it was beautiful.

"Fix it so we can listen to it tonight—just for a few minutes anyway—please, Martin, won't you?"

The man was silent but his fingers and hands were busy working with the tiny instrument. After a long while, it seemed to the waiting woman, he turned to her.

"All right, Emma, it's ready. You turn to the station you want."

With trembling fingers the woman dialed. For a moment there was a queer buzzing noise, then from the distance, winging its way through the air, came a song; pure and sweet the rich tones filled

(Continued on page 32)



The Men of Tomorrow

By DEAN C. DUTTON, in *Quests or Conquests*

(Continued from last issue)

A True Story

The story that I have just told you is absolutely true. One day a minister was sitting at a table with friends telling some stories. He had just told a whopper, about as big as the one I have just told you. Sitting by him was his little six-year-old daughter, who, amazed at the story he had told, looked up into her father's face and said, "Daddy, is that story really true, or were you just preaching?" The story that I have just told you is really true. It is not preaching; for the first appointment that I ever received as a minister of the gospel was from the hands of this very bishop, who had changed the hitching post into a banker. The story of the arousing, encouraging and building young lives is as great as any fiction ever written.

The First Ten Years are Mother's

Among the greatest agencies, of course, in building the men of tomorrow, is the home. The soul of the home is the mother. Nature has endowed a woman's heart with marvelous power. Her wealth of thought is as beautiful as a field of pomegranates; her love life is like a garden of flowers; her personality is like an island of spices. Wealth of personality, impact in vital energy, are hers. Her towering presence and power of soul soothes and quiets life in the home. The reason why nature has arranged for womanhood to be so very beautiful is because she is to walk by the side of her boys and girls for twenty years, pouring out her life with all its wealth, into the hearts and lives of her children. This is why it takes twenty years to rear a boy and a girl.

We often wonder why our Creator has made a woman so beautiful and precious. The greatest thing God ever made is the love life of a woman. Back of all that great affection is her wealth of character—the Paradise within. Why all this?

When the Father planned a way to launch a little life into the world He realized that it was a very delicate matter and should have the most careful background. He knew that the little life should not too suddenly be thrust out upon the world. So He planned and created the most wonderful thing He ever made—a woman's soul. This precious soul became the beautiful entrance passageway of God's coming into life. He launches a little life by way of a woman's beautiful soul.

The Father was not satisfied just to have his little life with this woman; not

even in her arms, but to grow up in her very soul, nestled next to her heart. There under the sacred crooning prayer of her loving heart this little life was to receive parental touches of tenderness and gracious contributions which would be for time and eternity.

Every little child has the right to come into the world by the way of a pure, true woman's soul. That is why it is so vital that a woman keep that soul unstained and as sweet and pure as heaven.

God's Coming Comrade

And who is this little prattling life? It is God's coming comrade. This is the wonderful beginning of a life to live forever and to be an associate of the Infinite as a citizen of the Universe forever.

The Mother, God's Angel

And who is this woman caring for this little life of so great a destiny? This is God's angel whom He has appointed to croon over, brood over, mold, fashion and to direct those little feet so that they will find the "Path of the Great." This is greater business than fashioning a child for royalty.

Mother-craft is the highest calling in this world. It is a vocation just as law, medicine or any of the professions. But it is the HIGHEST of all. It is a way beyond financiering, engineering, merchandising or any other calling. A woman should most carefully prepare for this calling just as anyone should prepare for any other calling. Only this is sacred beyond all others.

Little Mother! You are paying a great price. You are shut away from society. You suffer untold inconveniences. You make unmeasured sacrifices that only you and the Father can ever know. But, oh, what a contribution you are making to the wealth of the Universe—contributing and molding a LIFE to become God's comrade! Mother, you are God's angel—under special appointment. Be prayerfully patient and lean hard on the everlasting arm for blessing and guidance in your great and holy task.

A LITTLE MOTHER'S HUNGRY HEART

THE affectionate nature of a woman is tender, delicate and needs most careful attention on the part of her companion. The love touch is food for her hungry heart. Many men never learn to love with a soul love. The physical has its full place but that is of a passing value. The soul love expressed in quiet, prolonged caresses, with soul to soul often in sweet prayerfulness, is vital to the making of a great Mother.

In courtship every possible attention is given the sweetheart. This should be carried over into wedlock and on and on, for caressing attention is bread to a woman's soul. All goes fairly well until a baby comes. Then it holds such an interest that young fathers are inclined to go straight to the child when returning from business. This is a mistake. The first thing a lover husband should do is to go straight to the little mother and hold her tight in a long embrace with those tender expressions of love and appreciation that feed the little woman's hungry heart.

The way to build a great Mother is to feed her soul. Love is the bread for those sacrificing, hungry hearts. If little mothers are continuously loved there is a radiant joy that makes even a hard road happy. Understanding kindness and un-failing affection are investments not only in the life of the wife, but more—this so builds and heartens the Mother that the child receives unmeasured touches of unfolding that can only come from a happy, growing Mother.

The first ten years of a boy's life belong supremely to the mother. The baby boy is placed in the loving mother's arms perfectly helpless. Other little creatures that are born into the world are able to make their way largely after a few weeks—not so with the boy. It seems that nature has decreed that the little child shall lie helpless in mother's arms the first year of life. Nature seems to feel that it has put so much of love, tenderness, sweetness and beauty in a woman's face, that the little child may see practically nothing in the world the first year of its life but a mother's face. How beautiful is the crooning of a tender mother over a cooing baby! The child drinks and drinks from the fountain of inspiration in that wonderful face. The mother revels in the beauty of innocent childhood. Soon the child becomes a prattler; but all the time while playing with his blocks or running in and out, he looks into that mother's face a thousand times a day.

Little children in a home are like a bed of pansies, which turn their faces toward the sun even before the dawning of the day, and follow it until it sets behind the western hills. So little children are always drinking from the fountain of a woman's soul. What a pity when a woman who is honored with motherhood, should have an empty heart, and a soul garden all grown up to weeds. How precious when a mother is what she should be.

During these ten years of the boy's life the mother molds and fashions his temperament, giving him touches of the tenderness and inspiration, getting him

(Continued on page 26)

Introducing Faculty of B. T. S.



Zeno C. Tharp, seated in foreground, 1st row, left to right: Dora P. Myers, LeRoy Carver, Sadie Cline, P. M. Atchley, Elisabeth Burnette, Boyce Creamer, and Vina Siler. 2nd row, left to right: Avis Swiger, Louise Burgess, Mary Elizabeth Harrison, Esther Holland, Henrietta Green, Mary Elsie Blackwood, Kathleen MacDonald, Colleen Huff, D. C. Barnes, and Cecil Bridges.

The following is a list of the faculty, schools attended, number of years employed in B. T. S., and subjects taught by each:

ZENO C. THARP

Bible Training School
Holmes Bible and Missionary Institute
Travel Institute of Bible Research
President of B. T. S. eight years
Christian Workers' Courses
Parliamentary Law

DORA P. MYERS

Nebraska Wesleyan University
Columbia University
John Hopkins
University of Missouri
A. B., Southern Methodist University
Eastman School of Music
Student, Madame Tate, London
3 years in B. T. S.
Foreign Language
Psychology
Piano

LEROY CARVER

Vaughn School of Music
Student, Jerome Robertson, Kieffer
Vaughn, Luther Drummond, W. S. Combs
2 years in B. T. S.

Music, Theoretical and Vocal

SADIE CLINE

B. S., Georgia State College for Women
Bible Training School
1 year in B. T. S.
Home Economics—High School

English

Commercial

P. M. ATCHLEY

Harrison Chilhowee Institute
University of Tennessee
B. S., Carson-Newman College
2 years in B. T. S.

Latin

Mathematics—High school and College

ELISABETH BURNETTE

George Peabody College
Union University
University of Tennessee
1 year in B. T. S.

Librarian

Christian Ethics

BOYCE H. CREAMER

A. B., Furman University
Th. B., God's Bible School and College
2 years in B. T. S.
Social Sciences—College

VINA SILER

A. B., Eastern Kentucky State Teachers College
9 years in B. T. S.
Social Sciences—High school
English

AVIS SWIGER

Standard Normal
Salem College

8 years in B. T. S.

Christian Workers' Courses

Head of Correspondence Dept.

LOUISE BURGESS

Northeast Center Louisiana State Uni-

versity

Bible Training School
University of Tennessee

5 years in B. T. S.

Registrar

MARY ELIZABETH HARRISON

B. A., Maryville College
M. A., Duke University

University of Iowa

1 year in B. T. S.

Speech—High school and College

ESTHER HOLLAND

Georgia State Normal, Athens

Bible Training School

3 years in B. T. S.

Dean of Women

HENRIETTA GREEN

University of Tennessee

State Teachers College

Washington School for Secretaries

13 years in B. T. S.

Commercial

MARY ELSIE BLACKWOOD

Student, Lawrence Goodman

Graduate, Howell-Arretta course in
Accordion

1 year in B. T. S.

Piano

Accordion

KATHLEEN MacDONALD

Port Huron Junior College

Bible Training School

1 year in B. T. S.

General Science

English—High school

Accountant

COLLEEN HUFF

Student, Mrs. A. M. Graves, Prof. Worsham, Whitt Denson

3 years in B. T. S.

Piano

CECIL BRIDGES

Bible Training School

1 year in B. T. S.

Dean of Men

Manager of Cafeteria

D. C. BARNES

Bible Training School

University of Florida

University of Tennessee

1 year in B. T. S.

Religious Education—Christian Workers and College

J. OVIE RICE

Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds

THE FACULTY SPEAKS

Additional members have been added to the faculty from time to time, but

the largest increase was made this term when ten new members were added. This increased our number to nineteen full-time officers and teachers besides three part-time teachers. I have never worked with a more cooperative and congenial group. Each one takes great interest in his department, yet is willing and eager to assist and cooperate with other departments in behalf of the general welfare of the school. Only one controversy has arisen: The deans of the dormitories are constantly in dispute as to which group is the best, the girls or the boys.

There seems to be a general feeling among the faculty that they are not only administering to the educational needs of the students, but are also in the service of the Lord. The friendly spirit that exists between the faculty and student body this term surpasses any previous year. We are thankful for each improvement that has been made and feel that the school is doing a greater work than ever before.—Zeno C. Tharp.

I wish to sound a note of praise and thanksgiving for the high school department of our Bible Training School. Having taught in the public schools for eleven years before coming to teach in B. T. S., I have a greater appreciation of what our school really means to the youth of this evil day. As we see the minds of the young people of our public schools so poisoned by the sin of the world, it should cause us to think of our Bible School as a refuge for the youth of today.—Vina Siler.

I was anxious to come to the Bible School to teach because I believe in the objectives it is striving for, that of putting religion into education and education into religion. The teachers seem to be united in one great Christian purpose, and the students, too, seem to attend classes, not for the purpose of making themselves great, but for preparing themselves to serve humanity. — Mary Elizabeth Harrison.

Upon arriving in Sevierville this year, I found one of the best schools in the country. Here students are working toward the greatest goal ever dreamed of. May they realize their ambitions and become worth-while citizens of their country, worthy members of their church, and loyal children of their God.—Sadie Cline.

Those of us who have not had the experience of going to a truly Christian college are in a special way thankful that the Church of God can provide such a school for the education of its young people. Those young people of the Church who feel the need of higher education and who would be forced to attend the modernistic, faith-destroying colleges have in B. T. S. the means of

developing a well-rounded life. At the same time they are able to come through their college days with the most precious possession possible for any person to have—a real faith in the Bible as Eternal Truth. Thank God for schools that champion our faith.—Elisabeth Burnette.

I count it a privilege to be here in Bible School in such a good spiritual atmosphere. It is inspiring to be associated with Christian men and women who put Christ first. This has been a most interesting school term to me. Young people as eager to learn as those at B. T. S. are an inspiration to any teacher to put forth her best effort. I am thankful for the opportunity to help such eager and deserving students. — Mary Elsie Blackwood.

The longer Jesus tarries the more dependent the Church will become upon the school, the great "training field" on which "soldiers" of the cross are trained to defeat the enemy of God's great Church. We depend upon our young people in time of "war," but we cannot expect them to win without good training. I am happy to have a part in a school that offers this training by affording both spiritual and mental development.—D. C. Barnes.

A high and lofty appreciation from every member of the Church is an honor the school deserves. I thank God because the Church of God has provided a school scholastically-able to accommodate all classes of people and, at the same time, spiritually-able, through the grace of God, to unfold the hidden mysteries of the Word. A hearty pledge from every member to boost and support the school will make it an arsenal of spiritual and intellectual guidance for the world during this oncoming era of darkness and suffering.—Boyce Creamer.

Bible School is that city set upon a hill whose light has shone, is now shining, and will continue to shine to every part of this needy world. I truly thank God for the privilege of being connected with so great a school. When I think of all the good consecrated boys and girls who are here preparing themselves to carry on for God, I see a great future for the Church of God.—LeRoy Carver.

I consider this school the greatest asset of the Church of God. For more than forty years I have taught in different schools, public and denominational. This is the most ideal school of all places I have worked, and I am happier in this work than I have ever been before. We have a student body of high ideals—it is the best I have ever seen. Indeed, the Church of God will continue

to grow by the leadership of such pupils.—P. M. Atchley.

I do not have words to express how grateful I am for the privilege of being in Bible School. I have always longed to be a worker for the Bible School and I feel that I am now in the center of the Lord's will. We have about 100 in the boys' dormitory, and I can truthfully say that they are the best all-around group I have ever known. They are cooperative and considerate, willing and eager to do everything possible to make this year the best.—Cecil Bridges.

Since coming to the Bible School as superintendent of buildings and grounds, I have seen more work to be done than ever before in my whole life, but with joy and contentment I am trying to do it.—J. Ovie Rice.

To produce Christian leadership is the challenge of every American school in this time of social and economic revolution. The world is being torn to pieces; tomorrow, the students of today will have to put it together again. They will have only one blueprint—that one traced upon their hearts by professors in the classroom and fellow students on the campus. I am happy to be a part of a school that has accepted this challenge and is striving to give its students more of the things they need most.—Louise Burgess.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Prov. 3:5, 6. I am glad that the Lord directed me to the Bible School.—Henrietta Green.

"Sweeter as the days go by," is the sentiment of a song we sometimes sing: That is true in Bible Training School, for every year grows sweeter than the year before.—Avis Swiger.

All of my life I have enjoyed associating and working with young people, but my greatest delight has been experienced here in B. T. S. We have over 100 girls in the dormitory this year; and, to say the least, their excellent cooperation has made dormitory life pleasant for all.—Esther Holland.

Words fail me in trying to express what Bible School has meant to me. It is not just the place I work; it is my fortress and strength, my second home. When I was a student, I thought it was the best school in the world, and as a teacher my opinion is the same.—Colleen Huff.

(Continued on page 26)

Letters From Our Training Camps

Dear Sister Harrison:

We have received the roll of Lighted Pathways and have placed them in the reading rooms. I am sure they will be enjoyed by all who read them.

May God bless all who contribute to the fund that makes it possible for you to send these papers to army camps. Only eternity will reveal the good that is being accomplished by this good work.

Remember us in your prayers.—Pvt. William Alford, Co. 304 Med. Bn., A. P. O. 89, Camp Carson, Colo.

Dear Sister Harrison:

The Lighted Pathway is real food to my soul.

On March 24, 1939, I gave my heart to God in a Church of God in Homer-ville, Ga. God blessed me so and inspired me and within a month I was working in His vineyard. Souls were saved, sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost.

Opportunity presented itself for the things I desired for my natural life and I caught myself grasping them and getting out of His work. Dear friends, if I had listened to the voice of God, my life would have been complete.

I am now in the service of our country, of which I count it a great privilege, but a greater privilege would I count in service for God. However, God has never let me down and I am still His. Pray that I will be of service to Him, and when I am at liberty again, will preach His Word.

I would appreciate hearing from any one for it really gets lonesome here.—Woodrow B. King, S.C., 3-c, Box 12, Hdq. Co. N. A. S., Dakiak, Alaska.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I never realized what it meant to be a Christian until I got in the army. If it wasn't for the sweet encouraging letters I get from my pastor and members of my church at Atlanta, I don't know what I would do. Several times I have been so discouraged until I felt like giving up, but it seemed like the song we sang at church, "I'm Going Through," came so close to my heart.

I have seen so many boys here in camp that when they came in the service they did not drink or do anything real bad, but since they have come in the army they have really started living wrong. I have tried to be a help to all that I could and have talked to several about their souls and asked them to start living for my dear Savior.

I am glad that I can help defend my country and also glad to be a soldier

for the Lord.

It was hard to leave all my loved ones and the dear church at Atlanta and come into the service, but the Lord has stayed with me and watched over me. Everyone please pray for me to stand true to Jesus. It is quite different to be in foreign service than it is to be in the states.—Pvt. Edward L. Youngblood, 34089528, Co. E. 42nd Engineer, A. P. O. 945, Seattle, Wash.

Dear Friends, I have just received my call for the Army. I will leave the 26th of this month (October). Please pray for me that I will stand in this trying hour. I am a Church of God member; I belong to the Church of God at East Bernstadt, Ky. I am the only one who stands for the Church of God in our family. My dad is a sinner; he is seventy-four years old. My mother is Jesus Only; my brother and his wife are Jesus Only, but I belong to the dear old Church of God. I am twenty years old and have a good record. I would appreciate corresponding with good Christian young people.—James Arthur Hicks, East Bernstadt, Ky.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Last night I was reading a Lighted Pathway that I found here in camp and I was surprised to read so many letters from boys in training camps who are serving the Lord.

I once was a member of the Church of God and served the true and living God, but I lost all hope and the devil took possession of my life. All Christians please pray for me. I do need God to help me. I want to go to heaven when I die. I would like to hear from anyone who would care to write me.—Pfc. Vince Ban, Jr., 34133000, Co. "C," 179th Inf., A. P. O. 45, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I didn't know there was so much good reading in the Lighted Pathway until I received one from my wife and turned through the pages. I wish that every soldier could get one to read.

I am not a member of the Church of God, but I am praying that I may receive the blessing of the Lord and forever be ready when He comes. I desire the prayers of all Christians.—Pvt. Basil M. Smith, Rt. 1, Magee, Miss.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a member of the Church of God at Rossville, Georgia. Prior to my induction I was choir director and president

of the Y. P. E. I love the Church of God.

I certainly enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. It encourages me very much. I like the page for "Tempted and Tried." Although we are tempted a lot and have trials, I know our Lord is able to carry us through. It has been said that when anyone stays in here very long, he will get to where he doesn't care for anything; but regardless of what they say, I mean to put my trust in Jesus. I've come through many trials thus far and I know He can lead me on.

I need the prayers of all Christians.—Pvt. Cecil L. Harris, Battery "D," 4th Bat., Fort Eustis, Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I received your three copies of the Lighted Pathway today. I also received your twenty copies of the October issue. You can be assured that they will be distributed properly. I appreciate them with all my heart. They surely build up more determination in my heart to press on. They help increase my faith in God. When I am discouraged, I can read the Lighted Pathway and feel like fighting the battle on.

When I miss a day or two getting encouraging letters from friends, I get homesick or discouraged, but I know Jesus is always with me and will never leave nor forsake me. I want to serve Him at any cost. I will appreciate all prayers and encouraging letters from Christian friends everywhere. Encouraging letters are really a help.—Pvt. Cecil Harris, Bat. D., 4th Bn., Fort Eustis, Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

This is my second time to write you. I am now at Ft. Bragg, N. C. I was at Camp Claiborne, La., when I wrote you before. I wish to thank you for publishing my letter, also I wish to thank the young people for the nice letters I received. I was unable to answer all of them but certainly appreciated receiving each one.

I attended the Church of God at West Monroe, La., while in Camp Claiborne and hope to find a church near here soon.

Sister Harrison, I really love the Church of God and by following her teaching, I expect to meet you one and all in heaven. Pray for me that I will stand true to the Lord.—Pvt. Ottis Moore, Co. G, 325th Glider Inf., 82nd Air Borne Div., Ft. Bragg, N. C.

(Continued on page 22)

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Exchange Page

Dear Sister Harrison:

We read the article, "The Men of Tomorrow," by Dean C. Dutton in our October Lighted Pathway, and enjoyed it so much.

We had the happy privilege of having Dr. Dutton in our town this past week to lecture to the schools and churches. The lectures were wonderful and inspired us to pray more and do more for God than we have in the past.

We have a good Y. P. E. here in Carriers Mills and some good Christian young people. Several attend who are not saved and we are praying for them. Every Christian, please pray for our lost young people.

We love to read the Lighted Pathway and look forward to its coming every month.—Mrs. Leonard Newton, Carriers Mills, Ill.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I certainly enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. It is food to my soul. I especially enjoyed this issue.

We have a good Y. P. E. superintendent at Docena and I am praying for a good Y. P. E. — Jane Odell Evans, Porters, Texas.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I think the Lighted Pathway is the grandest paper published. I read it over and over until I almost know each issue by heart. Wish it came each week.

I am sick and can't go out by myself, as I have some kind of spells, and I get so lonesome, but the Lighted Pathway cheers me up.

Last month we had some to give out and my husband took some to the men where he worked. A young boy who had been saved, but backslid because the others called him a sissy, read the story about the Lost Sheep and it inspired him to renew his faith in God and go back to church. I thank the Lord for a paper like that.

I would like to receive letters from any sisters in the Lord.—Mrs. Fate Ault, 212 W. 7th Ave., Fountain City, Knoxville, Tenn.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have received the Lighted Pathway for some time and I would like to tell you that I have fully enjoyed it from cover to cover. I don't think there is a paper that could surpass it.

I am not a member of the Church of God, but do belong to a holiness church. Last Christmas the story on the Prison

Page was read at a sunrise service in another church. Your church people are not the only ones who enjoy this paper.

I think the paper will benefit the boys in camp. God bless you in your work. I am looking for the paper to appear at my door until Jesus comes.—Esther Y. Wyatt, Danville, Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I like to read the Lighted Pathway very much. It is a wonderful paper. We get it every month and I can hardly wait until our paper comes each time.

Please pray for my little sister, who has abscesses in both ears.—Sylvia Hughes, Enoree, S. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. It encourages me to go on and never turn back.

I enjoy reading letters from boys in camp. I have a number of loved ones and friends in the camps. Please pray for them. I would be glad to receive letters from any of the girls or boys.—Ruth Merritt, Rt. 4, Elizabethton, Tenn.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I read your message in the Lighted Pathway and enjoy it so much. I especially enjoy reading poems. I love the Lord with all my heart and am a member of the Church of God. — Nona Hudson, Lynchburg, Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway very much. I am very much encouraged by the testimonies of all young people and I welcome all letters.

I am a senior in high school and desire the prayers of all that I will stand true to Jesus.—Gertie Ross, 721 Herbert St., Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I certainly enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway from month to month as it is a book that is very encouraging to me. When the trials and tests are so heavy and it seems as if you are all alone, except Christ, I enjoy reading the paper so much.—Elaine Colimer, 305 N. Potomac St., Waynesboro, Pa.

Dear Sister Harrison:

The Lighted Pathway is really food to my soul. I can hardly wait for it to come each month.

Your messages especially are always good and food to my soul. Please pray

for me and our Y. P. E.—Nadine Lankford, Piedmont, Ala.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I get a copy of the Lighted Pathway almost every month and certainly enjoy it. Especially your messages are so good.

I found the Lord when I was sixteen years old and got one of your papers right afterwards and have been reading it ever since.—Hildra Hubett, Jacksonville, Ga.

Dear Sister Harrison:

The Lighted Pathway has meant much to me and I have obtained much spiritual help from reading it.

The Evangel has also meant much to me. It was through the Evangel that I received the Holy Ghost.

I would like to subscribe for these two papers but I am unable at the present. Money is scarce here. Please pray for us for we are in great need.—Allena Curtis, Garpum Bay.

(Note: Perhaps some one would like to subscribe for these papers as a Christmas present to this brother.)

Dear Sister Harrison:

I wish to express my heartfelt appreciation to you as Editor of the Lighted Pathway. You surely are doing a wonderful work for the Lord Jesus Christ.

I really thank God for your great work. It surely is a help to young people.

I desire the prayers of all those who know how to pray.—Ruby Grant, Rockingham, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

The Lighted Pathway is certainly a good paper. We thank the Lord for the great work you are doing and we need more people like you.

We are twins and members of the Church of God at Dyersburg, Tenn. We would enjoy hearing from any young people.—Inez and Idell Hendrix, 1212 East Court St., Dyersburg, Tenn.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Words cannot express how much I appreciate you and the Lighted Pathway. The Editor's Message is always a great encouragement to me.

My three sisters and I sing in a quartet. I am a girl seventeen years of age. I really enjoy working for the Lord. I am thankful for a Christian home and a praying father and mother.

I am also thankful for a good Y. P. E. here at Sulphur Springs. By God's help we want to make it grow.

We are thankful for our pastor and wife, Brother and Sister Rains. They are a great help in our Y. P. E.—Elizabeth Lazo, Sulphur Springs, Fla.

Reading Circle



CHRISTMAS PLAYS

The book, "Four Plays For Our Y.P.E.," contains two beautiful Christmas plays. One, "The Mysterious Envelope," the other, "The Birth of Christ." It also has a New Year's play and "A Search in Vain." You can get these four plays for 25c.

"Home Scenes" is a play of two home scenes, one a Christian home and the other a worldly home. Each scene has a Christmas closing. This will make a beautiful play for your Christmas program. Price 25c. Let us have your order at an early date.

Order from Alda B. Harrison, 2905 Parker St., Cleveland, Tenn.

* * * * *

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Books Recommended for Your Library

FOR BIBLE READERS

Know Your Bible, by Amos R. Wells. Price 50c.

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Not by Bread Alone, by Carl F. H. Henry. Price 75c.

The Witness of His Enemies, by George R. Pettigrew, LLD., Th. G. Price \$1.00.

Astounding New Discoveries, by Karl G. Sabiers, M. A. Price 50c.

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Bible Picture A B C Book. Price \$1.00.

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Kindergarten Outline Pictures, 52 pictures in "Life of Jesus" for tiny hands to color. Price 35c.

Mr. Noah's A B C Zoo, by Isabel D. Byrum. Price 25c.

Picture Story Life of Christ, by Elsie E. Egermeier. Price \$2.00.

FICTION

At the Crossroads, by Minnie L. Lud-



"This little Book I'd rather own,
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
Than all their diadems."

December Bible Readings

	Morning	Evening
Dec. 1	Hosea 3- 4	2 Pet. 3
Dec. 2	Hosea 5- 6	1 John 1
Dec. 3	Hosea 7- 8	1 John 2
Dec. 4	Hosea 9-10	1 John 3
Dec. 5	Hosea 11-12	1 John 4
Dec. 6	Hosea 13-14	1 John 5
Dec. 7	Joel 1- 3	2 & 3 John
Dec. 8	Amos 1- 2	Jude
Dec. 9	Amos 3- 4	Rev. 1
Dec. 10	Amos. 5- 6	Rev. 2
Dec. 11	Amos. 7- 8	Rev. 3
Dec. 12	Amos 9-10	Rev. 4
Dec. 13	Obad., Jon. 1-4	Rev. 5
Dec. 14	Micah 1- 3	Rev. 6
Dec. 15	Micah 4- 5	Rev. 7
Dec. 16	Micah 6- 7	Rev. 8
Dec. 17	Nahum 1- 3	Rev. 9
Dec. 18	Hab. 1- 2	Rev. 10
Dec. 19	Hab. 3	Rev. 11
Dec. 20	Zeph. 1- 2	Rev. 12
Dec. 21	Zeph. 3	Rev. 13
Dec. 22	Haggai 1- 2	Rev. 14
Dec. 23	Zech. 1- 2	Rev. 15
Dec. 24	Zech. 3- 4	Rev. 16
Dec. 25	Isaiah 9	Luke 2
Dec. 26	Zech. 5- 6	Rev. 17
Dec. 27	Zech. 7- 8	Rev. 18
Dec. 28	Zech. 9-10	Rev. 19
Dec. 29	Zech. 11-12	Rev. 20
Dec. 30	Zech. 13-14	Rev. 21
Dec. 31	Mal. 1- 4	Rev. 22

wig. Price \$1.00.

Sally Jo, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

The Return of the Tide, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

Under Whose Wings, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

The Vision, by Paul Hutchens. Price \$1.00.

To These Also, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.

LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING

	Sold for Nov.	Total
Alabama	2,211	5,319
Arizona	42	168
Arkansas	497	1,253
California	384	1,103
Colorado		37
Delaware	180	460
Foreign	275	817
Florida	2,288	6,065
Georgia	4,853	13,066
Idaho	126	315
Illinois	1,078	3,142
Indiana	177	555
Iowa	168	336
Kansas	210	478
Kentucky	1,665	4,214
Louisiana	557	1,575
Maine	98	294
Massachusetts	48	104
Maryland	550	1,423
Michigan	531	1,371
Mississippi	530	1,484
Minnesota	112	272
Montana	98	364
Missouri	428	1,052
Nebraska	28	56
New Jersey	84	252
New Mexico	84	315
New York		62
North Carolina	4,375	12,613
North Dakota	519	1,711
Ohio	1,303	3,107
Oklahoma	313	928
Oregon	112	422
Pennsylvania	705	1,971
South Carolina	7,972	22,825
South Dakota	98	278
Tennessee	2,307	6,197
Texas	1,391	3,360
Virginia	1,384	3,557
Washington	178	570
Washington, D. C.	98	294
West Virginia	1,604	4,735
Wyoming		14
Wisconsin		
	39,661	108,534

October Prize Winner

Mr. T. R. Morse, Greenville, S. C., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

Honor Roll

Mrs. Ollie Hill, Riverside, Ga.
Edwin M. Mortenson, Columbia, S. C.
Ruth Ross, Greenwood, S. C.
Mae Couch, Fort Mill, S. C.
Mrs. Francis Hobbs, Thomaston, Ga.
Martie Roberson, Valdese, N. C.

Send in your offering for distributing the Christmas issue to the army camps.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Our Y. P. E. Poets

THE BABY CHRIST

JAMES P. MARKLAND

Jamaica, B. W. I.

Was it not when all was still,
In night's dark, deepest slumber,
When shepherds all did watch their
sheep,

And skies were looking sombre;
When aroused and accustomed sounds
That lead all eyes to heaven—
And a choir band broke forth with song
That men could hear the strain?

Was it not, far in eastern lands,
That wise men knew His coming?
With months of toil and labor hard
They went to seek His place?
Did they not answer those who ask,
Behold, we've seen His star?
Who with kingly sagacity
The Christ's life sought to mar.

Was He not in a manger found,
All wrapped in swaddling clothes?
For there was not a place to stay
Oh, precious manger pose!
Posed by the King of kings,
A pose earthly kings will ere oppose;
His star over Herod's house did rest
Where the wise men made inquiry.

Here men and angels answer, "yes,"
There's nothing here to doubt,
He was that promised seed to Eve
To walk the human route.
His coming brought rejoicing,
His going left them in doubt,
His absence gives that hope sublime
That maketh not ashamed.

But, well I know that baby dear
Was Jesus, God's dear Son,
He points the way from earth to heaven
That I a crown may win.
Rough path, oh dreadful path,
From the manger to the cross!
O God, give me grace to rally and hold
fast

That when this life shall cease
I'll dwell with Him in endless peace.

BETHLEHEM'S STAR

Grace Elwood

Say watchman, what of the night, have
you seen that strange star, with its
wonderful light?

Can you tell us the meaning? our hearts
are afraid.

Something surely has happened, some-
thing strange I should say.

Hark! the shepherds are coming, wise
men too, I see,

All going to Bethlehem, to seek for a
king.

They say He was born in a manger to-
day, and the beautiful star is leading
the way

To the place where the young child lay.

They told us that angels sang a song of
His birth,

A song of good will and of peace on the
earth.

A sign they were given, by which they
could find

The wonderful Christ-child, so holy and
mild.

In swaddling clothes wrapped, in a
manger He lay,

How their hearts did rejoice when they
found Him that day.

They bowed at His feet and worshipped
Him there,

They gave Him their gifts of frank-
incense rare,

Of gold and of myrrh they gladly gave
all

To the babe they had found, led by
Bethlehem's star.

A Beautiful Sunset

Ruth Handley

As we hurry along through the bustling
world,

With all its pride and fame,
And behold the many sights unfurled,
The agony of death and pain,

Do we think of the poor as well as the
blest?

Or do we the weak detest?
Do we speak a word of cheer to the sad,
And rejoice in making the lonely
glad?

Let's walk with nature and with God,
For this life will soon be over;
Let us live our lives as Jesus wishes,
Until He calls us to that bright shore.

—Gardendale, Ala.

Don't Complain

Estelle Simms

When the way is dark ahead, don't
complain;

Do your best and look ahead, don't
complain;

Though your path leads through some
hollow

Where you have to crawl
Oft times to follow—follow.

Do your best and don't complain.

When your trials are a battle, don't

complain;

When your pocketbook won't rattle,
don't complain,

Do not look for words of pity,
But move forward and be gritty,
Always saying words that's cherry,
Take life as it comes and don't com-
plain.

By and by we'll reach the landing,
don't complain,

Then you'll have clear understanding,
don't complain;

Though this life is full of sorrow
There will be a bright tomorrow,
When our Savior says, "Come forward,"
don't complain.

—Odessa, Tex.

Lead Me On

Grace Churchman, Iowa Park, Tex.

Lord, I am weak

And prone to make mistakes,

But thou, good Master,

You know the way to the pearly
gates.

Lord, take my hand

And guide me o'er the rough way.

May my eyes enview

Only the good deeds I may do each
day.

Lord, stay close by

And implant in my heart a song;

When darkness hovers,

Please, Lord, lead me on.

My Jesus and Heaven

Maxine Atkins

My helper is God who dwells above,
His Spirit comes to me like a holy dove,
His glory shines around me like a light,
It makes me think of heaven bright.

And very soon I'll reach the shining
goal,

There to be sure, my name is enrolled;
The lifeboat is soon coming to take me
home,

There I'll be with Jesus never to roam.

There I'll have a crown with many
stars,

And I'll look upon Jesus' nail scars;
My Jesus is coming, it won't be long,
I'll go up to meet Him with a happy
song.

No Cross, No Crown

Ira A. Finnell

No cross, no crown,

I hear Him say,

No time to frown

Along the way.

No time to lose

From day to day,

Make flowers bloom

Along the saddened way.

The Trial

A Christmas Story

N. P. MADSEN

The prison gate creaked on its hinges as it closed behind the liberated prisoner. Once before had he heard that creak, but then he heard it as the thunder of judgment, for at that time he stood inside—a prisoner—a criminal.

Oh, how he longed for that moment when he again should pass through that awful gate which divides between freedom and slavery, the gate behind which are to be found so many broken hearts.

How often had he not counted the hours, yes the minutes, till the day when he again should stand outside. Now it had come. Now the gate for the second time had swung open for him.

Now he stood outside as a free man.

A free man—

A little bird, benumbed with cold, was sitting on a branch above his head. He grasped for it and to his own surprise and to the bird's terror really caught it.

The bird struggled to become free but he held fast. A strange, almost unconquerable desire swept through his soul—a desire to act the part of a jailer.

It was a moment's satisfaction to him to notice the terror of the bird. It was to him as if he had a being in his hand which understood him far better than any one else.

"Yes, just struggle," he muttered to himself as he began to walk, "it doesn't do you any good. You are under the hand of the law, and that is stern, hard, and unyielding. That hand did also seize me once, and it held me, as I now hold you.

"No, just be quiet, you are my prisoner. Now you know how it feels. We, too, understand each other. I have also been in prison—much longer than you—days, months—yes, years." He lifted his hand and looked at the bird. "Yes, you would like to have your liberty—but—"

The sun broke through the heavy, dark clouds. He felt a breath of warmth pass through his soul. He had not seen the sun very often during those long, dark years. A tear trickled down his cheek.

Again he looked at his little prisoner. "No, little bird, don't be afraid. You shall have your liberty in a moment. See the sun, isn't it glorious? So different from the dark prison.

"We are free now—you and I—"

He opened his hand a little.

"You are free now, your prison life is over. You can fly away now."

The bird waited for a moment as if it did not dare to believe that it was free.

Then it lifted its wings and was gone.

A feeling of loneliness seized him as he stood there alone. It was as if he had lost a fellow sufferer. He started after it for a moment.

"Yes, could I but fly as you, out into the world without cares and without—disgrace—"

Disgrace—that which he had more anticipated than felt as long as he was inside the prison walls where none except the other prisoners and the guard saw him—now fell as a heavy weight on his soul.

His whole future lay as one great picture before him. But the picture was dark.

The disgrace—it would follow him his whole life. He would never be able to shake it off. That was almost worse than the imprisonment. He knew it would never be forgotten, the horrible truth that he had been in the penitentiary—a prisoner. He would meet it again and again.

All the joy of being a free man had disappeared and his soul was dark and heavy. And it became heavier and heavier as he walked along the road.

Where should he go? To the city? Yes, and what then? He had no money, no relatives, no friends. Had he ever had any friends? A bitter expression passed over his face.

He knew not one in the whole world who would welcome him, understand him, love him as he was, in spite of sin and shame.

"Not one in the whole world," he repeated aloud, almost shouting, as something hard and defiant arose in his soul.

His thoughts wandered back to his childhood. But here he found no light. He, the child from the orphanage, without father and mother, had known nothing of that which people call love—pure, unselfish love. He could remember only work, mistreatment, and unkind words with a little selfish kindness mixed in at times. And later? Well, later he saw no light either. The most important thing in his life had been hard work, sickness, the hospital, and at last this step—and then the police, the trial, the sentence, and the imprisonment.

And why did he do it? He did not really know. He remembered only the hunger, the need, other people's indifference,—and then, well, then it came natural—the burglary and self-defense.

And now, what should he do now?

To him the earth was one great institution of misery. And heaven? Suddenly

he lifted his eyes.

Heaven!

The prison chaplain had spoken much about heaven—about God—about Jesus. And how he had listened—at times, especially once, but at that time he had almost become frightened.

It had really been a singular moment. The chaplain had told him about God's love in Jesus Christ. And then he said: "God loves also you—". He tried to believe it one night. But a strange fear had seized him. He began to realize that there was an account to be settled before he could meet God. And he had a foreboding that it would be a difficult matter. Not merely because of that one thing, but so many other things which no one else knew about. He had caught a glimpse of the world of light, but that was all.

Now it came back, clear from the beginning. Was there a God? A Jesus? And would He have anything to do with him? Would He help him? Could He take the darkness away from this miserable world?

Suddenly he stood still and looked about to see if there was any one who could see what he was about to do, and then he jumped down in the ditch and fell on his knees.

"Lord, if Thou exist, then help me to believe in Thee." That was all. The rest was choked in passionate weeping. He wept as he had never wept before—wept until he could not weep any longer.

Then he jumped up with a feeling of relief and hastened on hour after hour. At last he reached the city.

He sought preferably the shadow. He did not like to have people look at him. But there was hardly any shadow to be found. Everything shone in the brightest light. It was so new for him to see those stores which he had not seen for many years.

Two ladies stopped in front of him.

"Merry Christmas," he heard. Indeed it was Christmas Eve. He had entirely forgotten that. Christmas Eve—a bitter smile passed over his face. How should he celebrate Christmas?

He stopped in front of a bakery. And when he saw all the bread and cake he realized that he was hungry; but where would he get anything to eat?

A lady came out from the bakery and stopped for a moment in front of the window.

"Pray, lady, give me a piece of bread, I haven't had nothing to eat since—"

He did not get any farther. The lady looked at him for a moment and hastened away while she muttered: "Just think of the impertinence."

He walked on for a little distance and then spoke to a kindly looking gentleman: "Please, sir, give me a little for something to eat," he said.

"Don't you know that you are not al—"

(Continued on page 24)

Prayer Page

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

David Kent tossed restlessly on the hard bed. It was the eve before Christmas. "Christmas, bah," he thought bitterly. Why was there such a thing as Christmas anyhow? Christmas was all right for rich folk, but poor folk would be a lot better off if they had never heard of it. Christmas was a time when people were glad and joyous; a time when parents lavished gifts upon their children; a time when there was much laughter, and gay exchange of greetings. That was what Christmas meant to those who had money, to those who had work.

But to the poor, to the unemployed man who tramped miles each day looking for work—and was always waved aside with the curt statement, "Sorry, no place open. Laying men off. Not hiring anybody," to such a man Christmas was only a mockery, a nightmare.

Day after day with growing desperation, David had tried in vain to find employment. A few odd jobs here and there had sufficed to keep a roof over his family and a scant supply of food in the larder. But even these jobs were getting more difficult to find and money had been scarcer than usual the last few weeks. All this was enough to break a man,—to drive him insane, he reasoned, without Christmas coming on.

Tonight was Christmas Eve—and in the morning little Janey would be expecting to find the doll she had been praying for every night for a month. "It will be here in the morning, won't it Daddy?" She looked expectantly from one to the other. "I know it will because at Sunday school our teacher said if we prayed to Jesus He would answer our prayers." Then as her mother undressed her for bed she prattled happily of the new doll Jesus was going to send her. "Minnie May (a little neighbor girl) said she wrote a letter to Santa Claus and asked him for a dolly. But our Sunday school teacher said the real Christmas wasn't about Santa Claus. It's about Jesus. Jesus was born in a manger, and He was a teeny baby at first. Then He grew up to be a man and did nice things for people, and now He's in heaven and He does nice things for us. And He's going to send me a dolly for Christmas!" she finished triumphantly as her mother placed her in her small bed, and kissed her good-night.

In the other room (their small flat

boasted only two rooms) Janey's mother had sobbed heartbrokenly in her husband's arms. "Oh, David," she whispered, "it seems as if I can't stand to see her so deeply disappointed in the morning. If there were only something we could do, but we've tried so hard."

When at last David had soothed her, they, too, went to bed. In a few moments her quiet breathing, broken only by a sob now and then—told him she was asleep. But David lay awake—trying to solve a problem that had no solution. As he grappled with his worries a great bitterness seeped into his soul. Something was wrong somewhere when a strong, able-bodied young man could not provide for one small woman and one tiny girl. Other men had money to squander—without even doing a day's work to earn it. And he, who was so willing to work, could not even earn enough to care for those whom he loved! Yes, something was wrong with the universe—and the fault must lie at the door of the One who ruled the universe. God—if there was a God—was a cruel and unjust One. Otherwise He would have pity on those such as he and his family. At first he had half-hoped and half-believed that this Jesus, of whom his little daughter had learned at the Mission Sunday school and to whom she had been praying so earnestly and confidently, would answer her prayers and help him to find work before Christmas.

But now he knew that his hopes had been in vain. This story of Jesus was



untrue just as the promises men made when they said, "Come back in a week or two and we will have something for you;" when he returned it was only to a keen disappointment. Disappointment just as his little girl would be disappointed when she awoke next morning to find that her Sunday school teacher had been telling her untruths. Oh, he couldn't stand it! he simply couldn't stand it! He leaped from the bed and paced the floor like a caged animal. He must do something. He couldn't stand the bitter disappointments that would come with the dawning of Christmas Day!

A sinister thought crept into his mind and he toyed with it as if fascinated. Death? Why not? Some things were more cruel than death. Surely death would be sweet in comparison with privations, heartaches and disappointments in a world of prevarications. A sudden sound interrupted his thoughts. People were singing in the street below. . .

"Silent night, holy night"—a silent night, yes. But for him, hardly a holy night, it was a hideous night-marish night!

"Sleep in heavenly peace." He crept noiselessly to the window to watch the singers. Another song floated on the evening air.

*"It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth to touch their harps of gold,
Peace on the earth, goodwill to men—"*

Peace on earth, goodwill to men—bah, there is precious little of that. The only peace to be found is in death. The singers moved on and David slipped back to the kitchen; a knock sounded at the door. So intent had he been upon what he was thinking that he had not heard one climbing the stairs. Hastily turning on the light and snatching up a worn bathrobe, he threw it over his night clothes and went to the door.

There stood a young man with a basket in his arms which he handed to the astonished David—and introduced himself as the minister at the Mission. So overcome with surprise was David that he could scarcely stammer his thanks. But the young minister gripped his hand firmly, told him how they appreciated having his little girl in Sunday school, and invited the family to come.

David stammered his thanks, and the humble messenger withdrew. On top of the basket was a long box which he opened with trembling fingers, guessing before he saw it what it would be. Yes, Janey's doll that Jesus had sent her; a lovely golden-haired, sleepy-eyed doll! Lifting it tenderly from its wrappings

(Continued on page 26)

Bible Lessons

Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on someone to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but interperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

HIGHWAY OF GUIDANCE

Scripture: John 1:1-23

Thoughts for Leader

The theme of this scripture is light and preparing the way for the light to shine. Light is for our benefit to enable us to go about and keep us free from darkness which instantly vanishes when the light is shining. Jesus came to light the darkened world but it was necessary for the way to be made or a channel given for men to be guided to that light. There must needs be a guide for the weary traveler when the way is dangerous, so there must be a guide for the weary pilgrims of today as they battle the storms of life. The wonderful Highway of Guidance is free to all who will walk therein and we find it running all the way through the Word of God.

For All Believers

Acts 2:39

Did you ever take a long journey and notice the many roads that came up to the highway on which you were traveling? Some skirt the banks of flowing streams, others seemingly lead through the forests or over the mountainside and yet we pass them by. Why?

Because they are only byroads and some may even be private roads, and we only get our guide map to direct us on the main highway. Then what does this highway represent? I believe it will represent the highway of consecration for all the believing Christians of today. And so many are still traveling the byways of selfishness when they could enjoy the blessings of a life dedicated to God's service. Every believer has a right to travel this way.

A Highway of Love

2 John 1:6

How shall we know of this love? Because the "fruit of the Spirit is love" and the children of God who consecrate and dedicate their lives to God know the love of God. As this love is made manifest by the fruit, the more the life is yielded to God's divine guidance the more of a blessing will flow from our lives in a stream to bless others. This is necessary as our equipment for Christian service to reach out and bring others to the Light. Jesus said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me," John 12:32, and our lives are the channel through which men are led to the cross.

A Highway of Power

1 Cor. 2:4

Jesus said, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you," and that we should know the truth and the truth should make us free. The Holy Ghost will guide us in the way of truth, John 16:13, and keep us filled with power for service which is given to the children of God who yield themselves to Him. It does not mean that we will acquire power in the sense that the world uses it, but that there will be such a stream of power and love flowing from our souls that people can readily see that we are walking on the highway of God.

Highway of Knowledge

Jas. 3:13

There are so many things to be learned daily as we travel this highway in order that we might grow up in love, till we come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. 2 Peter 3:18 says to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. The disciples were with Jesus and saw the manifestation of His power but it was spiritual knowledge that they gained by following Him and working for Him, so it is through faith and prayer we obtain the things we need. The Holy Ghost will lead us right as long as we are willing to walk in the path that Christ walked in and ask for the grace and knowledge we need. Jas. 1:5.

Highway of Revelation

Eph. 1:17

A traveler in writing of a trip up the mountain told of the wonderful view he obtained from the top. He said, "I had been wintering in a small city on the banks of the Mediterranean Sea. Many a time had I stood on its shores or taken long walks along its white sands. The time came for leaving and I climbed the mountain road until I reached the top and from where I could look out over the blue sea stretched below in a wide expanse of beauty. The surf broke in snowy whiteness upon the beach, the islands half submerged in the blue haze seemed asleep, while white sails dotted the horizon in the distance. All heaven seemed to hover over all with a holy awe. As I viewed the beauty spread out before me I realized I never had really seen the beauty of the Mediterranean until I saw it from this lofty mountain on the great highway of the Corniche Road.

And how well this illustrates why some people never seem to have a real revelation of the beauty in God's service; for you will never see life until you see it from the lofty viewpoint of God's highway of consecrated service. And when you stand upon that uplifted place of consecration and look out over the wide expanse of God's will and purpose, then will a revelation or vision present itself to you, "He leadeth me," and how true it is that we are led by the Spirit of God as we travel on this wonderful highway of guidance.

CHRISTIAN LIVING

1 Cor. 16:13

Being Strong

The Apostle Paul to the Ephesians said in his letter, "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might," Eph. 6:10.

We are not only to live on the way of life, but to be strong. Be strong so that we may be able to stand every test and temptation. The "secret of success" in being strong in the Lord lies in our dependence on God. 2 Cor. 12:9 reads, "And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

Also Paul to the Philippians writes, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," Phil. 4:13. What precious faith. Truly Christ is made to us all we need.

"But my God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Power For Holding Out

To hold out in the Christian race

means to keep saved, to keep the faith, to keep consecrated, to keep working for the Lord, to make it a business, to make use of the means of grace.

There is a provision of power for us. "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth," Acts 1:8. The power received by the Holy Ghost enables a Christian to witness for the Lord and work in His service.

"Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus," Phil. 4:6, 7. This is the way we keep the blessing of the Holy Ghost, keeping consecrated to serve God by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving and praise while we work in His vineyard.

Keeping Close to Jesus

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden light," Matt. 11:28-30.

What a blessed privilege to have Jesus to abide with us, a blessed Comforter. He makes our way easy and restful. It is needful to yoke up with Jesus so as to learn of Him and enjoy the fulness of His Spirit, the Holy Ghost. Praise His name! Die out to worldly pleasures and let the Holy Spirit abide fully in our lives to comfort, direct, and give power for service. The enemy is ever at hand to hinder our abiding with Jesus, but by careful watching and prayer we can by faith keep close to Jesus, our Savior, Sanctifier, Comforter, Healer and coming King.

Consecration

Read the twelfth chapter of Romans.

We find by the first verse in this chapter that our bodies are to be consecrated unto God and such consecration is not unreasonable, but reasonable. And having our bodies presented to God as a living sacrifice will help us not to be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of our mind to the perfect will of God.

Through consecration, thereby learning the will of God, each Christian may find the place of service adapted to his measure of faith. "So we being many are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." What a beautiful expression of fellowship and love.

We are all (not part) the body of Christ and members one of another. V. 5. We are one of another. Such a consecration bars out division, hatred, and malice, and gives place to love, peace, and unity.

How To Grow in Grace

The expression "to grow in grace" seems to mean to gain strength in the Christian life. There are means by which our Christian strength can develop if we make use of them. Even in all stages of Christian experiences growth is possible. Many means might be mentioned that if practiced will produce growth in the spiritual life.

First of all, we must keep our faith while the means to promote growth in spirit acts as a means to our faith. The more prominent things that a follower of Christ can do to obtain strength are prayer, study of the Word, keeping Christian society, giving or being a light to the world through life, and testimony, striving to get souls to God.

Comment may be made on all the above means of grace.

Joy of the Lord Is Strength

A definition of joy is a "lively emotion of happiness; gladness." A lively emotion, a feeling above the common or usual feeling.

"The joy of the Lord is your strength," Neh. 8:10. The joy of the Lord, the Christian's joy, is known only by the Christian. This emotion or joy may vary greatly with different people. Some may express their emotion of joy in great demonstration. Some may experience great joy with scarcely any outward expression. There are different degrees of joy as well as different ways of expressing it. Joy is a fruit of the Spirit. There is a fulness of joy for the people of God.

— — — THE POVERTY OF CHRIST

Scripture: Matt. 20

ALVIA RUDER

Thoughts for the Leader

Our Savior left His riches in glory and came down here, in this sinful world, in poverty, so we might share His riches with Him. 2 Cor. 8:9 tells us that He was rich and for our sake became poor. We have five parts of which He had need of and He had to borrow them.

A Borrowed Manger

Luke 2:7

"And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn." Joseph had to borrow a manger for His birth place. Can you imagine a king being born in such a

humble place? He did all this because He loved us. Should we not love Him by serving Him?

Where He Preached

Matt. 13:54

He had to preach in borrowed synagogues, for Matt. 13:54 tells us that when He came into His own country He taught them in their synagogues. He came to establish a kingdom of righteousness, but didn't have anywhere to preach but in borrowed places. "He came to his own but his own received him not." They would drive Him out of their cities. My friend, He bore all of this for you and me and did not complain, but did it patiently. When we do not get things as we want them, we often find ourselves complaining; but we should not do that. 1 Tim. 6:8, "And having food and raiment let us be therewith content." If we are Christians, we are Christlike. Are we Christians?

A Borrowed Colt

Luke 19:30

He had to send two of His disciples in a village to borrow a colt to ride on, so that the scripture might be fulfilled in Zech. 9:9, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee: he is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass."

He rode into the city and they rejected Him; but His love was the same for Jerusalem. Later, He wept over the city. His love still went out for the city although they had rejected Him.

The Last Supper

Luke 22:10, 11

When the time came for Christ to eat the last passover with His disciples, He had nowhere to eat. He had to send two of His disciples to a near-by city to borrow a room so He could eat the passover with His disciples. But, friends, remember, while He was in His home in glory, He had all He needed. He became poor, so you and I might be rich. What can be greater than His love?

A Borrowed Tomb

Matt. 27:59, 60

When He had come to the end of this life of toil and sorrow here on this earth, after all the good works He had done and spent many nights in prayer, they crucified Him. As He hung there on the cross, the world against Him, and His Father turned His back upon Him, He gave the last drop of His blood there for you and me. After all this, He had no burying place. One of His disciples came and took Him and buried Him in his own tomb. Will He have any friends when He comes again?

GIFTS

Rom. 6:23; John 4:10

SARAH BLANCHE MCGUIRE

Thoughts for the Leader

How nice it is to receive gifts from those we love, and how we plan to give the right thing for them, the thing we know would be the most cherished, and how we present it with pride, thinking it shows our love in a small measure. Child of God, do we get alone somewhere and meditate upon the gifts God has given to us? Do we plan the gift we can give in return to Him? Do we spend weeks, perhaps months, just planning what we could give Him that would please Him most? Child of God, do we withdraw ourselves from the rushing world long enough to find out just what it is God would be pleased to receive from us? Just stop long enough to think if you have a son, brother, or father on some distant field, or perhaps in the army, just what gift would you like to receive from him? Just to hear the voice or to have the loved one near you would be enough, you would want no other gift from him.

The heart of God now is longing for the voice of us, who say we love Him, longing for us whom He loves to be near Him. Let us, this Christmas, give God the gift He would love most.

A Gift from God

Psa. 83:11; John 6:35

God made man of the dust and breathed the breath of life into Him. He gave him the pre-eminence over every other living thing. He gave him food, a beautiful garden to live in, and all the heart could desire; but, best of all He gave man the opportunity to walk and talk to God. A friendship, as man to man, truly a gift any one would love to receive. God gave us a gift of conscience. We should be very careful how we treat it. When conscience says go pray do we thank God for the gift of our voice and do we pray? When conscience says study the Word of God, do we thank God for the gift of our eyes that we can read the precious Bible? When God speaks, do we thank Him for the gift of our ears that we can hear just what He has to say? When God pours love and blessings out upon us, do we thank Him for the gift of feeling that we can receive these things? Child of God, we should thank God for all of these gifts, for with them through the grace of God, we can win in this battle of right and wrong and our lives stay clean until the day of the coming of the Lord.

How pleased the wise men were when they put their gifts before the baby Jesus. How they must have wanted to stay close by and worship and adore

Him. They gave the best they had to offer. We who say we know God, do we give the best we have to God or is it just enough to get by with? Do we put a heart of love behind each prayer? Are our bodies on the altar of sacrifice that He may use them at any time? He has a need for them; or, do we reserve our best, keeping it for our own selfish aims and after our own aims have been gratified, do we try to present God with the left over? Brother and sister, these things cannot be. Man must give his best gift to God or it will happen as in 1 Chron. 28:9, "And thou, Solomon my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind: for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts: if thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever." How terrible, to think we may be giving a small portion to God, not enjoying the fullness of God nor the things of the world, and for being lukewarm the precious Lord said, "I will spue you out of my mouth." Let us all get right up close to God, give Him the imaginations and thoughts of our heart and the best we have in every way and we will have a zeal to work and win eternal life.

A Gift of Love

John 3:16; Isa. 9:6, 7

In John 3:16, we read, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." What a gift, what a wonderful gift! God sent the gift into this old world of ours but how we have abused and mistreated it and put it to shame. When we give a gift to someone we like to know it has been taken care of. We like to feel it will be loved just because we were the giver, if for no other reason. How we must grieve the heart of God. He has given the most precious gift to all mankind. Let us consecrate our lives to God, set ourselves apart from the world this Christmas and give God a gift of love. Then He can use us to give this gift to someone else. It is so large, the gift He has given us, that we can offer our friends and enemies a portion of it and at the end of the way we will have more for ourselves. How great a God to give us a gift that never wears out and never breaks; but, it is always bright and shining as when He gave it to us. If we just give it a little bit of polish on our knees and a fervent heart, our gift is something to rejoice over. Thank God, for His gift of love.

The Gift of Gifts

1 Cor. 16:19; Rom. 14:17

When our Jesus left us to go back

to His home in heaven, He told us He would send us a Comforter. What a wonderful name for a wonderful gift that man can receive, it truly is a comforter—Father, Son and Holy Ghost; a gift of gifts, a gift that can weather any storm, no matter how raging it may be. How sweet to think God can make us worthy to receive this wonderful gift. It is a door to divine power, to wisdom and knowledge. It is a door to eternal life to as many as will receive it. Oh, let us rejoice that we have such a gift as the Holy Ghost to guide our footsteps aright and keep our minds and hearts clean and can fight all the battles the enemy has been planning against us. This gift of gifts cannot be put away and taken out just when we need it, but it must be treated with respect by a heart of love always.

Letters From Our Training Camps

(Continued from page 14)

Dear Sister HarriSon:

I was very glad to receive your kind letter and the roll of Lighted Pathways. You will never know how much good literature and religious magazines do us boys here at Endicott. Most of them are a nice lot of fellows and you're very nice to send me the Lighted Pathways to distribute.

I would subscribe for the paper immediately, but I don't know how long I'll be here. We may have to pull out any day now and I'm very sorry I can't get the paper I used to help publish.

I have been placed on the Station Force indefinitely, after that I will go to a navigation school elsewhere.

One thing to stress is the folks at home writing. When we don't get a letter at mail call it is very disappointing. So please remember us when you have time to write, and most of all don't forget us in your prayers.

Again thanks for the papers.—Jas. L. Carroll, Jr., S/c, Station Force, Bks., S-7, U.S.N.C.T.C., Davisville, R. I.

The Amount Sent from Each State to the Fund for Sending Lighted Pathways to Soldiers for October

Ohio	\$15.00
South Carolina	6.00
Florida	4.00
Illinois	3.50
Missouri	3.00
Texas	2.00
California	1.50
North Carolina	1.00
Georgia	1.00
Louisiana40

EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

want the lights in my windows so that my neighbors could see them and be glad. I would want every one who came around to think of the Christ of Calvary who came as a little child and grew to manhood, the Christ who went the way of the cross for me and for you, and brought to us this joyous feeling that those who have accepted Him feel in their souls at this season of the year. I think, too, I would be ashamed if I did not think of giving Him a present, and then I would study very carefully just what He would like most to have. I think I know what He would want from me, a deeper consecration.

Deeper, deeper, in the love of Jesus,

Daily let me go.

*Higher, higher, in the school of wisdom,
More of grace to know.*

This is what I want to offer Him as a present at this time. It is so easy for us to get so busy, even doing good things, that we fail to hear His voice when He calls us to do His bidding. How many times we miss God's best by not hearing His voice. I would like to present everything I have and everything I am, to Him. Will you, my friend, pray that I will do this? Dear Christian boys and girls, will you not join me in this great consecration gift? Of course, you are God's children; you love Him, but you are not always as obedient and submissive to His will as you should be. Let us not forget Him when we are presenting our gifts to others. Then boys and girls, who have been saying no to Him down through the years, how about saying "yes" to His call to serve Him? An everlasting "yes" would be the greatest gift you could possibly give Him. It would be a gift that would make father and mother rejoice. It would make your Christian friends rejoice. Yes, it would make the angels in heaven rejoice. God's Word tells us that the angels in heaven rejoice over one sinner that repenteth.

This message will likely reach many unsaved boys in our camps. Did you know that loved ones and friends, yes Christians all over the world, are praying for you? You do not know what lies ahead of you. Would you not like to have Jesus walk by your side through the dark days that are ahead of you? Would you not like to have the comfort that His presence will bring you? You can have it by accepting the wonderful gift of His love. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John 3:16.

A few days ago we heard a story of God's delivering power. Here it is: A group of men were on a submarine when everything stopped. Every effort was

made to get the machinery to operate but to no avail. All earthly hope was gone. The captain gave each of the men a sedative pill and led them to sing, "Abide With Me." During the singing of the hymn, one of the men fell on some of the machinery and set it in motion. Was this just an accident, or was it in answer to prayer? A certain mother had two sons on the submarine, and she had prayed for God to protect them. She said she felt as safe as though they had been at home with her. Without a doubt, the prayers of loved ones and that "Abide With Me," caused this wonderful deliverance that came to these men. Is it not wonderful that God has given us the gift of friends and loved ones to pray for us? but remember, boys, God's Spirit will not always strive with man. Sometime, the door of mercy will be closed forever. Seek God while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near.

Recently we read a beautiful story, and we pass it on to you as it is very appropriate at this time when battles are being fought and our boys are falling on every side.

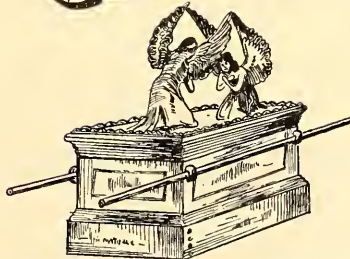
A young man and a young woman had plighted their troth and were looking forward to a near wedding day, when the young man was suddenly called to service. From the field of warfare letters regularly came and went, and love shone brightly in all of them. Then letters from the young man abruptly ceased. A few weeks passed and then there came a letter in a strange handwriting. In it the young woman read, "There has been another battle. I have lost both my arms. I asked my comrade to write this for me, and to tell you that I release you from our troth, for now I will not be able to work and support you." Other things were in the letter which I

(Continued on page 26)

BIBLICAL EYE-OPENERS

By C.M. TRUESDELL & DANA NORTH

THE ART OF THE COVENANT



BUILT ACCORDING TO GOD'S DIRECTION (EXOD. 25:10,22) BY BEZALEEL (EXOD. 37:1-9), WAS THE OBJECT THROUGH WHICH MANY MIRACLES WERE PERFORMED FOR ISRAEL (LEV. 16:2; NUM. 7:89; JOSH. Chapters 3,4; 6:4-12; 1 SAM. Chaps. 5,6, 2 SAM. 6-8) THE HEBREWS PRIZED AND KEPT IT FOR ABOUT NINE CENTURIES. IT MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED DURING THE CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM BY NEBUCHADNEZZAR, and WHAT HAPPENED TO IT IS UNKNOWN.

All Hebrew Priests..



WERE LEVITES, DESCENDED FROM LEVI'S SON KOHATH (EXOD. 6:16) THROUGH AARON (EXOD. 6:18, 20) WHO WAS THE FIRST HIGH PRIEST. (EXOD. Chaps. 28, 29) / PSA. 106:16 / NUM. 16:10-41, 37, 43; 17:1-9) (LEV. 1:7-8; 8:1-12)

The Science of RESTORING LIFE...

BY BREATHING INTO THE MOUTH OF AN EXPIRED PERSON WAS REVEALED IN ABOUT 895 B.C. BY ELISHA, WHO SUCCESSFULLY DEMONSTRATED IT. (2 KINGS 4:17-39)



THE TRIAL

(Continued from page 18)

lowed to beg on the street?" answered the gentleman and walked on.

Something passed through his soul as he followed the gentleman with his eyes, something of which he himself became afraid.

He waited for a moment at an open door and then walked up the steps and rang the door bell.

An old lady opened the door but he did not get time to say anything before she exclaimed, "We do not give anything to beggars!" and closed the door with a bang.

He then went up to the second floor. Here he got a nickel with the remark: "You ought to work and not spend your

money for drinking."

Then he went down.

He had become more and more bitter. But a fresh thought seemed to brighten a little, the thought about work.

"Yes, I will try to get some work. Possibly I might find something to do."

But he inquired the one place after the other with no success. And he lost both hope and that faith in God which had begun to dawn in his soul. But his weariness and hunger increased.

He must have something to eat. Was he not a human being as all the others?

He looked at the crowd which hurried past him, and the look was evil. Was it not his right to eat? Wasn't there enough for both man and beast? More than that. Wasn't there enough for those who re-

veled in both food and drink while he in vain begged for something to satisfy his hunger?

He hurried on without paying any attention to where he was going. He was in the grasp of a power which he had known only once before in his life, and had been overcome by it. It was dull despair, self-abandonment, that which hurries on without considering where it leads to and what the consequences will be.

And still, almost unconsciously did he cry, looking up to the starry heavens, "Preserve me, for I am about to sin!"

The snow was falling in fine flakes as light, white down, while he hurried through the streets which became more and more deserted.

At last he stopped before a big house. He went in through the gate and into the yard.

It was dark.

He quietly approached the door. It was evident that he was acquainted there. Without hesitation he opened it and went into a dark room.

He soon came out with an object in his hand, sneaked over to another door and slowly and noiselessly ascended the steps to the second floor.

Here he paused for a while and listened at the door, then he sneaked down the steps again, sneaked through the gate and out on the street.

A gentleman passed by him.

"Please help me with a few cents," he asked, but his voice was not pleading, rather harsh.

The gentleman hurried past him without an answer.

"Well, then war," he muttered while he went back through the gate and into the yard.

He was soon at the door.

Here he stopped and listened for a while, then he took the object from his pocket, opened the door as quietly as possible, and was soon standing in a dark room.

He fumbled around until he found a desk, the lock of which he began to pick. His heart beat terribly. For a moment he was about to give up his crime. He hesitated, but began again.

Suddenly he heard the door open, the same door through which he had entered. He wanted to draw back from the desk but at the same moment he heard a stentorian voice saying: "Stop, in the name of the Lord!"

He raised his hand, but the words: "In the name of the Lord," caused him to lower it automatically. Who, he wondered, would address him in that name?

"Why not in the name of the law, that would be more fitting," answered he defiantly.

"We can talk about that later," answered the voice. "You will please go with

Lighted Pathway Subscription For Christmas For That Friend of Yours

Let us have 5,000 subscriptions for the Lighted Pathway in the next two weeks. Every month in the year you could make a visit to the home of your friend to cheer him up.

Surely out of 60,000 circulation, with perhaps 150,000 readers, we could have 5,000 who would do this much for the Lighted Pathway and bring happiness to the homes wherever the silent messenger might go.

LIGHTED PATHWAY IN THE CAMPS

Don't forget the boys in service. Send in your contributions. We are sorry that we do not have space to publish the donors' names, but we feel that you will agree with us that it is more necessary for our boys to have good reading material, than for us to have our names in the paper.

Someone said the other day, "Sister Harrison, you get all the praise for sending the paper to our boys." Well, he said it in a jovial way but I thought I would ask the boys to address their letters to the Lighted Pathway from now on. But be sure to use the salutation, "Dear Friends," in writing to the paper. God knows who these friends are and the Bible says, "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth." To those who send in their contributions, God will reward you some day. Millions of dollars are being spent to buy whiskey and provide dances and other worldly amusements for the boys by Satan's crowd; what will God's children do for them? Come on, let us do our best.

Remember, we give credit to the state who sends in the contributions. Beginning with the month of December, and each issue of the paper to follow, we will give the total amount sent from each state. We are very anxious to see which state will head the list each month.

Dear Sister Harrison:

We are making a special drive on the Asheville district to sell Lighted Pathways. The Y. P. E. that sells the largest amount per month will carry a banner. This banner will be called the "Lighted Pathway Banner, District No. 9."

In this drive we would like to place a number of Lighted Pathways in the soldiers' camps.

May the Lord bless you in the growing of this little paper this year.—Moe Vess, Biltmore, N. C.

me now—walk ahead, please.”

At that moment a strong hand was placed on each of his shoulders and thus he was led down the stairs, along the wall, and into an illuminated room on the first floor.

Here his leader forced him gently down on a chair while he was saying in a firm, yet loving voice, “Give me what you have in your hand!”

He obeyed.

“Let us introduce ourselves to each other, although I suppose that you know me. You seem to be acquainted here.”

“I knew your predecessor, and I know your name—Consul Stork.”

“And you, but be honest.”

“My name is Number 68.”

“Number 68? What do you mean?”

“I mean that I have been called by that name for many years. That is the truth.”

“I believe that I understand—in the penitentiary?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Why were you sent to the penitentiary?”

“On account of burglary and—”

“Where?”

“The same place as tonight.”

“Then your name is Carlsen?”

“Yes, sir.”

“What led you to that?”

“Hunger.”

“Also tonight?”

“Yes.”

Consul Stork left the room.

Dull and resigned Carlsen sat there and stared at the floor. His thoughts did not dwell with anything definite. And still in his imagination did he see the picture of the police, the prison, and misery.

A little girl thrust her head in through the door.

“Good evening.”

He remained in the same position and did not answer.

“You don’t say ‘good evening,’” she said as she ran over toward him and looked at him with two big smiling eyes.

“Now it is Christmas,” she continued unhesitatingly, “and we are going to have a Christmas tree, a great big one.”

He lowered his head still farther.

“Aren’t you going to have a Christmas tree?”

He could not answer. Gentle feelings began to vibrate in his soul, feelings of repentance and sorrow. The loving talk of the child had led him into a world of light and joy, but then his feelings had returned to another world, his world, and that lay before him dark and gloomy as the night. And why—, yes, why—why?

The little girl stooped and looked up into his eyes. And when he looked into her pure, mild, questioning eyes, it was as if something broke within him.

Almost without knowing what he did he threw his arms around her and pressed

her to himself while the tears were coming to his eyes.

But at that same moment he heard the footsteps of the consul and he let loose of her.

When the consul came in he asked the child to go to her mother and he walked over right in front of Carlsen and was about to say something when Carlsen threw himself on his knees before him and cried: “Mr. Consul, forgive me, let me go, do you hear; let me go and I shall bless you all my life.”

“Yes, forgive you, that I can do, but let you go, that I cannot. The judge is there. I don’t know whether he will let you go or not.”

Carlsen jumped to his feet and looked at him with a look which clearly bid defiance.

“Yes, I can’t do anything else. And yet, I want to say just one thing. The judge is my best friend and I know him well. If you will confess everything, all your guilt, then I will promise that he will temper justice with mercy. And no one shall know about this affair except us three. Will you do that?”

“Yes, I will,” answered Carlsen. And still he did not hold any great hope for mercy when he was in the hands of the police. Possibly it was only a trick. But he would confess.

“Then come,” said the consul.

They walked through a long hallway into a little room. Carlsen came in with his head bent low.

“There is your Judge,” said the consul and pushed Carlsen over toward the wall.

Carlsen raised his head and looked into a pair of eyes which looked at him with the greatest compassion. Before him hung a picture of the Savior with the woman kneeling at His feet. And below the picture was written: “Neither do I condemn thee, from henceforth sin no more.”

The consul left the room and Carlsen was left alone with his Judge.

For a while he stood there and looked into His eyes, and then came the trial.

The large account which he once before had anticipated appeared before him now in its vastness. He was guilty, yes, far more than he had known before. He was judged, not only for the separate sinful deeds which he had committed, but his whole life was full of sin. Those eyes, from which beamed only love and compassion, judged him, yes, harder far than any earthly judge.

The tears burst forth from his eyes, and for the first time in his life did he kneel as a sinner before his Savior in a full confession.

He was still kneeling when the consul entered.

“Well, how is the trial progressing?”

“Oh, Mr. Consul, this is the hardest I have been in yet. I am guilty. I am judged.”

“Then you are acquitted by Him, for if we judge ourselves, we will not be judged by Him. Those are His own words.”

“Is that possible, Mr. Consul, is that possible?”

“Yes, that is possible. He says: If we confess our sins, He is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.”

“Oh, Mr. Consul, is all this real? Is it not a dream? He will forgive me, and you will forgive me? Oh, may I stay with you and serve you, even in the most insignificant position?”

“Yes, if you will serve Him.”

“My whole life, Mr. Consul.”

“I will trust you. You have confessed before the Lord and He has forgiven and forgotten, for He says so. Then forget also you yourself all that is behind and begin to stretch forward for the prize. Also, I have forgotten. Then begin today as a new man, and the Lord will bless your life.”

“And you will not despise me?”

“No one in my house will despise you. We are all sinners and transgressors who have found grace with God. No child of God will despise a single soul. If you are raised up by God, then we are brethren however different our position in other respects may be, we are brothers in Christ. But come now and have something to eat and then you shall join us at the Christmas tree.”

A little later he was sitting in the circle around the Christmas tree while they were singing:

Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy today,

For a soul returning from the wild;
See the Father meets him out upon the way,

Welcoming his weary, wand’ring child.

Chorus:

Glory! glory! how the angels sing!
Glory! glory! how the loud harps ring.
’Tis the ransom’d army, like a mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

Ring the bells of heaven; there is joy today,

For the wand’rer now is reconciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from its sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.

Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast today,

Angels swell the glad triumphant strain,
Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far away,
For a precious soul is born again.

He hardly knew whether all this was real or merely a dream. He had not expected to have his prayer heard in such a way when he lay down in the ditch and prayed: “Lord, help me to believe in Thee!”

“Indeed the ways of the Lord are past finding out,” said the consul when Carl-

sen later told him about this.

Now Carlsen is in the service of the consul and he blesses his family which has been of so much blessing to him.

But there is especially one room which Carlsen at times asks permission to enter—the one in which he for the first time met his Judge and was acquitted.

—*Light in His Window.*

THE MEN OF TOMORROW

(Continued from page 11)

ready for the big years he is to give the world. From six to ten years of age, the child is peculiarly susceptible to the instruction and training of the mother. The garden soil of a little boy's heart is at this period very fertile. Here the mother can wisely sow seeds with a wide range of variety and that will, in after years, come to rich fragrance and beauty.

Away back in the landscape of the garden of a boy's life, the mother plants saplings of great habits. Almost unconsciously these habits are planted, but in ten years, these saplings have so grown that now they are orchards, bearing abundant fruit, just when the young man needs strength, encouragement and inspiration. Great habits of life, so carefully planted, so faithfully nourished and treated, come and play a large part in making his life one of eminence and power.

THE FACULTY SPEAKS

(Continued from page 13)

I have watched with great interest the scholastic achievements of Bible School during the past three years. I feel that it now compares well with any school, yet the daily blessings we receive from the Lord have lost none of their significance. I am proud to be a member of the faculty of such a school. — Dora P. Myers.

— — —

It is a pleasure to teach students who are eagerly grasping for truth, yet ever relying on Eternal Truth. At Bible School, "Science walks with humble feet to seek and serve the God that faith hath found." I feel their influence will be felt wherever they go. — Kathleen MacDonald.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

(Continued from page 19)

he tiptoed softly to her bedside and laid it gently in her arms, which instinctively closed about it and hugged it close as she slept. Then kneeling beside her bed, David sobbed out all the bitterness that had poisoned his heart, asking God to forgive him for his blasphemies

and doubt—promising that he would serve Janey's Jesus who answered prayer. There were other packages—groceries he knew, and perhaps other gifts—but they could be opened in the morning—Christmas morning! Tonight was Christmas Eve, and David's heart sang.—*The Sunday School Banner.*

EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 23)

have forgotten, likely words of continued affection, but the above words burned deeply into my memory.

That letter was never answered. By the next train the young woman journeyed southward. She left the train and went directly to the hospital. Inquiring the location of the young man's cot she quietly approached and suddenly flung herself down by the side of his cot with the passionate words, "I will never give you up. These hands will work for you. We will live our life of love together." This incident has in it a living, throbbing message, for Jesus went to war for us. One day there was a terrible battle, the battle of Calvary, and Jesus died. From that hour His hands were pierced. He could no longer touch the leper into health, nor blind eyes into sight. His comrades, during His public ministry, have written letters for Him. Those letters are saying to us, "There has been a battle. My hands have been pierced, and my feet. I cannot again walk the earth to do the kindly acts. If you love me just for my manhood, I release you."

What a wonderful sight it would be in these days of woeful need, of distress of souls on every side, to see the friends of Jesus, the lovers of the sacrificial Christ, take up and do the work which He laid down. How thrilling to hear them, as falling at the foot of the cross, they passionately cry, "These hands shall work in place of your hands, these eyes shall search out the cases of need, this voice shall speak in your stead the words of power and magical healing." This is what Jesus is waiting for, and such a Lover should draw and command instant response from all who love Him.

NEW GIDEONS

Mrs. Euriah Faw, Mt. Airy, N. C.
Mozelle Beck, Oneonta, Ala.
Warren O. Golhring, Mound City, S. Dak.
Janice Mae Gilbert, Lebanon, Ga.
Frances Spain, Rome, Ga.
Jean Hughes, Alma, Ga.
Betty Courson, West Green, Ga.
Mary Dively, Johnstown, Pa.
Cary Reams Holland, Okeechobee, Fla.
Maggie Evans, Logan, W. Va.
Joyce McGeorgel, Newville, Pa.
Mrs. Arthur Witt, Ida, Mich.
Mrs. J. W. Lesley, St. Charles, Va.
Imogene Kee, Johnston City, Ill.
Elizabeth Robinson, Barnabus, W. Va.
Willloene Huddleston, Maryville, Tenn.
Jewel Smith, Trinity, Tex.
Larmon Worley, Duo, W. Va.
Mrs. J. F. Stewart, Clearwater, Fla.
B. F. Darnell, Shelby, N. C.
W. D. Love, LaFrance, S. C.
E. Long, Caruthersville, Mo.

Margaret Evans, Clinton, S. C.
Mrs. Lonnie Corbett, Lake Park, Ga.
Pearl M. Lamb, Greenville, S. C.
Mrs. Hayden Aliff, Scarbro, Ga.
Mrs. Emma Holder, Pickens, S. C.
Mrs. Chas. Fletcher, Richmond, Va.
Mrs. Verdine Rainwater, Baxley, Ga.
Audrey M. Lord, Tennesse, Ga.
Mrs. Vergie Carroll, Addison, Ala.
Mrs. A. V. Chandler, Donaldsonville, Ga.
Mrs. Mary Stewart, Decatur, Ga.
Thelma Thompson, Statesboro, Ga.
Roy Beng, Centerville, Iowa
Geo. Ayers, Camp Taylor, Ky.
Mrs. Ed Denham, Richmond, Ky.
P. A. Miller, Barboursville, Ky.
A. S. Conay, Pioneer, Ia.
Billie Jean Crain, Rayville, La.
Miriam Cowin, Potosi, Mo.
Mrs. Miles Davis, Lewis, Mont.
Minnie Dobson, Concord, N. C.
Mrs. Annie Mae Manuel, Draper, N. C.
Mrs. Myrtle Saunders, Ahner, N. C.
Mary Louise Stone, Statesville, N. C.
R. H. Walker, Kinston, N. C.
Jeanette Crain, Central, S. C.
R. E. Burnhan, Nashville, Tenn.
Stiles Freeman, Farner, Tenn.
John D. Smith, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Mrs. E. T. Hickman, Kingsport, Tenn.
Mrs. Marlyne Hitchcock, Rock Island, Tenn.
John L. Smith, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Laura Arrowood, Mount Calm, W. Va.
Ada Lee Carter, Madisonville, Tenn.
Esther Nelson, Perry, Okla.
Alma Madden, Woodruff, S. C.
M. M. Mortenson, Decatur, Ala.
Jewel Anderson, Tarkio, Mo.
Mrs. Redus Newman, Kennedy, Ala.
Mrs. W. H. Brim, Martinsville, Va.
Mrs. G. W. Cockrell, Shaw, Miss.
Mrs. Hazel Saunders, Majestic, Ky.
Mrs. Edna Lovette, Fayetteville, N. C.
Mrs. D. E. Forehand, Cross City, Fla.
Carnelia Cannon, Astatula, Fla.
Mrs. W. A. Goss, Homerville, Ga.
Esther Husken, Winber, Pa.
Rueben Hesketh, Wake Forest, N. C.
Harvey Parker, Gobler, Mo.
Tom Brooks, Fonde, Ky.
Mrs. Goldie Jones, St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. Samuel H. Rebert, Claysburg, Pa.
Lucy Ballard, Pratt City, Ala.
Mrs. Glynn Weatherby, Weatherford, Tex.
R. R. Walker, Charleston, S. C.
Virginia Scott, Sesser, Ill.
Juanita York, Williamstown, W. Va.
Mrs. H. E. Ervin, Sylacauga, Ala.
Mrs. O. L. Lawson, Big Spring, Texas.
Martha Lou Purcell, Eldorado, Ill.
Mrs. Ruby W. Johnston, Crystal River, Fla.
Lorens McCallum, Lavonia, Ga.
Mrs. Willie Hupps, Canton, N. C.
Christine Hand, Shelby, Ala.
Mrs. Rosa Chavis, Selley, S. C.

OUR JUNIOR JEWELS

For many years there has been an urgent and crying need for Sunday school class papers among our Sunday schools. In the four-page paper bearing the above title you will find exactly what the title itself suggests—a variety of writings studded with precious truths that any boy or girl can and will appreciate. It is entirely inexpensive for your Sunday school to have them. Do not overlook ordering these when ordering your Sunday school literature, so that your bright-faced boys and girls will have something to take home with them after the Sunday school hour is over. Have you never read wherein Jesus said, "Give ye them to eat"? Price per quarter, of thirteen issues, 10c.

Personal Evangelism

"I'VE A FRIEND WHO CAN HELP"

A young man in one of the cities of the United States—whom we shall call Clayton—became rapidly and marvelously successful in business. Riches were his, and then a beautiful home, with a choice wife and a little flaxen-haired girl whom he idolized. They were together at every return home and every other opportunity. He loved her to the limit, and dreamed of her future.

Suddenly, one dark midnight at midnight, death entered that haven and heaven which he called home, and carried out this much-loved child. In his overwhelming grief death almost claimed him.

A few weeks later the black-robed angel stood again on that same threshold and his wife was gone!

In his despair, and almost loss of reason, he sold his home and his business, arranged his affairs, and disappeared. He went, hardly knowing whither, but just determined to travel and get away, far away from it all. He went round the world, into almost every part of the earth.

Some years passed by, when he found himself on the Hawaiian Islands. After a brief time elapsed, the United States government offered him a position, which he accepted. He was successful in it, and then they gave him a more responsible one, and then a still better.

At this time a message came from Washington, asking him to make all arrangements to entertain Ex-President Taft, to show him round the islands and to give him all that could be given him for comfort and information and pleasure. This was done, and he received emphatic appreciation. Then another message came, asking him to do the same thing for another great American—William Jennings Bryan. This program was all arranged and carried out, just as successfully and satisfactorily.

When aboard the boat conveying Mr. Bryan round the islands, the first evening, very early, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan excused themselves and retired to their stateroom. Afterward Clayton and other friends on the deck heard Mr. Bryan reading the Bible, and together with his wife, kneeling in prayer. The listeners laughed and mocked and sneered.

The second night the same thing occurred. When the rest of the party disappeared for the night, Clayton stayed alone on the deck, and toward midnight stood at the rail in the moonlight. He was looking down into the attractive

water, considering the question of ending his wretched life and getting out of a dark and cruel world, for him, a godless world.

Suddenly he heard soft footsteps near him and turned to discover his great guest standing by his side, only partially dressed and in slippers. Mr. Bryan placed his hand kindly on the arm of his new acquaintance and said—

"I have been watching you ever since we started and I know something is troubling you, and I want to help you."

The troubled man replied, "You are right, sir, but you cannot help me; no one can help me."

Mr. Bryan said, "You must tell me the story anyway." The request was so tenderly and sincerely made that Clayton could not refuse. He related the sad experience of the recent years. The great man placed his arm about him and said—

"I have a Friend who can help you."

"What do you mean?" was the reply.

"I have a Friend who will be your Friend, and He can help you."

"And," said the man afterwards, "before I knew what was happening, he was on his knees and drew me down by his side; then came a prayer passing anything I ever heard, and tears mingled

A Personal Interest

1 Peter 3:8-13

True brotherliness shows an interest in the spiritual welfare of others. Harlan Page had a fixed rule of life never to be with anyone for a few minutes without saying something which he felt might help that person. Probably many seeds of truth which he scattered came to nothing, but many others took root and sprouted. He came early to church one evening and found a stranger sitting there waiting for the service. He politely spoke to the stranger and in a few frank, kind words urged the man to accept the Savior and join the church. That brief conversation was the means of bringing this man to a later conversion; he said that "Christianity had always kept him at arm's length" before.—W. S. Bowden.

with the words. It came from the depths of his big heart and reached like a flash the heart of God. That night, on the deck of that boat, he passed me over into the keeping of Jesus Christ as my real Friend, and I have been there ever since, and have lived in a changed world."

Mr. Cortland Myers, who related the above incident, adds this comment:

"With this open door into this great man's soul, can you wonder at his deathless conviction of the eternal certainties of his shadowless faith in the great fact that he was a child of God? He was one of the greatest men that ever stood under the American flag, but his greatness was due to the fact that he always stood beneath the Cross of Christ, and never doubted, and never questioned, and never wavered. When he lay down for his last rest on earth, he went to sleep like a child in his father's arms. His tired head rested on this soft pillow, 'I know whom I have believed.'—*The All-Red Route*."

Experience Confirms Invitation

Some years ago an Italian journalist, an infidel, began to read the Bible purely as a matter of history to help him in his journalistic work, and his eyes fell upon the Master's words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden . . ." He pushed it back with a smile of contempt, and said, "That's not for me." Nevertheless it hammered away in his head all day and every once in awhile the Savior seemed to stand before him, with pleading face and outstretched hands, saying, "Come unto me."

In that town there lived a Florentine, a poor carpenter, who went about explaining the gospel in his humble way. One day he stopped at the journalist's study on business. While he was waiting he noticed the open book lying neglected in a corner, and, as if struck with astonishment, exclaimed, "Ah! you read the gospel!"

The editor replied: "Yes, I read that passage yesterday"—and he pointed to "Come unto me"—"but as that invitation cannot be directed to me, I am not interested in it." The man lied, burying the tempest in his heart under a deluge of sarcasm and laughter. He even tried to make a joke of that very passage, saying, "You see that it cannot say to me, 'Come,' because I am happy, healthy, and rich; therefore the call is not for me."

"Indeed it is for you," replied the carpenter. "It is precisely for you, because you in your prosperity do not know your own malady. Meditate well on this word 'Come,' and on the words 'heavy laden,' and you will see that it is precisely you whom Jesus calls."

The words of the carpenter, like a
(Continued on page 34)

Rev. Earl P. Paulk, National Supervisor of Y. P. E. and S. S.

By J. H. WALKER, General Overseer

Brother Paulk was appointed National Supervisor of the Y. P. E.'s and Sunday schools at the last General Assembly. He needs no introduction to thousands of our people who know him as a tireless, enthusiastic, and dynamic speaker. Beginning his career as a minister of the Church of God at the early age of seventeen, he has had some twenty-one years of active, uninterrupted service as a minister. During these years he has served as pastor of various churches, including our largest church (Greenville, South Carolina). He has been district overseer of various districts and has served as state overseer of Michigan, South Carolina, Georgia, and North Carolina, where he has won many friends for himself and for the Church.

Brother Paulk was elected last year as Second Assistant General Overseer of the Church of God and re-elected to that position again this year. He has served as a member of the Council of Twelve and is now a member of the Associate Council.

During all the years he has served as a minister, Brother Paulk has been particularly interested in young people and in the opportunities and responsibilities of the young people of the Church of God. It is with both pleasure and regret that I give up the interesting work that I have enjoyed during the past years with our young people—with regret that I must give it up, but with pleasure that I turn it over to one so capable as Brother Paulk, who will be able to give more time and attention to it and who will be able to carry it on in a greater way.

In recent years the interest in the Church of God Sunday schools and Y. P. E.'s has continually grown. The national contests have been of particular interest; and this year, under the capable supervision of Brother Paulk, we feel sure that we shall have the greatest year, in spite of all the hindering causes, ever experienced by these two worthy auxiliaries of the Church.

May God bless you, Brother Paulk, and all of our young people everywhere.

Rules in the National Y. P. E. and Sunday School Contests

Given below are the points that will be considered in awarding the national Y. P. E. and Sunday school banners for this year. The states will be grouped in seven groups according to the membership.



Rev. Earl P. Paulk

The Lighted Pathway is offering prizes to the winners of the Y. P. E. banners in the respective groups. The prizes will be \$100 scholarships to the Bible Training School and College, to be awarded to worthy ministerial students.

For further information concerning the work of the Y. P. E.'s and Sunday schools, please correspond with Rev. Earl P. Paulk, the national supervisor.

RULES FOR AWARDED THE NATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER, 1942-43

1. Largest attendance according to church membership.
2. Largest gain in attendance over last year.
3. Greatest number of Sunday schools according to the number of churches.
4. Greatest number of Sunday schools organized this year.
5. Largest amount of offerings for orphans according to the Sunday school attendance.
6. Highest percentage of teachers taking, or having taken, a teacher-training course.
7. Highest percentage of Sunday schools having superintendent and teachers' meetings at least twice a month.
8. Largest number of daily vacation Bible schools in proportion to the number of Sunday schools in the state.
9. Highest percentage of faithfulness in prompt monthly reporting to state superintendent.

RULES FOR AWARDED THE NATIONAL Y. P. E. BANNER

1942-43

(Contest includes only Senior Y. P. E.'s)

1. Largest average Y. P. E. attendance in proportion to church membership.
2. Largest total gain in attendance over the previous year.
3. Greatest number of Y. P. E.'s organized this Assembly year.
4. Largest number of Y. P. E.'s according to the number of churches.
5. Largest amount of money raised for missions, orphanage, or other purposes, according to church membership.
6. Largest circulation of the *Lighted Pathway* in the state in proportion to church membership.
7. Largest *Lighted Pathway* circulation.
8. Highest percentage of prompt monthly reporting to state superintendent.
9. Largest accepted enrollment of students, according to membership in the state, to the 1943-44 term of Bible Training School and College, enrollment to end the first day of the Assembly.
10. Largest number of young people (age limit 35) who have received salvation and have been received into the Church this year, according to church membership.

God's Book

A lady missionary in Africa saw an unknown native coming toward her. He was dressed in the customary skins and was leading a goat. He put down his spear and tied up the goat, and then said, "White lady, has God's Book arrived in our country?"

"Are you interested in God's Book?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the native, "my son brought me these pieces of paper, and has been teaching me the words, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son.' I heard that God's Book had arrived, and I have walked for five days, and I have brought this goat to buy God's Book."

Then she showed him a copy of the Bible and found the place where the words were printed.

"Give me that Book," he entreated, "and you may keep this goat."

Then he walked up and down, pressing the Book to his heart, and saying, "God's Book. God's Book. He has spoken. God has spoken to us in our own language."

He returned to his country with God's Book, a country where no missionary is. —*Apples of Gold.*

Having a Good Time

MAY GENEVIEVE McGEE

The other day a bright, vivacious girl, employed as a stenographer in a downtown office, said to a young lady friend in the same office:

"Oh, I had such a fine time last night!"

"Do tell me all about it," said the girl friend eagerly.

"It was at the mission study class."

At once the friend's face changed expression, indicative of surprise, bewilderment and almost contempt.

"A good time at a mission study class!" almost sneeringly. "Who ever heard tell of such a thing! I never heard anything to equal that! You could not hire me to go to one." This was followed by a gay laugh.

Miss Laura, the first young lady, repeated this conversation to me, adding:

"The girls at the office are always amazed when I tell them I have a good time at the church. They do not seem able to comprehend how such a thing can be possible."

This recalls another incident recently related to me, of a young lady who finds genuine delight in her service of the Lord. She has charge of a young ladies' missionary society, which was at such low ebb that no one would take the presidency. At this juncture, although she did not feel capable, Dorothy said that she would undertake it if no one else could be found. That was a year ago, and today the society is a brilliant success. She is a talented girl, and has just left her home to attend the Emerson School of Oratory in Boston, Mass.

Her church duties keep Dorothy very busy, but she claims that she has a fine time. Occasionally she is thrown into a circle of worldly girls, and one of them asked her if she played cards and danced. She replied, "No, I do not."

This statement seemed a perfect shock to the girls, who gazed at Dorothy in inexpressible amazement, exclaiming, "And you really seem like a nice girl!"

I wonder how many have this mistaken idea of pleasure, and I wonder what is the cause of it? It must be that many young people have false standards of pleasure, and they have made themselves believe that these standards which they have established are the only correct ones. Sometimes they awaken to the startling fact that their standard is all wrong, and that it is almost too late to undo its damage. Their so-called pleasure has plunged them into sin, into excess.

Pleasure is as varied as there are types of people. The Hottentot and the American citizen do not enjoy the same pleasures.

Miss Helen Gould never enjoyed the same pleasures as her frivolous sister, the former Countess Castellane. And so, what shall I say about pleasure? I know that you will all agree with me when I say that pleasure should help one physically, mentally and spiritually.

You have realized before this that good health is a priceless boon, not merely for your own enjoyment, but for your attractiveness. All pleasure that makes you abuse your body, by keeping late hours in poorly ventilated places, or by excessive exertion at late hours or by an undue excitement of the nerves, is not wholesome or healthful.

If this sort of pleasure is continued, your eyes will become dull, your buoyant spirit will lag. You will be a worn-out woman, may I say it? before you become a full-fledged young lady. I am sorry to say that I have seen such. When they should have been strong and jubilantly happy, they were worn out, nervous and irritable.

And then there are many pleasures that have a tendency to enervate mentally. Perhaps you think that there is no such thing as mental pleasure. You must change your notion. If you are trying to realize your best self you will make it a point to have intellectual pleasures, that your mental powers may be alert, lively, keen. You will then be attractive to a better class than the one who never thinks.

If all pleasure is purely social and recreative, the mind is left to rust, and however charming you may appear, you will be at a great disadvantage when the girl comes about who has her wits sharp-

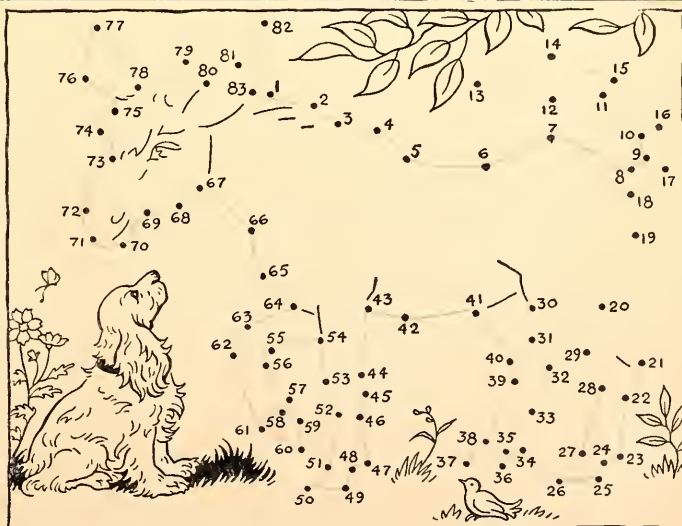
ened and her mind quickened by reading good books, papers and magazines. All this applies to a boy who must never seem dull.

It is here that the church offers a fine opportunity. You may be a Christian, but feel that all your intellectual life must be gratified from outside sources. Make a trial of a mission study course. Do not skim over the surface. Try to master it, and see if you do not find it so fascinating that you will not wish to give it up.

But above everything else when you are seeking pleasure, do not ignore the very highest enjoyment that can come to you, found in cultivating the spiritual side of your nature. Many of you have neglected this, and then you have tired of your trivial existence. You have halted in the dizzy whirl to inquire whether it all tended. Pause often. There is a still, small voice within you that calls you to goodness, that urges you to conform your life to the standard laid down by Christ. It promises you joy in the maintenance of this standard. Build your life on this plan, and it will be filled with gladness—not such as is found in selfish pleasure—but the real, true gladness of heart that comes from service for Christ and for others.

Right here is the secret of the pleasure of church young people. They do not continually revolve about themselves. They live in a wonderful world. They have an aim, to live for others. They have a loving Father who will help them live this life of helpfulness for others.

As a result they choose those pleasures that will best accomplish this purpose. They choose those friends who are in sympathy with their aim and working for the same Master. And I know that I speak truly when I say that in so doing, they are benefited physically, mentally and spiritually.—*Young People's Journal*.



Rachel

(Continued from page 3)

through the auditorium.

"She's here! She's here! Rachel's here. They're coming! Look! They're coming!"

The large double doors at the rear of the synagogue opened wide, and the beautiful wedding procession started. Slowly down the long aisle it came to the high dais—over which was spread the red-velvet canopy embossed with the Jewish *Mogen David*—which was raised directly in front of the altar.

At the head of the procession walked, with distinguished mien, the foremost *Rav* of the New York Ghetto—Rabbi Mordecai Moses—impressive in his long black silken robes, his flowing gray beard and earlocks, and his high silk hat. Behind him, also in the long rabbinical garments and the high silk hats, followed the assisting rabbi and the cantor. Gravely they mounted the carpeted steps and took their places upon the dais facing the assembled guests.

All eyes were eagerly strained as, following the three rabbis, and walking between his mother on the right hand and—his father being dead—his eldest brother on the left, came next in turn the bridegroom—Max Kalinsky.

Very pale he looked beneath his high silk hat, with the expansive white silk shirt-front, and the large white rosebud in his buttonhole. He looked, too, so slight and boyish—frail almost when one contrasted him with his brother Jacob's florid robustness, or with his mother's purple-velveted rotundity and self-possession. Deborah Kalinsky was nothing if not self-possessed. She rose above every occasion always; and tonight, at the marriage of the youngest of her five sons, she towered. The bridegroom himself was entirely eclipsed.

Next in the procession came six tiny flower-girls attired in fluffy yellow frocks. Like dainty butterflies they looked as they bobbed cunningly up and down, strewing roses in the pathway from graceful baskets hanging on their chubby arms.

And then, as the cantor, in his rich tenor voice, sang gloriously the Jewish marriage song, the six charming bridesmaids, each one escorted by a groomsman, followed in their rainbow-tinted gowns amid a wealth of flowers. Each bridesmaid carried in her right hand a lighted candle. As they came to appointed places in the aisle they stood at even intervals from one another and, upon a given signal, they suddenly raised their bouquets aloft in their left hands. The groomsman standing opposite them seized the vari-colored satin streamers; and thus was formed a candle-lighted, rose-strewn, floral archway through which the bride

would pass to meet her husband.

A moment of breathless suspense and then—a swelling murmur of delight as she at last appeared in view within the doorway.

"Rachel! Rachel!" In suppressed excitement a hundred voices passed her name along. Every eye was turned upon the archway in admiring wonder as the lovely little Jewish bride passed slowly through it to the altar.

Rachel Mendelssohn was always beautiful. Among all the Jewish girls with whom she had grown from childhood not one was as beautiful as she. With her delicately moulded figure, her sensitive features, the rich coloring of her creamy skin, and with her lustrous eyes and hair of deepest black, she was indeed fair to look upon. But never had she looked as lovely as she did tonight. In her simple white wedding dress, with the filmy veil drawn softly over her face, she seemed as exquisite as the lilies that she carried. In the wonderful dark eyes that shone through the lace there was a depth, an earnestness, but seldom seen in a girl of Rachel's tender years. As she passed—slowly, serenely—down the rose-strewn pathway, the candlelight shining full upon her seemed to give to her face a certain luminous transparency which invested her with a vague, indefinable charm—a sort of etherealness—a soulfulness—which set her quite apart from all the other lovely Jewish maidens who attended her.

Except for her maid-of-honor by her side, Rachel walked alone. Alone! For she had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister nor grandparents to lead her to the marriage altar. Only a few miles away from the synagogue, in the Jewish cemetery at Cypress Hills, her father and her mother both lay sleeping in their humble graves. Her only brother Ivan, twenty-one years old, lay beside them. Three days before, according to orthodox Jewish custom, Rachel had visited their graves and summoned their spirits to be present at her wedding. Of her living relatives—uncles, aunts and cousins—all were in far-away Rumania, where Rachel had been born. She was entering a new family tonight, but of her own kinsfolk—her own near and dear ones—not one was with her to pray God's blessing on her marriage. In the vast city of New York, in the strange new world of America, Rachel Mendelssohn was all alone.

A hush of eager expectancy surged like a wave over the whole synagogue as the bride, with eyes straight forward and with queenly grace, slowly mounted the dais steps and took her place beside her bridegroom beneath the Jewish marriage canopy. The bridesmaids followed and formed a circle with their lighted

candles around the youthful couple.

Within the circle, directly opposite the bride and groom, stood the three silk-hatted rabbis facing them. To the left of the rabbis stood the bridegroom's brother Jacob; and on their right, magnificent in her purple velvet and pearls, rose—was it ominously?—his mother, Mrs. Deborah Kalinsky. The maid-of-honor was just a step behind the bride upon her right. The six groomsman and the six little flower-girls stood upon the front corners of the dais just outside the lighted circle.

The impressive Jewish marriage ceremony began. There was a brief moment's pause; and then out of deepest silence the rich, wonderful voice of the cantor rose upon the strains of the *Kaddish*, the Jewish prayer for the dead. In wailing minor he intoned the mournful chant to the memory of the departed relatives of the bride and bridegroom, thrilling every listener to highest intensity of feeling. Among the emotional Jewish audience many handkerchiefs became visible, and a sound as of low sobbing swept through the synagogue. Throughout the entire lengthy dirge, Rachel stood erect, as motionless as marble. Through the filmy veil there was apparent not so much as the quiver of an eyelash. Max, on the other hand, trembled violently while shining teardrops coursed their way rapidly down his white, twitching face.

The prayer for the dead sung, the ceremony proper proceeded, the maid-of-honor, stepping close to the bride, very deftly drew her veil in thick folds across her eyes. Thus blindfolded she was led by Rabbi Moses three times in a circle around the bridegroom. Then followed a lengthy ritual composed of the reading of Scripture from the parchment scroll and the recital of many prayers. All was performed by the *Rav* in Hebrew, some parts of the ritual with musical accompaniment and some without. The ceremony of the ring was then elaborately performed; and at length the veil was drawn back from the bride's face, and the goblet of wine was raised, by the assisting rabbi, first to the bridegroom's lips and then to hers.

Finally, in conclusion of the Jewish rite of marriage, an empty goblet was thrown to the floor by the rabbi, and the bridegroom crushed the glass beneath his heel. Not with the first stroke, however, as it should have been for good luck and health and happiness. With dismay the guests, breathlessly watching, noted that it was not until the bridegroom's third attempt that the glass was shattered! An evil omen, surely!

Without any formality of benediction or other mode of dismissal the ceremony terminated abruptly. With the crashing of the crystal the guests were made aware

that Max Kalinsky and Rachel Mendelssohn were man and wife.

From every seat in the synagogue there was an instant rush of friends to surround the bride and bridegroom. For the next ten minutes there followed a deafening chorus of congratulations amid a deluge of embraces. Not only was Rachel almost smothered with them and Max as well, but, in true Jewish fashion, everybody was embracing everybody else, even the men kissing one another in an ecstasy of excitement and emotionalism.

With greatest difficulty Max and Rachel were rescued from the crush. It was Mrs. Deborah Kalinsky herself, with her instinctive generalship, who finally cleared a pathway and marshalled them to the waiting limousine into which she and her son Jacob and the three rabbis also entered. She slammed the door vigorously against the rain of rice and confetti and flowers, and the car whisked up the avenue, followed by a procession of other cars of every kind and sort. Up Clinton Street and Avenue B they bowled—the wedding party and the guests—through the now heavily falling snow, across Eighth Street to Second Avenue, up Second Avenue to Eleventh Street, and thence a few doors westward to the four-story basement red-brick home of the mother of the bridegroom, where the marriage supper was awaiting them.

Within half an hour the two hundred guests who were fortunate enough to have received invitations to the supper had all arrived and the house was full to overflowing. There were no tiresome reception formalities to mar the real festivity of the occasion. As the guests entered the house, just as soon as they had removed their wraps on the second floor, they proceeded with all possible rapidity down the back stairway to the main floor, and took their places immediately, as many of them as could be accommodated, at the festal board. The rest of the guests patiently awaited their turn visiting in the hallways or in little groups in the rooms on the two top floors.

The sumptuous wedding feast was spread upon connecting tables extending through the center and down the entire length of the two long, narrow parlors. They were profusely decorated with flowers and candles and with elaborately frosted Jewish layer-cakes and bowls of assorted fruit. At each cover there was a huge Jewish bread roll and a bottle of orange crush or ginger ale. Stronger beverages for those who preferred them—wine and beer and even whisky—procured with difficulty for the special occasion of a Jewish wedding—were placed in large pitchers or bottles at convenient intervals.

Across the head of the long table a transverse table was spread, at which

were seated the bride and bridegroom, his mother and eldest brother, the maid-of-honor and the three rabbis. Just opposite them, at the upper end of the long table were the bridesmaids and the six little flower-girls. In front of the bride was a mountainous wedding cake; and in front of Rabbi Mordecai Moses there was an enormous loaf of Jewish bread and an equally enormous carving knife with which he cut it into small pieces. These were passed down the tables from hand to hand, every guest taking a piece to eat for good luck to Max and Rachel.

Amid much merriment and laughter the marriage supper proceeded. It was served by Mrs. Kalinsky's three other sons—Joseph and Otto and Ben—and their wives, and by others of her near relatives. Of the gentlemen who served, some wore coats and some did not. All wore their high silk or derby hats. A few were smoking cigarettes.

The courses of delicious home-cooked Jewish food followed one another in rapid succession—fruit salad, noodle soup, Jewish *gefuellte Fisch*, delectable fried chicken with full accompaniment of vegetables and potatoes, another salad of green onions; and then for dessert, Jewish cakes with fruits and ices, all followed by strong black Jewish tea. As one guest finished he would promptly give his place to another who was waiting. Three relays of tables were served before the marriage supper was finally concluded just shortly after half-past ten o'clock.

The brilliant feast was interspersed with frequent music as the orchestra under the stairway played occasional popular airs, or as the cantor, with his magnificent voice, addressed several songs to the bride and bridegroom. During the supper, too, many telegrams poured in which were read by Jacob Kalinsky, as master of ceremonies. Many gifts came in as well, which were opened and displayed right at the bridal table. Toward the conclusion of the supper there were several toasts proposed by Rabbi Moses, which were responded to by various guests of honor and by the bridegroom.

Finally, the *Rav* himself rose with elaborate gravity and addressed his parting message to the bride and groom. His words were all in Hebrew, but to those who understood, the tenor of his counsel was very plain. Max and Rachel were to live together in mutual fidelity and love; they were to adhere strictly to all the tenets and observances of orthodox Judaism; they were to worship always and only the one true God. And, above everything, they were to be vigilant against all Christians—especially against those pernicious Christian missionaries who would seek to lead them astray into paths of idolatry and blasphemy—en-

joining upon them the worship of three gods instead of one. The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob must be their Light and Guide. He would bless and guard their earthly dwelling. He would lead them safely through this life below. He would bring them at the end to their eternal Home in Heaven.

Throughout the lengthy repast the entire wedding party remained at the table. Max and Rachel rose frequently in their places in acknowledgment of the songs and toasts, or to greet the many friends who came to speak to them.

Rachel was very lovely. Her veil was now thrown back from her face, revealing the exquisite features softly flushed to deep wild rose. Her wonderful eyes sparkled with vivacity and happiness. In her every movement there was a graciousness and charm, an unfailing poise and ease of manner that bespoke innate refinement.

Max, seated proudly beside her, was at his best. He was no longer pale or nervous as he had been during the marriage ceremony. His color was natural and his bearing composed. With his dark eyes, and fine teeth flashing white each time he smiled, he looked almost handsome. Adorned with his high silk hat and the new dignity of matrimony, he seemed invested with unwonted manliness and strength. During the entire supper his attentions to his bride were very gracious, very tender. Each seemed, in a way truly beautiful, to illumine, to complete the other. They were indeed a winsome couple.

It was not the bride and groom, however, but the mother—Mrs. Deborah Kalinsky—who was the focus of attention. Conspicuously and deliberately she made herself the center of magnetic attraction on this proud occasion of the marriage of her youngest son. The son himself and his beautiful bride were mere adjuncts to her glory. Above the purple velvet her swarthy, heavy-featured face beamed with complete self-satisfaction. The contrast between her stolid pride-fulness and the gentle grace and sweetness of her new daughter-in-law was striking in the extreme.

Mrs. Kalinsky's all-penetrating black eyes swept over the scene before her. Not a detail escaped their eagle scrutiny. Every part of the supper arrangements—the seating of the guests, the serving of the food, the performance of the program—was deftly directed by her mere uplifted finger. Every bit of audible conversation that reached her eager ears, especially that of the bride and bridegroom, was carefully noted and stored for future reference. Nothing—absolutely nothing—escaped her.

And she it was who, when the last guest had finally been served and the

marriage supper was ended, skilfully maneuvered the clearing of the room. With amazing swiftness everything was removed from the tables, the boards and horses forming them were dexterously stacked against the walls, brooms and dustpans were brought in and the floor swept, the orchestra was signalled, the music started—and the wedding dance was on. Round and round the couples whirled through the closely crowded rooms—bridesmaids, groomsmen, brothers, sisters, uncles, cousins—every one in joyous merriment.

And Rachel danced the gayest of them all. In her filmy white gown and dainty satin slippers, with the voluminous veil gathered over her arm, she flitted in and out like some graceful, airy nymph or some beautiful, sweet spirit. She, of course, danced first with Max, but soon many other partners tried to claim her. Generously, graciously, impartially she danced with them all. Her lovely face began to show traces of deep weariness, but still she danced and smiled and chatted gaily on—a vision of entrancing loveliness.

It was twelve o'clock when Mrs. Kalinsky, her generalship still unabated, finally drew Max and Rachel aside and bade them hasten their preparations for departure. So skilfully did she supervise every detail of them herself that within half an hour more the youthful bride and bridegroom—amid a shower of confetti and rice and old shoes, and a storm of boisterous farewell—were off for their three days' honeymoon. The rabbis and the older guests soon followed, but the young ones remained and the dancing still went on—one o'clock—one-thirty—two.

But all good times must have an end, even a Jewish wedding. As the clock struck two the music ceased, and one by one the couples reluctantly left the floor. Slowly, they mounted the stairways, front or rear alike, procured their wraps and descended again to the lower hallway. A few moments more of merry leave-taking and then gradually, in couples or in groups of four or five, the guests all laughing gaily, emerged through the front doorway, down the high steps, and into the snowy street below. By two-thirty nearly every one at last had gone. Only the family and a few of the closest friends remained to drink together a glass of wine as a final toast to the future happiness of the bride and bridegroom.

* * * * *

The good-nights were lovingly and lingeringly exchanged at last, and by three-fifteen the guests had finally departed. In the meantime the Kalinsky boys with their wives and children had also gone. Poor old Grandmother Kalin-

sky, too, had shuffled off quite unobserved to climb the four flights of stairs to her little room at the rear of the top floor, where she got herself to bed as best she could, unaided for almost the first time in years by her loving little Rachel.

Mrs. Kalinsky was at last alone. She poured herself another glass of tea. She sat down—worn to exhaustion, but well content. She had done a good day's work. The wedding had been an unqualified success. She smiled with deep inward pride and satisfaction. Her whole life had been a success. Since her husband's death ten years ago she had carried on in his wholesale clothing business by herself, and had built it up to a position of prosperity far beyond any ever attained by him. She had bought this fine house on East Eleventh Street. She had bought three cars. She had had a trip to Europe. She had established all of her five sons, Jacob and Joseph with herself, and each one of the others in a business of his own. And finally, by clever, unsuspected maneuvering, she had successfully married her sons to wives of her own choosing.

And Max, her fifth and last son—and her idol—was married tonight. And his wife—Rachel Mendelsohn—Mrs. Kalinsky well knew was the finest of all the Kalinsky wives. Of every one of the five Jewish girls whom she had appraisingly determined upon for her boys, Rachel was by all odds the most desirable. She was the handsomest. She was the cleverest. She had the most attractive disposition. She was young. She was eager. She was strong. Yes, Mrs. Kalinsky reflected, in every way she would make a splendid wife for her Max.

Of course, she did not know much yet—but that would be all right. Mrs. Kalinsky was quite untroubled on that score. She reassured herself of the purpose she had announced to her friends over their tea glasses. She smiled knowingly. A look of calculating shrewdness came into her dark eyes. Aloud she uttered her determination—her fixed, unalterable purpose—"Yes, Rakkel haf got very much vot she must learn yet before she iss a good enough vife for mein dear Maxie—but I meinsel vill learn her—eferythings!"

(To be continued)

FOLLOW THE GLEAM

(Continued from page 5)

So he sent for the wise Jewish priests and scribes and demanded of them where their Christ was to be born. And when he had got the necessary information he sent for the Wise Men secretly and told them to go to the village of Bethlehem six miles to the south of Jerusalem, and when they had found the young child

to come back and report to him that he also might go and worship him.

So the Wise Men set out once more. It was evening, and as they went on their way they discussed among themselves how they would know in which house to look for the baby. And as they talked one of them looked up into the starry heavens. And lo, the star which had appeared to them in the East and had vanished as they travelled, appeared again and went before them. It led them to Bethlehem and seemed to stand over a certain humble house in the village. And there at last they found the King of kings whom they had sought so long and so faithfully; there at last they fell down and worshipped Him and offered up their gifts.

Boys and girls, there are two things we can learn from these Wise Men of old.

1. They found the star because they looked for it. God has given us many stars to guide us to Jesus. There is the star of beauty—the beauty of the world around us, which speaks to us of God's love for us. There is the shining light of God's Word in which we can all read and learn of Him. There is the star of conscience which calls to us every day. There is the star of our mother's love which is but a feeble reflection of the love of God. Above all, there is the star of Jesus' tender, pleading, self-sacrificing love which draws us to His side. Have you looked for any of these stars, dear children?

2. The second, when these Wise Men had found the star they followed it. It isn't much use finding the star unless we follow. It is only when we follow that it leads to the feet of Jesus. Many of you have found the star, your own particular star, for there are many stars and we are not all led by the same one. If you have found your star, then follow it. Don't turn your back on it. It is only a star, but it will lead you to the Sun of Righteousness.—*Hastings Great Texts for Children.*

The Voice

(Continued from page 10)

the one-room cabin.

"Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin, mother and child
Holy infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace."

It was not just a song. It was a carol. A sob tore at Emma Valton's throat. The man sat with bowed head while the wide-eyed children, wakened by the song, sat up in bed in open-mouthed wonder.

For a moment the radio was silent; then the voice of a man came through the air—a clear, gentle voice. He was relating

the old, old story of that first Christmas night but Emma and Martin Valton heard not a word. They were listening intently to the voice. On Martin's face was a look his wife had failed to see there for many years.

"Emma!" His voice shook with emotion. "That voice. It's Taylor's, my brother, yet it couldn't be, for he died long years ago and it was my fault, don't you remember?" The man's voice begged her to believe the accusation against himself, yet he trembled with hope that perhaps after all it was not true.

Calmly Emma Valton made answer. She had never believed the accusation against her husband, made by so many when years before in a friendly wrestling match the youngest brother had been hurt,—fatally, so they supposed. Martin had been so wounded by gossip that he took his bride of a few months and disappeared completely before he knew for a certainty that his brother was dead, but every one said he had killed him, so Martin believed that his brother had not lived. Because of all these things and a growing bitterness in his heart he had deliberately pushed God aside except for the annual reading of the Christmas story. Now after many years came the radio and over the vast space of emptiness—the voice.

Emma's voice sounded as though from a great distance as she said, "Yes, Martin, I remember but I have never believed that Taylor died. You've never let me speak of it, so I've gone on all these years saying nothing, but in my heart knowing Taylor was alive."

The man leaned forward in his chair, listening intently.

"Listen, Emma, what is he saying?"

The voice filled the room.

"Before I close I would like to make a personal request. Years ago because of a misunderstanding, my brother, Martin Valton, and his wife, left home. We don't know their whereabouts tonight but if anyone knows, would you please tell them that their parents and brother love them and are waiting for them? Thank you."

The voice was gone but the message lingered on. Martin Valton's face lighted up with joy. Silently he walked to the shelf where lay the Book.

"Come, children," he said in a voice that held a new ring, "we're going to have family worship."

While the children knelt timidly the man and woman found the place of repentance and the joy of redemption filled their hearts.

Suddenly from the radio which had been left on came once more a song,—not just a song but a carol.

"Joy to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare Him room
And heav'n and nature sing,

And heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n and heav'n and nature sing."

The song died away and from the hearts of the man and woman echoed a deep 'Amen.'—*Sunday School Banner*.

My Master—a Cigarette

(Continued from page 8)

is a conqueror of your power—the Christ of Calvary. Through His power there is a deliverance from your persistent power. Though I can't throw you off myself, I know of one who can, and it is to Him I will turn.

I'm through with you, little brown god. I'm through with you! I've served you too faithfully already, and I've given too many years of my life to your service. I've spent too much money in your support and I'm through. I'll die before I give you another chance to whip me about the post. You have done that long enough, and I refuse longer to be made a slave by a little thing like you. I refuse to acknowledge your power over me. I'm through with you, I'm a man! I've got a backbone! I've got red blood in my veins! I'll be big enough through the help of God to be forever through with you. You may cost me a few headaches and a few fights before I lick you, but lick you I will! You are not my god any more. Thank God, what a good feeling I've got. I'm bigger than that thing that has had me whipped these many years. I'm through.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article was read to an evening audience by the author. As a result of the pointed truth contained therein three young men declared they would quit smoking the poisonous weed. This message is for youth to heed.—*From The Young People's Journal*.

Was It Kind?

(Continued from page 4)

Nan was ready for bed. She could not contain her joy. She was anxious to get to sleep so that morning would quickly come. Just before dozing off, Nan looked at her sisters and said, "Oh, Paula, and Virginia, and Kathryn! Just wait till you see what I'm getting! Just wait!"

Somehow the others were up before Nan on Christmas. She awakened amid shouts of merriment coming up from the living room. With a leap, Nan was out of bed. Down the stairs she went, two at a time. Straight to her pile of gifts she hurried, while the rest of the family looked on. She had not even said "Good morning!"

"Why, where is it?" she cried. "Where, oh, where is my violin? Who has it?" and Nan turned around and faced the family for the first time that morning. "What violin?" asked her puzzled

father.

"Oh, my violin, my violin! He said he would bring it. He said so! Where is it?"

By this time father had gone over to the sobbing child. Demanding to know what it meant, he learned the whole truth of the plan to get a violin. Sorrow filled his heart, first because he could not buy his daughter the gift she so wanted, and then because he remembered that he had not told his children that the story of Santa Claus is only a fable, and bound to bring disappointment to them that believe it to be true.

The lovely fuzzy scarf set, the beautiful doll, the books, pencil box, candy, nuts, fruit, popcorn, and all that surrounded Nan that Christmas morning, went unnoticed, as the child cried out her disappointment.

Of course the family did all they could to help Nan enjoy her Christmas, and for their sakes Nan soon dried her tears, but the hurt in her heart was too deep to be forgotten soon.

As time went on, this girl wondered if she ever could believe grownups. As she grew older, she found it easy even to believe that there is no God. However, after some time she really found the Lord Jesus as her Saviour, and then her heart was healed from all unbelief. Today she feels sorry when she sees children, during the Christmas season, making the sad mistake she made, but she trusts that they, too, will learn before it is too late to place their confidence in realities and not in fables. When Christmas comes, Nan rejoices that God is so faithful in keeping His promises. He never fails. Our Saviour, whose birthday we observe on Christmas, is God's Gift which He promised long, long before He came, but God kept His promise, and Christ came. Today He lives to save us from our sins, and fill our hearts with Christmas joy every day.—*Gospel Herald*.

Chastening

(Continued from page 6)

places of doubt, rebelliousness, and despair because they have suffered their hearts to be embittered against God for His seemingly strange dealings with them! Ah, friend, shun *that* above everything else. "Harden not your heart." Do not rise up in mutiny of spirit against God. When you let *that serpent* coil in your heart, it will sting your innermost soul to the death of peace, and rest, and joy in your Lord. Guard yourself against that. Again, in the same verse, comes the warning:

"*Faint Not!*"

How great is the temptation at this point! How the soul sinks, the heart grows sick, and the faith staggers under

the keen trials and testings which come into our lives in times of special bereavement and suffering. "I cannot bear up any longer; I am fainting under this providence. What shall I do?" God tells me not to faint. But what can one do when he is fainting? What do you do when you are about to faint physically? You cannot do anything. You *cease* from your own doing. In your faintness, you fall upon the shoulder of some strong loved one. You lean hard. You rest. You lie still and trust until your fainting soul comes back to its own. It is so when we are tempted to faint under affliction. God's message to us is not "Be strong and of good courage," for He knows our strength and courage have fled away, but it is that sweet word: "Be still, and know that I am God." Hudson Taylor was so feeble in the closing months of his life, that he wrote a dear friend, "I am so weak I cannot work; I cannot read my Bible; I cannot even pray. I can only lie still in God's arms like a little child, and trust." This wondrous man of God, with all his spiritual power, came to a place of physical suffering and weakness where he could only lie still and trust. And that is all God asks of you, His dear child, when you grow faint in the fierce fires of affliction. Do not try to be strong. Just be still, and know that He is God and will sustain you, and bring you through.

There is another warning we need in chastening, and it is this:

Question Not

There are some questions the believer may ask of his God. We may say "what" to God. For that is the question of service. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" It is fair for us to ask that, for we have a right to know the particular ministry He has for us from day to day, even as had Paul. Again, we may say "where" to God, for that is the question of guidance. It is but right that we should know the place of our service; where He would have us walk, as we move on in our daily journey with our Lord. Then, too, we may say "when" to Him, for that is the question of time. And it is well to know His time for all things, that we neither run before Him in our zeal, nor lag behind Him in our slothfulness. But there is one question no child of His should ever put to God concerning God's dealings with him in chastening. *No man should ever say "why" to God, for "why" is the question of doubt. It is the assassin of faith. It leads us to the brink of a dizzy cliff—the precipice of rebellion against God. No Christian can afford to say it. Our Lord never uttered it save once, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" That awful "why!" It had all His life been a stranger to His lips. And why had it fallen now? Because of sin—not His, for He had none, but*

yours and mine, and the world's, which plunged Him, our sin-bearer, into the black despair of the only hour of separation from God He had ever known in all His eternal existence. And you and I are coming close to sin, with its darkness, and broken fellowship, and its rebellion against God when we begin to say "why" to Him. You do not like your little one to say "why" to you, do you? Its mistrust wounds your father-soul. Neither would God have you say it to Him, for it brings like grief to His father-heart.

There are some other things for us to remember, too, in chastening. The first is:

Remember the Love of God

Last year there was found in an African mine the most magnificent diamond in the world's history. It was presented to the king of England to blaze in his crown of state. The king sent it to Amsterdam to be cut. It was put in the hands of an expert lapidary. And what do you suppose he did with it? He took this gem of priceless value. He cut a notch in it. Then he struck it a hard blow with his instrument and lo! the superb jewel lay in his hand, cleft in twain. What recklessness! what wastefulness! what criminal carelessness! Not so. For days and weeks that blow had been studied and planned. Drawings and models had been made of the gem. Its quality, its defects, its lines of cleavage had all been studied with minutest care. The man to whom it was committed was one of the most skillful lapidaries in the world. Do you say that blow was a mistake? Nay. It was the climax of the lapidary's skill. When he struck that blow, he did the one thing which would bring that gem to its most perfect shapeliness, radiance, and jewelled splendor. That blow which seemed to ruin the superb precious stone was in fact its perfect redemption. For, from these two halves were wrought the two magnificent gems which the skilled eye of the lapidary saw hidden in the rough, uncut stone as it came from the mines.

So, sometimes, God lets a stinging blow fall upon your life. The blood spurts. The nerves wince. The soul cries out in an agony of wondering protest. The blow seems to you an appalling mistake. But it is not, for you are the most priceless jewel in the world to God. And He is the most skilled lapidary in the universe. Some day you are to blaze in the diadem of the King. As you lie in His hand now *He knows* just how to deal with you. Not a blow will be permitted to fall upon your shrinking soul but that the love of God permits it, and works out from it depths of blessing and spiritual enrichment unseen, and unthought of by you.

Remember the Fatherhood of God

A visitor at a school for the deaf and

dumb was writing questions on the blackboard for the children. By and by he wrote this sentence: "Why has God made me to hear and speak, and made you deaf and dumb?" The awful sentence fell upon the little ones like a fierce blow in the face. They sat palsied before that dreadful "why." And then a little girl arose. Her lip was trembling. Her eyes were swimming with tears. Straight to the board she walked, and, picking up the crayon wrote with firm hand these precious words:

"*Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight!*" What a reply! It reaches up and lays hold of an eternal truth upon which the maturest believer as well as the youngest child of God may alike unshakably rest—the truth that *God is your Father*. Do you mean that? Do you really and fully believe that? When you do, then your dove of faith will no longer wander in weary unrest, but will settle down forever in its eternal resting place of peace. "*Your Father!*" Why, that takes in everything! Because He is your Father, how *could* He fail, or forget you? Look into your own father heart and mark the strength, the tenderness, the unspeakableness of your love for that winsome little one enshrined in your heart of hearts. Then say to yourself, "God's Father love for me infinitely surpasses all this." Your Father! Against that all doubts must at last dash themselves to pieces as the sea-spray beats itself to nothingness upon a rock-bound coast. Down upon that your child-trained soul will find a final resting place in untrembling trustfulness. Rear that up before the devil's subtle, hideous, hissing "why" and he will stagger back, the unmasked, baffled, beaten traitor that in truth he is.

Experience Confirms Invitation

(Continued from page 27)

thunderbolt, shook to its foundation the whole edifice of vanity and self-love until it fell in a thousand pieces as a glass house under a demolishing hammer; and, led by his humble friend, the journalist, conscious that he was heavily laden, came to the Lord Jesus and (page 10) — W. S. Bowden.

Pensioned, But Did

Years ago an old Indian visited one of our military camps. He begged for money. He wore an old loincloth and the men became curious to know what it contained. On opening it they found there a parchment on which was written a pension and signed by George Washington. The old Indian did not know he had it. *Thus many have a signed pension from God and do not realize it.* — John Borland Cavitt, in *God's Message*.



Glints of Knowledge



The Lighted Pathway, this month, has a circulation of 60,000.



The depressed millions of India have become our concern; the struggling hordes of China have become our allies; the millions of Russia who have only lately dared to look up in hope challenge our admiration. We are challenged to think in global terms where, only yesterday, we had difficulty thinking beyond the bounds of our township.—Sel.



Some 2,500 Jehovah's Witnesses of Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio gathered in Louisville to hear the voice of N. H. Knorr, president of the Watchtower Bible and Tract Society, at the same time that the national assembly of that body met in Cleveland. Because of difficulties of travel, the annual convention was broken up into 53 meetings, one of which was this Louisville gathering.



DENVER, Oct. 26—E. C. Lindeman of Columbia University recently told the Colorado Conference of Social Welfare that returning soldiers will dominate our national policy after the war. "You had better get ready for those soldiers," he said. "They are not going to fool around. They are going to want some very pointed questions answered." Among the questions they would ask, he said, was whether "democracy is still being betrayed in local government." He declared that national problems must be solved while the war is in process. "If we come to the end of this war as badly prepared for peace as we did the last, there will be no gain. We will have to fight another war, and we won't have to wait twenty years to do it."



Atty.-Gen. Biddle stated that out of 6,000,000 Italians in this country classified ten months ago as "enemy aliens" "with joy. Silent. They acted themselves as where lay the F and that he had "Come, c' ent's approval, that hel' 2014 next Monday, have he "enemy

500,000 Italians of alien citizenship, the 6,000,000 Americans of Italian ancestry, have proved their loyalty to American principles.



Lost Aims

Harvard was founded in 1636 to save the churches from an illiterate ministry. William and Mary was founded in 1639 for the same purpose. Yale in 1701 declared its aim was to prepare young

men "for public employment both in church and civil state." Columbia was established in 1753 with the chief objective "to teach and to engage children to know God in Jesus Christ." Dartmouth was to impart Christian knowledge to "savages." Of the first 119 colleges founded east of the Mississippi River, 104 were Christian, and all of them were primarily for religious purposes.—Sel.



Face-Slapping Japs

From the Northern Virginia Daily

The Master Race No. 2, meaning the Japs, maintains its honor and dignity in curious ways. A practice reported from the Philippines, and other areas held by this ostentatiously courteous breed, is worth noting and filing away for future reference.

"Everyone meeting a Japanese officer on the street must bow to him. Any person failing to do so is promptly punished. Even a woman who is riding must descend and make the required number of bows, depending on the rank and importance of the dignitary. If it is not done according to the prescribed rules, she is slapped in the face."



This war is the most ghastly blow that has been dealt womankind in all the recorded history of the human race. A million and a half Germans are dead, who might have been husbands and fathers. Three million young Russians, who, perhaps, might have established homes, have fallen on the endless plains of this world-wide slaughter. The strongest of America's youths have died and will die. There will be jobs for women after this war, but if it continues for many years there will be no men. Women understand this, however much they may be flattered about filling industrial and war factory jobs even better than men filled them. They are interested in winning this war and not in winning a victory in what has been called "the eternal battle of the sexes."—A. D. Mynders.



Court Bans Ritual Snake Handling

Citing an old ruling of the Supreme Court of the United States that polygamy could be legally prescribed even when those practicing it (Mormons) claimed the right to do so on the ground of religious freedom, the court of appeals of Kentucky has upheld a 1940 statute prohibiting the handling of venomous snakes in religious services. The court upheld the circuit court's refusal to allow evidence that there was no disorder in the services which were being

used as a test case, and also its barring of Biblical passages on which the snake handlers claim to base their practice. The court based its decision on the ground that the state has the right to prohibit acts "which are calculated to endanger the safety and lives of themselves (the agents) and others." Within recent weeks another death has been reported as the result of rattlesnake bites in a snake-handling service. Three men engaged in the rites have been indicted for murder.



Twenty Years Ago

One hundred and seventy-seven thousand legalized saloons were outlawed and driven to cover.

"The consumption of liquor in the nation was reduced to one-third of what it has been before prohibition.

"The country prospered. The wealth of the nation increased by more than \$100,000,000,000 in the first decade of prohibition. It was increasing at the rate of \$1,000,000,000 every thirty days up to the economic breakdown of 1929. The nation's annual income at the end of the first ten years of prohibition was \$60,000,000 greater than the nation's income ten years before prohibition began.

"While we would not credit all of these economic achievements to the Eighteenth Amendment, it is beyond dispute that the first decade of national prohibition was the greatest period of prosperity in the history of America."—*American Business Men's Research Foundation.*



Some Manpower Figures

The 1943 size of the U. S. fighting force has been put at 7,500,000 men.

There are 65,000,000 potentially productive persons in the U. S.

There are 42,000,000 persons employed in industry.

Normal employment on farms varies from 12,000,000 at summer peak to 8,500,000 in winter.

Manpower Commissioner estimates that 25,000,000 will be needed in war production in 1943, of whom 6,000,000 will be women.

There are 27,000,000 men between the draft ages of 20 and 45, of whom 18,000,000 are married or have dependents.

It is estimated that 6,000,000 men will be in the armed forces by the end of the present year.

If U. S. should match Germany's proportion of men under arms it would have an Army of 19,000,000.



The Best Gift

THROUGH the softly falling snow moved groups of laughing people. Good will, peace, and joy were everywhere, for this day was the birthday of the King. Everyone was hurrying towards a brightly-lighted church near the edge of the village. Tonight was the time when the villagers tried to give the best gifts to the Christ Child.

As Jack walked slowly towards the church, he tried to think of something to give to the King. This year Jack's father had not had much money, so Jack could not give even a penny.

"Perhaps God will show me what I can give," he thought, as he mounted the steps of the church.

Inside there was reverent silence except for the soft, sweet notes of the great organ.

One by one the people brought their gifts and laid them at the foot of the altar. The rich brought gold, silver, and precious jewels. The poor brought a few cents or just a handful of barley or corn. Last of all came Jack.

"What will he give?" the people murmured. "He has nothing in his hands."

"No costly gift for my dear King;
My heart, my life, is all I bring."

Clearly his voice rang through the church, as he knelt before the altar.

"It is the best gift," the people whispered, bowing their heads and worshipping Christ the Lord. —
The Pilot.

God's Gift---My Gift

M. E. Detterline

GOD'S Christmas Gift of long ago
Has lasted through the years;
And still is keeping hearts aglow,
Dispelling doubts and fears.

And with this Gift of gifts in mind,
How can I show my love?
How can my heart expression find,
To Him who reigns above?

I have no frankincense, no gold,
No myrrh, no costly gift.
To use as password to the land found
From earth my soul to

Ah man of earth, defeat! Did' Not Realize It
You need no priceless old Indian frequently
To place your life in the camps and
Will blessings rare unfurl.

And when the soul of man is free
To love this Gift Divine
There is no question, for we'll say,
Lord, all I have is Thine.



—The United Evangelical.

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